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**BENTLEY'S**  
**MISCELLANY.**

**VOL. XLI.**

**LONDON:**  
**RICHARD BENTLEY,**  
**NEW BURLINGTON STREET.**  
**1857.**





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# BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

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## HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

WITH the Income-tax Garotte—at war-pressure—on our throats, it is somewhat difficult to speak freely and say, indeed, how the world, at this moment, really does wag.

Let us first utter our thoughts on this home-grievance, which penetrates into every corner of the land, and we may then be better able to discuss the general question.

All of us,—except, perhaps, the collectors who pocket poundage, and the lunatics who send twenty-pound notes as “conscience-money” to the Chancellor of the Exchequer,—are agreed upon this:—that the Income-tax is most inquisitorial in its principle, most unequal in its application, most unjust in its mode of assessment (and none have more right to complain in this respect than literary men), and most oppressive in its continuance beyond the period during which the nation consented to bear its augmentation. The greater part of these properties is by no means new to us, and it merely required the ministerial juggle which threatens the country with a prolongation of the impost till the spring of 1858, to awaken in the public that spirit of resistance which is now everywhere manifesting itself. It is true that there is no likelihood of a general election before the financial year again begins, but the probability is great that a dissolution of Parliament will take place before another comes round, and, in all cases, the electoral test, enforced at once, should be “the immediate reduction and equitable adjustment of the Income-tax.”

The *Times*, the other day, encouraged the public “to bear with this infliction a little longer,” on the ground that “in April, 1858, *unless revived by another war*, the Income-tax will die a natural death, and in 1859 a large portion of debt, contracted in Long Annuities, will be for ever extinguished.” But the proviso is by no means one that can be relied upon, particularly when we find the *Times* saying, in the same article, that “we are promised only one year of it after next April,” but that “we are to believe it if we like,” as “it is not unreasonable to apprehend that another year more may be expended out of an equal quantity of original matter,”—that is to say, a casual lapse of ten days after the 1st of April. The *Times* further tells us that our agitation comes too late. “Last April,” it says, “was the time, for before that month had expired it had been fully explained that the length of the negotiation” (for peace) “had cost a year’s Income-tax, and that by the existing act we were saddled with it till April, 1858. That was the occasion to make a stir about it.”

But, we may ask, are the negotiations yet concluded? The material



point which occupied the Conference of 1856 was the definition of the Russian frontier in the Principalities. Is that question put at rest? Will the impending Conference of 1857 decide it? Suppose,—a supposition far from unlikely, with a Persian war on the *tapis*,—that the Conference has not settled in April next which Bolgrad shall fall within the boundary line,—how then about the movement against the Income-tax? Will the *Times* again tell us that we are “too late,”—that we ought to have agitated in anticipation of an event by no means improbable? Let us forestal such *ex post facto* warnings by making head against the tax at once.

Touching the renewed Paris Conference we have incidentally expressed our opinion; but there is another difficulty besides that which our diplomatists raised, when they plucked a tame eagle's feather in the Jardin des Plantes to sign the *Paix boiteuse*. The insane reclamations of the King of Prussia affect not only the territorial integrity of Switzerland, but threaten the tranquillity of the whole of Europe. Helvetia,—the home of proscribed princes,—the last resting-place for continental liberty,—impeded in the exercise of her incontestable rights, is frowned upon by France, and menaced by the armies of Frederick William,—those armies whose martial ardour he was so careful to restrain when every motive of honour and justice called upon him to give the word to march. True, the enemy then was gigantic Russia, now it is little Switzerland,—which makes all the difference to one whose creed it is to be “ever strong upon the strongest side.” But we have no fears for the countrymen of Tell. German tyranny and Burgundian pride have more than once been foiled in the Swiss valleys, and so we trust they will be again, if her sons are “champion'd to the outhrace.” Insolence, fraud, and violence, have yet to gain the day over manliness, honesty, and the courage of true patriots.

And, with the exhibition of these antagonistic qualities, thus wags the world abroad.

*Chez nous*—to borrow our neighbours' phrase—we have plenty of fraud and violence to plume ourselves upon, and insolence is by no means rare. In point of knavery, we have done our best to stretch its commercial and social application to the utmost limit. Our banking scoundrels, our dock-warrant felons, our share-transferring culprits, our bullion robbers, our parochial and district defaulters, may take precedence of all the other rascals in existence. For violence, too, we may point with pride to the handiwork of our “ticket-of-leave” men, as of a far superior description to anything of the kind on this side the Atlantic. As long as the British footpad can fell his man with an honest British bludgeon, or throttle him with an honest pair of British “fumbles,” he need not be at the trouble and expense of importing the bowie-knife and the revolver; besides, if Mr. Arrowsmith and his friends—a somewhat scanty “band of brothers”—are to be believed, there is still work for those weapons on the Georgian Railway; and even if we doubt, as we do, the hallucinations of Mr. Arrowsmith, there are still enough of editorial and forensic duels to keep the demand for them pretty equal to the supply. It is the fate of England to be always the victim of some epidemic, physical or moral, or rather physico-moral, for it is invariably based on fear. In Goldsmith's time the epidemic was a dread of mad dogs, in ours it is the

garotte. The thief no longer "fears each bush an officer," but the wayfarer fears—and very often finds—in each bush a thief. Not that we are left without ample suggestions for defence—they are "as plenty as blackberries." Some recommend pocket crowbars, others cravats garnished with fish-hooks; "shoot him at the time, if you can," says "The London Scoundrel" (in the *Times*); "but, if not, hang him." At all events, when once you have him fast, this modern ogre, of whom all our grown babies stand so much in awe, don't, as Mr. Justice Willes advises—don't let him go again directly, to renew his old courses, *faits de mœurs*, but ship him off to the colonies for twenty years: let *them* take him, whether they like it or not. This is the judicial counsel;—that of Sir Peter Laurie, which may be called extra-judicial, is to consign all these gentry to a separate ward in Dartmoor prison! We, also, have a suggestion to offer. The great metropolitan-improvement question is the sewage of London, and there appears at last to be a chance of settling it, by the formation of a *cloaca maxima*, whose *embouchure* shall be at a point below Erith. At whatever distance that point be fixed—and the further off the better—to our ticket-of-leave men let the glory be left of constructing the sewer that shall lead to it. If our convicts must be maintained at the expense of the public, it is but fair that public work should be exacted from them. When this arrangement—or one like it—is effected, we shall cease to read such startling announcements as the following, which is copied from the *Morning Herald* of the 16th ult. :—  
 "On Monday evening considerable consternation was caused at the chief metropolitan police station by the receipt of information of an extensive robbery from Gunton Hall, the property of Lord Suffield." What a harrowing scene in Scotland-yard is suggested by this paragraph. The Chief Commissioner aghast, the principal Superintendent in a fit, the head Inspector fainting, the whole division with smelling-bottles to their noses—and all because "an inkstand, a silver snuff-box, a taper candlestick, a tea-caddy, and a blue great coat, with a velvet collar," has been stolen from Gunton Hall! Tie up the "tickets-of-leave," and the "firm nerves" of the force will cease to be shaken!

The word "candlestick" in the above appalling inventory reminds us of the settlement of "the great candlestick question" at Knightsbridge. The "Decorative Christians" have received their *quietus*, at least for a time. Perhaps before the threatened appeal is made, the reverend illuminator of St. Paul's may have become Roman Catholic Bishop of Pimlico—in partibus infidelium.

If candlesticks have been put down, why not Perambulators? Sir John Dodson, we regret to say, is powerless against *them*; even the metropolitan magistrates have no jurisdiction. Perambulators are above the law. "Such articles," said Mr. Elliott, sitting in judgment at Lambeth the other day—"such articles were not known when the act relating to the obstructions on the foot-pavement was passed, and therefore was not contemplated by it." What a genius for annoyance the inventor of the Perambulators must have had! what a clever fellow to be able, like Sir Andrew Ague-cheek when he challenged Cesario, to keep "on the windy side of the law!" If that man had but been in the trenches before Sebastopol—or at the Paris Conference!

"Paris" again! with its wondrous embellishments, its streets full of

palaces, its glittering *boutiques*, its abundance of ornament, so profusely scattered that "the sense aches at it;" with modern improvements everywhere out of doors, if not always to be found within. We thought that the literary exchange which, for the last quarter of a century, has been in such active progress between France and England, had by this time effaced the *rococo* prejudices of the *école classique*; but Monsieur Ponsard, the most recently elected member of the French Academy, lives to demonstrate the contrary. He signalled his admission the other day by a diatribe against the great poet of nature, whom, with an accuracy which is charming—inasmuch as it proves how closely he must have studied a writer with whose name even he is not acquainted—he chose to call "the divine Williams." We are obliged to recognise Shakspeare under this designation: certainly we should be at a loss to discover him in the "old, obsolete *bonhomme*" of Monsieur Ponsard. Fortunately, however, wherever a poisonous plant is found, its antidote is near, and the antidote to the new Academician was M. Nisard. The classical wig-block could not have been in better hands; the classical wig could not have received a better dressing. "Time," he said, "has elevated Shakspeare above criticism, probably because it has raised him above eulogium. The very words 'beauties' and 'defects' belong to a relative language, out of the pale of which special terms must be sought for, if it is desired to define the charm, or to characterise the imperfections, of these astonishing works." The latest news from Paris informs us that the flesh of young asses is now the favourite diet in that capital. It strikes us that Monsieur Ponsard must have fed upon it to repletion, if, as an old writer—a classical authority—tells us, we partake of the nature of what we eat,—a theory curiously illustrated by a story which, with its comment, we transcribe from a letter in one of the Ayscough MSS. in the British Museum, for the especial benefit of Monsieur Ponsard. "Winceslaus tells a notable storie of a maide who, seeing one beheaded, had the falling sicknesse; and having tried divers remedies in vaine, some one perswaded her to drinke cat's blood. Shee did it, and afterwards mewed, skipped, and hunted mice in corners and holes as cats doe, and that as long as the vehemence of the fit lasted. If," slyly adds the writer of the letter, addressing his friend—"if strange flesh transforme us thus into the nature of that we take, pray forbear asses' flesh too as well as cat's blood."

Ludenti dicere verum  
Quis vetat.

There is a synchronism in literary taste as well as in external fashion; though the form may vary, the flavour is the same. Monsieur Ponsard sees nothing noble, pure, harmonious, natural, majestic, logical, beyond the pale of Racine. In like manner the propounder of one of the examination papers of the Society of Arts makes a blind adoration of Tennyson the test of all literary acquirement, to the exclusion of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden, and all the poets of the last and present century. "In what sense," asks the examiner, "is Tennyson the poet (*the seer and prophet*, that is) of the nineteenth century?" Let us venture to answer the question! In the sense of one whose food is asses' flesh.

And this is the way the world wags.

Or, as Galileo said:

E pur se muove!

# THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE RICHEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND.

THAT distinguishing feature of the street-architecture of Paris—the *porte cochère*—has its prototype still in the City of London, though it is almost as seldom met with now as the pointed gable, the latticed window, or the overhanging story of a much earlier period.

The reason for this is not far to seek.

The wealthy merchant who used to combine his business and his pleasure all beneath one roof, who housed his clerks and his family within the same walls, has long since emigrated beyond the suburbs; and the family mansion, cut up into countless offices, has lost all its outward signs, the old gateway having either given place to half a dozen narrow entrances with a host of names upon each door-post, or, where it yet remains, being blocked up by an apple-stall, whose owner is never disturbed by the apparition of the family coach.

Such is the case, for the most part, in that region of the City where, though they dwell in the country, the merchants of London continue, for business purposes, most to congregate. But exceptions to the rule may yet be found, and here and there the curious seeker may stumble, even at the present hour, upon a genuine *porte cochère*.

At the time to which the opening of this narrative refers, in one of the most frequented thoroughfares, barely five minutes' walk from the Bank of England, might be seen a gateway of this description. More ornamented, however, than those which admit to the generality of the Paris hotels, for the large single door which, during the daytime, always stood open—swung back close to the wall—was carved with flowers and foliage in a most elaborate manner. This external embellishment might be looked upon as quite accidental, the simplest style of architecture characterising the building over the gateway, as well as the range within. Beyond the entrance was an oblong court, paved like the street, on either side of which were business and domestic offices, and at the further extremity of the court stood the dwelling-house to which it formed the approach. It was of dark brick, wide-fronted and many-windowed, the windows being disproportionately high and narrow, with a facing of bricks round them of brighter hue, as if the eyes of the house were red with weeping, enforced by the solitude to which it was condemned in the midst of an outer world of so much life and movement. So solitary seemed the place, from this contrast, that a casual passer-by, unversed in the ways of the great city, would never have dreamt that more business was transacted in those quiet offices, and that larger sums were daily



entered in the books made up there, than in any two, or even three, of the leading mercantile establishments of London.

But it is the dwelling-house that, at present, requires notice. In one corner of the building was a glass-door, which, but for a low, wooden panel, might easily have been mistaken for one of the windows. It opened into a spacious hall, tessellated with black and grey marble, and wainscoted with dark oak. A wide oaken staircase, with twisted pillars and balustrades, occupied one side of the hall—on the other were doors leading into different apartments—and in front was a row of tall windows, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and looking out into what might, by courtesy, be termed a garden, but which was, in reality, merely a high-walled, flagged enclosure, where flowers never grew, and whose sole ornament—for use it had none in that dim and deeply-buried quadrangle—was a heavy stone sun-dial, patched with white where the rain had succeeded in washing off the ever-accumulating soot. A profusion of ornament was, indeed, no feature either within or without the walls of this old house, the only token of it in the hall being the model of a large ship—once known as *The Queen of Sheba*—which had made many a long, golden voyage, and stood on brackets in mid-air, an object of wonder and admiration to all beholders. Neither were there any very remarkable indications of decorative art when you ascended the staircase to the first floor. You found yourself then in an open room, or lobby, of the same size as the hall beneath, in which was a small, dark, discoloured, glazed, mahogany bookcase, and unless you were curious in maritime law, currency questions, or religious controversy, you would scarcely have been tempted to open it, to read for amusement. The lobby appeared, however, to be devoted, in some sort, to pleasure as well as to study, for it held a bagatelle-board, placed upon a settee, for the convenience of those who thought fit to play :—a dull game, in keeping with the locality. One large picture also hung there—the subject, apparently, classical—but by great good fortune you could not make it out, time, mildew, and a cross-light having united to render that feat impossible ; at a guess, however, you would pronounce it a first-rate specimen by a very bad master, and not be far out in your judgment. Some people ascribed it to the late Mr. President West, which was very nearly the same thing. Several doors led from this lobby : let us open one and see what is within.

It happens to be a morning-room, a large and lofty apartment, not too much filled with furniture to distract attention from the inmates. What the upholsterer's magazine has supplied seems principally to have been introduced a long time ago—sixty years at least—for the colours are faded, the draperies scanty, the patterns obsolete, and the fashion wholly out of date. It was once, perhaps, thought much of, but that must have been in a past generation, when a parsimonious simplicity was only another word for extreme plainness wedded to very little comfort. An open piano, of the newest construction, shows, however, that modern appliances are not altogether banished from the room, and several fine vases, filled with rare flowers, serve in some degree to redeem the general monotony of its aspect. On the walls, too, are four pictures—all, evidently, portraits. Two of these, which are only half-length, represent a lady and a gentleman, each in the costume worn at the close of the last century: the lady

has a hard, pinched face, soured, it may be, by sectarianism; the gentleman, on the other hand, wears a benevolent smile on his shrewd, sagacious countenance. The two remaining portraits exhibit all of the originals which it was in the painter's power to show. Their date is some thirty years later, and, like the first, they represent man and wife. The shrewdness and sagacity which mark the smaller male portrait have not disappeared from the larger one, but the smile has entirely vanished: it is either the mother's mind—for you see the relationship—which claims predominance, or an earlier and closer connexion with great affairs, that has made the eye look grave and the mouth stern. The second lady, young and of graceful form, charms as much by vivacity of expression as by beauty of feature: there is no shadow of care in her sweet eyes—no misgiving as to the brightness of existence on her rosy lips,—all there is radiant with hope and happiness.

Turn from this still-life—though some portraits there are which reveal more thought than the living heads themselves—and look upon her who sits with a single companion in that apartment, and is destined to be the sole representative of the four in whose faces you read these various attributes. It is a girl of nineteen, in whom are mingled qualities both of mind and person belonging to them all, but modified by transmission.

For her person, she is tall, like her father—fair and well-formed, like her mother—but there the resemblance to her parents ceases, the outline of her face being her grandfather's, its expression that of her grandmother—with a difference—that which is almost repulsive in the elder lady being softened, or rather altered, into a look of pain in the younger one; there is no colour in her cheek, her lips are thin and compressed, and her large grey eyes lack the tender shade of brown which would have given them softness; yet, although her features have few of the properties of beauty, there are not wanting many who candidly declare that they give her the palm for it over every one else they know. There may be a reason for their saying so which would not strike you till you came to know her history.

For her mind, education has gone far to shape it in the best direction; all that can be taught, consistent with her age, she knows; she is fluent in foreign tongues, a skilled musician, accomplished with her pencil, and given to much reading, occupying herself more with that than with the rest. But although she has been well endowed by nature and nearly perfected by tuition, she appears to set little store by her acquirements, not—perhaps—from undervaluing them, but because she is indifferent to the effect produced by their exhibition.

It is the same with what amuses others: the world is before her in all its freshness, yet she turns away from the offering with distaste. Her father's position in society places everything at her command, yet she flies from the glitter and brilliancy of the crowds that fill the palace he lives in at the other end of the town, and takes refuge—not amid the woods and dales and charming solitudes of the numerous country seats that call him master—but here in this pent-up City house, where the free air of heaven appears literally to stagnate, in these chill, dreary rooms, which nothing seems to animate, in this contrived loneliness to which pleasure, as the multitude understand it, is an utter stranger.

Still, the place must have some attraction: what is it?

In this house she was born—in this house she passed the first ten years

of her life—in this house the old man lives who laid the foundation of her vast inheritance.

It is local attachment, then, and something more than filial affection, that brings her back at every opportunity she is able to create?

Say rather—though these influences may be at work—that the true cause arises from her early knowledge of her own condition.

As soon as understanding came, her ears were filled with repetitions of the limitless wealth that must one day be hers; money was the perpetual theme; she was the centre of a moneyed system with a boundless space around her, and no visible horizon for escape. She sickened of money before she learnt its uses, and when she came to know or imagine them—for she took a special view of the question—her malady grew into a confirmed disease.

She was the richest heiress in England, and might look in any direction she pleased for a suitor—her father's station alone brought princes to his door—but she heard one voice, louder than the tongues of all the world, which whispered to her—it was her own heart that spoke—that, look where she would, choose whomsoever she might, her fortune was the sole, the universal bait.

To avoid the occasion of being sought, and indulge undisturbed in a morbid feeling which strengthens as it grows, she avails herself of the privilege she enjoys of being already, in a great degree, her own mistress—for the beautiful bosom from which she drew life has long been cold in death, and a statesman's ambitious pursuits engross her father now, as much as money—left to make and remake itself, in compound fashion—had formerly done.

The career of that father and his sire, which established the great house of Temple Travers, named almost with fear when spoken of—so deep is the respect which men pay to gold—exhibits a singular and unprecedented example of continuous success.

Of respectable family, but with only moderate means, the elder Travers entered upon commerce while yet a very young man, in one of the largest provincial towns in England. He threw fast, married Miss Alice Temple, the only daughter of a wealthy nonconformist, removed to London, extended the sphere of his operations while bringing to bear upon them all the advantages which he derived from discounting, to an enormous extent, the paper of his country friends—the solvent ones—and had he died before his years had numbered half a century, he would yet have been reputed one of the richest men in the metropolis. But he did not die: on the contrary, by the aid of his able, enterprising son, and his own untiring exertions, always honourably employed, he lived to double, triple, and quadruple his capital before he withdrew from direct personal interference with its accumulation—and even then, when the stimulus was gone, he did not die. Perhaps for the reason that "The House" continued to give the most vigorous evidence of its vitality under the management of Mr. Temple Travers, who inherited all his father's aptitude for business, and applied to its extension powers peculiarly his own. Even when he, in his turn, ceased to be an active partner in the firm, and gave his attention mainly to politics, the old man still held on, a proverb and an oracle amongst moneyed men.

So it came to pass that Alice Temple Travers is, at the time we open the door to look upon her, the richest heiress in England.

There is one by her side, who rarely leaves her long alone, to whose inspiration—it may be—the feeling is partly owing which leads Miss Travers to avoid society.

It is a lady of middle age, of soft and winning manners, with the gentlest voice, the meekest countenance, the most agreeable smile, and an eye that beams with the mildest and most subdued expression. To listen to her, for the hour together, you would say that she yielded to every suggestion, but when the day was over you might note the fact that she had gained her point in everything she advised. If Alice Travers found out too soon that the world was hollow and mankind interested, the timid doubts of Miss Nalders, her governess from infancy, and at this moment her companion, may have sown the first seeds of distrust; and if the plant has reached maturity, its nurture is scarcely less the work of the same persuasive speech. Miss Nalders has no separate existence that she can call hers: it is all bound up in that of her darling pupil; she sees with her eyes, listens with her ears, speaks with her tongue, echoes all her sentiments—yet invariably impresses her own.

And in this way, in a great measure, it comes to pass that Alice Temple Travers is, in the opinion of the world—which judges only from appearances,—the coldest, the haughtiest, the least lovable girl in London.

## CHAPTER II.

### A CONFERENCE.

A FEW years ago there stood on the verge of Pimlico, and within a stone's throw of Buckingham-gate, a tavern not of the very first class, which—perhaps out of compliment to the owner of the neighbouring palace—had for its sign the emblem of the House of Hanover, and was known as *The White Horse*.

It was chiefly resorted to by people of the order called shabby-genteel, with little money and next to no occupation—yet who somehow contrived to live on—and two or three small tradesmen's clubs lent it an air of quasi-respectability, of which, otherwise, it might have been unable to boast.

One dull November evening, when the discomfort of a thick, misty atmosphere was not confined to the streets, but penetrated everywhere within-doors, dimming the lights, and making what was already dingy still more squalid, the coffee-room of *The White Horse* was occupied by only two guests, who did not seem likely to add much to the landlord's profits—a solitary tumbler of gin-and-water, sipped alternately and at long intervals, being all they had called for since they came in, though they had been sitting face to face for upwards of an hour.

Their present condition and future prospects were, apparently, not the most inviting, for their conversation showed them to be men sufficiently out of suits with fortune.

There was a difference of several years in their respective ages. The senior of the two, whose face had an eager, foxy expression, a good deal

heightened by very red hair and whiskers, and small grey eyes, appeared to be about five-and-thirty; the younger, who was dark-browed and sallow, seemed scarcely twenty-six. Neither of them could be called well dressed, but the elder aimed at something more than his companion, in a tawdry handkerchief which he wore round his throat, and a large paste ring which glittered on one little finger, and was seldom out of sight for any length of time.

There had been a silence of full ten minutes since they had uttered a word, each being occupied by his own meditations; at last it was broken by the younger man.

"Can you tell me, Cutts," he said, suddenly raising his head, "what's to be the end of all this? Day after day goes by, I get poorer and poorer, and every moment the prospect becomes darker and darker. I'm sick of such a life!"

"Neither am I so particularly enamoured of my share of it," replied the person thus appealed to; "but it's a long lane, Brunton, that has no turning, and if you feel disposed to take my advice, I think I can help you out of it."

"Take your advice, Cutts!" exclaimed the younger man, impatiently; "why, I've taken nothing else for the last twelve months, and what has it all come to?"

"I grant you things might have turned out better——"

"Better! is it possible that they could be worse?"

"Yes, everything is possible. There's always 'a lower deep,' as Milton says—or, if you like Shakspeare better, 'Who is't can say he is at the worst?'"

"Hang Milton and Shakspeare!"

"With all my heart. They never did me any good. But why should you put yourself out of temper? You ought to try and take things coolly, like me."

"Like you! You always have some resource—some hole to creep out at!"

"So might you, if you did as I do."

"Perhaps I might," said Brunton, "but that's not altogether my fancy. Tell me some other way."

"You might have learnt it already, if you would but have listened."

"I listen now."

Mr., or "Captain" Cutts, as he was more socially termed—though not always—drained the last drops from the mutual glass before he spoke.

"I'll tell you then, Brunton, if you'll make yourself a little more amiable."

"What is it?" asked the younger man, still in no placable tone.

"If I should rub the skin off, you mustn't wince."

"Go on," said Brunton, doggedly.

"Well, then. You're out of place,—office, if you like,—and have been for the last six months,—no matter for the cause."

"No matter."

"You must get in again."

"And how am I to do that? What friends have I got?"

"Why, as to friends—why, they turn up when we least expect them;—like creditors, only not quite so fast, perhaps."

"I'm more likely to meet with creditors than friends;—and you know that, Cutts."

"What if you do owe me a trifle and can't pay, I can be your friend for all that, though I'm almost as much in want of money as yourself."

"Yes, but there are others beside you."

"And you want to keep out of their way,—or out of *gaol*,—which is about the same thing."

"What's the use of your telling me that? I know it as well as—better than—you do."

"Very likely, but I thought I said you were to keep your temper."

The young man glanced at his companion angrily, but did not speak.

"I've talked about you," said Mr. Cutts, slowly, "to a party that can be useful—if he chooses it."

Bruton made no comment, and Mr. Cutts continued :

"And that party," he said, looking up at the clock, whose face was only just visible through the dull, dirty haze of the coffee-room,—“that party promised to look in here to-night somewhere about this time.”

"What is he? A Bonnet, like yourself?"

Mr. Cutts took no notice of the disparaging remark, but replied :

"Rather better than that, though he has turned his hand to a good many things in his time. No. The party I speak of is a man of property."

"Which he don't mean to give away to you or me, I suppose."

"I fancy not. Giving is not exactly his *forte*; but he lends—in a large way, sometimes."

"Yes, on good security!"

"On security of some sort. That, of course."

"And what does he call himself? What, I mean, is his ostensible position?"

This question was asked with more animation than the speaker had hitherto shown. The chance of some advantage accruing, however slight, was like a gleam of light on the horizon when skies are at the blackest.

"What he calls himself," replied Mr. Cutts, "is one thing, and what some people call him is another. But his 'ostensible position'—if that's the way you put it—is that of a general dealer."

"Which means?"

"Pictures, crockery, gimcracks of all kinds—what is generally known as *virtù*, for which—not for its English namesake—there is so great a rage now-a-days."

"And is this all?"

"Hm! not precisely. He has money at command, and deals in that, too."

"Rather more to the purpose, so far as I am concerned. He does bills, in short?"

"In short, and in long, too."

"But how can a poor devil like me get any good out of him? He wouldn't, of course, advance one rap upon a bill of mine, even with the precious endorsement of Thomas Cutts, by way of somebody to fall back upon."

"There's no saying," returned the Captain, unmoved by the sneer; "people go out of their way, now and then, when they want to please themselves."

"Or have some particular object in view."

"The same thing. But," continued Captain Cutts, "suppose now—only just suppose it—if my friend was willing to make you an advance on such terms as might be agreed to, what would you give me for the introduction?"

"Half," replied the young man, promptly.

"And take all the risk?"

"I don't know what that may be, but I'll stand it. I run the risk, at present, of being starved, before many days are over, and whatever happens can't be much worse than starving."

"Not much, Dick, as times go. I think, then, it's not unlikely you and he may have a deal. There's somebody at the door; I shouldn't wonder if it was our customer!"

Captain Cutts was truer of prophecy on this occasion than he generally was of speech. The coffee-room door slowly opened, and a man's head appeared, peeping in.

"All right!" said the Captain, who was opposite the entrance. "Come in, Mr. A."

The individual thus briefly designated closed the door behind him and came up to the table where the two were sitting. The Captain, in reply to the stranger's salutation, made room for him by his side.

Mr. A. was an elderly man, nearer sixty, perhaps, than any other age, with dark piercing eyes beneath very moveable black brows, which contrasted strikingly with a fringe of white whisker that travelled from ear to ear. He looked hard at Brunton, as a prison warden looks at a fresh arrival, and when the scrutiny was over he nodded, as much as to say, "I shan't forget *you* in a hurry!"

The Captain was the first to speak.

"I was talking of you, Mr. A.," he said, "the moment before I saw you. I was telling my young friend here that it was probable you might be dropping in, though it's not the pleasantest night to be out of doors."

"No," returned the new comer, with a sweeping glance round the room, which settled on the empty tumbler, and seemed to imply that the dreary room he had entered was little better than the damp street he had left—"no. But business is business. I'd a little matter to look after here, in Belgravian-square, and thought of killing two birds with one stone. So! you've been talking about me, have you? Well, to tell you the truth, I was thinking of you as I came along. I thought to myself, 'I wonder now what the Captain's going to stand this uncommon nasty evening.'"

Captain Cutts was not a gentleman easily put out of countenance by any remark, come from where it would, and although this was an appeal to his breeches'-pocket, under very doubtful circumstances, he met the difficulty cheerfully.

"I'll stand anything you please, Mr. A.," was his reply, "from ditch-water to brandy."

"Let's split the difference," said Mr. A., "and make it hot brandy-and-water, without the ditch flavour."

"So be it," assented the Captain, and, summoning the waiter, he ordered a supply for each. When they were left to themselves again, Mr. A. took a small enamelled box from his pocket, and after eyeing it admiringly for a few moments, handed it across the table to Brunton.

"Are you a judge of paintings?" he asked; but added, without waiting for the answer, "That's beautiful!"

"So it appears," said Brunton, "and must be worth a good deal."

"You're right there," returned Mr. A. "Should you like to buy it? Only sixty guineas to a friend, cost me all the money."

"Sixty guineas! I haven't sixty pence," said Brunton, bitterly, the tide of his ill-humour not yet at ebb,—“not sixty pence, nor half the sum, nor a tenth part of it, to buy me a rope or a dose of laudanum!”

"In that case," observed Mr. A., as gravely as if he had been in earnest,—"in that case it's of no use making you the offer."

"Let me see it," said Captain Cutts. "Ah,—this is what you call a *Petitot*, I suppose. Fine, very fine!"

"It is fine," said Mr. A., reclaiming the box, and bestowing upon it another look of admiration before he returned it to his waistcoat-pocket. "But it's not a *Petitot*. No,—it's a *Zinke*. You don't know the difference—and there are a good many like you. Now," he continued, shutting up his box and his connoisseurship at the same time, and speaking in an altered manner, "we've something else to talk about. I didn't come here to-night to sell miniatures. Your name is Brunton?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "it is."

"Your father—a tradesman at Banbury—gave you a good education."

"Rugby may answer for that."

"But instead of following your father's business, you took to the turf, shook your elbow, and lost nearly all he left you. Part of the time, though, you were abroad—in France and Germany."

"You seem to know my history pretty well."

"That's not all. Before everything was gone, in a fit of repentance, or spirit of opposition—no matter which—you took to the law, entered yourself with Mr. So-and-So—never mind who—and stayed with him—till you left him!"

"Cutts, I suppose, has given you his version of that story as well as all the rest!"

"Don't let us be too particular: we'll just keep to the general outline. Falling in again with our friend here, he persuaded you—quite against your will, of course—to cut the office and follow his bright example."

"If you know all this," exclaimed Brunton, passionately, "what do you mean by cramming it down my throat again?"

"Keep quiet, my dear. If I hadn't a meaning I shouldn't take so much trouble. I'd rather catalogue pictures than faults any day: it does one a great deal more good. So much for one side of the question. Now for the other. You have first-rate abilities: all you want is a fair field to exercise them in. You wouldn't wish to go back to the law again?"

"How could I?"

"Very true: how could you? No. That isn't to be thought of. Should you have any objection to commerce?"

"In what way?"

"Ah, yes—commerce is a word of many meanings. A house of business, now—in the City?"



"After the confession I made a little while ago, it stands to reason I would accept almost anything for a livelihood. Beggars mustn't be choosers."

"You understand bookkeeping, and all that? At all events, I do;—and what you don't know can soon be taught you. Well, then, you've no objection to take what I offer—and put yourself entirely in my hands?"

"None at all, provided you take me out of my own. Only the sooner you do it the better."

"So far, then, it's a bargain," said Mr. A. "Remember, I'm a man of honour!"

"A bargain," returned Brunton, wringing Mr. A.'s lank, outstretched fingers,—“a bargain, if you were——”

"The Captain," interrupted Mr. A., with a grim smile.

"Very well. He fills up the blank quite as well as the other."

"Thank you!" said Captain Cutts, composedly. "Here's both your healths."

Mr. A. took out his watch, a large, old-fashioned repeater—it once had a royal owner. "My time's come," he said. "Call upon me to-morrow morning, at eight. Don't be later. Here's my card!"

He finished his glass as he spoke, buttoned up his great-coat, and was leaving the room, when the Captain stopped him.

"Wait a minute, Mr. A. I've a word to say before you go. I don't mind telling you, but the fact is, Brunton, as you know, has got no money, and I—I—in fact—came out without my purse. Just lend me five shillings till to-morrow."

Mr. A. turned round and gave him one of his searching glances.

"Ah!" he said, "you left your purse at home. So did I. But I'll tell you what. It's not too late. There's a pawnbroker's next door. Raise the money on that diamond ring. It's a sparkler. Good night, Mr. Brunton. Recollect to-morrow, at eight."

"Infernal Jew!" exclaimed Captain Cutts, as the door closed upon him. "I must pay, then, after all!"

"Can this man mean what he says?" asked Brunton, looking at the card.

"Mean it? Yes. Or he wouldn't have given you that. What's on it?"

Brunton read as follows:

MR. REUBEN ASHLEY,

64, Finsbury Circus.

"That means business. Keep your appointment. Any more of this? Well, then—Waiter! what's to pay?"

If Captain Cutts had forgotten his purse, he had not parted with the contents. He found enough for the reckoning, and settled it. The two friends then left The White Horse together, and soon afterwards parted

for the night. Brunton took his way to an obscure lodging in Westminster, while the Captain went across the Park to Jermyn-street, where he was in the habit of passing the night—more or less to his advantage, according to the pull of the table or the chance of picking up a flat.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE BARGAIN.

FROM Smith-square, Millbank, to Finsbury-circus, is full four miles—taking the nearest way—yet Richard Brunton, who left home at seven o'clock, while it was yet dark, arrived at his destination at least ten minutes before the time appointed.

He occupied the interval in reconnoitring the exterior of Mr. Ashley's substantial-looking house, but—with the punctuality of a suitor, and somewhat of a suitor's sense of dread—did not venture to knock until a neighbouring clock began to strike the hour. Although he had taken this early walk expressly for the purpose of the interview,—although all his future expectations might be said to depend upon the result, he could not help wishing—while he waited till the door was opened—that the servant might tell him Mr. Ashley was not at home: the information would have been at once a disappointment and a relief!

No such thing, however, happened. Mr. Ashley expected him, and he was ushered into a parlour where he found that gentleman reading a sale-catalogue.

"Ah!" said he, looking up, "good morning, Mr. Brunton! You keep your time. That's right. Breakfasted? No—I see you haven't. You'll take some with me. Must trouble you to wait just five minutes, while I run my eye over these lots: some good things here;—too good to be missed. There, amuse yourself by looking at that cabinet—it's a real bit of *cinqe cento*, lovely carving,—examine the draperies of those figures in the niches—they'll bear it;—observe the subject of the centre panel—David with Goliath's head,—that kind of work is not often met with now-a-days! You don't know anybody who wants such a thing for his library?"

The question and the commentary which preceded it were so much a part of Mr. Ashley's stock-in-trade, that Brunton need not have replied, as he did, in the negative; for as soon as he had done speaking, the Hebrew dealer returned to his catalogue, scoring with his pencil the numbers of the objects on which he set his mind.

There was plenty for Brunton to amuse himself with in the room, besides the *cinqe cento* cabinet. Works of art of that period abounded; indeed they formed the staple of what he saw. There were vases of Majolica,—bowls of Gubbio lustre ware,—dishes from the hand of Palissy,—enamels of Limoges,—*cruches* of grès de Flandres,—Venetian glass,—damascened weapons,—carved ivories,—ingenious globular watches,—ornaments in bronze and in niello,—curiously-shaped utensils, in wood, in pottery, and in metal,—enough to have occupied him throughout a long summer's day.

But Brunton knew or cared too little about art,—was too anxious to

break ground with his host, now that he was fairly entered for the purpose,—or wanted his breakfast too badly, not to feel very well satisfied to hear Mr. Ashley's voice again.

"Ah! it's a pity, my dear, that you haven't money and taste. I could sell you such bargains! But there's no saying what may happen; one of these days you may have both. Ah! here comes breakfast. I hope you've a good appetite."

From his eagerness to drink at the expense of Captain Cutts on the previous night, the young man had augured little that was favourable to his entertainer's hospitality, but he was agreeably deceived: a hungrier man than Brunton—though it would not have been easy to find one—might have risen satisfied from Mr. Ashley's breakfast-table.

The conversation had turned on indifferent topics during the meal, but as soon as it was over, Mr. Ashley plunged at once—as was his habit—into the middle of his subject.

"When I left you last night," he said, "I mentioned that I was going to Belgravian-square."

"I understood so," replied Brunton, half smiling—remembering the peculiar expression—for with all his knowledge of art Mr. Ashley now and then fell into slip-slop. In the days when he was plain Jacob Asser, education was not so rife as it now is with those of his persuasion.

"Well," continued the dealer in curiosities, "I sold that enamelled snuff-box."

"Did you?" returned Brunton, not particularly interested in the transaction.

"Yes. Dirt cheap. Considering who bought it. But such a man as that can afford to give anything."

From which remark it may be inferred that the purchaser had paid pretty handsomely.

Mr. Ashley resumed:

"A late hour you'll say for doing business, but, Lord bless you, my dear, it's never too late for that. Besides, my customer is not to be got at when other people are. He's a great man—a very great man!"

"Is he?" was Brunton's laconic remark, less interested even than before.

"Yes; and a good word from him goes a long way—at either end of the town. I spoke to him about you."

"About me!" exclaimed Brunton, who now perceived that the Hebrew had not been "beating water." "About me! you gave me some hopes of an appointment in—in—the City."

"I did, my dear. And I set about getting it in Belgravian-square. The fact is, that gentleman stands better in the City than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He's first chop, I can assure you."

"May I ask his name?"

"To be sure. And I'll tell you. Mr. Temple Travers. Ah! you may stare. You've heard that name before?"

"A great firm here, in the City—is it not?"

"The great firm, you mean. Now, what should you say if I got you a situation there?"

"Say! That you were the best friend I ever had in my life."

"Is that all? What would you do?"

"Everything, to prove that I thought so."

"We shall see. Now I'll tell you exactly what took place between me and Mr. Temple Travers. After I had put up his cheque, and given a glance round the room—it's full of fine things: there's one *marqueterie* table I sold him hasn't its fellow in London—I said, 'Well, Mr. Temple Travers, it's a sight to see you now, sir! Since you was returned to Parliament, and took such a lead in the House of Commons, the other "House" in Broad-street seems quite lost without you.'—'I hope not,' says he, with a sort of smile. 'I hear good accounts of it still.'—'And well you may, sir,' I replied; 'A 1 is about the mark it figures at.'—'Yes,' he observed, 'I believe it has not declined since my retirement.'—'If you had stayed, sir,' I continued, 'active in it as you used to be, there's no name that one could have given to it; it's an institution as it stands.'—'I am very glad to hear you say so, Mr. Ashley,' he answered, 'for you are a judge of these matters, I know. I recollect when you were more of a commercial man than you are now, before you took up the trade of ministering to the whims of *virtuosi* like myself.'—'Ah!' said I, 'you remember that time, sir, do you? So do I.'—And so I do, my dear," repeated Mr. Ashley, fixing his keen eyes, which glittered like diamonds, full on the face of Richard Brunton, and speaking more slowly, "that house and me did business together once upon a time."

Mr. Ashley paused for a moment with closely compressed lips and brows closely knitted, and then went on again:

"Well, he had just hit upon the point that I wanted to bring him to, so I struck in without any more ado. 'Your speaking of that, Mr. Temple Travers, emboldens me to make a request of you.'—'What is that, Mr. Ashley?' he asked; 'I'm sure I shall be very happy to serve you as far as lies in my power.'—'Then, sir,' said I, 'there's a young man of my acquaintance—a friend of mine, in fact—who has been a little unfortunate; the house he got into failed, and left him high and dry'—I was obliged to tell my story my own way, my dear—'he is very clever and very honest'—I suppose you are, my dear"—here he gave Brunton another of his searching glances, the meaning of which it was not easy to interpret,—"and," I continued, 'if I could get him a clerkship in the house in Broad-street, I needn't tell you, Mr. Temple Travers, that it would be the making of him.'—'Was the firm in a large way that he belonged to?' asked he.—'No, sir,' I replied; 'I'm bound to say it was not. Perhaps you never heard of it. Wilkins and Sowerberry, in the drug line, over-traded to the Levant, obliged to sell heavily on a falling market, a panic came and they couldn't stand it—Wilkins was found dead in his bed, and Sowerberry disappeared the same day the fiat was issued; he's never been heard of since—that's their history.'—'A common one enough in these days of over-speculation,' said he, seemingly making an effort to remember the names of the parties. 'Wilkins and Sowerberry—Wilkins and Sowerberry—no—I never heard of them.'"

"Nor I, upon my word," interrupted Richard Brunton. "What made you say—"

"I knew well enough what I was saying, my dear. The people are gone altogether. It's of no use referring to them, but you must have some sort of godfathers. You might be an angel, but, if you hadn't been in business, such a house as Temple Travers's wouldn't so much as look at you. 'What can the young man do?'—this was how he went on again. 'Is his knowledge general or special?'—'General,' said I; 'but he has been abroad—knows several languages—can be useful, I'm sure, in correspondence; in short, Mr. Temple Travers, he has what I call great abilities.'"

"You give me a very good character," said Brunton, laughing, "upon a very bad warranty. I hope I shall be able to stand the test."

"Never you fear, my dear," returned Mr. Ashley. "I don't often make mistakes. Please to recollect you're in my hands. If I say you're clever, you must justify my assertion. I needn't dwell any longer upon this part of the subject. 'Mr. Ashley,' said Mr. Temple Travers, 'if this young man'—here he asked your name, and I told him—'if Mr. Brunton has your recommendation he shan't want for mine. You know that I never interfere personally, now, with the affairs of the house, but your friend shall have an introduction to the managing partner. Stay, I'll write it at once.' And here it is, my dear," exclaimed Mr. Ashley, triumphantly holding up a letter with a large seal which he took out of a pocket-book; "Temple Travers never lets the grass grow under his feet—never did—or he wouldn't be the man he is. He added, when he put the letter in my hand, 'I would have seen the young man, Mr. Ashley, but really if you knew how seriously every moment of my time is occupied—I have not adopted an easier life since I left the City, I can assure you—at some future time, perhaps, I may be able—but I shall hear, of course, how he goes on, and then—by-the-by, don't forget me, Mr. Ashley, if you happen to fall in with a Peter Oliver—I am very anxious to complete my historical series'—and so on, with which I need not trouble you, my dear. The prime thing is *there*."

And, as Mr. Ashley thus brought his narrative to an end, he threw the letter on the table.

That a perfect stranger should so warmly interest himself in his welfare—that a patron so influential as Mr. Temple Travers should have been raised through the medium of Captain Cutts—that so strange an ebb should thus suddenly have taken place in the current of his fortunes—all this was so astonishing to Richard Brunton, that it kept him silent for several minutes.

The Jew watched without disturbing him, as he sat with his head bent over the table.

At length Brunton looked up and spoke.

"I am sure, sir," he said, "you have done for me what I never could have dreamt of—what no human being of my acquaintance would or could have attempted. I am perfectly at a loss for words to express my gratitude."

"I haven't quite done, my dear," said Mr. Ashley. "I think you said last night that you were rather short of money: hinted at laudanum, or something of that sort, which showed you were not over flush."

"That is true enough," returned Brunton. "It's of no use to con-

ceal the fact. If I had not been invited by you, I don't know where I should have broken my fast to-day!"

"Don't trouble yourself about that any more. You shall have bed and board here, my dear, as long as it's convenient. I've some young ladies in my family who have a knack of making the time pass very pleasantly. I can't say what salary you'll get at Temple Travers's;—maybe none at all for the first six months, till they see what sort of stuff you're made of,—for they're not people to buy a pig in a poke. But you mustn't want a little of the ready. You have an appearance to make. It don't do, my dear, in this world, to run yourself down, or let people make remarks. You must dress a little better, and so forth. Excuse me if I speak my mind a little plainly."

"I feel the truth of what you say, sir," said Brunton, colouring. "I am, I know—except the clothes I stand in, and they, as you say, are not worth much—little better than a pauper."

"That's a harder word than mine, my dear, though its more genteel, perhaps. At your age it sounds like a verdict of 'temporary insanity.' All nonsense. As your bed's made you must lay in it. But about the cash, my dear. I never do things by halves. I'll lend you some. How much, now, do you want? Would a hundred do?"

"It would be ample," said Brunton, "for everything I require for—myself."

"Ah—I see—you owe money. Any acceptances out—any judgment debts?"

"None of the last, upon my honour! I *have* backed one or two bills for Cutts—and he has done the same for me—and then—I may as well make a clean breast of it—I owe fifty or sixty pounds in different places."

"Which means more than double the amount when you come to look everything up. I know. And then there's a watch in pawn, and a set of studs, and perhaps a dress coat and waistcoat—don't blush, I'm not going to tell. Now you take pen, ink, and paper—there they are—make a true and complete list, leave out nobody, leave out nothing—and then we'll see what's to be done. I dare say we can compromise the whole for twenty per cent. *down*. But you mustn't leave a farthing outstanding."

The benevolent Hebrew returned to his catalogue while Richard Brunton went through the enjoined calculation. Let a man's debts be never so numerous, there's no forgetting a single item if you're in earnest in the attempt to recal them. Aquafortis does not bite the engraver's copper more sharply than debt gnaws the memory. In the course of half an hour Brunton had completed his task. The sum total amounted to a trifle less than three hundred pounds.

Mr. Ashley smiled when he saw it.

"You are certain this is all?"

"As of my own existence. But I have not put down the money owing to me that I've lent in different quarters."

"And you needn't. You'll never get a penny of it. That's gone goose. Three hundred to these people, and a hundred for yourself—say a hundred—that will be four, eh? Now, if I make this advance, how do you mean to repay it? Have you formed any plan for doing so?"

"I can't think, sir," replied Brunton, "that I shall be long employed at Temple Travers's without a salary. They must give me one, for I'll earn it. You shall have any lien on that you like to name."

"No," said the friendly Dealer, "I won't touch your salary till you're better able to afford it.—But I'll tell you what we'll do. I put down a hundred pounds in hard cash,—I buy off all your creditors,—I take up these acceptances—yours, not Cutts's,—I keep him at a distance and satisfy him, for of course he looks to you for something to be got out of me, you have made him some kind of promise, I know,—he never does nothing for nothing. Well, I undertake all this,—I set you free as air, with money in your pocket, and you give me, in exchange,"—here he paused and looked hard at Brunton, scanning every line of his countenance,—“you give me a bond for TEN THOUSAND POUNDS, payable whenever I choose to enforce it!”

It was not so much the enormous sum that made Brunton open his own eyes so widely, as the nature of the proposed compact. What a vista it opened, for the moment, and then what a mockery it seemed! Twelve hours before he had almost meditated suicide as the only means of escape from his embarrassments, and now he was called upon to enter into an engagement to the extent of Ten Thousand Pounds, as if unlimited credit were at his command! Could the offer be *bonâ fide*? Was this Mr. Ashley in his senses?

Whether sane or not, it certainly appeared as if he were in earnest, for the same pocket-book which had held the letter of Mr. Temple Travers was again produced, and from it the Dealer took a roll of bank-notes. He counted them out as deliberately as a banker's clerk would have done, and pushed them across the table to Brunton.

"Here," he said, "is the cash; take it,—and take care of it. The letter may as well remain here till to-morrow, when you will deliver it yourself. Now go and do what you have to do,—I shall be busy enough till I see you at dinner,—six sharp; afterwards we'll sign and seal. In the evening, when business is over, you shall make acquaintance with my girls. You'll be struck with Matilda; that is, if you're fond of music. And I say, bear in mind one thing, my dear,—keep clear of Captain Cutts,—at all events for the present."

At a much slower pace than he came from thence Richard Brunton returned to Smith-square. But one thought occupied him:

"What on earth can he mean by such a bargain!"

## ANECDOTES OF THE PARISIAN THEATRES.\*

THE name of M. Charles Maurice is not familiar to this country. It is even better known than it is eminent in Paris. Yet the veteran who bears it has led an active and an eventful life. He has been *feuilleist*—not *feuilletonist*,—clerk in several public offices, secretary to M. Guizot, officer of the National Guard, a successful and a prolific, if not a highly distinguished, dramatic author, a poetaster, critic, lampooner, political pamphleteer, prisoner, duellist, and editor.

According to his own showing, the son of a jeweller in the Palais Royal, and born in 1782, he must be some seventy-four years of age. He conducted one and the same journal under six different titles—the best known of which was the *Courrier des Théâtres*—from the 2nd of November, 1818, to the 31st of March, 1849—a period of thirty years. During that long epoch he witnessed two restorations, three royalties, upwards of twenty insurrections, two revolutions, two provisional governments, one republic, one dictatorship, one presidency, and an empire.

Living then such an active, busy life, in such eventful times, thrown in contact with many of the real intelligences of the day, as well as with the less exacting intelligences of the green-room, his reminiscences, which comprise fifty years of incessant toil and labour, could not fail to contain many interesting sketches of character, many curious illustrations of Parisian life and manners, and many striking chronicles of scenes enacted before his eyes. Nor will the reader be disappointed: with much that betrays the garrulous, vain old man, there is also much in his volumes to amuse, and even instruct. The very frivolities to which, from moving constantly in one sphere, he attaches so much importance, are instructive to contemplate in their insignificance and frailty—fleeting vanities of the hour, the more suggestive in their perishableness (and the old man seems to have survived almost all his contemporaries) from the tinsel and glitter of their butterfly existence.

One would have thought it a difficult matter to rake up new anecdotes of Talma. The great tragedian was, however, manifestly the beau ideal of our author's juvenile years, and he tells no end of good and bad things concerning him. Talma, it appears, among other good points, had what the French call *des habitudes bourgeoises*—"domestic habits"—habits, our author justly remarks, much more productive of success than the disorders so much boasted of by the false geniuses of our own times. In his time it was the custom to perform the chief pieces first, so that Talma, who only played in these, was able to get home early. He used upon these occasions to trudge away on foot, his wife on his arm, and a white nightcap drawn over his ears under his hat, to preserve him from *les transpirations renfermées*. What a different idea does this portrait of the man give to that sketched by Alexandre Dumas, in his "Memoirs," of the great

\* Histoire Anecdotique du Théâtre, de la Littérature et de Diverses Impressions Contemporaines, tirée du coffre d'un Journaliste, avec sa Vie, à tort et à travers. Par Charles Maurice. Ouvrage enrichi de nombreux autographes.



tragedian in his toga! A few more years and he had his carriage, and he used to say that he was going on too fast. Not always, though, for, in another part of his book, M. Maurice relates an anecdote of his getting locked in among the carriages of those who were going to witness his performance, and in the horror of being too late, out he jumped, shouting, "Let Henri IV. get by!"

It is remarkable how frequently actors intermarry. We have in the book before us many examples of generations of performers. It is not surprising that the force of early example should render a taste for histrionic art hereditary; but it is more difficult to understand how male and female actors should be captivated with one another. Talma married an actress, and a widow too, all *bourgeois* as he was in his tastes and habits. He was not the first to reform theatrical costume, although the credit has been often given him, and he as constantly retorted by attributing the improvements made to the suggestions of the artist David—no doubt not without reason in regard to some of his own "gettings up." But the reform began in the time of Vanhove, the father of his wife, a very mediocre artist, although attached to the "Comédie Française," and who was infinitely disgusted when he was made to exchange the crimson satin unmentionables, in which he used to appear as *Agamemnon*, for a more historical garment. "They call this progress," he used to say, "and they do not even leave a pocket in which to put the key of one's dressing-room."

Speaking of Doctor Guillotin, M. Maurice says he met him frequently, and that he was a little man with grey hair, of mild aspect and polished manners. His real intention in advocating a new system of punishment was to diminish suffering, and he always grieved that his lugubrious invention should carry his name down to posterity.

Here is a rather strange anecdote of Sophie Arnould:

"Coming from the Bois de Boulogne, where she had been with some fashionable friends to witness a duel, which ended without mischief done to either party, she said, as she was getting into her carriage, 'I was dreadfully frightened. Upon my honour, I would not come back if I was sure both would be killed.'"

M. Maurice remembers, we were going to say; but he does not remember. It was his habit to put down every evening on paper the most important incidents of the day—a happy practice, for which we feel indebted to him. He relates, then, rather than remembers, that he was in the Rue des Prouvaires when one of the well-known revolutionary carts went by.

"I saw that horrible cart; it was full of miserable beings who were going to be executed—all men. One of them,—I can still picture to myself the anguish of his look before he spoke, and its resignation after he had exclaimed, 'Is there any one who will go to the Rue de la Vieille Draperie, No. 16?' "I," I answered, impelled by a feeling of pity which I can still sympathise with, and in presence of a crowd that did not dare to applaud. "Thank you, young man," he replied; "go and tell my wife and children that I die loving them, and that they must comfort themselves." "I will go," I answered; and I ran off to fulfil my promise, little knowing, child that I then was, all the peril of the commission to which my pity had given the impulse.

Revolutionary anecdotes are rather out of date, but there is something fascinating in their very horror.

"I saw Robespierre," M. Maurice relates, "after he had received the pistol-shot that broke his jaw; his head was bound up in a bloody napkin, and he was borne along in an arm-chair, amidst the execrations of the mob. Whether to repose themselves, or for some other reason, the bearers stopped near the statue of Henri IV. The mob crowded round their victim and insulted him, but he only looked at them, and, notwithstanding his wound, he replied to their insolence by a disdainful shrug of the shoulders."

M. Maurice delights, at this period of his life, in reminiscences of Saint George, so skilful a fencer, that he is said never to have been touched. Young Maurice used to tease him to tell the secret of his inviolability. "It is because," replied Saint George, "I have the eye of a cat." This man, so distinguished in the art of defence, appears, from our author's revelations, to have led a very dissipated life.

It is evident that M. Maurice, when about fourteen years of age, admired *la toute jolie Mademoiselle Malaga*, a juvenile rope-dancer. *La Malaga* died in poverty, upwards of eighty years of age, in 1851; and her grandchildren, the three brothers Luguet, are well-known performers in Paris and *en province*.

At a performance of the "*Mariage de Figaro*," in January, 1797, we are told the whole audience was plundered by a band of robbers, who, notwithstanding the shrieks and resistance of their victims, took possession of the house and of everything in it.

I saw at Lyons (M. Maurice relates—he was apprenticed to a notary public in that city) two men, to each of whom a different and yet a strange event had happened in his lifetime. One of them (he was very like Béranger, even to his spectacles), after having broken the banks of three gambling-houses, went to a fourth with his hat and his pockets full of gold and bank-notes. Taking out a handful of gold, "Now," he said, "it is your turn!" But he was not destined to be so lucky this time. His friends began to advise him to give it up, but he grew obstinate, persisted, and played on till he was so completely cleared out that he had to borrow a sou to pass over the bridge Morand. When he got to the middle he would have thrown himself into the river had not his friends prevented him.

The other man had been condemned to death during the Proconsulate of Lyons, and on the day of execution they were twelve in the cart. In such cases, whether it was out of refinement of cruelty, from indifference, or to render the hecatomb more easy and prompt, the miserable men were placed under the scaffold, so that the blood of the victims fell upon them. Eleven had been executed, when the assistants, oblivious of the number, began to take the machinery to pieces, the crowd looking on whilst the twelfth remained below, without power to speak or move, indeed, half dead with horror. Among those present, however, one man noticed him. He was a butcher. Creeping up to the cart beneath the scaffold, he took a nightcap out of one pocket and a knife out of the other, then putting the one on the prisoner's head, with the latter he severed the cords that bound his hands behind his back, and taking him by the arm, walked away with him, as if it was some one faint with the terrors of the spectacle. Nobody took notice of them. Dragging the victim along, rather than leading him, for the poor man had lost almost all consciousness, he at length got him into a coffee-house, where he was soon brought to himself. It would only be at the grave that the executioner would find out there was one intended victim too few.

Mademoiselle George was a pupil of Mademoiselle Raucourt. She was naturally very indolent, and used to be late at her lessons. Made-

mademoiselle Bancourt would say upon such occasions, "Idle young woman! instead of preparing herself for a handsome suite of rooms, she prefers living in a garret in the Rue Clos Georgeot." Madame Tallien, who impersonated the Goddess of Reason during the Reign of Terror, is described as being both a beautiful and a good-natured person. "What harm was there," asks M. Maurice, "in a person who had caused the loss of their wits to so many, serving as an emblem of ideas which might restore them to their senses?" Madame de Tallien became Princesse de Chimay.

M. Maurice having designated Beauvilliers as one of the *semmités culinaires* of the epoch, in a one-act play in verse called "*Les Nouveaux Artistes*," brought out in December, 1807, the artist deemed it incumbent upon himself to prove his claim to such a distinction by a dinner given to the author. There is, at least, a spice of humanity in this. How long a time might a public writer extol the ability, vindicate the conduct, and uphold the principles of a man in authority without a sign of acknowledgment?

Our autobiographer, it appears, also composed a *petite piece* in honour of the Duke of Dantzic, to be played in his saloons at the Luxembourg. His ideas of bravery are not so admissible as those in cookery. "We spoke," he says, "of nothing but of the duke's son." "He is," said the duke, "as wild when he is at home as he is brave in the army. Would you believe it, than when we are quiet I can never prevent him from killing two or three sentinels of the *grand-gardes*, merely to keep his hand in." This *bravery*, adds M. Maurice, could not fail to lead so *interesting* a young man to death. He was literally cut to pieces by the enemy, to whom he refused to surrender. "His very bits," said his gasconading father, "kept up the fight."

Mademoiselle Devienne, of the Comédie Française, attending a hunt in the forest of Fontainebleau, came unexpectedly, on turning a corner, in contact with the emperor. All she could say was, "Ah! sire, vous voilà! Bonjour!" Napoleon laughed heartily. Perhaps he remembered another occasion, when he had overheard the same person grumbling because some delay had occurred in serving up the *souper d'usage*, after a performance given at St. Cloud. Upon that occasion, Napoleon returned five minutes afterwards, and addressing himself significantly from the head of the table to Mademoiselle Devienne, "Vous êtes servis," he intimated, with the greatest possible politeness.

Although differences in French and English habits and manners are daily diminishing, and railway intercommunication will happily gradually remove not only the asperities, but even the shades of distinction between the two countries, still it is impossible, in reading a book like that of M. Maurice's, not to feel that there is a totally different idea of propriety, and a wholly different sense, not only of the ordinary conventionalities of society in France, but even of the higher principles of morality, than what are entertained in this country. It may be said that the book refers to theatrical matters; but it is not in those alone, but in matters that are not theatrical, that the same perversion of the moral principle is constantly manifesting itself. But, in a minor degree, take the following, which we must abbreviate, for it is told at great length. Aimé Martin, a master of arms, recovering from a long illness, was taking a

quiet walk in the Luxembourg, when a military-looking man, seeking a quarrel, pushed against him so violently as to overthrow him. Conscious of his skill, although weakened by sickness, Aimé Martin challenged his adversary, and five minutes afterwards had given him *un magnifique coup d'épée tout au travers du corps* in a ditch beneath the walls of the old convent of the Chartreux. In this country such an occurrence would have made more than an anecdote; it would have been a case for inquiry with a jury.

It appears that dreams ought not always to be disregarded. Michalon dreamt one night of five numbers that would come up in the lottery. He told his wife, and got out of bed and inscribed them on the wall with a bit of charcoal in figures of half a yard in length. But the next morning man and wife chose to consider the whole thing as a nightmare, and paid no attention to it. This morning (2nd of October, 1810) the whole five came out. If they had only invested a franc, they would have gained a million!

The Russian ambassador, M. de Kourakin, visiting the prison of Saint Lazare, had his snuff-box in his hand at the moment that he entered that portion of the prison in which women were confined for theft. One of the women seeing it, fell into fits. After she had been brought round, she was questioned as to what had had such an effect upon her. "It is so frightful," she said, "to see a snuff-box of gold and not to be able to take it." The prince said, smiling, "It is impossible to alter the vocation of some people; this one has the further fault of an exceeding sincerity."

The fragmentary character of a book of anecdotes, and the evanescent nature of a record of daily impressions, lead sometimes to strange antitheses. Thus, one day, we find the emperor spoken of in a strain of magniloquence which savours at once of adulation and impiety; and at another, we have the hero portrayed to us as whipping his boot with vexation, because the empress kept him waiting; or, entering *incoog*, the theatre door, grumbling forth, "Voilà bien du bruit pour un seul homme." Or again, at a council of ministers, taking notes, which, being afterwards anxiously consulted, were found to put on record from the top of the page to the bottom:

Mon Dieu, que je vous aime!  
Mon Dieu, que je vous aime!

If the head touched the heavens, most assuredly the feet rested on earth.

When the actress Devienne became Madame Gavaudan, she had a country-house, one half of which was fitted up in the Parisian style, and the other half as a farm-house, and in the latter she used to take the milk recommended by the faculty for her *petit estomac*. M. Maurice, who calls Dumas's fancy in selecting pretty cows for his *paysage* "a weakness," says of the arrangements of the lady, "Cela s'appelle bien comprendre la vie." Devienne seems to have been one of those who did understand it. M. Maurice had, nevertheless, his little quarrels with the pretty actress. At the first performance of one of his productions, called "Mascarille," whenever the public began to manifest what the author calls symptoms of impatience, but which we might translate by symptoms of displeasure, she raised her eyes to the curtain, as if to call it down upon the piece. This M. Maurice disclaims against as cowardly. "The actor," he says, "is

on the stage what a soldier is on the field of battle; if he retires, he deserts." But surely a lady is not a soldier?

Baptiste Cadet stopped one day in front of a show on the Boulevards which he felt an exceeding curiosity to penetrate, but was prevented by a feeling of shame. At the very moment, a gentleman in black, with powdered wig and gold-headed cane, passed before him. "If that gentleman goes in," said Cadet to himself, "I will go too." And he hastened to follow him. He had no sooner, however, got up upon the platform, than his gentlemanly friend, turning suddenly round, shouted out, "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen—take your tickets; you see the best classes of society come here to witness our extraordinary performances," pointing all the time at the unfortunate Cadet, who found himself sold, and victimised into the bargain!

This Cadet was indeed predestined to be victimised. We find him, in quite another part of M. Maurice's reminiscences, fighting a duel at Rouen, when it came into his head to pass his sword from one hand to the other during the combat. The consequence was that he received his antagonist's sword under one armpit, and it came out at the other! Yet we are told that this was before the time when he attained so much celebrity as a comedian.

M. Maurice, it appears, according to his own showing, used to quarrel not only with actors, but with actresses. Being one day in Mademoiselle Raucourt's dressing-room with Mademoiselle Mars and others, the former had, as was her custom, put on, after her performance, a coat and trousers of lamb-wool to prevent her from catching cold. M. Maurice and the lady got to words, till, he says, "having looked at her with a steady gaze, I assumed the tone of a man who wishes to finish with a duel (with a lady!), and I cast at her only two words, *Ah! monsieur!*" This explosion was followed by a general silence. Those who were present looked at one another, and I withdrew. Mademoiselle Mars went out with me, and, when in the passage, she said, "I never heard anything like it." No, nor half so absurd, we would venture to say. But M. Maurice appears to have been a favourite with the great actress.

At the Restoration, M. de Remusat, the ex-superintendent of theatres under Napoleon I., distributed white ribands on the Place de la Concorde to all passers-by, inviting them, at the same time, to place them in their button-holes. The first verses recited against the fallen emperor were penned by M. Briffaut, now of the French Academy. Talma repeated them at the Théâtre-Français, and terminated the recital with a feeble attempt at a *Vive le Roi!*

Louis XVIII., we are told, hastened to send diamond earrings to Mademoiselle Mars. "The other one," the actress remarked, alluding to Napoleon, "would not have done as much." "I don't know," observed Mademoiselle Patrat, who was present, "but he has often given you more than enough to have purchased better with!" M. Maurice denies the story of the violets, and he declares that it was mere scandal that attributed to Mademoiselle Mars the saying, "The *Gardes du Corps* have nothing in common with Mars."

At the first Restoration, M. Maurice became a secretary in M. Guizot's office. Bribery and corruption were, he says, openly practised, more especially to obtain the usual insignia of merit—crosses of honour.

Mayors of communes would come with a petition for such in one hand, and gold in the other. With the return from Elba, the Napoleon frenzy was once more in the ascendant. Madame Maurice appears to have been even more imperialist in her ideas than her husband. Had another form of government existed in France in the present day, either the present "anecdotic history" could not have made its appearance, or it would have required to have been as much toned down as it has been highly coloured to meet existing exigencies.

"From what I can gather from Pigault-Lebrun, fils," says M. Maurice, "the battle of Waterloo *ought* to have terminated happily for us. Already his regiment was operating a *mouvement de retour*. Pigault and one of his companions had gone into an inn, and asked for refreshments, saying at the same time, 'One sups well after a victory.' At the very moment a soldier came in, exclaiming, 'Officers, you must mount! We are retreating; the battle is lost!' They had only just time to assure themselves of the fact, which was so totally unanticipated, and which the hopes of the contrary served to render still more vexatious."

This was followed by the oft-described parting scenes. "I have seen," says M. Maurice, "that which no one can have witnessed; I have seen Napoleon I. weep—the man so strongly tempered that had Heaven fallen upon him it would not have crushed him!" Had this been written, as it is dated, 22nd June, 1815, would the great Napoleon have been designated as Napoleon I.?

The officer of the National Guard, we are told, who commanded at the execution of Marshal Ney, was Châtillon, *surnommé le beau danseur*!

At the second Restoration, the Duc de Berri took an interest in a young opera-dancer, Virginie by name. Some one asked her father if it was true that she was thinking of retiring. "Monseigneur," he replied, gravely, "is too religious to leave my daughter on the stage."

Monvel gave a good lesson to an actor, who, like some people in private life, used to speak in a voice that was not natural to him. Coming in one day, "Monsieur," said the actor, in a stentorian voice, "they pretend that I do not speak with my natural voice." "But why don't you first say, *bonjour*?" interpolated his counsellor, quietly. "Ah! that is true," respectfully answered the magniloquent visitor. "Good morning, Monsieur Monvel." "Well," said the great comedian, "there it is your voice!"

The well-known Arnaud promised Mademoiselle D—— twelve pair of silk stockings of Nantes. In the mean time, the lady formed a matrimonial engagement with an actor of the Théâtre-Français. Fearful of losing the stockings, she inquired of the great comedian if it required more than ten days to get the stockings from Nantes! This amiable anxiety, remarks M. Maurice, with as much *naïveté* as that exhibited by the fair actress herself, "promet une excellente ménagère."

Charles Sand killed Kotzebue the 23rd of March, 1819. At the same date M. Maurice writes, "It is not very likely that an author, in search of a pseudonym, will adopt that of this young assassin." It has, however, been very closely parodied.

Mademoiselle Clotilde, who was a very pretty actress, was successful, without ever altering the expression of her face. Her excuse was, "Je n'irai pas m'abîmer la figure avec votre pantomime."

One night Talma was playing *Sylla*. *Aristippus* was amusing himself during a monologue which the tragedian was reciting, with a helmet lying upon a table. "Leave that helmet alone," said the actor, without the public hearing the parenthesis. The other went on regardless of the injunction. "I tell you not to fidget with that helmet," repeated Talma. And at last, losing all patience, he exclaimed, "Why will you not leave that helmet alone?" And this without interrupting the play in the slightest degree.

On the 31st of July, 1822, an English company opened the Porte Saint Martin with "Othello." The progress of the performance was, however, put a stop to by all kinds of interruptions and insults. "Une boxe horrible s'en est suivie." Apples, pipes, and heavy peace were thrown on the stage, and Miss Gaskill was struck with a copper coin so severely in the eye, that she fainted. One of the actors, whom they wished to console, said, "Oh, we have hopes yet; we know the French, and our ladies are about to appear."

A tragedy was under discussion entitled "Antiochus Epiphanes." Talma said he was to play *Antiochus*. "Et Piphane, sera-ce moi?" naïvely inquired Mademoiselle Duchesnois. She thought the title was "Antioche et Piphane."

In January, 1823, after thirteen years' service in the offices of the Ministers of Worship and of the Interior (Home Department), M. Maurice was dismissed with a pension. He was at that time editor of the *Courrier des Spectacles*, which in three months was to become the *Courrier des Théâtres*. It is evidently one of his greatest sources of gratification to be able to print the letters which he received from official persons, actors and actresses, and literary and other celebrities, to obtain notices in his paper. It is doubtful if the public will experience a similar gratification in reading unmeaning effusions prompted by vanity or egotism in high places.

Here is an anecdote of one of his contemporaries: Compigny, the author of one or two songs, and who was chef de division au Ministère des Cultes, was one of the most agreeable but impudent parasites of his day. Arriving unexpectedly at Mademoiselle Bourgoim's, he met her coming down stairs, and she apologised by intimating that she had some calls to make. "Oh, it does not matter," said Compigny, continuing to ascend, "I shall see your maid." And he made the *femme de chambre* serve up a dinner, which she was obliged to *improviser*.

Garat, the vocalist, once said to a lady who was taking an ice at the Concerts Feydeau, "I am not accustomed to sing with a spoon accompaniment." We have heard this somewhere else.

The last shot fired by the enemy at the battle of Trocadero was by an Irishman named O'Callaghan. When the Duc d'Angoulême returned to Paris, Baron Taylor had the stranger placed behind his chair whilst he was at dinner.

*General Rule.*—Literary men do not like one another.

*Exception.*—There are some boon companions, but only when their self-love can gain by it.

*Rule without Exception.*—The best friend would be sacrificed for a success.

So much for French literary morality as expounded by M. Maurice. In England a success is never pardoned, although no friend may have

been sacrificed to obtain it. But a success entails the obsecration for the time being of others, hence is such a result unpardonable, and it is often visited upon its author even after the first impression has gone by.

Under date December 4th, 1824, we find the following: "A young man, eighteen years of age, of gentlemanlike address and studious aspect, came to me a few days back wishing to write for my paper. He had reported the lectures of M. Villemain ever since the 23rd of the last month, with much tact and intelligence. His name is Jules Janin. I sent him yesterday to the Opera, a thing he was till then unacquainted with. Nothing could be more interesting and amusing than to hear him relate this morning his impressions of the previous evening, and more especially his account of the ladies, 'so slightly dressed, so well made, and who danced and sung so well,' and 'whom he could still see as he spoke about them.' Without repenting his introduction to the theatre, I did not repeat it, but said to myself, 'So much innocence cannot last.'"

When Mademoiselle Bourgoïn was annoyed by one of her parts being given to Mademoiselle Mars, she used to console herself by calling her *la visille*.

The room in which Boïeldieu composed "*La Dame Blanche*" was papered with the music of "*Otello*," which the composer used to study as he lay in bed.

The play of "*Robin des Bois*" was at the height of its success when Charles X. ascended the throne. The populace had designated the king himself as Robin des Bois, from his predilection for field sports; and going to see the performance, one of the actors having to propose a toast, "*Au grand chasseur, Robin des Bois!*" the whole audience immediately gave its usual application, to the great discomfiture of the court and the annoyance of Bernard, the director, who was ready to tear the hair from his head.

Under date of December 2nd, 1825, we read as follows:

"*Elegy on the Death of General Foy!*—If it is in your power, before this little work makes its appearance, to quote a few fragments in your paper, you will add further to the gratitude which I have already expressed for the biographical article on my father. I will hasten to send you copies the moment they come from the press. I have the honour to be, with great consideration, &c.,

"ALEX. DUMAS.

"P.S.—I beg to enclose a few fragments for M. Charles Maurice, from amongst which he can select such as deserve that honour."

So great was the success of the "*Dame Blanche*," that M. de Pixérécourt, the director of the Opera Comique, with the consent of the Duc d'Aumont, presented the author on the spot with a gold snuff-box, enclosing an order for a pension of 1200 francs, to begin on the 1st of January, 1826. "This family scene," the director relates, in a note to M. Maurice, the editor, in which he expresses his anxiety that the act shall not be attributed to any one but himself, "electrified the audience: they applauded with transports of joy, some wept, some embraced one another; it was a most touching scene. Poor Boïeldieu did not sleep for joy, and I am proud to have restored to the French *dilettanti* another Rossini."



"The distance from the Porte Saint Martin," said an actor, "is not so great as is imagined; I have often measured it. It is only *deux petits verres*." This is probably what keeps so many cafés in existence in Paris. The real *badaud* enters a café every half mile, whether on business or pleasure.

It has been said that M. Alexandre Dumas never asked a favour. M. Maurice gives a list of more than forty favours asked by the eminent romancer, some of which are not a little curious. As for example: The authority to write the "Annals of the City of Rouen;" the engagement of Mademoiselle Ida at the Théâtre-Français; a seat at the Academy (five times); the authority to write the "History of Regiments;" the Cross from Louis Philippe. But the most amusing of all is, where he writes to the parish priests of Paris to support his claims for a seat as a deputy.

"If," he says, "there is a man among modern writers who has defended spiritualism, proclaimed the immortal soul, exalted the Christian religion, you will do me the justice to say that it is I. I now come to propose myself as a candidate for the National Assembly. I will call there for respect to all holy things, and amongst holy things religion has always been placed by me in the first rank. I believe in material nourishment; I believe that a people that will know how to ally liberty with religion will be the first of people, and I think we shall be that people. It is in the anxiety and wish to contribute as much as possible to this social work, that I come and ask you, not only for your voice, but also that of those which the high confidence inspired by your character may place at your disposal.

"I salute you with the love of a brother, and the humility of a Christian.

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS."

Is this a canard?

Mademoiselle Bourgoïn and Mademoiselle Emilie Leverd having had a little quarrel one morning at rehearsal at the Théâtre-Français, Mademoiselle Bourgoïn pretended to bite her rival's arm, whereupon the latter, who always pronounced her r's like g's, exclaimed, "Ah! elle m'a mogdue! je suis engagée! faites-moi cauteguiser!" Needless to say that such a ridiculous idea, so absurdly expressed, put an end to the discussion more abruptly than all the reasoning in the world.

Balzac, talking one evening in the green-room of the Opera with some literary men, said, "When I think that while I am gossiping here, three hundred candles are burning in my house." One of those present was incredulous, and, as usual, the scepticism was concluded by a bet, which put five hundred francs into the author's pocket. We have read a different version of this story, corroborative of Balzac's failing for *bougies*, one not uncommon among his countrymen, who associate the idea of great riches and splendour with a display of lights; but which supposed him to be very chary of lighting them up.

A few days before the death of the Prince of Condé (27th August, 1830), there was a performance at the Château of Saint Leu, in which two actors of bad repute were concerned. They were named Armand and Max de Laval. One of them had married the lady's maid of Madame de Feuchères, and that person was subsequently found assassi-

nated on the downs of Dunkerque. The above-mentioned actors suffered the last penalty of the law for this crime.

One night the Queen Marie Amélie having gone to the Opera without receiving any particular attention from the audience, she was all the more struck by the manifest enthusiasm exhibited when Taglioni took her place in her box. "Ah!" she said, audibly, "the Queen of the Opera meets with a more gracious reception than the Queen of the French!"

M. Pyère being invited to dine at Neuilly, one of the royal carriages was sent to fetch him. Seeing some parcels inside it, he inquired who they belonged to. "To Madame Adelaide," was the answer. "Well, then, I don't travel with parcels," retorted M. Pyère; and "il est venu dîner avec nous:" that is, with M. Charles Maurice.

This M. Pyère was an old tutor of Louis Philippe's, author of "L'Ecole des Pères," and the Alceste of his day. He knew that he could take liberties. Being present one day when the king was taking the Duc de Nemours to task for his want of zeal in acquiring information, the prince turned towards M. Pyère as if to obtain a defender; but the latter only said, "Well, don't work if you don't like it. You will be a crowned ass some day; that is all."

"No one," intimates M. Maurice, "has a greater right than I have not to love the Orleans family, and it is that very right which makes it a duty to enter the following in my journal of this day:

"The queen and her children went yesterday to the Opera. Among the tacit assurances given to them, we saw, with sorrow, almost the entire pit affect to turn towards them with their hats on their heads. There is no courage in such manifestations, especially when they are addressed to women and children. Now what is not courageous displeases in France." (June 22nd, 1833.)

When Mademoiselle Bourgoïn was on her death-bed, she made the Abbé Olivier, the priest of Saint Roch, explain to her the meaning of rubbing the hollow of the hand with holy oil, and she listened to the explanation with quiet composure. She told her son to go to no expense in her funeral, adding, that luxury in such matters was utterly useless. Some people, speaking to the abbé of the last days of the actress in terms of detraction, the abbé said, "Well, well! I should like to be as sure of going into Paradise as she is!"

A remarkably clever *improvisateur* being asked to dinner at the Tuileries, and giving several specimens of his talent, Louis Philippe so far forgot himself as to say he would bet a hundred louis that he could not rhyme upon certain words. The *improvisateur* having accomplished the task, the face of the Amphitryon indicated vexation of spirit. The news of the loss of a battle could not have caused greater consternation than the idea of losing a hundred louis. The poet, perceiving the false position in which he was placed, soon re-established good humour by asserting that he had not loyally won his bet; if he had, he said, he ought to have rhymed in a different way. And he gave an example. "C'est juste," exclaimed Louis Philippe, relieved from his responsibilities. "Ah! monsieur, vous avez un beau talent."

Damoreau and Manuel fought three times on the same day, in three different places. At the last combat the actor would have been killed

but for a five-franc piece, which received the point of his adversary's sword, and saved his life. "Had it been me," said Perpignan, with whom five-franc pieces were scarce, "I should have been killed on the spot."

Martin used to say that everything he did was out of regard for his voice: "I do everything it orders. I always consult its ease. If I want to go out, and it objects, I stay at home. If I feel that it is hungry, I eat. If sleep agrees with it, I sleep."

Boieldieu could not compose unless he was singing. The disease of the larynx which carried him off at fifty-nine years of age, is supposed to have resulted from this habit. He wished to be buried under a tree, but his friends dissuaded him. "Les bonnes partitions," says M. Maurice, "seraient tombées toutes faites de ses branches."

The day before his death the great composer shaved himself, "in order to die," he said, "with the care that one ought to have of one's person." He also wound up his watch with some philosophical remarks; the next day it stopped at the very instant, we are told, that he breathed his last.

Rossini used to say at Tortoni's, "Charles Maurice est il arrivé?" by which he meant the *Courrier des Théâtres*, not the individual. The maestro did not like either the paper or its editor. It had said:

"The little mahogany tree has been just planted in America which is to produce the wood from which the piano is to be made, on which M. Rossini will compose the music of the opera that he has promised."

Rubini was passionately fond of cards. One of the scene-shifters of the Théâtre-Italien was such an adept, that the great tenor used to pursue him behind the scenes to play a hand in the interval of an act. At the performance of "Semiramide," this man having to take his place on the middle of the stage, behind the tomb of Ninus, Rubini pursued him there, to have a hand while the performance was going on in front.

When Mademoiselle George performed at the Porte Saint Martin, Moëssard, the stage-manager, used to wait till the actress came out of her room with a long stick, like a chamberlain, with which he would strike the ground as he led the way to the stage, walking backwards, as if in the presence of royalty.

M. Maurice, whose volumes are, as we have before observed, almost solely filled up with letters of adulation from dramatic authors, composers, actors, actresses, singers, dancers, and others connected directly or indirectly with the stage, and who, whilst they express their gratitude for past favours, are always asking for new ones, says that he had it from an *très-grand personnage*, that Louis Philippe, who had all the papers brought to him, always put aside all such as intervened between the *Courrier des Théâtres*, which he invariably read the first! The statement would have appeared as absurd to any one but to the editor and author.

Mademoiselle Déjazet summoned the editor of a paper which recorded the proceedings of the Jockey Club, for having given her name to a race-horse. Naturalists consider their names honoured by being given to tigers, monkeys, rats, birds, insects, and even to reptiles. One of the

smallest plants—*Linnaea borealis*—bears the name of the great Swedish naturalist.

M. Charles Maurice was expressing his surprise at having seen M. de Saint Aulaire, an ambassador at many courts, take off his gaiters at the porch of the Minister of the Interior—a man who ought to have his carriage. “Oh! if he had not,” replied a person present, “it was because he met with some unfortunate on the way, to whom he gave the price of his conveyance.”

Many actors are placed on record in M. Maurice's pages to whom burial in consecrated ground was refused. Others, on the contrary, as we have seen in Mademoiselle Bourgoïn's case, received every consolation from the clergy. Bûlédieu, the composer, was buried with great ceremony. As to Mademoiselle Duchesnois, she was actually visited by the Archbishop of Paris himself. When informed of the honour intended her, she said, “Comment recevrais-je un prêtre, à tout instant je blasphème.” This not in allusion to her habits, but to her frightful sufferings. A discourse or panegyric was read over her tomb, which was not done in the instance of Saint Prix. Mademoiselle Duchesnois and Mademoiselle Bourgoïn died both of the same complaint. The former used to say, “Qui donc a pu inventer cette maladie-là?”

Carle Veruet was so superstitious as to believe that all the acts of the day depended upon the first. If he stumbled on going out, he would return and not venture out the same day. He also carried the habit of punning to a fault. “What,” said a friend one day to him, seeing him perusing *Le Miroir*, “are you looking into it?” “Yes,” he said, pointing to the “*Ephémérides*,” “I am looking at *mes rides*.”

Some one said of Massol that he played with two left hands in his pockets. It is much to be regretted that the fashion of putting two left hands in one's pockets is beginning to obtain in this country. If it is a result of the alliance—it is a *mésalliance*.

When an author, a composer, or an artist writes to an editor to claim his protection on the occasion of a first performance—nay, not merely to forestall honest criticism, but actually to request that he will exalt the actor or the piece, *la faire mousser*, as Habeneek would say, we really grieve for his integrity; but when a lady is in the case, we feel what trials his gallantry must be exposed to. Witness the following, which would be spoilt by translation:

“Veuillez, nous vous prions, monsieur, nous protéger comme vous l'avez fait jusqu'à présent. Vous êtes si bon! Vous rendez les artistes si heureux par votre bienveillance! Vous trouvez toujours les deux sexes toutes dévouées.”

“FANNY et THÉRÈSE ELISABETH.”

In September, 1835, the authorities issued orders that no actor should be allowed to add anything to his part without permission of the mayor, and that no infringement of the law should be tolerated even if it could be shown that no inconvenience had resulted from such an abuse. What a lesson to actors who are partial to such an indulgence. In times of great political excitement, it is well known how this privilege had been abused; it was, however, sometimes of use to an actor. For example,

on one occasion a lady came on the stage exactly on the opposite side to that which her lover expected and pretended to see her coming. The audience laughed, but he quickly recovered himself. "Ah ! mademoiselle, vous voilà. I saw you approaching in the mirror !"

When Potier was on his death-bed, they brought him as usual his *Courrier des Théâtres*. "Here is your paper," they said. "I have read it," he answered. "How is that ?" "I read it yesterday." These were his last words !

A stranger addressed Berton on the Boulevard : "Have I not the honour of speaking to the celebrated Berton ?" "Yes, sir," answered the other, with the utmost simplicity.

Bocage adopted what is called the English fashion, of an actor speaking with his back turned to the audience. The director of the Gymnase told him to keep to the French fashion. "It is my system," replied the actor. "That is possible," persisted the manager, "but I engaged your talent and not your system."

M. Maurice appears to entertain ill-will towards Mademoiselle Rachel. He reproached her one night when, at the last act of "Marie Stuart," the queen distributes her effects among her attendants, with giving away diamonds—a thing that Elizabeth would not have left to her prisoner, who might have used them as a bribe. "I know it," replied Rachel ; "and if I had not been told of it, I should have given it up." "This petulant answer of a spoilt child," continues M. Maurice, "shows that Mademoiselle Rachel does not deserve her success, and that less occupied in leaving the memory of her talent than that of her fortune, she would do well to quit the stage as soon as possible."

Horace Geffroy, having brought back Rachel by the hand to receive the applause of the public, after having killed her, as his sister, like a Roman of the first ages. "No longer call yourself artists !" exclaims M. Maurice ; "you are players of comedies !"

Under date of 31st of May, 1843, M. Maurice writes : "I have not time to read a packet of lithographed letters that M. Alexandre Dumas has sent me, the intention of which is to explain away the reasons why he has not sought satisfaction from M. Jules Lecomte, who struck him twice on the face in open promenade at Florence. I have other things to do than to scrutinise the courage of people, or seek to acquaint myself with the state of health of those who are quite well."

M. Alexandre Dumas was once in great favour with the editor of the *Courrier*, to judge by numerous so-called autographs, generally, however, asking for favours, scattered through the book ; but this appears to have been succeeded by rancour and hostility.

"M. Alexandre Dumas," M. Maurice says, on one occasion, "has written to-day : 'Jay or peacock, I take the pen of no one.' These few words show that the romancer is no stronger in ornithology than he is in logic, for these two birds are very unlike ; and if M. Dumas likens himself to a jay, he acknowledges by that, that he takes the pen of some one."

A writer in the *Constitutionnel*, having demonstrated in an article in that paper that M. Victor Hugo had borrowed the thought, the plan, the characters, and almost the very incidents of "Notre-Dame de Paris,"

from the "Monk" of Lewis, M. Maurice gave in his adhesion to the verdict of the critic. (September, 1843.)

The affectation of composers is well known. M. Spontini, author of "La Vestale," would only compose in the dark. If during the day he felt himself in a vein to work, he would shut himself up, so that not a beam of light could penetrate into his room, and then his familiar demon would make his appearance.

Two vaudevillistes (they work by couples in France) having presented a piece to Nestor Roqueplan, the manager, they apologized that the *couplets* were not yet ready. "All right! all right!" said Nestor. "Don't trouble yourselves about them, my porter will do them."

Madame Dorval was in her young days attached to an itinerant company of actors. Once, she related, the stage was so small that the choristers, of whom she was one, had to stand on ladders, so that the best only was visible, and sing under umbrellas, for it was pouring with rain, and they had no protection,

Ah! quel beau jour! ah! quel plaisir!  
Ah! pour nous quelle fête!

"Well," she philosophically added, "I was happier then than I am now." She was at that time in the receipt of 18,000 francs per annum. (May, 1844.)

What M. Charles Maurice did to incur the prosecution of the Orleans dynasty he does not make quite clear. The details are probably reserved for the two additional volumes, which are announced as in reserve. Certain it is that, according to his own admission, he was at the sacking of the Tuileries. But were not all the literary men of Paris there? We have never read any contemporaneous memoirs, whether of a Véron, or a Dumas, or a Maurice, but each did his best on that occasion to save the rarities of the palace from the grasp of the multitude! But, again, was not all Paris there? M. Maurice declares that there were as many persons in the palace and its precincts as would fill the Champ de Mars. It was a glorious political scrimmage! It is astonishing how the instincts of the Parisians led them to where they thought there was most to be got.

But M. Maurice also wrote a letter. He does not tell us to what effect, but he lets us see, in a semi-mysterious manner, the results. They were, first, a permission to reside in a Maison de Santé, and, finally, a dungeon in Sainte Pélagie! The life of a literary man in France is very chequered. Of two things he is quite certain. He must fight five or six duels before he can be respected by the public, and he must have been imprisoned nearly as often, before he can win favour with the last government that surges up to the surface from out of the depths of the turbid and boisterous ocean of French politics.

One of the leading journals of Paris declared, on the accession of Louis Philippe, that "the law of libel protected *all kinds of cheats* from publicity." Yet it was not prosecuted. M. Maurice was less fortunate.

To turn, however, to one or two of the reminiscences with which the author closes his book. Here is one that does not redound to the credit of those concerned in it:

In her last moments, Mademoiselle Mars allowed a dinner to be given

in her rooms by her friends—as they said to tranquillise the public. She even made her appearance for a moment, and smiled like death at the guests. “I could not understand,” says M. Maurice, “this inhuman repetition of the spectre of Banquo. It reminds one of M. de Bezenval, colonel of the Swiss Guard under Louis XVI., who terrified his guests in the same manner, by saying to them, ‘The statue of the commander pays you a visit.’ Two hours afterwards he was dead.”

Dr. Véron was not, after all, the first discoverer of Rachel's talent. M. Maurice assures us that Mademoiselle Verneuil said to him, eight days before her first appearance, “Il va débiter une petite fille qui s'emparera du Théâtre-Français et les mènera tous à la baguette.”

Salvador Taglioni, the chorister of San Carlo, at Naples, received three balls in the body and seven bayonet wounds, in the insurrection of May, 1848, and survived them all!

Madame Dorval died of the love she bore her grandchild. She used to convey toys and presents of such a description as she fancied would please a child, to its tomb, and would remain there for half a day together weeping, or fancying herself conversing with the youth. She perished, herself, on the first anniversary of the child's death. The mind must have been gone.

The Bishop of Autun addressed a circular to the clergy of his diocese, enjoining them not to permit the experiments of turning and speaking tables, because “it was an indirect way of interrogating the powers of hell.”

“Some one said this evening, in the green-room, that the manager, when on his death-bed, had given him his watch and grasped his hand. ‘He ought to have done just the reverse,’ observed a by-stander.”

A journalist who has survived most of his contemporaries, and apparently all his early predilections and friendships, besides two restorations, three royalties, upwards of twenty insurrections, two revolutions, two provisional governments, one republic, one dictatorship, one presidency, and part of an empire, appears also to have survived good taste. One of the very last anecdotes is to the effect that Martainville lived under the imputation of having given up the bridge of Le Pecq to the Allies. The imputation annoyed him to such a degree as to affect his health. He was also a martyr to gout. “One day he was showing us the joints of his fingers, from whence he made little chalk-stones come out with a penknife. Each venturing a remark upon this peculiarity, I said, ‘It would make good plaster to keep up the bridge of Le Pecq.’ The eyelids of Martainville fell as if of lead.” This, when the imputation is allowed to have affected the sufferer's health!

## HUDIBRASTICS,

● WRITTEN UNDER A SKULL IN THE POSSESSION OF PETTON, BY HIS FRIEND MENDWIL.

LORD BYRON, as his memoirs tell,  
Had once a skull like tortoiseshell  
(I do not mean *his own*—'tis hard—  
It lies in some obscure churchyard),  
Bright, polished, set in gold—in short,  
A skull that held an honest quart—  
Which I have drained off at a pull,  
Nor deemed it ever was too full.  
It had belonged—or so we guessed—  
To a fat prior, friar, or priest;  
And proved by its capacious size  
He was a jolly dog, and wise,  
And Luther's maxim understood,  
And practised too—for it is good:

"Who loves not woman, wine, and  
song,

He lives a fool his whole life long."

But this your *reliquie*, so to speak,  
Falls very short of the *antique*;  
Indeed's a very modern skull—  
Came it from the dissecting-school?—  
Whose crown's scarce worthy of the  
lopping,

For hardly would it hold a *choppin*:  
A narrower, shallower, thing of bone  
Was never tacked to skeleton  
(His *netter* man had space enough  
Be sure for very *perilous stuff*).  
I don't contend he was a whole ox;  
He might have played his roystering  
frolics

As well as any other lubber,  
But that he had less brains than blub-  
ber.

True, that the cranium of Des Cartes,\*  
So famed for metaphysic parts,  
Was singularly underrated  
When sent to be manipulated,  
For 'twas maintained by Doctor Gall  
Its owner had no rods at all.  
Now as that sage was out for once,  
So may all be about this scoundrel.  
One said a certain grave professor  
Had lately been its right possessor—

His narrow views, at any rate,  
Might give the supposition weight,  
According well with such a pate:  
Another, as he eyed the bones,  
Thought they had been a *Musensohn's*,  
Deeply regretted by his duns—  
Who at the *Hirschgasse* found his match,  
And had been *Schlaggered*† at the  
*scratch*.

But skull so thick, however hit,  
No sword or battle-axe had split.

These are imaginations idle—  
Runaway horses without bridle;  
But, if I do not greatly err,  
Its tenant was a Philistene;—  
A greasy cit, and well to do,  
Was he as ever seamed a shoe,  
Who up to fifty swilled his swipes,  
Twelve choppins nightly at his *Kneips*,  
Until burnt out his last of pipes.  
And now it must with envy fill  
His soul, if it be haunting still  
That narrow tenement, which some  
Have called the spirit's earthly home,  
To view thro' its *luckinnetre* holes  
The brotherhood of kindred souls—  
Blue smoke that from the weed ascends,  
And goblets quaffed by circling friends  
Beyond the wide Atlantic met,  
A chosen few, and genial set—  
To hear, as bright their fancies glow  
From nectar gods call punch below,  
Quotations apt from classic lore,  
From statesmen's lips or history's store,  
Or lightly touched with pleasant chat  
And lively joke, or *this* or *that*,  
Or lessons by experience bought,  
None deep enough for serious thought;  
Till hour by hour is whiled away—  
All wondering at the approach of day—  
With some love-tale or witty story,  
Spite of the grim MEMENTO MORI.

\* Tiedemann, the celebrated anatomist, a great disbeliever in craniology, told me a story that the skull of Des Cartes had been sent to Dr. Gall for analysis, and that he declared it to have belonged to a boor.

† Auf der Mensur.

‡ *Philistene*, a corruption of *Philistarius*, a train-band soldier, not *Philistine*, as the etymologists will have it.



## DOING THE DUN.

JONES, when I first had the honour of forming his acquaintance, was most indubitably in a mess—that is, as far as pecuniary matters were concerned—for he owed many thousand florins to the patient and long-enduring tradesmen of Heidelberg, and imprisonment stared him in the face. In vain had he made heartrending appeals to his female aunts—for no purpose had he implored his inexorable parent—uselessly had he asked his sister to ask his mother to intercede with the male representative of the family,—all was of no avail; and, as I said before, Jones's affairs were in a decided state of collapse, and it would require a very skilful physician to restore them to a natural and healthy condition.

Now, Jones's case is far from being an isolated one among travelled Englishmen; living was so absurdly cheap in continental towns, and florins are such ridiculously small coinage, that a few hundred thrown away could not be of the slightest consequence. He had, too, been used to an expensive mode of life at Oxford, buying first and then asking the price, and the sum he had spent during his four years fully justified the governor in refusing to aid him in his present dilemma. The fact, too, of his having made hopeless attempts to pass his great go, and being obliged—after migrating from college to hall in the most ignominious manner, and being after all compelled to quit the university without the two first letters of the alphabet attached to his name—to come to terms with the indignant parent, and consent to exile himself to Germany for an unlimited term of years, until he had been made Ph. Dr., as a substitute for the legitimate B.A.,—all this, we say, had some considerable effect in swelling the various items of the tradesmen's bills, who had too confidently trusted to his promises of speedy payment.

And yet, the years he had spent at Heidelberg had not been utterly unprofitable: it is true that his knowledge of Roman law had not been increased by his attendance on Mittermayer's lectures, but, on the other hand, he was one of the most distinguished beer-drinkers in the Schwaben Corps, of which he had been elected, by acclaim, honorary member, after emptying a "Pope" on the challenge of one of the most ventripotent members. He had, too, a very choice collection of porcelain pipes, richly engraved with the arms of all his chums, and intended to be presents, although each of them had cost him at least threefold its value in return gifts; his stock of china cups was also very superb, obtained in the same way; and as for his Malacca canes, they would have stocked any shop in the Burlington Arcade. At the same time, his walls were hung with silhouettes of every size and shape, flatteringly supposed to represent the features of beloved friends, but bearing a much closer affinity to sticking-plaister and chimney-sweeps. In a word, Jones had a very select collection of serious trifles, which, however, would have paid a very small dividend on his tradesmen's bills.

As for the personal appearance of Jones, I am forced to confess that when I had the honour of forming his acquaintance, it was anything but prepossessing, for he had gone in for the very ultra of republican *burschikosism*. His whole aspect reminded one of dirt, in being dirty; his unkempt locks hung down his neck in a way suggestive of shears, and his beard

possessed that exaggerated growth typical of the red republican and the ex-Crimean soldier. In addition, his face was scarred by tremendous cuts from the rapier, and even the tip of his nose had been cut off and not put on exactly straight; and these, although vouching for his manliness, had not done much to increase his beauty, which, never excessive at the most favourable moment, was now entirely gone to that bourne whence no good looks are ever known to return.

I was in these days a quiet student and sitter at the feet of Mittermayer, and had often been requested to know Jones, who, under the name of the "Mad Englishman," had won golden opinions from all manner of men, excepting his tradesmen. I had for a long time strenuously avoided the pitfall, but fate thrust the acquaintanceship upon me in a manner which I could not refuse, unless I ambitioned the character of a brute. It was in this wise:

I was mooning sapiently enough along from the university buildings, thinking of any quantity of *nugæ*, and totally engaged with them, when I was aroused in a most unexpected and unpleasant manner by being unmistakably bonneted, and very nearly crushed in the bargain, by a very violent blow on my best beaver, which, as a distinguished Briton, I had hitherto always hoisted as the ensign of my country (men). On recovering my senses and my legs, I found, to my surprise, a very comical-looking poodle lying at my feet, and most indubitably winking at me with a very intoxicated leer. My first impression was that he had been lowered in a parachute by some bold aeronaut, who preferred risking his dog's limbs to his own. But my conjectures were soon dissipated by hearing a voice which requested me, in affable tone, to pick up the animal and bring it up three pairs of stairs (owner's name on the door). The poor brute had evidently broken a leg, and, with my natural sympathy, I picked him up, and complied with the strange request. His owner I found to be Jones, who proceeded to inform me that the dog, like his master, was a "rude disciple of beer," as Longfellow sings or says somewhere, and, having taken a drop too much, had fallen out of the window. On expressing my mild doubts as to the truth of this statement, Jones waxed indignant—for insulting his dog was like an assault on his own character—and would not be pacified, unless I consented to visit the corps the same evening, and see the poodle—who responded to the name of Gambrinus—drink beer like a Christian.

Well, the evening came, and I attended to witness the wonderful performances of the dog, who, in his drinking capacity, was only equalled by his master: he sat very patiently by his master's side, with his own peculiar *choppin*, and tumbled over very gracefully on his side, to sleep off the effects. The performance led to a degree of amity with the master of the wonderful animal, and before long I grew as fond of beer as he was, and managed to attain the same exalted position as member of the Schwabes. I must not forget to mention here that Jones had himself to blame entirely for his subsequent misfortunes: his family behaved most liberally towards him, and his allowance would have been sufficient to keep twenty German students in luxury, but the stumbling-block which tripped Jones up was the gambling-table at Baden-Baden. So soon as May came, Jones was off, and never rested as long as he had a florin to stake. Many were his expedients to return to his disconsolate tradesmen at Heidelberg. At times, he would turn up as a parcel,

"paid on" and addressed to the chief tobacconist at Heidelberg; at others, he would come tramping in with no boots to his feet, and popularly supposed to have begged his way along; in short, somehow or other, Jones always contrived to return with empty pockets when a remittance from home might be expected.

At last the crisis in Jones's affairs took place; his father, considering that he must have sown his wild oats by this time, ordered him home to study for the Bar, and hinted pretty plainly that a refusal would be followed by a cutting off of the allowance. Jones was now in a pretty fix, for his father, on principle, objected to pay bills, on the unreasonable supposition, which so many parents suffer under, that their sons are able to live within their allowance. But, unfortunately, debts cannot be evaded so easily in Germany as in England; there is no blessed institution there like the whitewashing court at home, except for natives, and it was evident as sun in noonday that Jones must pay his debts before leaving, or make an unlimited acquaintance with the interior of the debtors' prison. Now this is far from pleasant to any man loving liberty, tobacco, and beer, for none of these necessities of existence are allowed in a German prison. No wonder, then, that Jones pulled a most melancholy face, and vowed to shoot himself more than a dozen times during the morning conference which followed on the receipt of the parental rescript.

For many days Jones wandered about, the ghost of his former self: the beer had lost its potency, the varinas its peculiar flavour; in a word, he was hipped. In the last verge of his despair he took to brandy, but the frightful headache which followed his debauch proved the remedy worse than the disease. He would have fled to Baden-Baden, but luckily he had entrusted the money for his travelling expenses to my care, and I was inexorable. No artful appeals for money to pay a troublesome dun availed—no sudden desires for fancy pipes could be indulged, for the tradesmen would give no further credit, and I would not advance the money to gratify the whim. Poor Jones was in despair, and bored me as much as he did himself, by vain regrets against fate, and strong exclamations with reference to his parent.

At last Jones became invisible, and was currently supposed to be writing a popular work on Germany, showing the benefits of sending young men to study at the universities, exemplified by allusions to his own melancholy fate. We heard of him mistily at intervals, from tradesfolk, who inquired whether his *Lebenswohlgebohren* Herr Jones von Jones were ill, that he was not seen pacing his accustomed haunts, and casting sheep's eyes at the windows over the shops, where the buxom Fräuleins were wont to sit, engaged on their interminable stocking-knitting; but beyond this hint at his existence, Jones was rapidly becoming a myth, only substantially represented in his tradesmen's books. The poodle was observed, now and then, taking an airing, and keeping up his connexion with the fair sex, but looking thin and woe-begone, as if he participated in his master's misfortunes. In short, both Jones's and Gambrinus's fortunes appeared down at zero, and we hourly anticipated the grand crash, and a procession through the streets, of which Jones would form a prominent member, on his road to the grim recesses of the *Kärker*.

What was my surprise, then, one morning, to receive a letter from Jones, inviting me to a farewell supper at his rooms, for he intended to

leave for England the following day, and wished to say good-by to all friends. Much marvelling as to what could have produced this unexpected result—whether the governor had melted, or the tradesmen had given way, seeing the impossibility of obtaining their money at present, and preferring to trust to Jones's honour—I went to the *Ritter* at the appointed hour, where a sumptuous meal was laid out. The majority of our *Compères* were present, and we indulged considerably in alcoholic mixtures, including a bowl of punch, in honour of Old England. Jones was quite his former self, and Gambrinus, by the repeated wagging of his caudal member, proved that his spirits had also considerably revived. When we were sufficiently primed, Jones proposed an adjournment to the theatre, where he had hired a private box, and we all consented. To my surprise, Jones, on starting, burdened himself with a heavy bag, which, on my inquiring, he told me contained refreshments for the evening. For a while all went on peaceably at the theatre, until, to my horror, Jones suddenly started up, and diving into the bag, began shying very unpleasantly-smelling apples at the *prima donna*. The cries of "Shame!" rose from all parts of the theatre, but the indomitable Jones continued his battery, until the stage was entirely cleared—not even a super. could be seen. Of course this state of things could not be allowed to endure, and the gendarmes interfered promptly. The first who entered was speedily flogged by the Jonesian fist, and the fight waxed fast and furious, until Jones was overpowered by numbers, and dragged off, *devictus sed non defatigatus*.

I went on my way, pondering on this new phase in Jones's eventful career, and misdoubting the result greatly; but, at any rate, I saw that, if incarcerated for this charge, he could not be imprisoned for his debts at the same time, and I presumed that, from some private information of his own, he preferred a criminal to a debtor's prison. The next morning I was summoned as a witness of the assault; and, on entering the court, I found Jones, like some wild animal much given to biting, guarded by two ferocious gendarmes, either of whom was capable of eating him. The Judge took his seat, and held an impressive address to no one in particular, in which he started with the old Roman law of assault and battery, traced it in its modifications, and carefully hunted it down to the present day, proceeding to read the penal code, which instituted something rather short of hanging for an assault on majesty in its representative—a policeman.

I turned my eyes, trembling, on Jones, but to my surprise he remained perfectly tranquil. The Judge examined the witnesses, and proved the case to the satisfaction of everybody in court. He then turned to Jones, and requested to know what he had to say in justification.

Jones (the best German scholar, by the way, I ever met) doggedly replied that he understood nothing of their confounded jargon; let them talk to him in an honest language, and he wouldn't mind answering them.

The President was rather staggered by this replication, for he had been led to believe, from the evidence, that Jones had been swearing most awfully on the previous evening. This he mildly suggested.

JONES. Oh! as for swearing, there's no conjuring in that; any fool can swear. I know all the *Himmel Millionen Stern Donnerwetter* (and so on, for about five minutes), but that's no proof I can speak German.

The President was evidently puzzled, and applied to me to interpret, but I most politely declined, for I thought Jones had quite sufficient trouble on his hands to require any extra share from me. The Judge, therefore, was compelled to have recourse to his English, as learned at schools and from the Vicar of Wakefield, and proceeded as follows :

JUDGE. What shall you have to say, therefore, on account of dis most unvarrantable and most hochly to be reprobated attack and beating of de most high, well-born, and *Durchlauchtigst*—dat is most transparent Mayestät, de Grand-Duke von Baden, in de person of his Polliaman, Hansel Christermayer, the present prisoner—no—Himmel, what do I say?—complainer.

JONES. I never hit the Grand-Duke, never had the chance—wish I had !

JUDGE. What you say?—you wish to (sputtering very fast) *beleidigen die Durchlaucht*—what shall I say?—consult his Majesty—no, I do not mean dat—*Himmel und Erde* ! I shall be suffocated with righteous *Zorn* (turning to me—what is then *Zorn* in English—speak, *Menschen Freund*)—ay, yes, you have right, anger—

JONES (making furious efforts to leap over the bar, and attempt an assault on the Judge, which is fortunately prevented by the policemen dragging him back, and mildly suggesting handcuffs). You old ruffian !

JUDGE. For dis offence, which has been proved to de satisfaction of dis honourable court, you shall be damnified to *Carker* of twelve months, on *Brod* and *Wasser*.

JONES. Can't, old boy. I am an Englishman, and you daren't lock me up. If you do, Lord Palmerston will blow your old court about your ears, and throttle you in your own gown.

JUDGE (turning very pale). Was is dat ? Your Lord Pumistone !—but no, he is von honourable man—and you a *Taugenichts*, a worth-nothing. But wait one while.

A hurried consultation here took place between Judge and Clerk, and after a considerable amount of whispering, the worthy functionary returned to his desk, red as a turkey-cock, and amended his judgment as follows :

“You shall for dis *Verbrechen* pay into the box of the poor the sum of sechzig Gulden, and consider dat the honourable court has behaved in the most clement manner to you, as one Englishman, who fancies he has the right to assault de Poliss when it is his good pleasure, as he shall do at home, as I may have read in the papers of Pickwick.”

JONES. Can't pay a scrap—got no money—you'd better let me go at once, for you'll get nothing of me.

Another long consultation and reference to books, which apparently produce no satisfactory result for the punishment of the audacious culprit. At last, the Judge returns, and says, solemnly :

“Herr Jones, the sentence of dis most honourable court shall be very severe, owing to your *hartnäckigkeit*”—(I whisper in his ear)—“obstinätsy. You have abused the patience of your judge, and, therefore, no mercy to suspect you have. You shall be obligated to leave this lovely land of Tchermany, and be *retour* to your *nebelig*—what you say—foggy, Angelland, which is the heaviest punishment I can devise. You shall leave the Badisch territory widin drie days.”

JONES (irreverently). Why, you old humbug, half an hour will carry me over the frontier. Good-by, till we meet again.

[Exit Jones triumphant, with his body-guard, who would not leave him till he was seen safely over the frontier.]

The result of Jones's artful scheme was now apparent; he had got up a row *selon les règles*, and had insisted on his privilege of deportation to release him from his creditors. Writs would now be not worth the parchment on which they were enrolled; the voice of the criminal code rode triumphant, and Jones was safe. The dignity of German law was vindicated at the expense of a few dirty tradesmen, and what more satisfactory result could have been desired. On these thoughts I meditated, hardly expecting that they would ever find their way into *Bentley*, and was interrupted by a message from Jones, who requested to see me at his rooms as early as convenient.

I found him with about a dozen of the jolliest of our fellow-students, engaged in laughing most intensely at the morning's scene, in which the gendarmes joined. They were evidently quartered on my friend, and were living on the fat of the land. Even Gambrinus had found nothing dangerous in their presence, for he was very quietly sniffing their boots, and perfectly ready to form a defensive or offensive alliance. He had, however, already indulged in his evening potation, and from this circumstance may, perchance, have been rather off his guard, for usually Gambrinus could scent a dun a flight away, and make a most vigorous onslaught on his trousers, thereby necessitating a hurried and ignominious retreat.

Jones was evidently prepared to regard the bright side of things; and no wonder, for he had wiped off his debts with a wet sheet, and he made us all most comfortable, and invited us to accompany him on his involuntary journey across the frontier. For a while we were interrupted by unpleasant single taps at the door, suggestive of a dun, but to prevent this, we made a gendarme useful for once, by planting him outside the door with an unlimited supply of schnaps, to keep the ruffians at bay. After a while, the dread functionaries went off so intoxicated that Jones found no difficulty in evasion, and proceeded to the Schwaben Corps, where he spent his night profitably and amusingly in bidding adieu to his friends.

The next day will be long remembered at Heidelberg as one of general mourning, far more than that produced by the death of a grand-duke. A melancholy procession accompanied Jones to the railway station, and tears were even shed at the thought of the orphan bills left to the mercy of a wide and pitiless world.

I bade adieu to Jones on board the steamer which carried him off to happy England, and returned to Heidelberg, sorrowing over the frailty of human nature, and anticipating that I, as an Englishman, would be unmercifully dunned for the small amounts I happened to owe.

But Jones was not such a bad fellow after all. On his arrival in England, he candidly told his father to what schemes he was obliged to have resort owing to his impecuniosity, and the old gentleman stumped up like a brick, for fear that his son, and through him all Englishmen, should be disgraced in the eyes of all foreigners. The debts were paid with interest; and I am proud to say that the English name stands higher than ever at Heidelberg, and that there is not a Briton who cannot run up a reasonable amount of tick without any fear of being obliged to have recourse to such violent measures as my friend Jones employed in his successful attempt at DOING THE DUN.

## THE SECOND CONGRESS.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF BARON DE BOURQUENNET—LORD GOWDET—BARON VON HUBNER—COUNT MAXIMILIAN VON HATZFELD—BARON BRUNNOW—MARQUIS DE VILLA MARINA—AND MEHMET DJEMIL BEK.

THE conduct of Russia, since the patching up the peace, has produced the sincerest regret among the few friends still left her, who trusted that, with the coronation of Alexander, a new era of policy would be inaugurated. Unfortunately, such has not been the case, and we find Russia pursuing the same dangerous system of equivocation and combined audacity that led to the outbreak of the last deplorable war. The systematic manner in which she has sought to evade the lenient conditions of the peace—granted merely to satisfy her pride, and not from any motive of advantage accruing to the Allies—the false statements about the two Bolgrads, and the impudent attempts to obtain compensation for an alleged injury, all prove the mistaken clemency of England and France. Rumours are falling again, thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, that Russia is preparing to assist the Persians in their impending war with England; and it seems as if she wished to obtain in the East revenge for the punishment inflicted upon her only too lightly in the West. The Allies have behaved with their usual candour: they have consented to the reopening of a Congress, in which the Powers will be represented by the second deputies—in their consciousness that the questions at issue are so patent that they will not allow a moment's discussion. While we are writing, the meeting of the plenipotentiaries is only delayed for the arrival of the Turkish envoy, who is announced, telegraphically, as being *en route*. It will not be for us to prophesy the result of the meeting, or whether Russia will be prepared to defer to the solution obtained, but we must bestow our unqualified praise on the Allies for the readiness with which they have anticipated the wishes of Russia, and thus stripped her of her last subterfuge.

Meanwhile, and *pendente lite*, it may interest our readers if we throw together a few biographical sketches of these second delegates, who, though not assembling with the same pomp and prestige as their predecessors, will require an equal amount of patience and perseverance. That Russia is prepared for a desperate war of words is evidenced by the fact of Baron Brunnow having demanded permission to avail himself of the assistance of Count Kissilef, which, however, has been politely declined, probably under the flattering notion that Baron Brunnow is quite sufficiently capable to defend the cause of his country. It has been hitherto urged that the Congress will only discuss the points of litigation between Russia and the Allies; but we shall feel surprised if the Russian envoy do not contrive to drag the Austrian occupation and Neapolitan intervention on to the *tapis*. We can only confide in the sagacity of the other diplomatists to escape the snare. The place of honour at the conference having been assigned to France, we will commence our sketches with the representative of that country.

BARON FRANÇOIS ADOLPHE DE BOURQUENNET was born in the Franche-Comté, and educated at the Lycée Bonaparte, in Paris. He took up the trade of diplomacy immediately on leaving college. He was attached to the French legation in the United States, then appointed third secretary

in London, under M. de Chateaubriand, who had a great affection for him, and secretary of legation in Switzerland. He occupied the latter position when Chateaubriand was hurled from power in 1824. The young diplomatist, much affected by this disgrace, did not consider himself justified in retaining his position with the new ministry, and he thus gave up a career voluntarily, in which he had already attracted attention, and went upon the *Journal des Débats*, of which he soon became one of the most distinguished writers.

M. de Bourqueney did not give up his position in the press until the ministry of M. de la Ferronnays was established. He returned to the diplomatic career as first secretary, and his personal qualities, ripened by experience and the struggle he had carried on, assured him rapid promotion. M. de Bourqueney was sent to London in 1831 with the title of *chargé d'affaires*. In this character he played an assiduous part in the laborious and delicate negotiations which resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland. In 1841, M. de Bourqueney returned to London, but this time in the character of minister plenipotentiary, and had the honour, in this capacity, of signing the convention of the Straits, which restored France to the European family. This important act in M. de Bourqueney's public life had a great influence on the remainder of his diplomatic career. No one could better watch over the execution of the convention for the interests of France than the man who had represented France at its signature. M. de Bourqueney was, therefore, sent as ambassador to Constantinople in 1843, where he remained until the fall of Louis Philippe.

The revolution of 1848 again interrupted the diplomatic careers of the baron, who gave in his resignation and retired to the country, where he spent five years, unruffled by the storm of parties. The new policy inaugurated by the Bordeaux speech could alone tear him from his books and meditations. In March, 1853, M. de Bourqueney, whose character and merits were fully appreciated by the Emperor Napoleon, was sent to Vienna as minister plenipotentiary of France.

The part which M. de Bourqueney took in the complicated negotiations which terminated in the treaty of the 2nd of December, 1854, is most meritorious. In his contest against inveterate prejudices, intimate alliances, and real interests which he had to humour while contending against them, he displayed a firmness of language and a degree of good faith and perseverance, which had a great effect in dispelling the last scruples of Austria. The ideas of the Emperor Napoleon could not be more faithfully or skilfully interpreted. The French government expected much from M. de Bourqueney, and its confidence was not deceived. The facts are there to prove what may be effected by intelligence when united to a firm will.

M. de Bourqueney possesses all the earnest qualities of a diplomatist; he is a faithful, zealous, and intelligent servant, possessing in the most eminent degree the difficult art of serving successfully without ever compromising his employers. But M. de Bourqueney is, before all, the servant of a rigid conscience. It was this which in 1824 made him join the press, and in 1848 commanded his retirement. When a man is capable of making such sacrifices twice in his life, and at an interval of twenty-five years, we must allow that he is of no common stamp, and we can only applaud his nomination.



The representative of England at the second Congress is BARON COWLEY, who was born in 1804. His father, brother of the Duke of Wellington, represented England during the wars of the Empire at several of the principal European courts. His antecedents determined at an early date the vocation of young Wellealey. He selected the diplomatic career which he has never since quitted. In 1824 he was appointed to the embassy at Vienna, whence he proceeded, in 1829, to the Hague. In January, 1832, we find him secretary of legation at Stuttgart; in the month of October, 1838, he went to Constantinople, as secretary to the embassy.

A new complication was at that period arising on the Eastern question, which for the last century has demanded the attention of all serious thinkers, and disquieted Europe. Mr. Wellealey was enabled to study, close at hand, this dangerous question, in the solution of which events have rendered him a participator. In the absence of Sir Stratford Canning, he frequently managed the affairs of the British embassy at Constantinople.

In 1848, during the commotions which agitated the states of Europe, he was minister plenipotentiary in Switzerland, under the name of Lord Cowley, to which he succeeded by the death of his father. The circumstances of the day were extremely difficult. The Helvetic Republic, so near a neighbour of France, menaced in many ways the tranquillity of the adjoining states. While Germany was revolutionised, Lord Cowley's position demanded a rare display of prudence. He went on a special mission to Frankfort, the seat of the Constituent Assembly; and on various occasions he displayed as much energy as skill. Thus, when the Germanic Diet was reintegrated, Lord Cowley received the title of minister plenipotentiary to the Confederation, and his sensible counsel was of the greatest possible service in restoring regular order to Germany.

England had assumed, for a moment, a doubtful position to France, after the events of the Deux Décembre; but when the Empire was established, all sensible men understood that the alliance between the two great Western nations was the security of the present and guarantee of the future. Among those who entertained this conviction most fully, we must rank Lord Cowley. Thus, Lord Derby, anxious to draw more closely the bonds of intimacy between England and France, thought he could choose no better person than Lord Cowley to accomplish this task. In 1852, Lord Normanby was recalled, and Lord Cowley appointed in his stead, as ambassador to Paris. We have no hesitation in stating that he has powerfully contributed by his character, and his great intelligence, in consolidating the alliance of the two courts, and even in facilitating between the sovereigns those personal and sympathetic relations expressed by the visit of the Emperor to London and of the Queen to Paris. In addition, we are bound to add that Lord Cowley fully comprehends the duties of an ambassador towards his own countrymen; and many a poor Englishman can bless the day when he hit on the idea of visiting his nation's representative at Paris, and asking for that succour which is never denied by Lord Cowley to the deserving. In fact, we can only employ one expression to signify his good qualities—that his purse is open as his heart. That he may long live to represent us so worthily in France is our earnest prayer, to which we feel confident that all our readers who have formed his acquaintance will gladly and cordially respond.

**BARON VON HÜBNER**, the second representative of Austria at the Congress, is one of those men, with far-sighted notions, whom Prince Schwarzenberg summoned round him, to ensure the triumph of the new Austrian policy. He it was who, during the memorable Ollmütz expedition, directed the political correspondence of Prince Schwarzenberg. The majority of the public acts, proclamations, and manifestoes, more especially that announcing the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand and Archduke Franz Carl in favour of Franz Joseph, the present emperor, were drawn up by Baron Hübner. His career in diplomacy commenced in 1838, when, scarcely one-and-twenty years of age, he was attached to the cabinet of Prince Metternich, a post which he retained till 1840, with the exception of two years, during which he was attached to Count Appony, Austrian ambassador at Paris. He then became, in turn, secretary of Legation at Lisbon in 1841; then, in 1844, Austrian *chargé d'affaires* at Anhalt, and consul-general at Leipzig.

Baron Hübner was in Italy when the events of 1848 broke out. He directed the diplomatic correspondence of Archduke Regnier, viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. During the Milanese insurrection he was kept prisoner at Milan as hostage, and suffered a captivity lasting several months before he was exchanged. He arrived in Vienna at the moment when revolt was drenching the streets of the Austrian capital with blood. In these disastrous circumstances he was noticed as the constant shadow of Prince Schwarzenberg, and courageously braving the greatest dangers, while accomplishing various important missions. At a later date, as we have already stated, he accompanied the imperial family to Ollmütz, where he remained till the month of March, 1849. His devotion and his labours had caused the eminent qualities which distinguish him to be appreciated in their proper light. A short time after the journey to Ollmütz he was appointed to a duty worthy of his qualities, and entrusted with an extraordinary mission to Paris.

This mission was of extreme delicacy, both in reason of the internal circumstances in which France found herself situated, as well as her external complications. Baron Hübner proved himself skilful and far-sighted in the accomplishment of his critical task; and thus he remained definitively at Paris as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary.

His personal qualities in these high duties have contributed not a little to cement the alliance between Austria and France, and smooth down the difficulties which might have proved obstacles to the union, whence the peace of Europe would result. Since the treaty of Paris, Baron Hübner's title has been changed from that of minister plenipotentiary to ambassador.

Baron Hübner's latest diplomatic feat was his attempt to soften the obstinacy of the King of Naples; but all his skill proved ineffectual. His bombastic majesty, relying on his troops, and deriding the effect of the Landorian ninety-five pounds, opposed the allied broadsides with his own head, and, strange to say, has hitherto proved that it is tougher than the best heart of oak.

The second representative of Prussia, **COUNT MAXIMILIAN VON HATZFELDT**, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of his majesty the King of Prussia, privy councillor, &c., was born in 1813. The Hatzfeldt family recognises as its ancestor Richard von Hatzfeldt, who

was present in 968 at the tournament of Merseburg. From the tenth to the seventeenth century we find the name of Hatzfeldt mixed up in all the important affairs referring to the history of Germany, and in 1641 we find the elder representative of the family adding to his secular title that of Count von Gleichen, and taking his place at the Imperial Diet as sovereign count. One hundred years later, in 1741, a Count von Hatzfeldt received the title of Prince of the Kingdom of Prussia, and in 1748 the dignity of Prince of the Holy Empire was conferred on him. After this refreshing quotation from the *Almanac de Gotha*, which will be quite sufficient for our readers, we will come to the present object of our memoir, although we must not forget mentioning that the Hatzfeldt family is excessively proud of a certain Count Melchior, field-marshal of the empire, who rendered the most eminent services to the Emperor of Germany during the thirty years' war.

For more than a century the title of prince was borne by the elder representative of the Hatzfeldt family, and the father of Count Maximilian was that Prince of Hatzfeldt who governed Berlin in 1806. From that period, till 1813, we find the prince honoured both by the confidence of his sovereign and the esteem of the Emperor Napoleon I., occupying at Paris several confidential missions, to the entire satisfaction of both courts. It was the Prince von Hatzfeldt who, in 1811, was selected to convey to the Emperor Napoleon the compliments of Prussia on the birth of the King of Rome, and, by a curious coincidence, it was the son of the Prince of Hatzfeldt who was chosen, in the month of March, 1856, to express to the Emperor Napoleon III. the congratulations of King Frederick William on the occasion of the birth of the imperial infant.

Count von Hatzfeldt commenced his diplomatic career at Paris in 1838, and has remained there since that period. The French author, to whom we are indebted for preserving these flies in amber, grows quite eloquent on the subject of the count. "At twenty-five years of age, that is, at the period of his arrival among us, the young diplomatist was already a distinguished man, in whom all the qualities of the prince his father could be found. That experience and practice in business, which dry up (*dessèchent*) vulgar hearts, have not changed Count Hatzfeldt, and we find to-day, in the minister plenipotentiary of his majesty the King of Prussia, that uprightness and loyalty, fortified and not diminished by experience, which have made the young attaché, and later the first secretary to the embassy"—(does M. Gourdon mean two idiosyncrasies, or are they two single gentlemen rolled into one?)—"beloved, and his society sought. Long before the revolution of 1848, these qualities had opened all the Parisian salons to Count Maximilian von Hatzfeldt. In politics he was found to possess a sure judgment; in literature, serious knowledge. Count Hatzfeldt is a thinker; but he is at the same time a man of the world, of our world, to which he almost belongs, and where he has chosen his female companion"—(we trust M. Gourdon means a wife)—"in Mademoiselle de Castellane, daughter of the marshal."

When the revolution of February broke out, Count Hatzfeldt was first secretary of the Prussian embassy. In March, 1848, he was appointed chargé d'affaires. He displayed, in the difficult circumstances of this period,

qualities which the king his master hastened to recompense by raising him the next year to the high dignity of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, functions which the Prussian government had never before conferred on any but grey-haired diplomatists. The new minister was only two-and-thirty years of age. This rapid elevation was universally approved at Berlin. At Paris it was regarded as a fair and well-merited reward.

The difficult diplomatic campaign which terminated in the treaty of Paris, gave Count Hatsfeldt more than one occasion to employ the peculiar merits by which he is distinguished. Prussia, we believe, could not have been better represented than by Hatsfeldt, though we must not forget a gentleman of the name of Manteuffel, who also played a far from unimportant part at the first Congress. But Prussian diplomacy has been proved a fallacy, for the representatives of that country strive at too much. They try to unite Anglican straightforwardness with Russian evasion, not omitting a slight *suspicion* of Austrian narrow-headedness, and the result is generally badly cooked, the oleaginous particles being far too apparent on the surface of the political cauldron. We are willing to concede to Count Hatsfeldt very considerable merit, and we only hope that he will not bely our anticipations by rampantly thrusting the Neufchâtel question on the bothered ears of the members of the second Congress.

The turn now arrives to give a biographical sketch of a very superior man to those whom we have already described—namely, the representative of Russia, and one of the cleverest men of the day. From BARON BRUNNOW we anticipate an intellectual exercise of no slight merit; and if he can contrive to outwit the men to whom he will be, unaided, opposed, it will be only a further confirmation of the high reputation he already enjoys in diplomatic circles. In point of fact, Brunnow was badly treated in the last Congress: the place which was his of right, as representative of Russia for so many years at Western courts, was arbitrarily given to Count Orloff, because he had managed to outwit the Porte in the treaty of Uklar-Skelessy, and showed himself a very clever negotiator in the Belgian question. Orloff indubitably possesses an exaggerated talent for silence, and baffled the plenipotentiaries at the last Congress by stating that any dangerous question was beyond his powers, and depended on the telegraph. He also was frank to the extreme—the worst qualification which a Russian can assume; but we feel confident that, had Brunnow been appointed first minister at the past Congress, a man so intimately acquainted with England would have at once accepted the situation, and honourably fulfilled those conditions which would have rendered a second meeting of the Congress unnecessary.

Baron von Brunnow is descended from a noble family of Courland, and was born at Dresden on the 31st of August, 1797. He completed his studies at the university of Leipzig, and in 1818 entered the cabinet of Count Nesselrode, where he soon rendered himself distinguished. Soon afterwards, on being attached to the department of Councillor Stourdza, one of his protectors, he drew up, under his directions, the civil code intended for Bessarabia, which province the peace of Bucharest had incorporated with Russia. After this long and tedious labour, Baron Brunnow accompanied Count Nesselrode to the Conferences of Troppau and the Congress

of Laybach. He was then attached, in the capacity of secretary, to the Russian embassy in London, then called to participate in the labours of the Congress of Verona, and afterwards appointed, in a higher position, to the ministry of foreign affairs.

In 1827 we find him attached to the person of Count Woronzoff, Governor-General of Odessa. The next year he assisted Count Orloff in the negotiations which preceded and followed the peace of Adrianople. His rare qualities and his zeal soon assured him the friendship of the count, whom he accompanied, in the first instance, to Constantinople with the title of councillor of the embassy, and afterwards on the extraordinary missions which Count Orloff filled at London and the Hague.

After 1830, Baron Brunnow was nominated councillor of state and director of political affairs to the foreign minister—duties of trust which he fulfilled for eight years in immediate contact with Prince Nesselrode, and which initiated him in all the secrets of Russian diplomacy. He commenced his career as minister plenipotentiary at the courts of Stuttgart and Hesse-Darmstadt, and was entrusted, at the close of 1839, with a confidential mission to England. This mission, occasioned by the eventualities of the Eastern crisis, was intended to draw more closely the bonds between England and Russia. Russia thus forged the first link of the chain which was destined to be broken fifteen years later, despite all the efforts and care of the Emperor Nicholas.

The programme proposed ran as follows:

“Action of England and France on the coasts of Syria, to constrain the Viceroy of Egypt, and presence of a Russian fleet at Constantinople, during the operations on the Syrian coast.”

We have seen the same idea reproduced in the conversations of the Czar with Sir H. Seymour. The policy of Russia in the East was already clearly traced. Lord Palmerston saw the danger, in spite of the apparent compensation offered to the two great Western powers, and he hastened to reply, “that never should a foreign squadron appear before Constantinople without an English one showing itself at the same time.” Baron Brunnow had, consequently, failed; like a wise man, he said nothing, but returned to Germany. But a few weeks later he was back in London, and handed a new project to Lord Palmerston. The moment was favourable. The French Chambers had been discussing the address to the king, and this discussion had revealed certain points of disagreement between England and France touching the policy to be followed in the East. The new Russian scheme authorised the two Western Powers each to send three vessels into the Sea of Marmora, while the Russian fleet anchored before Constantinople. England, on this occasion, showed a disposition to support the scheme; and expressed her opinion in that view. The French cabinet, however, displayed great firmness and foresight in rejecting the Anglo-Russian proposition, basing its refusal on the very evident circumstance that the combination only tended to confirm the protectorate of Russia, which it was their object to destroy. The consequence was that the treaty of the 15th of July was signed, and France left in a state of isolation. Baron Brunnow displayed a great degree of skill in the negotiations that preceded this event. He deceived Guizot even, who was at that time ambassador in London. He persuaded him, by one of those subterfuges which are all fair in war, and therefore in

diplomacy, that he was awaiting new instructions from St. Petersburg, and while the vigilance of the French ambassador was lulled to sleep by this assurance, Baron Brunnow signed the treaty.

The baron soon received his reward for this high diplomatic feat: his government accredited him definitively as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the English court. This victory once gained, Baron Brunnow employed all his energies to persuade the English people that the tendencies of the Russian government were perfectly pacific and innocent. "Did Russia desire war?" he said, in a most confident tone, at a banquet given by the Russian company in 1841. "Has Russia spread her armaments and her troops over the East? No; not a single Russian soldier has crossed our frontier—not a single Russian ship of war has quitted our ports!"

The visit paid by the Emperor Nicholas to London in 1841—his attempts to form a secret union with England—the confidential correspondence of Sir H. Seymour on the curious overtures made to him, are well remembered by our readers. They all have a common origin, the insatiable desire of Russia, and a sole object, the possession of Constantinople.

The mission of Prince Menchikoff, however, was regarded by Baron Brunnow as a mistake. He had been brought up in a school which trusts more to the resources of the mind than to the arguments of the bully. The sword is for the general, the tongue is for the diplomatist, and the art of persuading does not consist in speaking and brandishing a whip the while. These old measures, which remind us too much of barbarous days long past, should be consigned to that limbo where old arms, no longer useful, are kept.

The court of St. Petersburg, which, up to the death of Nicholas, had been angry with Baron Brunnow for the judgment he had passed on Menchikoff's mission, and had been forbidden to appear at St. Petersburg after his departure from London, ended by comprehending that it was not its advantage to be longer deprived of the assistance and advice of a man so devoted and so useful. The choice of selecting the second plenipotentiary to Paris was left to Count Nesselrode, and he immediately nominated Baron Brunnow. This choice honoured the man who was the object of it, and the power which acquiesced in it.

Sardinia will be represented by the MARQUIS DE VILLA MARINA, who belongs to one of the highest families in Piedmont. His father served in the French army; and afterwards, as minister of Charles Albert, he promoted the majority of those great measures which distinguished the reign of that chivalrous monarch. His son received an education both military and political. The traditions of his family offered him a prospect of either branch of the public service. His first years were devoted to the study of the liberal sciences, and in 1830 he received his diploma as D.C.L. from the University of Turin. He thus appeared destined to the peaceful labours of civil life; but a certain attraction, and possibly a conviction of the part which the army might be called upon to perform in the policy of Sardinia, decided him on entering the army.

This conviction was, in fact, justified by the hopes then inspiring the court of Turin. No attempt was made to conceal the idea of liberating Italy, or at least a portion of Italy, from the foreign protectorate which

appears for so long a period the condition of its tranquillity, and even of its existence. Dreams were formed of the Italian Union, under the influence, if not the sceptre, of the King of Sardinia; and above a hope was entertained of having from Austria, sooner or later, the fair provinces from Upper Italy. In all these combinations and bold hypotheses the first rank was evidently the property of the army; and hence, the sons of the great Piedmontese families embraced the military cause, as offering them brighter and more glorious chances.

M. Pès de Villa Marina soon distinguished himself, and obtained a step speedily. He was colonel of cavalry in 1844, when a high favour drew him from the army, and carried him over to the political world. The king Charles Albert appointed him Secretary of the Council of Ministers, which met weekly under the royal presidency. It was a very onerous and important post. M. de Villa Marina displayed great intelligence in business, and qualities which speedily attracted his sovereign's attention. This post also initiated him in the politics of his country, and the important questions which might arise at home or abroad concerning it. He had entered the council as a soldier; he quitted it an experienced diplomatist.

In 1848, Villa Marina was appointed minister plenipotentiary in Tuscany. The situation at that period was excessively grave; the whole of Europe was suffering from the effects of the revolution which had broken out in France; while Italy was at a white heat. The task of the diplomatic agents of Sardinia became remarkably difficult. The court of Turin, in fact, fancied the moment propitious to reorganise Italy in the direction and interest of her traditional policy; but, on the other hand, it clearly saw that it must avoid trusting too much to the revolutionary elements, at the risk of compromising its present institutions and future hopes. It was, above all, necessary that apprehensions of this nature, justly entertained by the other Italian powers, should be dissipated. The mission of the Sardinian diplomatists was consequently very difficult; it required great tact and prudence. M. de Villa Marina creditably fulfilled the duties which had been entrusted to him.

The Grand Cross of St. Maurice, in 1852, was the reward of his eminent services. In the month of October of the same year he was sent to France, as representative of the Court of Turin. A short time later, the Eastern question broke out, with its menaces and complications. M. de Villa Marina soon understood the glorious part which his country might play in the European contest which was about to commence. He enlightened the Sardinian government on the true condition of affairs, and the attitude which its interests and honour counselled to it. As soon as the alliance was concluded between the two great Western powers, the adhesion of Piedmont and her speedy union were gained for the cause of European justice. M. de Villa Marina was the most active negotiator of the alliance thenceforth resolved on between England, France, and Turin, and which was ratified by the treaty of the 26th of January, 1855.

M. de Villa Marina received from the Emperor Napoleon III., on the signature of this treaty, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

At this period a very grave ministerial crisis took place in Piedmont. The monastic law had entailed very dangerous complications between

the court of Turin and the Pope; the ministry itself was divided; the Chamber and the Senate hesitated long; the country was excited and agitated; the cabinet over which Count de Cavour presided had just resigned. M. de Villa Marina was summoned to Turin to give the government the benefit of his devotion and his counsel, and he was entrusted with the formation of a new ministry, in agreement with General Durando. Thanks to his compliant and moderate temper, the perils of the situation were avoided, and the crisis passed over without any fresh disagreement. This delicate task accomplished, M. de Villa Marina returned to take up his post at Paris, where he acquired great credit during the sitting of the first Congress. We have full belief that he will watch the interests of his country with equal jealousy, now that he is entrusted with a more independent position, and deprived of the able assistance of Count Cavour.

Various rumours have been spread relative to the minister whom the Porte would honour with the flattering post of envoy to the second Congress. For a time it was supposed that Aali Pacha would return, but the latest telegraphic despatches have decided the question in favour of MEHEMET DJEMIL BEY, the present Turkish envoy to Paris. He is the son of Reschid Pacha, and has accompanied that distinguished statesman on his numerous European missions. We should, therefore, not feel any surprise at finding that Djemil Bey grew conversant at an early date with that European civilisation which has so much influence at present on the destiny of Turkey. He was attached to the embassy of Reschid Pacha in 1841, when that diplomatist came, for the second time, to Paris as ambassador. In 1845, when Reschid was appointed grand vizier, he placed his son in the office of Foreign Affairs of the Sublime Porte. Thence Djemil Bey was called to occupy the position of second secretary to the Sultan. This post of great confidence was the stepping-stone to the Paris embassy.

Mehemet Djemil Bey is scarcely thirty years of age. He combines distinguished manners with great affability of character. The residence he has enjoyed at the various courts of Europe has inspired him with a marked sympathy for European manners and customs.

Having thus briefly sketched the past career of the diplomatists who will so speedily assemble and do their best to check once for all the pretentious demands of Russia, let us wish them success in their task, and trust that the festivities of Christmas may have their peculiar effect. And even supposing that Russia prove obstinate at first, let them not forget that the Russian Christmas is carried over into our new year, and that a few days more or less are of little importance if these questions, apparently so trivial, are prevented from embroiling the future peace of Europe. The last Christmas season was passed in England with despondency, for none could say whether the war might not be protracted; and as for the residence in the Crimea, we did not pass that on a bed of roses. Let us, therefore, join in one hearty wish, that the efforts of the diplomatists may meet with the anticipated success, and that we have heard for the last time the ominous name of Bolgrad.



## The Enchanted Hare of the Ardennes.

THE prince of romancers—M. Alexandre Dumas—deems it necessary at times, probably more for variety than for reality's sake, to father his productions upon some obscure personage—any name will do for the nonce—so long as nobody knows the individual who owns or is supposed to own it.

During his temporary retirement in Brussels—a sojourn demanded, as is well known, by political exigencies, and which extended from the 11th of December, 1851, till the 6th of January, 1854, a period of little more than two years, M. Dumas produced some forty volumes. Three volumes of “*Conscience de l’Innocent*,” four of the “*Pasteur d’Ashbourn*,” four of “*Isaac Laquedem*,” fourteen of “*Charny*,” one of “*Catherine Blum*,” and twelve to fifteen of his “*Memoirs*.”

A friend, real or supposititious—a M. de Cherville—supplied him, according to his own avowal, with materials for an additional work. It bears a strange title, “*Le Lièvre de mon Grand-père*,” and it relates a still stranger story.

It appears that M. de Cherville and a few friends determined to solemnise the festival of Saint Hubert in his own traditional forest—the Ardennes. Alexandre was not able to accompany them. He had to finish the last *tableau* of “*Conscience*,” or suffer the penalty of being superseded. His only wish was that some of his critics would supply him for the time being with one of the many collaborateurs whom they are so ready to attribute to him when they are not wanted.

His friends, therefore, went without him; and while on their expedition they had to lodge at a miserable hostelry, called the Three Kings, kept by one Denis Palan. There were no beds, so they had to pass the night as they best could. For a time, heaping logs on the fire and discussing a bottle of Schiedam sufficed for amusement; but as night waned, conversation slackened, and mine host was called up to explain the meaning of an old painting on wood, which had been discovered in a corner of the room. This painting represented Saint Hubert in the clouds above, and below, a countryman, in a green coat, fustian breeches, and gaiters, who was pursued by an animal supposed by some to represent a donkey, and by others a gigantic hare. It bore date 178 . . .

“The *chasseur* whom you see there,” said the host, in answer to their inquiries, “running away as fast as he can, and pursued by a hare, is my grandfather, Jerome Palan.”

“Well, we have heard, my good fellow, of hares pursued by sportsmen, but we have never yet heard of a sportsman who was pursued by a hare. Can you relate the incident to us?”

“Willingly,” answered the host, who required nothing better than to amuse his visitors, as he could not supply them with beds. “I will fetch a few logs of wood, and forthwith begin.”

Now, as the Father of History always says, “the learned among the Persians assert,” and “the wise men of Egypt declare,” and Al Wakidi,

the historian of the Arabs, says, "I have it from Ibu Sohail ben Ayud," or, "from Aban Ebn Sayid, that," so Alexandre declares that he had from de Cherville, that the host of the Three Kings related that his grandfather had once been an apothecary in the little town of Theux, but that he was much more given to the sports of the field than to the compounding of medicaments. Yet he was a learned man; but his science had done him no good; it had only served to render him a sceptic and an infidel. His studies separated him from his church, and his passion for field sports from his business and his wife and children.

"When my grandfather," said Denis Palan, "wedded my grandmother, he incurred the deadly hatred of a rival, one Thomas Pihay, who was gamekeeper to the Prince-Bishop of Liège. My grandfather was a brave man as well as an enterprising sportsman, and he was moreover known, far and wide, as a boon companion. He had on more than one occasion tried to conciliate the disappointed lover, but always unsuccessfully. He had seen Pihay pass before the door of a tavern, where he used to spend his evenings, relating to whosoever would listen to him his prowesses of the day: 'Hoi, Thomas!' he had called out.

"Thomas had looked round, as pale as a ghost. 'What?' he answered.

"Jerome had gone in, had filled two tumblers, and coming back to the threshold, a glass in each hand, 'Won't you have a glass, Thomas?' he had asked.

"But Thomas had replied, shaking his head, 'Not with you, Jerome.' And he had continued his way.

"My grandfather had returned to his chair, had drunk off both tumblers, one after the other, and had shaken his head in his turn, saying, 'This will end badly, Thomas—this will end badly.' Alas! poor grandfather! he did not know that he was speaking prophetically."

This broken conversational style of telling a story some of our readers will think is more characteristic of the renowned Alexandre himself than of the host of a wayside inn in the Ardennes; but they must not forget that it is M. de Cherville who relates the story at second-hand, and mannerisms are catching.

Where there was such a deep enmity between two persons, one a gamekeeper, and the other a sportsman not over-scrupulous as to where he went in pursuit of his game, it appears that it was an understood thing in the neighbourhood—as far as we can gather from another long series of broken and interrupted sentences—that a catastrophe must happen. This was the more certain, as Jerome Palan, as an infidel, took as much pleasure in braving the temporal authority of the prince-prelate as he did his spiritual sovereignty.

Now it so happened, that one day the prince-bishop was out hunting with a numerous company of lords and ladies, and he had been much exasperated by want of success, when, at the very moment he was about to give up a bad day's sport, a fine old buck, that had that very day given the royal dogs the slip, crossed his path, followed by four dogs well known to Thomas Pihay.

"Whom do those dogs belong to?" exclaimed the prince-bishop.

"To Jerome Palan, the apothecary of Theux, my lord," replied Pihay.

"Let the dogs be killed," shouted out the prince, "and seize the owner."

The order was precise: there was no possibility of misunderstanding it.

"Good!" said Pihay to the other gamekeepers; "you look after the man; I will take care of the dogs."

Although it grieved the gamekeepers to have to arrest a boon companion like Jerome, still they preferred even that to the alternative reserved by Pihay to himself. Full well did they know that the old forester would entertain a very different feeling towards the man who should arrest him, or even shoot at him, than that which he would experience towards the man who should venture to shoot his dogs. The gamekeepers had no difficulty in finding Jerome; he had a habit of following his dogs, for the best of all reasons, because he could not go before them; so they had only to meet him on his way, arrest and disarm him, and lead him off a prisoner to Liège.

As to Pihay, he was versed in the knowledge of venery, and he contented himself with taking up a position at the bend of a hill for which he felt certain the buck would make. Nor was he wrong. The magnificent animal soon bounded by, but evidently harassed and followed by four splendid dogs. Pihay selected the bitches; he was determined that Jerome should have no others of a breed that was unequalled in the country. With one barrel he shot Flambeau, with the other Ramette. Ramoneau and Spirou were left to continue the hunt alone.

Meantime Jerome was going along rather rejoicing in the prowess of his dogs than grumbling at his own arrest, when the report was heard of two shots.

"Why," exclaimed Jerome, "they have surely not been firing at the stag?" And, as he could still distinguish the bay of his dogs, he said, "If they have, they have missed it. They ought to fire at an elephant." But suddenly the expression of his countenance underwent a great change. "Luc, Jonas," he said to his keepers and quondam friends, "how many dogs do you hear?"

The gamekeepers looked anxiously at their charge. They knew what those two shots foreboded, but they said nothing.

"Stop, stop a moment!" said Jerome, and he awaited and listened. "I only hear two—Ramoneau and Spirou. Where is Flambeau, and where Ramette? Oh! oh!" And the gallant huntsman seemed as if about to weep. It was in vain that his keepers tried to persuade him he was mistaken. "I tell you," he said, "some misfortune has happened to Flambeau and Ramette." And he continued to moan for his dogs, till he was delivered over to the *maréchaussée*, who confined him in a dungeon, eight feet square, in that part of the palace which served as a prison.

The next day, still grieving over the imaginary mischance that had befallen his beloved dogs, Jerome began also to think of himself. He was accustomed to an active, out-of-door existence; to exchange the forest for the society of friends; and he felt his isolation and loss of liberty intensely. So much did he grieve that he fell ill, and a medical man was sent to attend upon him. The latter took such interest in his sick prisoner, that he promised to interfere in his favour with the prince-

bishop; and he did so, so successfully, that at the expiration of a month he was promised his liberty, upon payment of a fine of four thousand florins. To raise this sum the pharmacy had to be sold; and one day the door of his cell opened, and Madame Palan threw herself into his arms.

"It is true," she said, "we are ruined, but you are free!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Jeroma. "I will work, dear wife, and soon set all to rights. Only let me get out of this. I am stifling!"

As man and wife trudged home together, the wife ventured a little lecture upon the misfortunes that attended upon too passionate an indulgence in sports of the field; but the husband, kindly disposed at first, grew more and more thoughtful as he neared his home: he was thinking of his dogs! So anxious was he, that he did not dare to inquire as to their well-being.

Arrived at his house, he scarcely embraced his children, and never even glanced at his empty pharmacy, but hurried to the kennel. He came back, his face as pale as death, his features contracted and haggard.

"Where are my dogs?" he asked.

No one dared to answer, till one of the boys (the host of the Three Kings averred that it was his father), who was the favourite, ventured to say, "They are dead."

"Dead!" said Jerome, and he took the boy on his knee. "How dead?"

"They are killed." And the boy burst into tears.

"There is only one man in the world," said Jerome, "who would do so wicked a thing."

"Oh, and he regrets it deeply," interrupted the wife. "The bishop told him to kill the dogs, and since he did, every one avoids him as if he had the plague."

"It is Thomas Pihay, then," said Jerome. "As to the bishop, I do not know who will revenge me upon him; but, in as far as Thomas Pihay is concerned, I will settle that account with him, as sure as my name is Jerome Palan."

Nevertheless, Jerome set to work to retrieve his lost fortune; he got employment as an accountant, and the aspect of his affairs soon began to improve. Unfortunately his character had undergone a great change. From being lively and jocular, he had become thoughtful and irascible. But worse than all, his infidelity had increased to an alarming extent, and he could not even bear the appearance of a priest or a crucifix. Madame Jerome used to weep for this fatal temper of her husband's, but he only replied to her reproaches by blasphemies.

One day he took his children upon his knees, and danced them up and down.

Madame Palan stared. He had not done as much for many long months past.

"Wife," he said, remarking her surprise, "to-morrow is Sunday. It is the festival of Saint Hubert; and, by the Evil One, you shall have a hare for dinner!"

The poor woman prayed, as was her custom daily, for the conversion of her husband; but that night, after such a blasphemy, she prayed more earnestly than ever.

The next day Jerome rose before the sun, and went out with Rameneau

and Spirou. It was the first time he had been out to shoot since his incarceration. The snow lay deep on the ground, so much so that the dogs could not run, so Jerome went and placed himself at a point where four roads crossed. The spot is now marked by a crucifix. He had not been long waiting, when he heard some one approaching, singing. Jerome knew the voice, and his heart beat tumultuously. It was Thomas Pihay, the assassin of Flambeau and of Ramette.

Jerome allowed his enemy to pass by, but, unfortunately, he took the road by which Jerome had arrived, and saw his footmarks in the snow. Suspecting that some one was hid in the bushes, he at once turned back, when Jerome, unwilling to be found in a position which might be mistaken for one of personal apprehension, rose up and confronted him.

Thomas Pihay had by no means been thinking of Jerome Palan, so he was somewhat taken aback. Recovering himself, however, quickly, he said,

"So, Monsieur Palan, we are upon the watch?"

Jerome Palan did not answer. He only wiped his brow with the sleeve of his coat. The perspiration was running down.

"I would rather it should be you than me such a day as this," continued Pihay; "the wind is wondrous sharp."

"Go your way!" was the only answer that Jerome could force himself to make.

"Go my way!" replied the gamekeeper; "pray, what right have you to tell me to go my way?"

"Go your way!" repeated Jerome, in a voice of thunder.

"Oh yes! go my way because I find you here poaching again. Since that is the tone you take, I will show you that I can do my duty, and shall arrest you, Monsieur Jerome Palan!"

And he walked straight upon Jerome, brandishing his stick.

"Keep off!" shouted out Jerome—"do not tempt me! There is blood between us. Take care, or the snow shall have yours, as the earth had that of my poor dogs."

"Oh! you think you will frighten me, do you," said the gamekeeper. "It requires another man than you to do that!"

And still brandishing his stick, he attempted to close with Jerome. But the latter, carrying up his gun quickly to his shoulder, fired both barrels at once. It was as one shot.

Thomas Pihay threw his arms up in the air, and then fell on his face. He was dead!

Jerome's first feeling was to run to his help. He remembered that Pihay had a wife and children, and he tried to lift him up.

"Come, Pihay," he said, "get up. Thomas, get up!"

Needless to say that the body did not move; and when Jerome became fully sensible of the fact that he had committed a murder, he returned to his house, resolved to come back the same night with a spade and bury the body.

It was a frosty, moonlight night, the snow still lay deep upon the ground, and when Jerome returned upon his lugubrious errand, he saw a black mass upon the snow. It was the body of Thomas Pihay.

But what was most extraordinary, most incomprehensible, was, that upon that body an animal—a quadruped—was quietly seated. Poor Jerome was bathed in a cold perspiration. His very hair rose upon his head.

Time pressed, however. On a night of Saint Hubert, when sportsmen held convivial meetings, some one might pass that way and discover the body, so he made another effort to approach it. As he did so, he recognised that the animal was a white hare; but, unlike most hares, it did not appear in the least degree terrified, and it was three or four times the size of a common hare. Jerome then remembered that when he said he would go out to get a hare, his little boy had said, "Get one as big as Ramoneau;" and his little girl had said, "No, bring one as large as Mother Simon's donkey." And he began to laugh.

But a terrible echo replied to this misplaced jocularity. The hare began to laugh too, throwing itself back at the same time on its hinder legs, and holding its sides with its fore-paws.

Jerome's laugh died away. He did not enter into the joke. The hare looked at him, too, with such sparkling, meaning eyes, that he did not feel at his ease. He walked round and round the body, the hare turning itself at the same time so as to keep him always in view. He made a tremendous br-r-ru! enough to terrify fifty common hares: this one never moved. He seized his gun, and, in pure vexation of spirit, he fired at it. He forgot that he had emptied both barrels into Thomas Pihay and had not reloaded it. So, taking it by the barrels, he aimed a tremendous blow at the animal with the butt-end. The hare merely jumped on one side, and the gun fell upon the body with a dull sound. Then the hare began to move in circles round the murderer and his victim, every time at a greater distance; and what was most extraordinary, the farther he was off, the larger he seemed to grow. Jerome could stand it no longer; he fainted by the side of the body.

When Jerome came to himself, the snow was falling in dense flakes. He lifted up his head like a dead man from his shroud, and looked around. He saw the body nearly buried in the snow, but he did not see the terrible, the gigantic white hare. So he got up, and, abandoning all idea of even attempting to bury the body of Pihay, he made the best of his way home and got to bed. The snow fell continuously all that night, and buried his crime with it. But one day, when he awoke, he saw that the wind had gone to the south, and that the rain was falling in large drops. The terrible moment when the body would be discovered had come, and Jerome felt desperately uneasy. So much so, that he thought that the best thing he could do would be to keep his bed. After the lapse of a brief time he heard a noise in the street, and then of some one coming up-stairs. It was Madame Palan. She opened the door so abruptly that Jerome uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I beg your pardon," said the good wife, thinking that she had disturbed him in his feverish sleep, "but I have news to tell you. You know that Thomas Pihay has been missing for some days past. They are just bringing in his body."

Jerome wiped his brow with the sheet. All he could mutter was "His—his body!"

"Yes," replied the wife, "half eat up by the wolves."

"Half eat up by the wolves! What, his body, legs and all?"

"Almost the whole body. What they have found is really a mere skeleton."

Jerome felt a wondrous relief at this intelligence. He thought that the

traces of the gun-shots might have disappeared with the flesh. And so it turned out to be the case. Thomas Pihay was supposed to have perished in the snow, and was buried without suspicion of foul play being awakened.

But while the body of the victim was thus consigned to the grave, the secret did not remain, as Jerome had hoped it would, between him and his Maker. The terrible hare appeared to him by day and by night, to remind him that he was also a party in the murder. If he sat by the fire-side, the hare would take up its place on the opposite side, fixing its glimmering eyes upon him. If he sat down to his meals, it would come under the table and scratch his legs with its sharp-pointed claws. If he tried to write, it would stand with its fore-paws resting also on the table; and if he endeavoured to forget the horrible vision in sleep, he would wake up with the creature sitting heavily on his breast, and smoothing its muzzle with its fore-legs.

Jerome knew no peace. Life was one continued punishment. His wife and children were apprehensive that he was going mad. One morning, however, Jerome got up with the calmness of a man who has made up his mind to a great object. He took down his gun, cleaned and loaded it with more than usual care, put on his shooting-dress, and, letting loose his dogs, made his way towards the fatal spot. No sooner had he got to the well-known bushes, than out leapt a hare, which, by its colour and its gigantic size, Jerome at once recognised as his terrible enemy.

The dogs started at once after a hare of such unusual dimensions, and Jerome followed till he was almost breathless. "If," he thought, "they could only seize it!" And he continued the chase with unwonted vigour, encouraging his dogs, and shouting out now to Ramoneau, now to Spirou. Huntsman, dogs, and hare seemed alike to be inspired that day. Their muscles were of steel. On they went over hedges and ditches, through forests and heaths, across fields and rocks. Not for a second was the intensity of pursuit allowed to waver. But what was annoying was that the hare did not double, but kept on like an old wolf. It did not even seem to care much about being hunted, but rather to take it quite quietly, and to keep without an effort at about the same distance in front of the dogs. At length, after five long hours of chase, they came to the river Ourthe, at that time swollen by the winter rains, and Jerome began to think that he must be caught at last. His heart beat so that it was with the greatest difficulty he could draw his breath. But, to his infinite surprise, the hare took to the water as if it had been an otter.

"Ah! now he will be drowned!" exclaimed Jerome. "Bravo! bravo! he will be drowned."

The dogs threw themselves fearlessly into the stream after the hare. But they were less lucky than that extraordinary animal. Ramoneau was carried away by the force of the current. Jerome rushed into the stream to its help; but the poor dog, after making prodigious efforts, was turned over and over, and soon seen no more. At the same moment a strange noise attracted the hunter's attention to the other side of the river. There was the terrible hare sitting on his hinder quarters, laughing

at the catastrophe. Spirou was still struggling in the stream. It was with the greatest difficulty that Jerome saved his last dog. He had to wend his way home with his faithful companion utterly exhausted on his back. He had thrown off his game-bag in the ardour of the chase, and, as for his cap, he had left that in a hedge.

He was at this moment at Ferrières, eight long leagues from the starting-point of that day's great hunt. But he was so excited and so exasperated that he did not feel tired, although he had run altogether some twenty or twenty-five leagues. So he set off spiritedly on his way home. The sombre forest of Lorcé lay before him, but it had paths known to the hunter, and on he went through the still forest till he heard the sound of leaves cracking behind him. He looked round. The hare was following him. He stopped, the hare stopped too. He hastened his steps, the hare bounded along after him. He put down Spirou and unslung his gun. He put it to his shoulder, but the hare had disappeared. Half dead with despair and horror, he no longer ventured to look behind him, but on he trudged with his dog and gun on his back. It was three o'clock in the morning when he got home.

If we narrate events, not in *extenso*, but in a curt, summary way, it is because we wish the reader to form his own opinion as to whether they are admissible as the genuine traditions of Denis Palan, the host of the Three Kings in the forest of Ardennes, or the simple chronicle of M. de Cherville, or a touch of the fantastic imagination of M. Dumas. We do not venture to decide a point so abstruse. The sequel may, however, throw more light upon the subject.

It appears that Jerome, the forester, notwithstanding his first and signal failure, was resolved upon slaying his enemy, and no sooner had he and his dog obtained three days' rest than they started off again together. They found the hare at the same place; man and dog gave chase, but it was in vain, the gigantic hare seemed to take a malicious pleasure in baffling their arduous pursuit. Jerome returned home weary, harassed, and disappointed. For a whole month did he every second or third day begin this desperate chase over again. But always with the same result. At the expiration of a month poor Spirou died of exhaustion. There was no bread in the house; work had been superseded by wild hunts, and poverty had found its way to the domestic hearth. Jerome had to part with the family watch. It sold at Liège for nine louis. Jerome gave four to his wife.

"How long, do you think," he inquired, "can you keep house upon these four louis?"

"Well, with economy," replied the good wife, "for two months."

"Two months!" repeated Jerome, thoughtfully; "that is more than I want. Before two months are over I shall have jugged that great hare, or grief will put me under ground."

With the other five louis Jerome went into Luxembourg, where a forester, a relative of his, had some dogs of the same race as those he had lost, and he purchased a dog and a bitch, Rocardor and Tambelle. With them he returned to his obstinate pursuit of the hare. But experience had taught him to be more cautious. He began to try cunning as well as desperate running. He blocked up some of his passes, placed wires



in others, and hid himself so that he might get a shot as the hare went by. But it was all alike in vain. The gifted brute distanced Rocador and Tambelle as it had done Ramoneau and Spirou; it made new apertures in the hedges, and, no matter which way the wind blew, it always kept out of range of Jerome's ambuscades.

The two months had gone by. The hare was as frisky as ever. Jerome was still alive, but as yellow as a lemon and as dried up as a bit of old parchment. The money was gone, and the family had to move into a miserable hut at the extremity of the village. Misery and misfortune were at their height in the family of Jerome Palan.

It was the eve of the anniversary of the fearful tragedy which had entailed all this misery, when the host of the "Arms of Liège" opened the door and inquired if Jerome was willing to accompany two strangers on a day's shooting. Jerome hesitated, for he had been planning a new scheme by which to inveigle the great hare the next day, but he looked at the hungry faces of his children, and he accepted.

Jerome took care, however, the ensuing morning, to lead the strangers to the redoubtable *carrefour*. He knew that they would find a large hare there, and he wondered if they would have better luck than himself. Nor was he disappointed; the hare was there, and—

"Did you ever see such a hare as that, Monsieur Palan?" cried both the amateur Nimrods.

M. Palan did not choose to say that he had, and that he had also coursed it and hunted it over and over again.

This day, however, the creature did not as usual go off straight as a wolf. It seemed to have resumed somewhat of the habits of its congeners, and to double about in the wood. At length, as if weary of, or disdaining the fierce assaults of the dogs, it turned back upon the sportsmen. Jerome touched the elbow of the one nearest to him:

"Wait till he is within thirty paces, and then fire right between the fore-legs."

He was anxious to see what effect the stranger's shot might have. He had fired at it thirty times himself, but he felt convinced that in as far as he was concerned the animal was enchanted.

The hare kept coming closer, till, when within thirty paces, it sat down and appeared to wait. Jerome's heart beat. The sportsman did not allow much time to elapse; he fired at once. When the wind had cleared off the smoke, the hare was seen frisking about on the greensward untouched. The sportsman gave it another barrel, but with the same result.

"Why don't you fire?" exclaimed the exasperated sportsman to Jerome, who was looking on astounded and quite oblivious of the fact that he had a fowling-piece in his hand.

"Oh, it is too far now," said Jerome; "but, however, I'll send a few shot after him."

And he took aim and fired, and lo! the hare, although at a distance of a hundred paces, rolled over and over, screaming like a thing of evil. Jerome and the sportsmen ran up. Never was the hunter of the Ardenues in such an ecstasy of delight as when he gave that hare its *coup de grace* on the neck. Then, picking up his now defunct enemy, he squeezed him into his game-bag, and walked off, delivered from a weight on his bosom far, far heavier than that of the game he carried. He

led his company to where there was plenty of game, and after a long and successful day's sport they invited him to sup at the Arms of Liège, which he promised to do after first visiting his home.

Many and many a day had gone by since Jerome had returned to his poverty-stricken home so proud and so happy as he was that evening. He took the great hare out of his game-bag and held it out triumphantly to his wife.

"The great hare!" she exclaimed, joyously. "Who killed it—one of the gentlemen?"

"No; myself. I killed the hare, and that at such a distance, that the shot must have been blown after it by the Evil One."

"No, Jerome," interrupted the good wife; "carried by the breath of Heaven!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because, Jerome, I went this morning, before you started, to the mass of Saint Hubert, and had your gun and your dogs blessed, and it is the holy water which imparted to your shot that miraculous power."

"Ah! ah!" said Jerome.

And it was in vain that the good wife endeavoured to bring round the forester to a sense of his religious duties. In vain she represented that he had an evil spirit to struggle with, and that nothing but repentance and faith could ensure to him the victory, the hardened sinner only replied by blasphemies.

There was a lively party that evening at the Arms of Liège. Sportsmen have notoriously good appetites, and are not also a little devoted to Bacchus. Our amateurs did honour on this occasion to the brotherhood of Saint Hubert. Bottle followed bottle incessantly, and there was a positive overflow of Braunberger and Johannisberg. Jerome was delighted to renew acquaintance with wines which he had not tasted since misfortune had overtaken him. He was also so excited at the idea of having got rid of his enemy, that no wonder he entered into the spirit and revelry of the evening.

It was striking twelve, the last stroke of the clock was still vibrating, when the guests became suddenly sensible of a strange impression of cold passing through their frames. At the same time a deep sigh, like the utterance of a soul in agony, came from the corner of the room. The hair on their heads stood erect.

"What is it?" asked one.

"I don't know," replied the other.

As to Jerome, he was mute, and transfixed with horror. Seizing one of the strangers by the hand, he pointed with the other to the game-bag. The great hare put its nose out, soon after came its head, after its head its body, and in a few minutes the whole animal was out, and unconcernedly munching some carrots lying in the corner of the room, but at the same time darting furtive and malicious glances at the hunter of the Ardennes.

As to the latter, he could stand it no longer. Uttering a fearful shriek, he bounded out of the room, and took to his heels as fast as he could run.

Then the hare left off munching the carrots, and sped its way after him with a kind of light, fantastic step.

Madame Palan was awaiting her husband's return at the threshold of the door, when she saw him running by as fast as his legs could carry him, followed by the monster hare. He did not pay the slightest attention to her cries and shrieks. The man and the hare seemed like two spectres, so strangely and so swiftly did they pass by!

The next day the body of the hunter of the Ardennes was found at the very spot where a year before that of Thomas Pihay had been discovered.

He seemed to have been dead for some hours. He was lying on his back, and held the great white hare by the throat; his stiffened fingers grasped it so firmly that they were obliged to give up all attempts to remove the abominable creature from off his chest. It is needless to say, however, that the monster was dead!

If there is really no such person as a host of the Three Kings in the forest of Ardennes, no such an amateur Nimrod as M. de Cherville, no smoke-dried picture commemorating so terrible an event, the reader will, at all events, concede that the Magic Hare is not the least interesting of M. Alexandre Dumas's fictions.

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## SURFACE-LIFE.

BY MATERFAMILIAS.

It is a pity, as a nation, that we have grown so partial to the use of plated articles. It is all very well to say that they have the appearance of silver at half the cost, but then we all know they won't bear a quarter of the wear and tear. They may do for company, or surface-life, just as Mrs. Muggles puts on her best turned silk gown and company manners, and would have us believe she always lives in them; but we know better, and that neither article will stand the test of daily use. Mr. Muggles is a gentleman of an apoplectic tendency. He is given to thickness of speech and shortness of wind, and is so very bull-necked and goggle-eyed, that one lives in momentary dread, when speaking to him, of seeing his eyes roll out upon his cheeks, or the blood in his throat mount up and suffuse his brain. For all this he is peculiarly fond of dinner parties and display. Surface-life is his great hobby. He drinks wine till his thickness of speech merges into an utter confusion of ideas, and pays ridiculous compliments to all ladies present, under a vague fancy that he is acting to perfection the gentleman and man of the world. And yet Mr. and Mrs. Muggles are very honest, good sort of people enough, when they are in the pewter of every-day life: they love their children, are attached to each other, live in easy circumstances, and are both able and willing to assist their neighbours when occasion

calls. What a pity it is they should take so much trouble to put on surface-life! My friend Miss Brown, who sees everything, just because she is supposed to see nothing, by reason of a certain virtue of discretion with which she is blessed, confided to me privately, the other day, the account of a luncheon-party given by the Muggleses. She happened somehow to get behind the scenes before luncheon, and into the nursery. There was Master Muggles in a soiled pinafore and dirty face, climbing up the bedposts, and Miss Muggles, with an old flannel dressing-gown wrapped round her, enduring the evidently unusual martyrdom of having her head scrubbed. One of the nursery-maids uttering a "La!" on beholding my friend, she beat a hasty retreat by the back passages, where she had the misfortune again of stumbling upon "Jem," the shoe-black and errand-boy, who, with hands still redolent of their mission, was stripping off a very dirty apron and soiled jacket, preparatory to putting on his surface-life of page's jacket and white cotton gloves. An odour, too, of burnt meat was wafted against her nostrils; so, fearing to intrude into the sacred precincts of the cook, Miss Brown made a hasty retreat round an angle, and got back into the hall again, just managing to avoid observation from Mr. Muggles, who, with thick voice and rolling eyes, was fearfully impressing an awe-struck domestic, evidently got up as butler for the occasion. Having found her way at last into the drawing-room, Mrs. Muggles received her with the blandest of smiles, and presented her respectively to Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith, and the Rev. Montagu Robinson, all plated articles in their respective styles. The silver of society was kept up, however, very brilliantly; it laid claim even to close relationship to solid plate, and discussed names and dignities as first cousins and familiar acquaintances. Everybody was *au fait* with everything in the way of general fashionable scandal, but then, as Mrs. General instructed Little Dorrit, it was all in the "p" line, and had a plated cover of precise, proper, pleasant, and placid. The nicest little intencodes covered a great deal of coarse metal metaphor, which was carefully wrapped up in it; but then, so long as the surface pleased, who cared to look beneath? At last luncheon was announced. Mr. Muggles put out a short, thick arm to Mrs. Jones, who waddled off on it, whilst Mrs. Muggles brought up the rear of all, smiling blandly through her ringlets and bijouterie upon the Rev. Montagu Robinson, who, smiling blandly back again, was in reality lost in the mazes of a philosophical argument which he had been discussing only the day before with his friend the Rev. Nugent Pettifogger. Can those be the same children that Miss Brown had stumbled upon in the nursery? She assured me, as the little cherubs came in to be caressed, with their shining, ambrosial curls, and little graceful bows and curtsies, she fancied she must have been dreaming; and that the children she saw previously had turned out changelings. She could not be deceived, though, in the face of the shoe-black and errand-boy. It had been too vividly impressed upon her as she saw him struggling into his jacket. No matter, there are no end of French dishes, trifles and fricasees on the table; and they look like genuine French dishes, too; for all that, they are nothing but little bits of common English mutton, beef, and veal, smothered in outlandish seasonings, and plated over with French names. "And so your husband went out sailing yes-

terday in his yacht, Mrs. Smith? Ladies are fond of quick sailing, and sailing before the wind, eh?" says Mr. Muggles, in a thick, confused way, quite unaware that he has made the same brilliant speech three times before. And Mrs. Muggles fidgets, and gets red in her chair of honour at the top of the table, and wishes the surface-puppets of surface-life could only all vanish for half an hour, that she might get her husband out of the room, and give him a right good "wiggling." This, as Miss Brown told me, was the only blush of pewter that she saw through the plate palpably whilst luncheon was on the table. She suspects, though, that some of the plating was injured after dinner, as loud voices and harsh laughter seemed to prevail amongst the gentlemen after they left the room. Indeed, Mr. Muggles did not make his appearance again during the time she remained there; and Mrs. Muggles was called mysteriously out of the room to administer, as she apprehended, "brandy and soda-water." But these little *contretemps* have not at all cured the Mugglesees. They shine just as much as formerly in surface-life, and pass off their plated for silver whenever they have the chance. We must not blame them. Are we not all of us more or less fond of the plated article, whilst pewter has got into disrepute even in our very kitchens? Is there not a surface-life in the young lady who coincides so amiably in everybody's opinion; and in the lady's-maid, who wears worked collars and lace frills, and is not so very particular if her under-clothing is a little soiled and ragged? Is there no surface-life in ourselves when we ignore a thing pleasantly that we do not choose to enter upon; and, while we hide our dirty actions, making our good ones, by polishing, go a great way in covering their shortcomings? Is there no surface-life in the child who is taught to be civil to strangers at the expense of truth, and not to get into passions or evil tempers, merely because they don't look "pretty?" No surface-life in our dress, our actions, our manners, our accomplishments? No mingling of this base metal even with our religious feelings? Alas! alas! for all that conscience knocks loudly at the door, and I, Materfamilias,—I, who ought to know better,—am obliged to own, with shame and confusion, that it is little good to try and draw the mote out of my brother's eye, when, in spite of caustic ointment, the beam rests lodged so securely and firmly in my own.

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## WHAT WE SAW AND DID IN A TRIP TO BAKTCHI-SARAI, TCHOUFOUT-KALEH, SIMPHEROPOL, AND THE ALMA.

### THE FIRST PART.

So numerous and so varied have been the trips into the interior of the Crimea, that I fear few of England's Crimean army will care to peruse a short, but I hope faithful, account of a visit to a few of the most celebrated spots in this, until lately, almost unknown land. It is therefore not to them that I address this paper, but rather to the *non*-Crimean public, the gentlemen of England, the lovers of tales of travel, those who, though unable themselves to visit foreign lands, would fain know and hear of strange outlandish places; and to these, I hope, an account of Baktchi-Sarai, with its quaint old dirty streets, and strange old painted Tartar palace; of Simpheropol, with its church, gardens, theatre, and Hôtel d'Odessa; of the Alma, with its sunny stream and bloodstained banks, and all its glorious but melancholy reminiscences, may not prove uninteresting.

And where shall we find the Englishman who had the honour of serving with that glorious Crimean army who has not paid a visit to the interior of the Crimea, or traversed the grand and picturesque Woronzow road to Aloupka, Yalta, or Alouschta?

All, nearly all, have some story of their own to tell; the gallant young British "sub.," who scampered here, there, and everywhere on his faithful *bât* pony, will tell you how "Jack" or "Bill" (the aforesaid pony) traversed unheard-of distances, with fabulously small "feeds," never repining at the shortness of his rations, the weight of his load, or the ceaseless continuance of his labour, or how he went "dead lame" close to the Tchartyr-Dagh, and had to be led "all the way home;" the grey-headed general who left the camp for a short holiday, mounted on his well-bred English mare, which bore him gallantly and well for many a Crimean verst, he will tell you how they "roughed it," and enjoyed themselves; the canteen-man, who explored every nook and corner on his galled, spavined, rawboned beast, will tell you how he combined business with pleasure, and sold his goods at "glorious" prices, till he was interrupted by the Cossacks; the newspaper correspondent will tell you—I beg his pardon, he *has* told—how *he* fared, and how bad the road was between Phoros Pass and Aloupka; the soldier-servants, in many cases the companions of their masters on these tours; the rough tars from the fleet; the "bedroom stewards" from the transports; the plucky young "mid-dies," with their short trousers half-way up to their knees; the wearied privates, who walked for miles upon miles, with their cloaks on their arms and their field-money in their pockets,—all these would be able to spin a good yarn about their own adventures, and all they saw and did; yarns which, I venture to say, would, if collected in a book, be quite as interesting as many other rare collections. Still I will hope that some of the above-mentioned sight-seers will deign to glance at my adventures, neither numerous nor exciting, I will confess, but which may, perchance, recal to their memories their own trips, so full of fun and "roughing it," with the long, hot, picturesque rides, suggestive of 'baccy and pulls of sherry, and welcome *siestas*; the nights which always seemed so short,

and damp, and cold, when the ground seemed extra hard, and when saddles were not despicable pillows. Or, to those who have not joined in these delightful excursions, it may, perchance, give a little more insight into Tartar and Russian life, and into that mysterious "interior of the Crimea"—the Crimea, "the garden of Russia." Should this paper succeed so far, my highest expectations are realised.

Well! now to begin—but how? Shall it be after the manner of the good old story-tellers, with "Once upon a time?" or shall it be in the style of one of our most voluminous novelists, "It was on a lovely morning in the merry month of May, that a party of horsemen, accompanied by sumpter mules, might be seen slowly wending their way across the picturesque plain of Balaklava? 'By mine halidome,' quoth the elder, a swarthy warrior, whose long, rough beard, and tanned, weather-beaten appearance, proclaimed him to be——" There, that'll do, I'm becoming personal already, so here goes for something very original.

It *was* (as I have said before in the beautiful language of fiction)—it was a lovely morning in May, 1856, A.D., very hot and rather early, when our *cortège* left Balaklava; but before we start, take a look at us, kind reader. We are five in all, two of the party being officers, and three servants to ditto. We were variously mounted, from the powerful English horse, down to the fiddle-headed Spaniard, the dear little Bulgarian pony, and the stubborn, but enduring mule. Each of the servants led a pack-horse, or pack-mule, loaded with various necessities of life, in the shape of tents, pots and pans, biscuit, potted meats, brandy, tea, sugar, preserved soup, chocolate, 'baccy, &c. &c. &c., not to mention big bags of barley for our faithful beasts. Our design was to have got to Baktchi-Sarai that evening, not by traversing the old dusty, dirty Mackenzie road, but by keeping under the range of hills which form, as it were, the south-eastern boundary of the Mackenzie Heights, and which divide the barren plateaux of the north and north-west of the Crimea from the fertile, lovely region of the south coast.

By this route we should have had the advantage of avoiding the dirty, unfragrant Russian camp, which, however interesting the first inspection, would hardly bear a second, besides missing the many other unpleasantnesses of the Mackenzie road; and instead, have seen all the chief points of interest—Mangoup-Kaleh, Aitodor, &c.—not to speak of our ride being through some of the most lovely scenery in the world, instead of over a plain monotonous and dreary in the extreme.

This, I say, was our intention; how far we carried it into effect the reader will presently see. We kept along the Balaklava plain—that plain so celebrated for "the charge of the six hundred"—that plain which, during the winter, was a sea of mud, and which has witnessed long trains of French *equipages militaires*, with their weary, dirty, half-starved teams toiling painfully and with difficulty towards the cold, dreary Fedouhskine Heights, bearing the scanty provisions to the cheerless tents, and, heedless of snow and rain and cold, pressing slowly onward, their arrival anxiously looked for by the gallant French, who, lacking the comfortable huts and excellent cheer of our own soldiers, nevertheless bore without a murmur their many privations, and exhibited a spirit worthy of Mark Tapley's best days,—a spirit of being "jolly" under adverse circumstances, and "coming out strong," as their privations became more numerous.

But now, thanks to the genial spring, a pleasant green hue was becoming visible, and the country looked smiling and happy, as though it had not just undergone a severe winter.

At last we arrive at the river Tchernaya, which we cross by a ford near the once beautiful but now ruined and deserted village of Tchorgoun.

The river passed, we find ourselves surrounded by the magnificent scenery so characteristic of the Crimea, with the high hills so finely wooded, the fertile valleys, and the "murmuring streams." To our right flowed the little river Chiulia, on the banks of which grow stately poplars, rich grass, and various flowers. Here and there, through the trees, peeps the red roof of a Tartar cottage, standing out in pleasant relief against the bright green fields, which glitter at times with the golden hues of buttercups and other simple flowers, and looking bright and gay as they repose in the "glad sunlight."

We ride on along this beautiful valley, interrupted at times by a strap giving way, or a pack slipping round, or a "knowing" mule showing symptoms of a strong desire to lie down. We pass the village of Chiulia, once the abode of the celebrated traveller Pallas, and in a short time Aitodor, with its fine promontory-like appearance, and its numerous crypts, "the habitations of the savage Tauri,"\* is before us. Soon after this we pass Mangoup-Kaleh, which has during the war been strongly fortified by the Russians, it being one of the few and difficult passes into the interior of the Crimea from the southward. Mangoup-Kaleh itself is a most extraordinary-looking place—a sort of truncated, grassy cone, surmounted by a rocky diadem of precipitous cliffs.

Hence we meant to have travelled to Albat, on the Belbec, but, owing to a mistake, we followed the river Chiulia up to its source at a place called Adim-Chokrah. This portion of our ride was through the most delicious, shady lanes, which almost reminded one of dear old England, were it not for the absence of cultivation, sturdy labourers, and cheery, smiling faces. But one looks in vain for a glimpse of waving corn-fields—one listens wistfully for the "Dang it, mooid thim toornips," so familiar to every English ear—in vain one expects the pretty curtsy, and the "Pleasant morning to you, sir," from some buxom, smiling lass—in vain one looks for just one gable of the English country-house—for the blue smoke curling lamely upwards—for the honest, hearty squire—for the gamekeeper up betimes—for the "pitchers, the rakers, the merry haymakers," and the various sights and sounds which contribute so largely to make England, the English, and the English homesteads so happy and so bright.

But no! though nature has lavished her every charm upon this land—though the sun shines as brightly, and the green grass looks as green as in our native country—still one is bound to confess that there is something wanting. What is it? think we, as we ride slowly onward, puffing tiny volumes of smoke from our black "cutties." And so thinking, we fall, each and all, into reveries, which last us until our cogitations are broken short by an abrupt metamorphosis of the hitherto goodish road into a small bridle-path, which, upon further investigation, we discover to lead up an "uncommonly stiff," thickly-wooded hill.

However, there's no help for it but to leave the solution of our knotty question till another time, or to some more successful philosopher; and, slackening our reins, and taking tight hold of our horses' manes, we com-

\* See Danby Seymour's work on the Crimea.



mence the ascent. Up you go, the pliant twigs hitting you sundry smart cuts across the face as you press on, bent well forward, urging on your puffing beast, and listening, not without some misgivings, to the various "Get on, you brutes," accompanied by heavy *thuds*, which, coming from the servants in rear, suggest to your mind frightful visions of wearied and stubborn mules. Nor are you at all relieved by hearing a cry of "Well, I'm hanged if 'Jennie' ain't been and gone and lied down." Sticks, whips, spurs, and threats were brought into play with redoubled vigour, and at last "Jennie" (a great, big, obstinate, heavy-laden mule, by-the-way) reluctantly rises, and once more plods upwards with her tremendous load.

Not far, however, does she proceed, but once more wearied and brutally stubborn, she repeats the performance of lying down, and this time alike defies blows, abuse, caresses, and threats.

There was no help for it but to unload her, and, as we were near the top of the hill, divide her load among the other beasts of burden, and get it up as best we might. After a great deal of puffing, blowing, pulling of ropes, swearing at restive buckles, breaking of finger-nails, and the like, we succeeded in removing "Jennie's" pack. No sooner did she find herself free, than, with a sagacity totally at variance with all received traditions on the subject of mules in general, she jumped up, gave one kick, and dived off into the very thickest of the wood.

The half unscrewed tops of sherry-flasks were hastily replaced, and, *nolens volens*, in we dive after her, tumbling over roots, running against brambles of the most prickly nature, terribly hot, proportionally thirsty, and utterly oblivious of all recent philosophical reflections, grinding our teeth as we mentally ejaculate, "How we *will* pitch into that infernal mule when we *do* catch her." However, "Jennie" is caught at last, and in "consideration of past services," she is let off easily, with a tolerable percentage of abuse, by which, *mirabile dictu*, she appeared totally unmoved.

All things must have an end, and we at last discovered that our hill had a summit, which we eventually succeeded in attaining. "Off packs, out pipes, 'baccy, and sherry-flasks," was the order of the day, and the fine view, the welcome rest, the long-looked-for draught of sherry, and the proud consciousness of having accomplished a feat which threw Mont Blanc and its adventurous tourists completely into the shade, almost repaid us for our past exertions.

Lazily we reclined at length and dozed, while our beasts eagerly devoured the rich grass and a small meal of corn which we provided for them. After what we considered a sufficient pause, it became necessary to consult our map, our compass, and the surrounding country, to endeavour to discover where "the dickens" we were. However, it was with some difficulty that we did so.

Luckily, we had some notion of what Tchoufout-Kaleh "looked" like. This enabled us, after a great deal of trouble, to arrive at the satisfactory conclusion that we had come "all wrong."

To retrace our steps would be both unpleasant and unprofitable. Some agreed that we would follow the narrow pathway till we got "somewhere." Carried *nem. con.* Our horses were soon re-saddled, the packs put on afresh, spite of "Jennie's" significant shrugs and gestures of dissent, and ere long we found ourselves once more plodding on our way.

After a great deal of pushing through bushes, following treacherous

tracks into *cule-de-sac*, winding round hills, and seeing Tchoufout-Kaleh from innumerable points of view, we at last found ourselves overlooking one of the most beautiful valleys that God ever made, or man beheld.

This valley was of vast extent, watered by the Belbec, which flowed across it, and its numerous tributaries flowing into it.

Hill and dale, tree and flower, river and brook, house and hamlet, none were wanting to complete the entrancing view which now broke upon us. It is impossible to attempt to describe the sensations produced by this magnificent *coup d'œil*, and my thoughts involuntarily reverted to the "Happy Valley," mentioned in the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. Reader! have you ever come suddenly upon some magnificent picture, or some splendid work of art? If so, you may have felt as though, for a time, your breath was suspended, while, after turning round to all who are with you to call their attention to the general effect, you proceed to dwell in silent rapture on all its beauties in detail. Should this ever have been your lot, you may, perhaps, form an idea of our feelings on this occasion.

For more than a year we had been living in a treeless, dreary, barren camp, and we found ourselves, as it were by magic, gazing on such a landscape as it seldom falls to the lot of mortal to behold. Emerging from a thick wood, we suddenly beheld this lovely valley of many miles in extent; across it ran, dancing and glittering in the sun, the little stream of the Belbec, along whose banks appeared at intervals, through the trees, straggling Tartar villages, or isolated cottages. High, but gracefully sloping and finely wooded hills, enclosed the valley on all sides, except where a rocky opening allowed the Belbec to pass murmuring through. Here and there the plain was partitioned off in gardens, or fields, dotted by cattle, tended by the picturesque Tartar boy. Elsewhere were thick orchards, while in another place the soil was untouched and virgin, and Nature showed herself in all her primeval loveliness. Over all this the sun shed a flood of mellow light, which served to make the picture still more beautiful. It certainly was a charming sight, and one which all who have seen must agree with me in extolling. At last, satisfied with gazing on it—if satisfied we could be—we urged on our horses, descended the hill, and made for the nearest village.

Entering the straggling street of ill-built, one-storied houses, which is dignified by the name of "village," we were surrounded by a quaint group of inquisitive, round-faced, small-eyed, loose-breeched Tartars, who gazed at us with much the same sort of feelings that we in England look at a performance of "Punch and Judy," or a dancing bear.

With the help of a vocabulary, we made them understand that a little *sud* (milk) would be acceptable, and in a few minutes a glorious bowl was produced, into which we dipped our parched lips.

We then, by dint of signs, shrugs, and Anglo-Tartar words, discovered that the name of the village was Kokoluz (or, as it is called in the map, Kololus), and this place we discovered to be many a long mile to the eastward of our intended route.

As it was getting late, we thought it best to push on to the Belbec, and there make our camp; but, owing to our being detained a considerable time by some refractory and not very polite Cossacks, we were unable to get beyond Enisala, a village about a couple of miles from the river.

We picked out a nice grassy spot, took off our packs, and let the

beasts graze at their leisure. Pitching our two tents, making a fire, boiling water, &c. &c., occupied us for some time. At last, all was arranged: our horses were made fast to neighbouring trees, and were busily engaged eating the long, rich grass; the tents were pitched; the saddles, corn, &c., conveyed into them for security sake; the kettle began to send forth a pleasant hissing sound, suggestive of cups of tea and hot grog, while our "inner man" craved lustily for something to eat.

To throw a few spoonfuls of tea into the boiling water—to open a tin of preserved meat—to cut off huge slices of the "staff of life" from the loaves we had brought with us—to boil the *yoomoorta* (eggs) which we had purchased from the Tartars,—all these operations were but the work of a few minutes, and ere long we were merrily eating our dinner, tea, or supper (call it what you please), much to the edification of about a hundred curious Cossacks, and a fair sprinkling of Tartars.

Reader! doubtless you have been to many a pic-nic; doubtless, after a long ride, or drive, you have seen with satisfaction the white cloth spread upon the soft green grass, and on it placed the cold chicken, the dainty "weal and 'am," the tall champagne bottle, the fatter, stumpier Guinness or Bass; you have doubtless taken your seat, after the usual amount of fidgeting, flirting, and laughing, between two fair young girls, who, drawing off their gloves, display (perfectly unconsciously, of course) soft white hands, into which you hasten to place (with an *empressement* not unobserved by the dear, fat mamma) various delicate morsels for conveyance to the pretty, smiling mouth; bright eyes have looked laughingly at you as the sparkling champagne flowed faster, while your poor heart became almost audible in its attempts to escape from its prison and place itself at the disposal of a fair mistress.

All this is very pleasant, very pleasant indeed; nor is the enjoyment at all lessened by the fact of "that fool — going and sitting right down in that delicious black-currant tart," and spoiling his white trousers, not to speak of his ride home being decidedly a case of "making a pain of a pleasure."

These and other minor incidents, such as the entire absence of corkscrews, and a lamentable scarcity of salt, all contributed their quota to the general fund of amusement, and you have gone home to think and talk only of that "jolly pic-nic" for many days to come.

With the recollection of all this fresh in your memory, you will, perchance, read with some contempt of our frugal meal, consisting of a very big, aristocratic Bologna sausage, some preserved meat, bread, and tea, and, oh! we did not forget the salt; and as for corkscrews, we did not want them. "But," I hear you say, "no pretty faces were there to cheer your meal; besides, you had to drink your tea out of tin mugs without handles, which got so hot you could not hold them; then, you know, there were all sorts of other discomforts, so your meal must have been dented mild after all." Not so; there was a charm in all this "roughing it"—there was an indescribable pleasure in feeling yourself free—there was a rude romance about the beautiful scenery and the strange outlandish spot we were in, which gave to our humble meal a novelty which was far from unpleasant; and, in spite of your sneers, O pic-nic frequenter! I tell you confidently that we were as merry a party as any that ever assembled beneath the shade of my Lord So-and-So's park trees, or by the side of the Marquis of This-and-That's magnificent lake.

Our dinner over, we lit our pipes, and lying down on our waterproof sheets, with our saddles for our pillows (they were *rather* hard, by-the-way), we talked lazily over the events of the day; nor was this evening *dolce far niente* the least enjoyable part of our day's performance. It was necessary to keep a guard over the horses, as the prowling Cossacks were just as likely to appropriate one of our horses for their own use as not; and, accordingly, we divided the night into watches, ourselves and our servants mounting sentry each in his turn.

Nothing particular occurred during the night, unless I mention the numerous visits of the ever-vigilant Cossacks, who seemed to be possessed with an extraordinary longing for English horses: *they* said they only wanted "*rom*" (rum). Spite of the hard, damp ground—spite of the but moderately comfortable saddle-pillow—spite of the cold and the scantiness of my covering—spite of the discomfort of sleeping in one's clothes—I slept soundly and well that night—such sleep as only a thoroughly tired man can enjoy.

The following morning we rose wonderfully early, barely rested from the labours of the day before. We strolled lazily and shivering in the cold early morning through the tall grass, wet with a heavy dew, down to the little stream which flowed close to our camp, and, dipping our heads therein, performed our ablutions, which at once awoke us, and opened our still half-closed eyes.

Not long did we shiver and shake with cold, for soon after this the sun rose in all his splendour, and the heat became intense; and earnestly did we long for a continuance of the cool morning, as we puffed and panted with the exertion of striking tents, packing up pots and pans, &c.

At last all was ready, corn sacks were tied up, and the packs were on our mules; and, jumping into our saddles, we once more started on our journey. We crossed the Belbec at Fot-Sala; and then, turning to the left, we kept down its right bank.

This portion of our ride was most beautiful, and the scenery was grander than anything I had previously seen.

Even by comparison with the lovely valley in which we had passed the night, the scenery on the banks of the river did not appear to suffer; but we admired the beautiful Belbec as it ran rapidly on between high wooded hills, past peaceful villages, half hid in shady nooks; here its stream widening as it trickled over its pebbly bed, there making a rapid turn as it almost disappeared under some overhanging bank, with tall poplars growing beside it, and the abundant vegetation everywhere. I say, we admired this even more than the magnificent view which we feasted our eyes upon as we looked down on the valley of Kokoluz on the glorious summer evening of the day before.

About two hours' riding brought us to the village of Albat, where, in answer to our inquiries, an old Tartar informed us we must turn to our right; doing so, we find the scene changes, and, instead of riding beside the glistening, sparkling, dancing Belbec, follow a narrow bridle-path through thick groves of hazel-trees.

A tendency to cut "gibbies," after the manner of Mr. Joggiebury Cawdry, here exhibited itself, and numerous were the halts as one or the other of us saw a "likely-looking stick."

After some miles of this sort of riding, we arrived at a little village called Pitcha, on the river Katcha, and here we halted; and, letting our

horses feed, we, nothing loth, sought the welcome shade of some trees, and regaled ourselves with pipes, sherry, and biscuit, evidently objects of curiosity to some dull-looking Tartars.

There are some strong Russian batteries in this neighbourhood, sweeping almost every pathway; these were placed, I suppose, with the intention of checking any advance we might attempt to make along the Katcha. The village of Pitcha is in ruins, and looks dreary and desolate in the extreme.

At last, having reposed for a reasonable time, we replaced the packs, took a last draught of the water of the Katcha, remounted our nags, and rode onward. We kept up the right bank of the Katcha, as far as an old village called Tartar-Koi, where we again struck off towards Tchoufout-Kaleh. After leaving the Katcha, the country becomes less beautiful, from an almost total absence of trees; and this struck us all the more, from the fact of our ride hitherto having been through the most luxuriantly wooded country. The change of scenery in this respect is very striking, and apparently unaccountable.

It was with some difficulty that we hit off the high road leading from Baktchi-Sarai to the south coast; this accomplished, however, we found the rest of our route plain-sailing enough. The road runs into the valley in which Baktchi-Sarai is situated, through a narrow gorge, overlooked by steep, precipitous rocks, which called forth the admiration of one of our servants, who cried out in a decided tone, as he looked up their perpendicular sides, "I don't believe there's any rocks in the world higher nor thim." We didn't deceive him, but we thought of the old proverb, "Where ignorance is bliss," &c. &c., and wisely held our tongues; so we rode merrily on, the high rocks appearing to open and uprear their lofty crests to let us pass, and we entered a beautiful valley, with a few old houses, the suburbs of Baktchi-Sarai scattered about, and the remains of some very, very old Tartar graveyards, almost hidden in the long grass, but here and there the carved and, perchance, painted top of a tombstone revealing some one's last resting-place on earth. High up on the cliffs to your left is situated the ancient Jewish town of Tchoufout-Kaleh, looking lonely and desolate, typical of its ancient inhabitants.\*

The name Tchoufout-Kaleh signifies "City of the Jews," and for many, many long years it has been inhabited by a peculiar race of this scattered people—a race called Karaim (or Scripturist) Jews. These Jews say they took no part in the crucifixion of our Saviour, and from time immemorial they have enjoyed peculiar privileges, and have always borne the highest character for honesty and fair dealing. They are exempt from conscription, and their chief rabbi is, *on dit*, the greatest man in the Crimea next to the commander-in-chief. For a full and interesting account of this race I must refer the reader to Danby Seymour's admirable book on the Crimea, whence, indeed, I obtained all my information on the subject. The town of Tchoufout-Kaleh was originally called Kirkor, or Kirkhor, and until the Khans moved their court to Baktchi-Sarai it was the capital of the Crimea.

It is only entered by one road, viz., the one which joins the road running to the south coast (of course I do not include all the narrow

\* Kalah is a fort. Tchufud, or Jufud, is a Turkish corruption of the Arabic juhud, a term applied to infidels, from "juhd," denying. Tchufud-Kalah is, therefore, "Fort of the Infidels, or Jews."—Kn.

footpaths which lead to it). The gates are, in conformity with the custom of olden times, always closed at sunset. On one side of the high rocky spur on which Tchoufout-Kaleh is situated lies the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which has for years been the burial-place of the Jews, and some of the gravestones are of the earliest ages. We did not visit this interesting spot, not having time, and being thoroughly wearied with our day's ride, but I knew pretty well what it was like from the description of other tourists, who flocked there like pilgrims, and generally came away rather disappointed.

We encamped beneath the shelter of the steep rocks which form the natural fortifications of Tchoufout-Kaleh, and in the valley which had originally contained the garden and palace of Achelama, built by the Khan Krim Geray. We could have hardly wished for, and probably never have obtained, a more interesting spot for an encampment. In one of the most extraordinary valleys in the world, overhung by gigantic cliffs, the wonderful little town of Tchoufout-Kaleh, with all its scriptural reminiscences, above us; the ancient city of Baktchi-Sarai, with all the traditionary interest attached to its name, a short way from us; and, independently of the beauty of the scenery, the novelty of our position, the prattle of ragged children in an unknown tongue—a Tartar *patois*—the earnest hospitality with which they ever and anon started off to fetch us a gratefully received bowl of thickened milk, and many other minor incidents,—all contributed to interest, excite, and amuse us.

While on watch that night many and various were the thoughts which entered my head.

Visions of Geray Khan, and Gengis Khan the Terrible, with long retinues of armed and savage Tartars, as they entered this valley flushed with the pride of conquest, welcomed home by the bright eyes and glad-some glances of the inmates of their harems, flitted past me. I saw them as though in a picture, and as I looked up in the bright moonlight, and beheld the rugged outline of the high rocks, an involuntary feeling of respect for every stone, and bush, and tree which had seen such strange and ancient sights, came over me.

I saw—in that pleasant fable-land in which one spends so many happy hours—I saw Baktchi-Sarai: not as it is now, with its dull, dirty streets, but in all the grandeur of opulence and wealth. I saw the palace of the Khans: not as it is now, faded and deserted, but brilliant with pretty faces, and gold, and gems, and happiness.

I saw—always in that same happy fable-land—Tchoufout-Kaleh: not as it is now, with its desolate appearance, with the rooks and magpies cawing over it as though lamenting its former grandeur, but the Tchoufout-Kaleh of an age gone by, with its numerous rabbis and sage and learned Jews, who perchance looked forward then to brighter and happier days, but who, as years rolled on, and these dreams of renewed grandeur became dispelled, and their name became a “by-word, a reproach, and a scorn” in men's mouths, must indeed have felt that they were deserted by their God. Mine was a pleasant watch, for, undisturbed by the croaking of thousands of frogs, which caused our horses to snort and jump, these thoughts flitted through my mind; and it was almost with regret that, when relieved from my post, I exchanged these pleasant cogitations for uneasy slumbers and confused dreams of khans and Jews, rabbis, palaces, beautiful women, and Valleys of Jehoshaphat.

## THE TAKING OF THE WASPS' NEST.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM JAYNE.

A PEEBLE at the window-pane—  
 A summer's morning—four o'clock—  
 I wake—I am a boy again—  
 I hear the brave old village cock,  
 Upon the hay-cart near the pound,  
 Shouting defiance all around.

Bravo! I poke my head outside,  
 Ah, there they stand, dear friends of old!  
 I view them with a boyhood's pride.  
 What, though Time's stormy tide has rolled,  
 And heaped its sorrows on my head?  
 Again with me you are, though numbered with the dead.

I see them, ruddy-visaged boys—  
 Strange, that a frill and pinafore,  
 And hobnail boots and corduroys,  
 Should touch one's heart so to the core!  
 I see them—Bob, and Jack, and Bill—  
 With grinning mouth and merry eyes;  
 I hear them say, Beneath the hill  
 The wasps' nest is to be our prize;  
 And bid me haste and dress, and go  
 And lead them onward to the foe.

All right—I creep soft down the stairs,  
 Unlatch the door, and take my stand;  
 And though my hand no baton bears,  
 Marshal my small heroic band.  
 Armed with the hazel branch alone,  
 They march to torture swift and sure,  
 They march to joys, also, unknown  
 But to the offspring of the poor;  
 The joy which from the humblest things  
 Unceasing and unbounded springs.

The world is scarce awake—all seems  
 So quiet, so intensely still,  
 The sun's bright sea-washed virgin beams  
 Play only on the distant hill;  
 The flowers which bend beneath our tread,  
 Are slumbering and half opened;  
 The lark has scarce begun to rise.  
 The giant firs we see afar,  
 So shadowless and outlined are,  
 They seem like pasteboard 'gainst the skies.  
 The winds have even held their breath,  
 And morning stands 'twixt life and death.

Thus with the poet's soul which takes,  
 Sometimes inspired a heavenly flight,  
 And through its fleshy bondage breaks,  
 Attracted by celestial light,

Though earthly grandours pass away,  
 In vain th' enraptured spirit tries  
 To grasp the everlasting day,  
 Which far above salutes its eyes,  
 And trembling on its venturous wings,  
 Desponding, blest, divinely sings.

Down the deep-rutted verdant lanes  
 We skip and scamper, leap and laugh,  
 While our rejoicing hearts and veins  
 The luscious streams of pleasure quaff,  
 Until at length we make a stand,  
 Agree, and plant the right foot fair,  
 And at the instant of command,  
 Rush as young racers through the air.  
 Oh ! joy of joys, what equals this,  
 Ye who run up and down the world,  
 Still seeking, but ne'er finding bliss,  
 Who ever back on self are hurled ?  
 Go, leave your glitter and your care,  
 Be rustic, youth, for bliss is there.

The finger-post upon the road  
 Which skirts the common, is our aim ;  
 There neck to neck, as steeds of blood  
 We come with equal fame ;  
 Then through the prickly furze we creep,  
 And start the cony and the hare,  
 Which from their grassy coverts leap,  
 And up the hill-side madly tear.  
 The blackbird in the hedge hard by  
 Is watching us with anxious eye,  
 For well he knows that rascal Bob  
 Thinks it no crime a nest to rob.  
 And oftentimes among the green  
 His little pilfering hand has seen ;  
 But Blackee, let your heart be gay,  
 For Bob has other joys to-day.

Now from afar we hear the hum—  
 The martial music of our foe  
 In fancy trumpeting. They come !  
 Get your stings sharpened there below ;  
 Bring up our valiant skirmishers—  
 Our men of triple mail and might,  
 See that your poison-bags are full ;  
 Get all things ready for the fight,  
 And let our golden herald shout  
 Our stern defiance round about.

Vain boasters ! e'en almost as vain  
 As man, whose tongue knows no control ;  
 Your stores we have resolved to gain.  
 And what shall daunt the dauntless soul ?  
 Down by your nest a while we leave  
 Our leafy weapons, which anon  
 Shall teach your braggart mouths to grieve,  
 When we have put our armour on.  
 Gauntlets and vizors, though not rich,  
 Are rare, the mud of yonder ditch.



But ere we mail, a tempting fiend  
 Whispers that ditch is not so wide;  
 And though success your steps attend,  
 You cannot take it at a stride.  
 One moment, and across I spring,  
 And safely land, while Bob and Joe  
 Fall short, as if on broken wing,  
 And plunge into the mud below,  
 Whence by the heels we pull them quick,  
 And scrape them with a piece of stick.  
 Well, never yet were knights of old  
 In tourney suits so ready drest;  
 Come, let us storm this robber hold,  
 Disasters give brave spirits zest.  
 And so with these, for now they seize  
 Their hazel boughs with fiercest grip,  
 And leaping down right valiant grown,  
 Their angry vig'rous blows let slip.  
 The while around, above their heads  
 Myself and Jack our branches swing,  
 Lest as the envenomed danger spreads,  
 Some warrior wasp our heroes sting;  
 Though now and then a twitch we feel  
 Ourselves, which show we are not steel.  
 As from the winnow husks ascend,  
 Blown by continuous blasts on high,  
 So now determined to defend,  
 The wasps at their invaders fly.  
 With heads bent down, and burring wings,  
 They rush and point their angry stings;  
 And if our boasted courage fail,  
 If we to danger should turn tail,  
 Nor muddy helm, or heels of speed,  
 Which are so nimble in disgrace,  
 Nor Hope, on which great cowards feed,  
 Can save us from the fiery chase.  
 This is no war of courtesy,  
 But to the death must battled be.  
 Therefore, my doughty Bob and Joe,  
 Spare not the well-directed blow;  
 No matter though the dust may rise,  
 And fill our mouths, nose, ears and eyes;  
 Far better dust their portion be  
 Than heroes lose a victory—  
 Far better than the boys at home  
 Should see us empty-handed come,  
 Or that a thrashing be in store  
 For us if we get stung all o'er.  
 But softly,—softly, hearts of gold,  
 I see your arms begin to tire;  
 Now Jack, my friend, be firm and bold,  
 Make ready, 'tis our turn to fire.  
 Then in we rush amid the cloud,  
 And spread destruction far and nigh,  
 And cast the dying and the dead,  
 Whirling above our heads on high,  
 Until disheartened by defeat  
 The foe into their nest retreat.

Then hide ye quick, my gallant friends,  
 And leave me here the rest to do;  
 For danger our last thrust attends,  
 And needs be, let the strongest rue.  
 Down with your heads amid the heath—  
 Come there, no peeping, fairly hide,  
 Let every head be sunk beneath  
 The verdure of that old hill-side.

'Tis well, then in my hand I take  
 The stout and ready sharpened stake;  
 With one huge delve the bank is riven,  
 And out the wasps rush up to heaven.  
 There as a blight awhile they hang,  
 Uncertain where they shall descend;  
 The while into the hollow oak  
 I creep and watch each prostrate friend,  
 Who, well admonished midst the heath,  
 Lies there extended still as death.

Oh, breathless moment! if they come  
 Down with their vengeance on those boys,  
 And rush with retributive ire  
 Beneath their muddy corduroys.  
 My Heavens! how Bob will run and cry—  
 How Jack will leap into the sky;  
 And Joe, that brave heroic soul,  
 How he will roar, and stamp, and roll,  
 And what a thrashing I shall gain,  
 Who led them to such wretched pain.

I watch, when swift as eagles stoop,  
 The venom'd cloud bends down afar;  
 I hear amid the lanes a whoop,  
 I know those voices whose they are.  
 Our little playmates, who have crept  
 Behind us and have watched the fight,  
 Are homeward now in terror swept,  
 And to the village take their flight;  
 While we victorious seize the comb,  
 And, sharing, hasten with it home.

And would you know its worth, go ask  
 The roach, the dace, inquire of all  
 Who in the sunny waters bask,  
 From big-mouthed carp to stidling small,  
 And they will tell you that their love  
 Is comb of wasp all things above.

And would you do a kindly act,  
 Ye philanthropic, godlike men,  
 Whose charity is sterling fact—  
 Who seek not praise from earthly pen?  
 Let every little child be led  
 From its vile court and alley drear,  
 To wander sometimes where are spread  
 The scenes which I have pictured here;  
 Be sure though they no nest may take,  
 They will far better beings make.

## GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell me of the players.—SHAKESPEARE.

I.—WILLIAM FARREN.

ON opening the doors of a new exhibition, it is usual to offer a few introductory words. Custom, therefore—which is said to be stronger than philosophy—sanctions, in this instance, a preliminary remark. We remember well the pleasure derived by Charles Lamb—the quaint, yet loving Elia—from a visit paid by him to the Theatrical Gallery of the late Charles Mathews, at Highgate; the portraits in which, he told us, gave him such refreshed memories, as he looked upon countenances he had so often in dreams stretched and strained after. There hung the players in their single persons and in grouped scenes, justifying the prejudices which we entertain for them. The Booths, the Quins, and the Garricks were there, with the Gwynnes, the Bracegirdles, and the Oldfields. In that matchless collection were seen the features of those who had gladdened the theatre in the days of the Restoration, in companionship with the luminaries of a later day. To such a collection we can, of course, make no possible pretension. We need, moreover, the pen with which Elia traced such rich and racy embellishments thereto—the pen that rests with “gentle-hearted Charles” at Edmonton. But though deficient in the limner’s art, we would fain attempt the formation of a Gallery in which may be placed a few portraits of the dramatic celebrities of the present century, embellishing their pictures with the “recollections” of others associated with them in the mimetic art.

There is a peculiar interest attaching to “the players,” and recollections of scenic impressions bring with them remembrances of hours of pleasure, which form a mirthful leaf in our chronicles. Even when the impulse of novelty is gone, and we are wearied with present sights, we can run back in imagination and enjoy those of the past. As the unsophisticated John Bull is ever talking of the “good old times,” so the veteran play-goer clings with affectionate regard to those who delighted him in his youth, when the chosen actor received from him a hero-worship, and his fair favourite was offered a gracefully-wreathed incense. To those who love the player’s art, gratifying theme is this retrospect of the drama, with a renewed peep into some of its old haunts. Whilst indulging, however, in these remembrances of bygone times, many are apt to place them in too favourable a contrast with the realities of the present. Hence we hear much of the drama’s “palmy” days, and of its present decline. Upon this subject too much has been said, whilst too little has been done to revive the embers of an art, which, whatever be its dormant state, will long retain its vitality, based as it is upon the indestructible principles of human nature.

It cannot be denied that great changes have taken place in things theatrical during the last fifty years—even criticism itself has changed

its tone, and "acting a part" is now "interpreting a rôle." In the earlier years of the present century the drama had its chief home in the two patent theatres. The heaven of Old Drury was then studded with the brightest stars, and the choicest flowers grew wild in the Garden which had erst belonged to the abbots of Westminster. Our theatres were then patronised by the nobles and gentry of the land, and the influence of the stage upon the people at large was considerable. Elevating, instructing, and refined, it was the great moral teacher that it should be. It lightened the heart and diverted the mind, and by the healthful excitement of chastened mirth, awakened some of the best emotions of the soul, for just and elevated sentiments have a powerful influence when assuming a dramatic form. Tradition has handed down to us the reply of Garrick, when asked by a divine how it was that the audience at a theatre could be brought to weep at imaginary woes, while they appeared insensible to the sterner realities of religion. "Why," said the Roscius, "the reason is this: you deliver a truth as if it were a fiction; whilst we deliver a fiction as if it were a truth."

At the time to which we are referring, the same tragedy was enriched with the united exertions of the two Kembles, Cooke, the Siddons, and the Jordan; whilst the Muse of Comedy would excite our risible nerves in the persons of half a company, comprising Lewis, Munden, Fawcett, Liston, Emery, Simmons, &c. To these days of Comedy, with their bright, laughing hours, we shall have occasionally to refer in the progress of our Portrait Gallery. The biography of an actor is a record of his art; and in embellishing our pictures with some of the lights and shadows of bygone times, we may, perhaps, awaken former associations of pleasure, connected with a time when the masquerade dresses of the world looked new, and we went dancing down the maze with a crowd of happy playmates.

With this exordium we uncover the first Illustration in our Gallery, a portrait of WILLIAM FARREN, who achieved an amount of fame which consummate skill in his art only could have brought him.

We never pass through Covent Garden market—designated by Charles Lamb the "Garden of England"—without casting a glance at the church of St. Paul's, favoured with the remains of so many connected with the theatre. Wycherley, the dramatist, for instance, is there, as well as Mrs. Centlivre, who bequeathed us one or two comedies of which we make occasional use; there, too, lie Richard Estcourt, whom Steele praised in the *Spectator*; the facetious Joseph Haines, distinguished in his day by the prefix of "Count;" William Havard, whose epitaph was penned by Garrick; Dr. Arne, of whom we are occasionally reminded by some stray melody; old Macklin, the Nestor of the stage; the incomparable Edwin; Ned Shuter, of whom it was said by Churchill,

He never cared a single pin;  
Whether he left out nonsense or put in;

Gentleman Wilks, whose benevolence watched over the orphan daughters of Farquhar; King, the original *Ogleby* and *Sir Peter Teazle*; Robert Baddeley; honest Michael Kelly; with good old Mrs. Davenport, the attentive *Nurse* to ever so many *Julists*. Stay, there is one name we

have omitted—a name with which we are at present more immediately concerned—it is that of William Farren, who in his day enjoyed much repute as a tragedian, and was long associated with Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Some considerable property was secured by him, but at his death, in 1795, his three sons—Percy, George, and William—were left wards in Chancery. William, whose portrait we now commence, was born in the year 1786, and has consequently reached the threescore years and ten of the Psalmist. On the death of his parent, he was placed under the guardianship of an M.D. of Wolverhampton (Dr. Altree), by whom he was sent for education to Dr. Barrow, head of the somewhat famous Soho Academy. In this establishment there long existed the feature of permitting the pupils the relaxation of acting tragedies and comedies, one of its old masters (Barwis) not merely permitting, but urging and correcting such performances, confessedly to give the scholars a free and unembarrassed manner, and an accurate knowledge of elocution, conceiving the same to be essential to the display of the sound erudition which occupied their studies. From this school several passed to the footlights, the number including Holman—he with the “bright glittering teeth, and the paviour’s sighs in *Romeo*” (*vide* Charles Lamb)—John Fawcett, and Liston; whilst Morton, another pupil, furnished some comedies which the stage gladly received and still occasionally exhibits.

It was in this school that William Farren, when a boy, felt the stirrings of the actor. Quitting the precincts of Soho-square, he commenced the study of the law in the office of Messrs. Clark and Richards, of Chancery-lane. From the legal ranks, however, many have deserted for the camp of Thespis, by whom, in remote times, Melpomene and Thalia were jolted through the Athenian streets in a car, transformed in the present day—according to the facetious Mr. Punch—into a carriage on C springs.

Nor young attorneys have this rage withstood,  
But chang’d their pens for truncheons, ink for blood.

The young hero of our Portrait Gallery was anxious that his name should be enrolled in the list of legal-Thespians. Pondering over the Commentaries of Blackstone was by no means congenial with his youthful thoughts; he had become captive to the allurements of the stage, and, like his father before him, was charmed by its Protean shapes, its changeable pageants of many-coloured life. Occasionally, no doubt, he heard the old tale of the steep ascent of dramatic fame, of the poor Thespian being brought face to face with want. But what was this to his glowing imagination? Did not the strolling player in “*Gil Blas*” soak his dry crust in the fresh spring by the roadside, and was not he pointed out as a perfect picture of human felicity? Thus reasoned our old actor’s son—the stage being to him “a gaudy vision that floated still before him”—and he determined upon connecting himself with the *histrionic* profession, originally so called, according to George Colman, in consequence of the susceptibility of its members to the discordant sound known as a *hiss*, and which is almost certain to penetrate the ear amid a thousand plaudits.

In the course of his dramatic study, William Farren had the advantage of the professional experience of his brother Percy, whose classical

attainments and gentlemanly demeanour must be remembered by many. He had early in life embraced the stage, adopting the line of genteel comedy; after a provincial practice of some years, he appeared at the Haymarket, of which house he was for some time stage-manager, though seldom appearing before the curtain. In 1828 he became stage-director at the unfortunate Brunswick, and narrowly escaped with life upon the sudden destruction of that theatre. Mr. Percy Farren died in 1843.

Aided by the tact and critical experience of his brother, the subject of our portrait was fortunately spared the wearisome years passed by so many in their search for histrionic distinction, the barometer of whose purses insists upon keeping so remarkably low. In the year 1806—half a century since!—he stepped from his comfortable home in the metropolis to the boards of the Plymouth Theatre (of which his brother Percy was manager and part proprietor), his first assumption being that of *Love-gold*, in "The Miser." Notwithstanding his juvenility, his impersonation of avaricious old age was highly effective, and he was greeted with demonstrations of unqualified approbation. The favourable impression thus created was materially increased upon his second appearance, when he sustained the part of *Sir Adam Contest*, in the "Wedding Day." Our young actor, it will here be seen, started for the race in a line of acting to which he consistently adhered, and did not, like so many of his brethren, give his first love to the statelier sister. Liston was one of these, and even in later days thought but little of his efforts in comedy, considering himself to be a misunderstood tragedian. Petrarch, in like manner, despised his Italian verses, which everybody reads, and trusted to his Latin poems, which very few can endure.

At the very threshold of his professional career, William Farren secured the reputation of being an aspirant of great merit. After two years spent at Plymouth, he accompanied his brother to Dublin, in which city he obtained an engagement for the leading old men, and at once secured the favour of the Emeralds. It was in that same theatre of Ireland's capital that the late Charles Mathews served a portion of his apprenticeship, under far less favourable auspices. In 1794 he was a young recruit just enlisted in the Dublin company, and was cast for *Beaufort*, in "The Citizen," the part of *Maria* in the same farce having been selected by Miss Farren during a brief engagement. With dismay the lady beheld the new exhibitor appear in the green-room in a scarlet coat (the only one provided by the theatre for the occasion), and that coat made obviously for a figure a head shorter than the wearer, with a pair of black satin unmentionables scarcely covering the knee. This was the unenviable position of Mathews, at the age of eighteen, playing the lover to an elegant and accomplished woman. The moment he appeared he was met by a shout from the galleries, the wits of the house plying him with their pellets in the shape of "Pat, don't breathe hard, or you'll puff him off the stage!"—"Oh, what a slice of a man! arrah, where's your other half?" Far less than this would have driven many a man from the profession; but in this instance privation was calmly endured, and genius eventually triumphed.

The fortune of physicians was said by Johnson to be so curiously capricious, "that their history would make an excellent book." But

what is the fortune of physicians to that of actors—the fortune of men who take years to rise or to be ruined, to that of men who may do either in a month? Some few may tread their way as lightly as Camilla did the waving corn; but the many have to trudge a road sufficiently toilsome to drive them back from the pursuit of their journey. The difference in these modes of transit is beautifully illustrated by Thomas Hood, in a stanza referring to the rose :

And the other sex, the tender, the fair—  
 What wide reverses of fate are there !  
 Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Balbul rare,  
     In a garden of Gul reposes,  
 Poor Peggy hawks nose-gays from street to street,  
 Till—think of that who find life so sweet—  
     She hates the smell of roses !

From this brief digression we return to the Dublin Theatre, to inquire after William Farren. We find that his time there was most profitably employed, that he was in high favour with the public, by whose fostering smiles his position was rendered exceedingly happy. Rumours of his success now travelled, and an offer of an appearance at the Haymarket was made him, but declined. The Duke of Leinster—a great encourager of merit—next recommended him to the attention of the Drury Lane Committee, and under the auspices of his grace a negotiation was entered into; the terms, however, proposed by our comedian were rejected as being too exorbitant. About this time a series of disturbances took place in the Dublin Theatre—known as the “Dog Row”—arising from the disappointment occasioned by the non-appearance of an interesting four-footed performer. A demand was made for the surrender of the management of the theatre into other hands; this was complied with, and Mr. Farren was saluted with the title of acting-manager, with the full consent of the proprietors and to the satisfaction of the public. The Drury Lane Committee, in the course of the ensuing summer, began to suspect that they had undervalued the talents of our artiste, and offered the terms which they had previously rejected. He had, however, pledged himself to his liberal patrons for a term of three years, and in his turn became the refuser of the metropolitan offer. Being in London in the autumn of 1817, he was introduced to Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre—to whom he had previously been recommended by John Kemble—when an engagement was entered into at 15*l.* per week. He continued, however, with his warm-hearted friends until the 10th of August, 1818, when he took his leave of them in the character of *Lord Ogleby*, being patronised on the occasion by the Lord-Lieutenant, who accompanied his family and the Countess Talbot to the theatre.

On the 10th day of September following, Mr. Farren first appeared upon the Covent Garden boards, as *Sir Peter Teazle*, in the “*School for Scandal*.” This comedy—which has every chance of enduring to the end of theatrical time—was admirably played upon the occasion. Young and Charles Kemble were the two *Surfaces*, supported by Terry, Liston, Blanchard, and Simmons, with Miss Brunton (Mrs. Yates), Mrs. Gibbs, and Miss Foote. The great feature of the night, however, was the new candidate for metropolitan honours, and of surpassing excellence was his impersonation of *Sir Peter*, than which modern acting has rarely exhi-

bited so finished a picture. There was the intoxication of admiration in the survey of his wife, the self-satisfied chuckle when he deemed her his own; and then, with what a helpless manner did he follow her steps, as if by some magnetic influence. Finally, what a contrast was shown between the exuberance of joy in anticipating the detection of *Joseph's* little milliner, and the horror of the surprise which followed the falling of the screen!

The success of Mr. Farren was equal to his most sanguine expectations. Received with universal commendation, he stepped at once into the good graces of the town, and ever kept up the tide of popularity. *Lord Ogleby* was his second character, and this part was followed by *Sir Bashful Constant* and *Sir Anthony Absolute*. The impression created by his first assumption was now confirmed, and his reputation was established. For ten years he continued at Covent Garden, his summer seasons being generally passed at the Haymarket.

Among the many pieces produced at the latter house—to the success of which the talents of Mr. Farren contributed—we may mention "*Paul Pry*," brought forward in September, 1825, and which became a perfect passion. When originally produced, the inquisitive hero was played by Liston, *Colonel Hardy* by Farren, *Wutherton* by Pope, *Harry Stanley* by Mrs. Waylett, *Mrs. Subtle* by Mrs. Glover, and *Phoebe* by Madame Vestris. Time, the great innovator, has been busy in the intervening years, for every name here given—with the solitary exception of him whose portrait we are sketching—has disappeared from the playbill of life!

So fades the mirth of former years.

Covent Garden, in 1828, effected some changes in its management, when Mr. Farren seceded from the establishment, transferring his services to Drury Lane, at which house he first appeared on the 16th of October, as *Sir Peter Teazle*. One of his earliest original characters in his new home was a most characteristic and effective one, that of *Charles the Twelfth*, in Planché's drama of that name, which enjoyed a run of fifty nights. At this period of his career, the subject of our sketch dived once more into the mysteries of his old calling—the law. For the desertion of his colours, the proprietors of Covent Garden entered an action against him, but in the first instance were nonsuited; a second trial, however, realised the "glorious uncertainty," and the proprietors were awarded the palm of victory. Farren's first appearance after these proceedings was at the Haymarket, in June, 1829, in the character of *Sir Simon Slack*, in "*Spring and Autumn*." He was received with marked enthusiasm, and his first words—"I am perplexed with love and law," and "under existing circumstances lawyers must be voted as bores"—were recognised as palpable hits.

Though defeated by his old friends at the Garden, Mr. Farren continued at the rival establishment, passing the vacation, as usual, at the Haymarket. At this summer retreat, in August, 1832, Knowles's play of "*The Hunchback*" was brought forward, our clever artiste being the representative of *Master Walter*, Edmund Kean having declined the offer of fifty pounds per night for twelve performances. Mr. Farren was originally intended for this character when the piece was first offered to



Drury Lane. In consequence, however, of the delay in its production, the play was transferred to Covent Garden, when the talented author himself, James Sheridan Knowles, stepped before the public as the original representative of the part.

Mention of Edmund Kean reminds us that we encountered William Farren at the funeral of that tragedian, on a bright and glowing day in the May of 1833. Richmond had received some thousands of visitors, and real mourners were in that crowded but silent throng. Motley had thrown aside his cap and bells, and the "merrie rogue" exhibited a face painted with sorrow. At the grave of the erring genius there were manifestations of grief on all. It was seen in the bronzed face of Sheridan Knowles; nor was it less visible in the countenance of Macready, Farren, Braham, Harley, Ducrow, and others who stood around. After the interment, an anthem was given in the church, and so crowded was the edifice that egress therefrom was effected with difficulty. A comedian, who had been almost lifted from his feet by the pressure, ultimately reached the church door. Having recovered his breath, which had been nearly suspended in the effort, he exclaimed, "And so this is the last we shall ever see of Ned Kean. Poor fellow!" continued he, after a pause, brushing off a tear which was seen trickling down his cheek, "he has drawn a full house, though, to the last!"

At the Haymarket, new wreaths were constantly being won by Mr. Farren, in those little home comedies at that time peculiar to this house. In Buckstone's "Uncle John," for instance, he made a great hit, exhibiting every point that a ludicrous imagination could picture of a gentleman of sixty, everlastingly proclaiming his juvenility of constitution. *Nicholas Flam* and *Uncle Foozle* were at this time (1833) added to his *repertoire*; whilst a new feather was added to his plume by his performance of *Item*, in "The Steward," in which character the discovery of his hoarded treachery drew forth touches of acting which Edmund Kean might have envied. In 1838 Mr. Farren succeeded Liston at the Olympic, having enrolled himself under the clever generalship of Madame Vestris.

The subject of our portrait was now enthroned among the sovereigns of his profession, and by his subject playgoers was deemed one of the lions of the metropolis.

Such lions tread not Afric's coasts,  
As those prolific London boasts.

In his kingly state he was enabled to make his own laws with managers, and many were the curious whispers heard of terms required, of provisos introduced into articles of agreement. In one item, however, he was probably outdone by Fanny Elssler, when negotiating with an American manager for an engagement. The fair star of the ballet required five hundred dollars a night. The manager said, "No, I will give you half the house and a place in heaven." "I can't take him," said the graceful Fanny; "I cannot take less than five hundred dollars and a seat in de oder place."

From the Olympic, Mr. Farren went with Madame Vestris to his old quarters, Covent Garden. Here he played *Sir Peter* to the *Lady Teazle* of the fair lessee, *Peacock* to her *Lucy Lockit*, &c. "The Rivals" was likewise brought forward, the characters being dressed by Madame ac-

cording to the standard that prevailed in the year 1774, and nothing could be more perfect to the pattern. Farren was, of course, the testy *Sir Anthony*, and the Vestris herself was *Lydia Languish*.

Mr. Farren next formed a durable connexion with Webster at the Hay-market, where he appeared in many of the sterling English comedies, supported by his old ally Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nisbett, Strickland, and other favourites, when some of the spirit of an earlier day seemed revived, so refreshing were the viands presented. At this house, in November, 1843, our favoured comedian played the centenarian in Mark Lemon's interesting piece of "Old Parr," in which he exhibited the highest possible excellence in his portraiture of senility. The attraction, however, with which he invested the piece was brought to a close by his being suddenly attacked by paralysis during one of the performances. As subsequently described by himself, a chilliness came over the region of his heart, when his limbs gradually deadened and refused to perform their wonted office; a dimness next came over his vision, when all around him became confused and obscure. He was observed by those near him to sink into a chair with an uncommon degree of tremor; the cause was immediately apparent, and the curtain fell amidst the loudly-expressed sympathy of the entire house. Being promptly conveyed to his dressing-room, medical aid was obtained, and he was enabled to be removed to his residence at Brompton.

The distressing effects of this calamity happily yielded to judicious treatment, and Mr. Farren was enabled to proceed to Brighton, where he sojourned for a few months, deriving considerable advantage from its bracing atmosphere. In May, 1844, he was sufficiently restored to resume his professional duties, when the stage exchanged its forebodings for sincere satisfaction, and right heartily welcomed back one of its chief ornaments. *Sir Peter Teazle* was the selected character, and we need not say that his restoration gave unqualified satisfaction to the public, who received their long-tried favourite with great enthusiasm. After his return, Mr. Farren, in addition to several original characters, played *Sir Francis Gripe*, in Mrs. Centlivre's revived comedy of the "Busy Body," in which Madame Vestris played *Miranda*, and Charles Mathews *Marplot*. In 1846, Charlotte Cushman startled the town by her impassioned portraiture of *Meg Merrilies*, in "Guy Mannering;" whilst the effect produced by the subject of our illustration, in the part of the *Dominie*, likewise was "prodigious!"

In 1849 Mr. Farren became the lessee of the little bandbox of a theatre known as the Strand, where, again, with Mrs. Glover, he appeared in several fine old comedies, affording a pleasure as refined as it was gratifying. In the year 1851—when the world was hastening to the Exhibition of Glass in Hyde Park,

A rare pavilion—such as man  
Saw never since mankind began—

the subject of our portrait was the lessee of the Olympic Theatre. Though frequently appearing before the public, the effect of his paralytic seizure was painfully apparent. "The strongest eagle will weary on the wing," and he of whom we write was now seen with step insecure and utterance indistinct, realising the position described by Matthew Prior:

The man in graver tragic known  
 (Though his last part long since was done)  
 Still on the stage desires to tarry ;  
 And he who played the harlequin,  
 After the jest, still leads the scene,  
 Unwilling to retire though weary.

But though his wish to act survived his physical capability, and he failed to withdraw whilst yet his voice had power, there was occasionally seen some flash of the old fire, which brought back memories of rich artistic excellence. Mr. Farren's latest performances were given at the Olympic, where his career virtually closed, though two years elapsed before it formally terminated.

The farewell performance of Mr. Farren was announced for Monday, the 16th of July, 1855, at the Haymarket Theatre, which was crowded on the occasion by an audience loud in its grateful enthusiasm, and anxious to do honour to an artist from whom it had derived so much rational enjoyment. The programme of the evening was a miscellaneous one, framed to bring within its limits as great an array as possible of histrionic talent; and, as a parting tribute of respect, artistes from several establishments volunteered their services. Mr. Farren himself appeared in a fragment—the toilet scene of *Lord Ogleby*, in the “*Clandestine Marriage*”—and on his entrance was received with every demonstration which a delighted audience could possibly make. At the closing of the act a brief pause ensued, when the curtain was again raised, and exhibited the retiring favourite, surrounded by a host of professional friends. Helen Faucit was there, paying to him graceful attention; whilst the veteran Harley, in the enthusiasm of the scene, flung his arms around the neck of his departing brother. The audience were not silent during this impressive leave-taking. Every means that could be devised were seized upon to give zest to this farewell token. Voice and hand tried their relative powers of sound, and hat and handkerchief were energetically waved. The rising of a house, followed by a scene like this, is an event, the remembrance of which the longest life can scarcely efface. Upon the occasion in question, the curtain was raised a second time in obedience to a general wish, and the scene in part repeated, when the last look was taken of William Farren as an actor.

In preparing the colours for this portrait, and in refreshing our memory with some of the details essential to its true features, we have been much impressed with the great loss the stage has sustained since William Farren first stepped upon the metropolitan boards. Less than forty years have elapsed, and yet how often has the tinkling bell of the prompter been exchanged for one of a more solemn sound! Here is a list of fifty, who in their day well maintained the “cunning o’ the scene,” but who, in the space mentioned, have been swept from the stage of life: John Bannister, Mathews, Liston, Munden, Blanchard, John and Stephen Kemble, Charles Kemble and the Siddons, Kean, Young, Elliston, Emery, Fawcett, Wroughton, Wewitzer, Gattie, Braham, Ingleton, Jones, Knight, Power and Edton (buried in the waves), John Johnstone, Henry Johnston, Simmons, Quick, Downton, Samuel Russell, Wrench, Warde, Egerton, Terry, Yates, Oxberry, Strickland, and John Reeve; whilst from the fairer ranks have been taken Catalani and Sontag, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Orger,

Mrs. Harlowe, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Liston, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Bartley, Mrs. Glover, and the Vestris. This list could be considerably extended, but is sufficient to exhibit the blight that has fallen upon the dramatic bloom. From this sad record of the final exit of so many "who erst had wiled a tedious hour," we turn to the consideration of the merits of William Farren, whose likeness we have attempted to draw.

It has been confidently asserted by some writers that acting has gradually declined from the time of Shakspeare. Burbage, Lowin, Taylor, and Kempe, are said to have as much surpassed Hart, Lacy, Mohun, Shatteral, and Clen, who succeeded, as they, in their turn, did Betterton, Booth, and the actors of their time. Quin, say these critics, was as inferior to Booth, as Kemble was to Quin. Macklin himself said that Garrick, in *Sir Harry Wildair*, was not equal to Wilks; whilst Foote maintained that Macklin's *Lovegold* was not comparable to Shuter's. Mrs. Siddons, even, was deemed by veteran playgoers as inferior in dignity to Mrs. Yates. These traditions of vanished perfections, however, must be received with caution. Without subscribing to the doctrine, there is every reason to suppose that the early actors were deservedly celebrated. Good writing demands good acting, and where are we to look for such powerful and original delineation of character as in the works of Shakspeare, Massinger, Jonson, Ford, and Chapman? We have proof, moreover, in some passages in "Hamlet," that some of our early actors evinced a surprising degree of talent. The theatre itself at that time was favoured with no external splendour, and the want of attraction of an accessory nature may have rendered greater care necessary in the essentials. When Shakspeare burst upon the town in the full plenitude of his own power and genius, the upholsterer was not engaged in the decoration of the scene. In those days of the unadorned drama, the naked room of the theatre had rough blankets hung for curtains, and yet that room became "a field for monarchs." Probably, then, of the actors it may be said, there were "giants in the land." As the stage, however, is a mirror of the times, it must partake of imperfections as well as merits, and styles of acting, as well as plays themselves, go out of date.

In the days of our grandfathers, *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Lord Ogleby* had no adequate representative but King. According, however, to present notions, it is doubtful whether we shall ever see those characters as they have been presented to us by William Farren, who may be termed a relic of bygone times. Last of the sterling old school of actors, our artiste realised every notion the present generation could form of some of the most eminent of his predecessors. In the course of his successful career, he received the highest honours awarded to his art, and was long hailed as one of the most finished actors that ever appeared on the English stage. From his professional youth up to his ripened celebrity he was devoted to the impersonation of old age, and with singular fidelity exhibited the peculiar traits of senility. In this branch of his art mention may be made of his great excellence in illustrating the venerable imbecilities of *Uncle Fozzie*, beyond which, however, he tottered in his portraiture of *Old Parr*. With a sensible conception of his author, he was almost invariably correct in his impersonations, with a manner quiet but

energetic. Disregarding the conventionalities of the stage, many of his delineations were models of English acting; and if he sometimes fell short of this excellence, it was owing to his having set up too high a standard in many of his own achievements, to leave us always satisfied with what he did.

Although adhering to one department, William Farren exhibited therein an amount of versatility, his characters being marked by strong individuality, as well as by vigour and artistic effect. With an infinite variety of manner, and a "make up" not to be surpassed, into his various enactments was thrown a due discrimination of shades, with minute and delicate touches. He was not an actor of impulse, and his manner at times appeared hard and his tones unvaried. You missed in his assumptions the geniality which is said to have distinguished his predecessor King, as well as the pathos and spontaneity of Dowton, and the broad humour of Munden; but he had wonderful art, and though deficient in the mellowness claimed by others, his rivals could never "lurch his brow o' the garland."

Our veteran artiste is now enjoying in his retirement the fame due to a most consummate actor, in whose peculiar line no equal has appeared. Familiar with the old mystery of the art, he infused into a host of characters the reality of life and feeling, and has left many of them without a representative. Some writers, we have remarked, maintain that acting has gradually declined. The same theory will probably be urged a century hence, when some Uncle Fozzle or Grandfather Whitehead will sigh over the degeneracy of acting, voting the then popular comedian as far inferior to the William Farren whose portrait we now place in our new Gallery.

## SHAKSPEAREANA: COLLIER AND COLERIDGE.\*

THIS volume contains a plurality of good things, such as the sceptical have declared too good to be true. Mr. Collier has his personal and professional mislikers, distrusters, or what not; and on their showing, the contents of the present work, already for the most part published in "Notes and Queries," are *not* worthy of all acceptance. We will not debate anew the vexed question of the folio of 1632, the collected "Notes and Emendations" of which are appended to this volume in one column, while, by a very convenient and judicious arrangement, the old readings, of the *textus receptus* are placed in the opposite column; so that a comparison may be made in an instant, as the editor remarks, as to the particular letters, syllables, words, or lines, in which changes have been introduced; though it would be doing those changes obvious injustice, he reasonably enough reminds us, if they were to be considered and decided

\* Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton. By the late S. T. Coleridge. A List of all the Emendations in Mr. Collier's Folio, 1632; and an Introductory Preface by J. Payne Collier, Esq. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

upon, without reference to the context of nearly every passage to which a "note or emendation" applies. The other, and more novel *αυτὴ λεγόμενον*, forming the veritable *pièce de résistance*, the first course at Mr. Collier's well-thronged board, consists of Seven out of Twelve of Coleridge's Lectures on the Principles of Poetry, in the winter of 1811-12\*—or so much of them as the editor's short-hand notes, only very recently discovered, or rather recovered, enable him to re-present. A sorry return Mr. Collier has met with, in some quarters, where he has been roundly charged with all that can be implicitly implied or explicitly expressed in the phrase "Literary Cookery"—insomuch that he felt himself called upon to vindicate his character and claims in a court of justice. For our part, we will merely observe that, with all due (and very sincere) respect for Mr. Collier's critical powers, we wholly mistake the man if he is capable, *proprio Marte*, of inditing criticisms of the quality of those now before us, and so nearly akin in their scope, spirit, and substance, to say nothing of expression, to Coleridge's "own particular." We see no reason to mistrust Mr. Collier's plain unvarnished tale of the way in which, and the place where, and the time when, he took these notes. The gift is a boon, and we are too glad of it to grumble at certain "accidentals" that are conditional to, or contingent upon, its "essential" value. The gift-horse may not be a steed of point device trappings, or indeed absolutely sound in wind and limb; we care not to look the gift-horse in the mouth, too closely and ungraciously, but welcome him for what his donor represents him to be, very much mistaken if that is anything like *misrepresentation*, perverse or prepenes.

Milton is only nominally concerned in these recovered reliques; it is Shakspeare who monopolises the seven lectures—Shakspeare's diction, his imagery, his mastery of the passions, his judgment in dramatic construction—the merits and defects common to him with his contemporaries, and the *residuum*, over and above, peculiar to his own genius. The reader will feel himself at home with Coleridge—only reminded now and then

\* This course of lectures it is to which Byron makes repeated allusions, in his most approved style of contempt, in his correspondence at the time in question. Thus to Mr. Harness he writes (Dec. 6, 1811): "Coleridge is lecturing. 'Many an old fool,' said Hannibal to some such lecturer, 'but such as this, never.'" And again, two days later: "Coleridge has been lecturing against Campbell. Rogers was present, and from him I derive the information. We are going to make a party to hear this Manichean of poesy." The same day (Dec. 8) the noble lord tells Mr. Hodgson: "Coleridge has attacked the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and all other pleasures whatsoever. Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly *rowed* by the lecturer. We are going in a party to hear the new Art of Poetry by this reformed schismatic; and were I one of these poetical luminaries, or of sufficient consequence to be noticed by the man of lectures, I should not hear him without an answer. For you know, 'an a man will be beaten with brains, he shall never keep a clean doublet.' Campbell will be desperately annoyed," &c. And once more to Mr. Harness, a week later: "To-morrow I dine with Rogers, and am to hear Coleridge, who is a kind of rage at present." But we get no *ex post facto* report from his lordship touching the lecturer—no intimation even whether the dinner and its proposed sequent ever came off; perhaps the dinner had another kind of sequent altogether, so that Mr. Rogers's cellar presented post-prandial charms of a kind to postpone S. T. C.'s pretensions *sine die*. Let us be thankful that, of the audience with whom S. T. C. was then "a kind of rage," there might be found *one* "chiel" amang 'em, taking notes" in short-hand—"and faith! he'll prent 'em:" though faith! he's taken his time about it—even forty years and upwards.

of a *medium*, in the person of our veteran stenographer—while catching his oracular deliverances on this and that Shakspearean stroke of philosophy, poetry, or individual character—on the psychology of Romeo's love, and the charm of Miranda's innocence, and the contrast between Ariel and Caliban, and the artfully developed portraiture of Bolingbroke, and the "meaning" of Hamlet. In fine, or at the *finis*, the reader's ultimate impression will be, if impressionable after our sort, one of regret that there should be no more than there is of the Seven Lectures, and none of the other Five.

Prefixed to the Lectures are certain notes, also taken at the time, in short-hand, of Coleridge's Table-talk, whether at Charles Lamb's, or the house of Mr. Collier's father, or elsewhere—in the course of which the "rapt one of the god-like forehead" discourses, not perhaps in his highest and most approved mood or mode, yet characteristically, on matters diverse but congenial all—the real character of Falstaff, the chronology of Shakspeare's plays, his share in the "Two Noble Kinsmen," the merits and demerits of Beaumont and Fletcher, the poetry of Southey and of Sir Walter Scott, the philosophy of Religion, the symbolism of Triads (an extravagant piece of foundationless phantasy), Chapman's Homer, Harrington's Ariosto, Fairfax's Tasso, Campbell's poems in general, and his own Christabel in particular. We have also, interspersed with these colloquial memoranda, now a parenthetical stammer from Lamb, and now a cynical growl from Hazlitt; to which are added a few recollections of the editor's "cracks" with Wordsworth, and a letter from that great poet, begging Mr. Collier to second, as best he might, Coleridge's plan of another course of Lectures in 1818—followed by another to the same effect, though *not* in the same style, from Charles Lamb, humorously dated from "The Garden of England,"—Lamb having just removed from the Temple to the corner of Bow-street and Russell-street, Covent Garden. A third letter, on the same subject, is from Coleridge himself, and will be read with painful interest.

Mr. Collier alludes, in his preface, to the fault which has been found with him, in some quarters, for not having at once seen everything in the way of MS. note in his folio 1632—as though he had "kept back part of the price," or true value of the book, with a view to enhance the attraction of future editions of it, or for some other similar and sinister purpose. He has often, he here assures us, gone over the thousands of marks of all kinds in the margins of his folio; but he takes this opportunity of pointing out two emendations of considerable importance, which, happening not to be in the margins, and being written with very pale ink, escaped his eye, he says, until some time after the appearance of the second edition of his "Notes and Emendations," as well as of his one-volume Shakspeare—while he adds, that he has recently re-examined (with a view to the present work) every line and letter of the folio 1632, and can safely assert that no other sin of omission on his part can be discovered. Of the two emendations in question, the first is in Timon's reply to the envoys from Athens, who would fain bring him back:

I have a tree, which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,

From high to low throughout, that whose please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself.

*Timon of Athens*: Act V. Sc. 2.

"Let him take his *haste*." Such is the old reading. And the purport of it is intelligible enough. But then, Mr. Collier objects, the phrase is so unusual, in the sense of making speed, that it has no parallel in our language. "We may therefore fairly suspect corruption, and the emendation in my folio 1632 makes the whole passage so clear and pointed, and at the same time only varies from the received text in a manner so easily accounted for, that I feel convinced it gives us the genuine language of Shakspeare: the old compositor misread the word that closes the sixth line (perhaps written carelessly or imperfectly), and, without noticing the letter *r* at the end of it, printed '*haste*' for '*halter*:'

To stop affliction, let him take his *halter*,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself.

This singular change is most consistent with the rest of the speech; each man was not 'to take his *haste*' (for Timon had already warned them not to delay), but 'to take his *halter*.' According to the old text, people were to come and hang themselves without the means of doing so. Seeing how easily *halter* might be misread '*haste*,' this emendation appears to me far more than plausible."

Yet the old reading seems far from inconsistent with the rest of the speech—supposing the scope of it to be, My tree is shortly coming down; I mean to make short work of it: so my friends must be quick if they mean to come at all; bid them, therefore, with all speed come and be—hanged. The new reading, however, will probably "take" with all but conservatives of the old-fashioned obstructive school.

The second of the two new emendations concerns the celebrated passage in "*Macbeth*"—

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares no more is none—

"dare no more" being the text in all the old folios, though the almost universal reading now in vogue is "dare do more"—"do" being Southern's MS. note in his copy of the folio 1685 (as Mr. Collier had already informed the world), previously to Rowe's adoption of that new reading, for which Rowe has generally enjoyed a monopoly of the credit. Now in Mr. Collier's folio 1632, it was found—not by Mr. Collier himself and alone, but "with the assistance of a friend"—that "no" is amended to *do*, "in pale ink, and not in the margin, but by simply rounding the *n* into *o*, and adding the long line in front of it, in order to convert it into *d*. By this process the old corrector of course made '*no*' *do*:"

Who dares *do* more is none.

Such, therefore, we may henceforward be assured was the original and genuine text of Shakspeare, since three independent authorities concur



in substituting *do* for 'no'; viz., the old corrector of the folio 1682, Southern in his folio 1685, and Rowe in his 8vo edition 1709.

"Let it not be said," Mr. Collier adds, in reference to these new *addenda* to his multiform *corrigenda*, "that I kept these matters to myself, with a view to a future edition of my book, or for any other purpose. More than a year ago I mentioned the first of them (of the second I was not then aware) to a gentleman, who I knew had been for a considerable time employed on a new edition of Shakespeare, for which his good taste and extensive reading abundantly qualify him: this, too, I did in the face of an engagement to produce a second impression of my own labours in the same field, and in the face also of his volumes, one against my Shakespeare, and the other against certain emendations in my folio 1682."

Mr. Dyce is complimented more than once or twice, directly or indirectly, in this Preface; but Mr. Collier evidently enjoys repeated opportunities of virtually retorting on the reverend "infidel," in Gratiano's phrase,

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

With considerable glee, of a quietly suppressed but not wholly sub-surface kind, he undertakes to establish, that the text of such of our old dramatists as have had their works reprinted during the last twenty or thirty years,—among whose editors the most prominent is Mr. Dyce—has been left in a condition, in some instances, almost ridiculous from the blunders that remain in it. There is undoubted ingenuity in some of Mr. Collier's explanations of these blunders as originating in slovenly short-hand notes—naturally enough, however carelessly, mis-transcribed. Thus in Mr. Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher (VIII. 76), Kate, in the "Pilgrim," speaking of having dressed Alinda as a boy, says,

I dizen'd him,  
And pinn'd a plum in's forehead.

—The editors of 1778 had said, "plum must mean the name of some cap." Mr. Dyce, on the other hand, says that the poets "intended to write nonsense." No such thing, objects Mr. Collier, whose own familiarity with short-hand transcriptions is here of notable service to him—the vowels in such transcriptions being liable to all sorts of changes and chances—Nonsense written on purpose? Certainly not. But "the short-hand writer, finding the letters *p l m* in his notes, hastily concluded, without thinking of the sense, that it meant 'plum,' and not *plume*. Kate ought to say,

I dizen'd him,  
And pinn'd a *plume* in his forehead.

In other words, she set a feather in the front of Alinda's cap; and Kate actually uses the word 'feather' instantly afterwards."

As another example, out of numerous ones, we may cite a line from Mr. Dyce's Middleton's "No Wit, no Help like a Woman's," where, in Mr. Collier's opinion, it almost required ingenuity, if not to go wrong, at any rate to preserve an undoubted blunder. The old edition has this line, spoken by Lady Twilight—

There needs no *fection*; 'tis indeed thy sister.

Concerning which line Mr. Dyce's note affirms that "*flection*" is "a contraction of affection," whence the word is printed in his revised text with an apostrophe, '*flection*.' He would find it difficult, Mr. Collier opines, to cite another instance of that contraction, or anything like it. "Look at the circumstances," our exulting censor proceeds to say, "and there is no doubt what the emendation should be. Philip and Savour-wit, with the aid of Lady Twilight, have been keeping up the belief that Grace is the sister, and not the mistress, of Philip: this story they have imposed upon Sir Oliver Twilight; and Lady Twilight, afterwards imagining that Grace is her real and not her pretended daughter, declares, in the line quoted, that there is no longer any occasion to keep up the pretence, and tells Philip, therefore,

There needs no *flection*; 'tis indeed thy sister.

There is no apostrophe before '*flection*' in the original edition, and all that is wanted is the supposition that the printer put an *e* where he ought to have placed an *i*. There was no need for *flection*, or pretence, because Grace was indeed the sister of Philip. In another comedy," adds Mr. Collier, "by the same poet, '*Your Five Gallants*' (Works, II. 286), the word *flection* ought to have been placed in the text instead of '*affliction*,' for which it was misheard and misprinted; but there, it is but justice to the editor [Mr. Dyce] to admit that he suggests *flection* in a note as the true reading, though he had not courage to displace an absolute absurdity. The perpetuation of decided corruptions in Shakspeare has often been occasioned by want of resolution to correct them." As another prolific source of textual corruption, Mr. Collier comments, with both emphasis and discretion, on the confusion caused by the use of the long *s* in old manuscripts, which was not unfrequently printed as *f*, and *vice versa*; and, after instancing this mistake in some noteworthy passages, he appeals to the numerous cases in which *saith* has been misprinted "*faith*"—*signior*, "*figure*"—*scrubber*, "*frubber*"—*furiously*, "*seriously*"—*slash*, "*flash*"—*lofty*, "*lusty*"—*sought*, "*fought*"—*float*, "*shoot*," &c. &c., and not one of the errors detected or set right.

After an imposing array of other misreadings, more or less palpable, and suggestions of emendations, more or less plausible—sometimes indeed incontestable, and (so to speak) self-asserting—Mr. Collier explains his motive, in thus dwelling upon them, to have been, not merely to show how the ablest editors have failed in their undertakings, but that people may be aware that the text of Shakspeare is very much on a par with that of his dramatic contemporaries; and in order that, with all reverence for the true language of our great poet when that language is clearly ascertained, we may bring our reasoning faculties to bear upon the question, whether particular passages, often admitted to be defective or disputable, are not only capable of emendation, but frequently capable of the very emendation contained in the folio 1632.

Mr. Collier's new volume is, on the whole, a contribution as welcome as it is late-come to our stores of Shakspearean and Coleridgean literature.

# THE SPENDTHRIFT.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.\*

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

## LI.

MORN AT THE CASTLE.

THE long, dread night is past, and morn is come. The new-risen sun shines brightly upon the lordly groves near the Castle, and disperses the white mists hanging over the marshy grounds in the valleys. In the park the deer come tripping forth from their coverts in the fern-brakes, and their slim figures and branching horns can be distinctly discerned as they cross the lengthening glades. All nature is speedily aroused by the kindling beams of the beneficent luminary.

But not alone does sunshine glitter upon grove and landscape; it gilds the proud vanes on the Castle, glitters on its many windows, and clothes the magnificent fabric with splendour. The grand old pile puts on its most imposing aspect. But as yet there is little stir within. The God of Day peers in at the upper windows, and espies drowsy menials slumbering off nocturnal potations. He tries to look in at windows lower down, but thick curtains impede his gaze. If he could pierce through these, he would behold the gambler dreaming that his luck has deserted him—the epicure groaning from a surfeit—the bacchanalian seivered by excess of wine—the actress terrified by fancies that her beauty and fascinations have fled. These persons are safe from the sun's scrutiny. But into one room he looks steadily, and with an inquisitive eye. What sees he there? A kneeling figure—kneeling, but in a strange posture, with hands extended, and head dropped upon the chair. He pours his radiance upon it. But it moves not. It feels no revivificating heat. The eyes will never again open to the light of day. So the sunbeams fly from it and settle upon the table—lighting up two sealed packets—and an extinguished taper—the emblem of the motionless figure at the chair.

But not alone does the sunlight glorify and gladden the Castle—it gleams on all around it—on the smooth velvet lawns, where gardeners are already at work with scythe and roller, pursuing their task gleefully—on the parterres—on the stately terraces, where other gardeners may be seen wending to their work—on the orchards—the stables, and outbuildings—on the grey walls of the ancient Castle—and on the Ivy Tower.

\*  The Author of this Tale reserves the right of translation.

Why does the sunlight settle on that narrow loophole? Would it look into another chamber of death? Would it know what is passing there? A slanting beam shoots in through the narrow aperture and falls upon a marble countenance, giving the white transparent skin an indescribable beauty, and encircling the head and its crown of dark hair with a nimbus of glory like a saint. Two persons are beside that bed. One, overcome by fatigue, is wrapped in slumber. The other watches with admiration the magical effect of the sunbeams on the features of the dead. Never has she seen aught so seraphic in expression—so effluent of beatitude, as that countenance. As she gazes, a conviction crosses the watcher that the spirit of her departed friend is hovering near her, whispering that she is about to wing her flight to Heaven. All she has stayed for on earth is accomplished. Even as the thought crosses the beholder, the stream of sunlight has left the face—the effulgence vanishes from brow and hair—and the marble features resume their rigidity. Filled with unspeakable joy, the watcher kneels by the couch and prays.

Meanwhile, the sun shines brightly on the Castle and its broad domains; and many of the tenantry who look towards it are struck with surprise as they see, floating from the tall flagstaff on the roof, a banner displaying the arms of Monthermer. The sight diffuses universal joy throughout the whole of Monthermer's domains, for all who behold it look upon it as a harbinger of the young squire's restoration. He has come to his own again. He has defeated the unjust steward. None have any love for Fairlie, and therefore all rejoice in his downfall. With all his faults, Gage is a favourite with the tenantry. They like him for his father's sake, whose memory is universally revered; and though not insensible to his errors, they regard them with a lenient eye. He has had bad counsellors; and his guardian, who should have screened him from it, has thrown temptation in his path. Thus they reason, and, from a variety of causes, are overjoyed that a Monthermer will still rule over them. To this joy, their own escape from Fairlie naturally contributes. They all know what they had to expect from that hard, griping man.

Rumours have spread abroad—with the unaccountable rapidity with which rumour always travels, as if wafted through the air—of the disturbance that took place at the Castle on the previous day; and it is said that on the day, which has just commenced, Gage, who has gone over to Reedham with young Arthur Poynings, is to return to the house of his ancestors, and drive the intruder from it. Their best wishes are with him; and when they behold this banner—a flag first used by Squire Warwick on the occasion of his son's birth, when it gave the signal to all beholders that he kept open house—floating from the summit of the Castle, they make sure that their hopes will be

realised. Fairlie, they imagine, would never willingly permit the flag to be unfurled. Little do they think that it was he who commanded its display. However, they regard its appearance as a favourable omen, and one and all accept it as a signal to flock to the Castle.

Thus the farmers, for miles and miles around, leave their work and return to their homes, to tell their wives that the old flag is floating from the Castle, and that they must go thither to see what it means. So they don their best attire, and prepare to set forth. Mounted on rough steeds—all stout Suffolk punches—they take their way through the lanes leading to the Castle, their numbers gradually increasing, until they form a troop of nigh two hundred horsemen—a formidable band—and many of them declare that if the young squire wants a hand to set him in his place again, he will easily find it. The elders amongst them talk much of Squire Warwick, and of the loss they sustained in his sudden death. Ah! if he had but been spared, some of these greybeards say, his son would have been a different person. A father would have watched over him in his youth, and not encouraged him in his follies like Muster Fairlie. All these seniors express a hope that at last the young squire has sown his wild oats, in which case nothing more ought to be said against him. But young and old confidently predict that Fairlie will be defeated, and the county rid of him. They little think that the object of their detestation is incapable of doing them further harm, or they might be more charitable in their remarks. As it is, there is not a word of ill spoken by any one against his daughter—who is equally beyond applause or censure. On the contrary, every tongue wags in her praise.

Chatting in this way, they enter the park, and ride slowly along the broad and extensive avenue leading towards the Castle, from the windows of which their approach is viewed with astonishment. Arrived within a bowshot of the mansion, they come to a halt, and after a little consultation with their leader—an old farmer named Wingfield—they dismount, and lead their horses to the side of the road, while one or two of their number are despatched to the house to ascertain how matters stand.

Within the Castle all is confusion and insubordination. A downright rebellion seems to have broken out amongst the household, and it is difficult—if not impossible—to get an order obeyed. Pudsey, who has latterly acted as a sort of major-domo to Fairlie, and exercised supreme command over the servants, has lost all authority.

The butler has had a quarrel and a fight. After a loud and angry altercation with Messrs. Trickett and Tibbits, who having called upon him to pay the money he had lost to them, and not being able to obtain it, had termed him a miserable shuffler and a cheat, besides applying other opprobrious epithets to him,

he had given them both the lie, and defied them to fistic combat. Tibbits accepted the challenge; and at the same moment another fight was got up between Trickett and Chasse-mouche—the Frenchman having resented the application made to him for his debt of honour. Chasse-mouche would fain have had recourse to the sword, as the only proper and gentlemanlike weapon wherewith to settle a quarrel, but this being refused, he was compelled to box. Needless to say that a few well-delivered hits put him *hors de combat*. But he was speedily and completely avenged a few minutes later, when a set-to took place between Bellairs and the victor. In this encounter Trickett got the worst of it, and was very severely handled by his antagonist, for, fine gentleman as he was, Bellairs exhibited remarkable proficiency in pugilistic science. Tibbits was equally well punished by the butler, who knocked out two of his teeth and cut open his mouth, after a dozen well-contested rounds. Pudsey's own countenance bore pretty strong evidences of the fray, his huge copper-coloured nose being darkened to an inky dye, and swollen to twice its usual dimensions; but this he did not mind at the moment. These conflicts took place at an early hour, in the back yard near the stables. After the fight, the butler withdrew to his own room to repair his damaged features as well as he could; and from this moment, as we have stated, his authority ended. When he came forth again, with a piece of brown paper, steeped in brandy, fixed to his swollen proboscis, all the servants laughed at him, but none of them would do his bidding.

Never was such downright rebellion. The cook and her assistants refused to prepare breakfast for the guests up-stairs, and the other servants said they wouldn't wait upon them. They might shift for themselves for what they cared. As to Mrs. Jenyns, the women declared they were not going to wait upon the like of her! They wouldn't even let that forward hussy, Mrs. Davies, who made so free with the men, enter the servants'-hall. In vain Mr. Pudsey warned them that if they continued this disobedient conduct Mr. Fairlie would infallibly discharge them all. They didn't acknowledge Mr. Fairlie as master. And if Mr. Fairlie *was* master—as the butler pretended—why didn't he show himself—why did he keep his room, and order himself not to be disturbed before noon? Pudsey couldn't exactly answer this question. He owned he thought it rather odd and injudicious, but Mr. Fairlie no doubt had his reasons for what he did. This solution satisfied nobody. They had seen Mark Rougham stationed at Mr. Fairlie's door, and Mark had told them that Mr. Fairlie was not to be disturbed, on any account, till Mr. Monthermer's arrival. What did that mean? The butler couldn't say. Why had Blackford and Loes unfurled the great banner? Mr. Pudsey couldn't answer that question. But he would have the banner pulled down. A

dozen eager tongues, however, told him that this would not be permitted. In short, it became manifest to Pudsey that Fairlie's control over the house had altogether ceased, and that he, as his delegate, could no longer act. He therefore withdrew, since his orders were only treated with disrespect and derision. Not knowing exactly what to do, and beginning to feel considerable uneasiness as to the result of the day, he proceeded to the great gallery with the fixed determination of having an interview with Fairlie. But Mark Rougham was still there, and would not suffer him to approach; and as Mark was now supported by Blackford and Loes, Mr. Pudsey found himself in a minority, and was compelled to retire.

By this time, some of the guests who had passed the night at the Castle began to make their appearance, and all of them expressed their dissatisfaction at the way in which they had been treated. Loudly and repeatedly as they had rung their bells, no one had come near them. Where were the valets?—where was the perruquier? Not a coat was brushed, not a wig dressed, not a shoe cleaned. Never was such shameful neglect. And where were they to breakfast? Not in the dining-room, that was impossible! The table was covered with bottles and glasses, with a great punch-bowl in the centre, and the room reeked of tobacco.

The slumbering sots who had made their couch upon the floor were awakened by the entrance of the others, rubbed their eyes, and asked for their morning draught, but no one would bring them a tankard of ale. The guests then betook themselves to the library, but in this quarter they experienced similar disappointment. No preparations were made for breakfast. The bell was pulled violently—no one answered. What the deuce could it mean? They swore and stormed to no purpose. At last some of them went forth and shouted lustily for Pudsey; and thus invoked, the butler at last deigned to make his appearance, and expressed his regrets—but really the house was in such confusion, the servants were so unmanageable, he feared there was very little chance of breakfast.

No chance of breakfast! Zounds! They would see about that. So a large party, headed by Brice Bunbury, marched to the servants'-hall, and by their clamorous demands and incursions upon the larder, increased the confusion already reigning in that quarter.

Sir Randal and Beau Freke fared no better than the others. Luckily, as it happened, neither of them were very early risers, and never thought of getting up until called by their valets, so they did not undergo the annoyances that the rest experienced. But when Mr. Trickett made his appearance in his master's room, he apologised for not bringing his chocolate, and declared that neither he nor Tibbits could obtain anything.

"Never was a house in such a state, sir!" Trickett said. "The servants are all at loggerheads, and will do nothing."

"And you seem to have been helping them, rascal," Sir Randal cried, noticing the patches on the valet's countenance. "You have been fighting."

"I was compelled to strike a blow or two in self-defence, Sir Randal," Trickett replied; "but if I may presume to advise, sir, I would recommend your departure before Mr. Monthermer's arrival. From what I can gather, the day will certainly go against Mr. Fairlie."

"Poh! nonsense," Sir Randal rejoined. "Give me my dressing-gown. No chocolate, you say. 'Sdeath! I must complain of this neglect. Fairlie must rate his servants."

"Rate 'em, sir! Mr. Fairlie daren't show his face. He has locked himself up in his room, and won't see anybody. As to the servants, they have revolted—forsworn their allegiance—gone over to the opposite faction."

"How d'ye mean, sirrah?"

"They refuse to serve Mr. Fairlie any longer, and intend to go over in a body to Mr. Monthermer. Our position at this moment is the reverse of agreeable, sir. We can get nothing, sir—absolutely nothing—except cuffs and kicks."

"As soon as I am dressed I will see Fairlie," Sir Randal said.

"No use, sir—time thrown away. He won't be disturbed, and has placed people at his door to prevent intrusion. That great, hulking, chairman-like animal, Mark Rougham, has stood on guard there all night, they tell me—though how he came to have the post assigned him I can't think, as he is one of Mr. Monthermer's staunchest adherents. Pray allow me to order horses to be put to the travelling-carriage, sir. If we stay, I don't know what may happen from this mutinous household when the young squire arrives."

"Perhaps it may be as well to have the carriage ready," Sir Randal said, after a moment's reflection. "Assist me to dress, and then go and give the requisite orders about it."

Pretty much the same scene was enacted in Beau Freke's chamber, Mr. Tibbits complaining just as bitterly as Trickett of the servants' conduct, and expressing an equal desire to be off. Mr. Freke, however, said he should be entirely guided in this respect by Sir Randal, and depart or stay, as his friend elected.

As to Mrs. Jenyns, her morning dreams were broken by Mrs. Davies, who stood by her couch with a look of dismay, and described the turmoil going on down stairs, and how grossly she had herself been insulted.

"I told 'em, mem, you would send every one of 'em about their business; but they only laughed at me, and went on worse than afore. I couldn't get any chocklit for you, mem,—and if it hadn't been for the perliteneess of Mr. Bellairs, I shouldn't have got a mossel of breakfast myself."



"What is Mr. Fairlie about, Davies, that he allows such a disturbance to take place?"

"Goodness knows what he's about, mem,—but he's locked up in his room, and will see no one."

"He will see *me*," Mrs. Jenyns rejoined. "I must make all haste I can with my toilet. I will wear my white negligée."

When fully attired, Mrs. Jenyns went towards Fairlie's room, and as she entered the long gallery she perceived Mark Rougham and the two servants standing before the door. Blackford advanced to meet her, and told her that if she was coming to Mr. Fairlie she might spare herself the trouble, as he could not be seen at present.

"Not be seen?" Mrs. Jenyns echoed, struck by the man's manner. "Is he a prisoner?"

Blackford made no reply, but bowed, and stepped back to his companions.

Mrs. Jenyns felt a presentiment that something strange had happened, but it seemed useless to go on, so she retired with Davies. Shortly afterwards, as she stood at the head of the staircase, debating within herself what it would be best to do, she was joined by Randal and Beau Freke, with whom she had some talk, in the course of which they told her that, like herself, they had been unable to see Fairlie—and they all agreed that his conduct, to say the least of it, was inexplicable and mysterious. Mrs. Jenyns learnt from the gentlemen that they had made preparations for immediate departure, and, by their advice, she sent Davies to have her own carriage got ready. The party then descended to the entrance-hall, where they met Brice Bunbury, who told them how badly he had been used in regard to breakfast. "However, by foraging about in the larder, I managed to pick up something," he said. "Between ourselves," he added, "I suspect it's all up with Fairlie."

It was at this juncture that the troop of farmers halted, as we have described, at the end of the avenue; and the party, wondering what they were come about, went forth in front of the house to look at them, and having satisfied their curiosity, were about to return, when they were arrested by hearing loud and repeated huzzas from the troop, and it was then perceived that another cavalcade was coming along the avenue. The shouts of the farmers left no doubt that the young squire was now at hand; and the party, having no especial desire to greet him on his arrival, withdrew into the house.

## CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

### HOW THE YOUNG SQUIRE CAME TO HIS OWN AGAIN.

THE cavalcade approached; headed by Monthermer and Arthur Poynings. Close behind them rode five or six gentlemen of the

county, who had been hastily summoned for the purpose, and then came Sir Hugh's carriage, in which sat the old baronet himself, his chaplain, Parson Chedworth, and Mr. Clavering and Mr. Houghton, both of them magistrates and neighbours. After the carriage rode a posse of constables. Thus attended, Gage approached the house of his ancestors. His features were extremely pale, as might naturally be expected from the anxiety he had recently undergone, but his deportment and manner were firm and determined in the highest degree, and it was evident to all who beheld him that he had become an altered man. On seeing the troop of tenantry collected at the end of the avenue he quickened his pace, and rode towards them alone. Arthur holding back for the moment.

"Welcome! my good friends, welcome!" Gage cried, removing his hat as he drew near the farmers. "I am right glad to see you here to-day. But how have you been summoned?"

"We all saw that flag, your honour," Farmer Netherfield replied, "and took it as a signal to repair to the Castle."

"I beheld it myself—miles off," Gage rejoined. "I know not by what friendly hand it has been unfurled, but the signal was well given, since it has brought you hither. Supported by you, I fear nothing—and you may unhesitatingly support me, for my cause is just."

A deafening shout followed this brief address, and Gage, escorted by the whole of this immense retinue, rode slowly along the broad gravel walk towards the principal entrance of the mansion. His approach had been watched by the inmates of the Castle, and instead of any opposition being offered to his entrance, the doors were thrown wide open, while a crowd of servants rushed forth to bid him welcome. There was a contest amongst them as to who should aid him to alight. At a sign from Gage, the band of tenantry moved on to a little distance, where they got off their horses, and a certain number of them proceeded with the animals to the stables, while the others came back to the house. Meanwhile, Arthur Poynings and those with him had likewise dismounted, and were received by Gage, who stood on the threshold. They passed on, and Sir Hugh Poynings, the chaplain, and the magistrates next alighted, and entered the hall, where Gage awaited them. The constables stationed themselves at the door, and then Gage, turning to Sir Hugh and the magistrates, said:

"Gentlemen, I hereby take possession of my house and the domains belonging to it, of which I have been wrongfully deprived by Mr. Fairlie, and I call upon you to aid me, in case of need, in maintaining possession."

"You shall have such assistance as the law can afford you in establishing your rights," Sir Hugh said; "but, as far as I can discern, you are not likely to meet with much opposition. Where is

Mr. Fairlie? I expected to see him come forward to contest your claim."

Scarcely was the question asked, than Mark Rougham (who on hearing the noise occasioned by the arrival of Gage and his retinue had hastily descended the great staircase) broke through the ranks of the servants, and approaching Monthermer, whispered a few words in his ear. Their import must have been strange and startling, to judge from their effect upon the hearer. He gazed inquiringly at the speaker, whose grave looks confirmed his relation.

"If this be so, it entirely alters the complexion of affairs," Gage muttered. "I must pray you, Sir Hugh—and you, gentlemen (to the magistrates), and you, Arthur—with the officers, to accompany me to Fairlie's rooms. Your presence will be needed."

Attended by the persons he had indicated, he ascended the staircase, and proceeded along the gallery. He looked so grave and pre-occupied, that Sir Hugh forbore to question him. Arthur also was silent, for a suspicion of the truth had flashed upon him. They soon reached their destination. Mark Rougham, who had preceded them, was standing at the door of the dressing-room. The other servants were gone.

Gage rapped against the door, but no answer was returned.

"I did not expect it," he said, in answer to Sir Hugh's inquiring glances. "The door must be burst open."

"Stay! let me try," Mr. Clavering interposed, "before you have recourse to violence. Mr. Fairlie! Mr. Fairlie!" he exclaimed, knocking sharply against the door.

"Muster Fairlie cannot answer," Mark Rougham said.

And hurling his huge frame against the door, it burst open.

Then it became apparent to all why no answer had been returned to their summons. They entered reverently, for the presence of death always inspires respect. Awe was impressed on every countenance, but Gage was far more profoundly moved than the others.

Casting his eyes round the chamber, Mr. Clavering at once perceived the two packets on the table, and ascertaining how they were addressed, called Monthermer's attention to them. One of the packets bore the inscription—"To be opened first;" and complying with the direction, Gage broke the seals, and withdrew for a few minutes to the window, to read the letter enclosed. After perusing it, he turned to the others and said, "The unhappy man has made full atonement for the wrongs he has done. Feeling the near approach of death, he has herein confessed all his offences, and surrendered the whole of the Monthermer property to me. He also states that the will under which he wrongfully acted was not my father's last will, but the true will is still in existence, and in the possession of Mrs. Janyne, by whom it is unlawfully detained. He ends by imploring my forgiveness.

"And he has it," Gage continued, advancing towards the body and standing beside it; "Heaven is my witness, most unhappy man, that I fully and freely forgive thee!"

Deep silence prevailed for a moment, and the chaplain then advanced towards Gage, and said:

"You have done well, sir. He deserves your forgiveness, for he has made reparation. A lesson may be learnt from the end of this misguided man. Possessed of many qualities calculated to advance him in the world—great intelligence, acuteness, industry, perseverance—he lacked one quality, the want of which rendered all others void—Integrity. Hence his talents were ill-directed, and led him into oblique paths. Excessive cupidity was his bane. Determined to grow rich—no matter by what means—he yielded to temptation, and fell. Had he but been honest, he might be now alive and respected. And how many anxieties—how many afflictions would have been spared him! Vainly did he endeavour to build himself up a mansion with his ill-gotten gains! The baseless fabric at once crumbled to dust. But he is gone. And let us look upon him with an eye of compassion. Let us hope that he may obtain remission of his sins. Are we not told, that 'When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive?' He has done justice at the last, and would appear to have sincerely repented. He has died in the act of supplication. May his prayer be heard! May Heaven have mercy on his soul!"

"Amen!" Gage fervently ejaculated. And the exclamation was repeated with equal fervour by all the bystanders.

"And now I can commit poor Clare's confession to the flames," Arthur Poynings observed to Gage. "It is well that its production has been unnecessary."

"Here is another packet which you have not yet examined, Mr. Monthermer," Mr. Clavering observed.

The latter took it, broke open the seals, and, after casting his eye over the document it contained, said, with evident emotion,

"It is his last will, and concerns you, Sir Hugh."

"How so?" the old baronet rejoined. By the aid of his spectacles he managed to decipher the will. "Why, so it does concern me—that is, it concerns my daughter, to whom—for there must be no secret in it—he has bequeathed all the property rightfully belonging to him, and which he himself estimates at about 10,000*l.*—subject, however, to two deductions—namely, to a sum sufficient to purchase Cowbridge Farm (if Mr. Gage Monthermer be willing to sell it) for Mark Rougham (hold your tongue, Mark!—hold your tongue, sir! and let me finish), and another sum of 500*l.* to be bestowed as a wedding portion upon Lettice, daughter of the said Mark Rougham."

"Has he done all this, Sir Hugh?—has he, indeed?" Mark cried.

"Why, haven't I just read the will, fellow?"

"Cowbridge Farm mine! the object of all my wishes," Mark exclaimed.

"Ay, it is freely yours, Mark," Gage cried. "I bestow it upon you."

"Stop! stop!" Sir Hugh interposed. "Give him the farm, if you please, Gage; but it must be valued, and the price agreed upon added to Lettice's wedding portion. That's the proper way to settle matters. Egad! this is the strangest will that ever came under my inspection. Have you read it through, Gage?"

"I have, Sir Hugh," the young man replied. "He states that his desire is to carry out his daughter's wishes; and I know that it was poor Clare's wish that the event therein mentioned should take place."

"Well, there shall be no obstacle to its fulfilment on my part, provided——"

"Enough, Sir Hugh; I understand," Gage interrupted, gravely. "When I have proved myself worthy of an alliance with your daughter I shall not fail to seek it."

"I have no fears of you now—none whatever," the old baronet rejoined. "After the conversation we had together last night, coupled with what Arthur has told me of you, I entertain no doubt of your thorough reformation. I stand in the light of a father to you, and look upon you as a prodigal son—and a sad prodigal you have been, it must be owned—but let that pass. If, after due probation on your part, Lucy receives an offer of your hand, and is disposed to accept you, I shall raise no objection. But let us change the subject. We have plenty of other matter before us."

"I presume there can be no doubt that Fairlie's death arose from natural causes?" Mr. Clavering remarked.

"He expressly mentions in the preliminary part of the confession which I hold in my hand," Monthermer replied, "that he had been attacked by a fit of extraordinary severity, and that having little hope of living till the morning, he employed the interval allowed him between the attack and its expected recurrence in preparation for eternity."

"Enough, sir," the magistrate replied.

All papers lying about were then placed in the chest, which was locked and sealed up by the magistrates. This done, the whole party quitted the room, leaving the constables at the door, with strict injunctions to allow no one to enter without authority.

As they descended the staircase, Gage observed to Sir Hugh, "I have now a disagreeable duty to perform. The house must be cleared of all the harpies of whatever degree that have so long infested it."

"You are right," Sir Hugh returned. "A grand clearance must be made. But I should think most of them will have spared you the trouble, and have taken themselves off already."

The old baronet's surmise proved correct. As they reached

the entrance-hall, several of Gage's late dissolute associates were seen hastily traversing it—evidently beating a retreat—and so precipitate were their movements, that Sir Hugh could not refrain from laughing at them. But his mirth was speedily checked, as he observed four persons issue from a room on the ground-floor. They were in travelling attire, and were attended by a couple of valets and a lady's maid. It is needless to say who they were. Simultaneously with their appearance in the entrance-hall, two travelling chariots drove up to the open door. Sir Randal's carriage being first, he walked slowly towards it, accompanied by Beau Freke. They both looked disdainfully at Gage and his companions, and raised their hats as they passed. Close behind them walked Brice Bunbury, looking rather crest-fallen. When Sir Randal had passed Gage a few paces, he paused for a moment, and surveyed the young man scornfully. Monthermer might have yielded to the provocation if Arthur had not restrained him. As it was, he dismissed the insolent baronet with a gesture of contempt.

While these persons were getting into their carriage, Mrs. Jenyns came on with Davies. The actress had not abated a jot of her spirit, and looked beautiful as ever. At a sign from Gage, Mr. Clavering stepped forward.

"I am sorry you cannot be permitted to depart, madam," he said. "You are charged with having in your possession, and unlawfully detaining, the last will of Warwick de Monthermer, Esq., late owner of this mansion, and unless you deliver it up, I and my brother magistrate shall be compelled to order your arrest."

"I have no intention of depriving Mr. Monthermer of his father's will, sir," Mrs. Jenyns replied. "It is here." And taking it from her bosom she gracefully presented it to Gage. "That ought to have been worth something to me, but since Mr. Fairlie is no more, it is valueless as waste paper." And then she added, smiling maliciously at Gage, "You are in luck just now. I wish you joy of your fortune. But how long will it last?—I give you a year."

"Your jests are out of season, madam," Sir Hugh observed. "Mr. Monthermer means to lead a new life. He has reformed."

"His reformation is of too recent date to offer much security for its continuance," Mrs. Jenyns replied, "and for my part I have little faith in it. Gage reform! You must be credulous indeed, Sir Hugh, if you believe in such an impossibility!"

"But I do, madam," the old baronet cried, angrily. "He is setting about it in the right way, clearing his house of such pestilent vermin as have just gone out, and such worthless baggages as you."

"Much obliged to you for the compliment, Sir Hugh," she replied. "I suppose you think he will make an excellent son-in-law, but if you give him your daughter, I suspect you will find out your mistake. Better wait a few months, I think, sir. Adieu!"

With this she was about to move on, when her progress was arrested by an extraordinary noise outside the door. Yells, groans, and menaces were heard, followed by the crash of broken glass. Sir Randal and his friends, it turned out, had scarcely got into the carriage, when the farmers, who were collected in front of the house, having been made acquainted with their character by the servants, commenced a sudden and furious assault upon them. Three or four stout varlets seized the horses' heads, and though the postilion used his whip vigorously, they kept their hold. Others rushed to the carriage-door, shivered the glass in the window, which had been hastily pulled up, and forcibly dragged out the persons inside, pulling off their perukes, tearing their finery, and belabouring them without mercy. The two valets were treated in the same way; and Joyce Wilford—Lettice's suitor—who owed Messrs. Trickett and Tibbitts a grudge for their foppish assiduities to his intended, did not neglect this opportunity of revenging himself. All the while the crowd were shouting, and loading their victims with every ignominious epithet, of which gamblers, sharpers, and scoundrels were the mildest terms. "We'll teach you to come to the Castle again," the aggressors roared; "let's take 'em a' three to th' horse-pond, and souse 'em in 't within an inch of their lives."

And the threat would undoubtedly have been executed if Gage had not rushed forth, and with difficulty effected their liberation.

"Leave 'em to us, sir," the rustics cried. "We know how to deal wi' 'em. Don't concern yourself about 'em."

"But I *must* concern myself about them, my good friends," Gage replied. "I command you to release them instantly."

The injunction was reluctantly obeyed. Brice Bunbury, with his frightened looks and torn apparel, looked a most deplorable object. Beau Freke had received some severe contusions; but Sir Randal was the worst off, for his arm was broken. Gage proffered assistance, but the baronet haughtily refused it, and eyeing his aggressors fiercely, he got into the carriage, which was then allowed to drive off.

"Yo'n g'ven that proud chap summat to remember yo' by, lads," Farmer Netherfield remarked, with a grin; "and yo'n spoiled a' their finery."

"Those two impudent puppies won't forget me in a hurry, I'm thinking," Joyce Wilford chuckled. "I've given both a smartish taste o' my cudgel, to teach 'em what to expect if they make love to another man's sweetheart. Ho! ho!"

Mrs. Jenyns had witnessed this scene with much alarm.

"Am I to be exposed to like outrage?" she cried.

"No, madam," Arthur Poyninga rejoined; "I will answer for it these worthy fellows will never injure a woman. They have too

much respect for the sex, however unworthily it may be represented in your instance."

Mrs. Jenyns did not think fit to make any rejoinder, and only partially reassured, she tripped off to her carriage with Davies, and ensconced herself as quickly as she could inside it. As Arthur Poynings had promised, she received no molestation; but as she looked out, she beheld nothing but scowling and indignant looks fixed upon her, while hisses and hooting could not be entirely repressed. However, the postilion bore her rapidly out of the reach of these unpleasant sounds. This was her last appearance at Monthermer Castle.

"Well, at length you have got rid of them all," Sir Hugh cried.

"Of all, except certain rascally hirelings," Gage replied.

"Pudsey, Bellairs, and the French hairdresser, have already decamped, with some others," Blackford observed.

"In that case, the house is completely cleared," Gage said.

Then, going to the door, he called out in a loud voice, "Come in, my friends—come in! I am once more master of Monthermer Castle."

Thus invited, the whole of the tenantry rushed in, and the area of the entrance-hall was scarcely large enough to contain them. The young squire stood at the foot of the grand staircase to give them welcome. Then arose such a shout as had never been heard before within that mansion. A hundred hands were stretched out eagerly to Gage, who heartily grasped all that came within reach. Blessings were showered upon his head by all the old men, and every good wish was lavished upon him by the young. It was impossible not to be affected by such strong demonstrations of attachment, and Gage was greatly moved. In a voice of profound emotion, he cried, "If anything were wanting to complete my cure, my good friends, your kindness would effect it. But, believe me, I am a changed man. I have seen the folly of my ways, and the rest of my life shall be modelled upon that of my father, whom you all loved and respected."

"A better model could not be selected," Sir Hugh cried.

"Impossible! impossible!" several voices responded. And the cheering was renewed even more enthusiastically than before.

"Now listen to me for a moment, my good friends," Sir Hugh said. "The young squire has told you that he means to model himself upon his father, and he could not do better. I am sure he will act up to his word, and in this persuasion, I tell him before you all—and you know I'm a man of my word—that if he comes to me a year hence and asks me for my daughter, he shall have her."

Gage warmly grasped the hand extended to him.

Sir Hugh's announcement was received with immense cheering, as well as a good deal of laughter. Some of the younger rustics thought a year's probation too long, and that the term ought to be abridged to a fourth of that period; but the seniors held that



Sir Hugh was quite right—not that they had any fears of the young squire—but it was prudent and proper.

Gage then once more addressed his tenantry, thanking them for their presence and support, and begging them to make themselves at home in the house. Everything that circumstances would admit should be done for their accommodation—but he could not precisely answer for the state of the larder. However, he could venture to promise that there was wine enough in the cellar to enable them to drink his health. He concluded his address by requesting a certain number of them to follow him to the servants'-hall, whither he proceeded, and where, by his directions, refreshments of all kinds were speedily served. A cask of strong ale was broached, and liberally distributed. Meanwhile, the dining-room had been hastily put to rights, and here a still larger party sat down, while the rest were elsewhere accommodated—so that all fared equally well. It is needless to say that the young squire's health was drunk, and in bumpers, as he himself had proposed.

Life is a mingled yarn of joy and woe, and we must interrupt these festivities for a moment to follow Gage and Arthur Poynings on a sad errand to the Ivy Tower. Neither of them went to the chamber of death, but they saw Lettice Rougham, who told them what had been done. Already Clare had been placed in her coffin, and Lucy Poynings having fully discharged all the offices of friendship, had gone home in a carriage which had been sent for her by Sir Hugh. Her strength was completely exhausted. We pass over the consultation that next took place between the two young men. But it was decided that the father and daughter should be interred in a village churchyard hard by—in a grave which had already one tenant—the mother of one and the wife of the other.

And now, ere parting with little Lettice Rougham, let us say that, some three months later, she made Joyce Wilford one of the happiest young fellows in Suffolk, and brought him a good wedding portion, too. But happy as Joyce was, he was not a whit happier than his father-in-law, Mark Rougham, who by this time had become owner of his long-coveted Cowbridge Farm.

When Gage and Arthur, after a while, returned to the mansion, with slow steps and saddened looks, the tenants were still making the roofs ring with their shouts of "Long life to the young Squire, and may every blessing attend him!"

A blessing *did* attend him. Poor Clare slept in her grave, but her wishes were fulfilled. In little more than a year afterwards, Lucy was united to Gage, and his good resolutions being strictly adhered to, and his character modelled, as he had promised it should be, on that of his father—a perfect English country gentleman—she found that there is some truth in the saying that "A REFORMED RAKE MAKES THE BEST HUSBAND."

## THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### BUSINESS BEGUN.

POVERTY stronger than Will—or Will too strong for Principle—has been the excuse of thousands besides the Mantuan apothecary, and it might have been urged in the case of Richard Brunton.

He had accepted Mr. Ashley's statements respecting himself with barely a word of remonstrance—without a shadow of real opposition, and yet he knew that they were altogether untrue.

Such being their character, could he believe that the purpose for which they were made was good?

The answer to this question was difficult, and Brunton shaped his after the usual fashion of people who care not to make too strict an inquiry where their own interests are concerned. Mr. Ashley's representations, as far as he could see, had done harm to nobody: on the contrary, they had procured, or were likely to procure, a capital situation for Brunton. All the rest depended upon himself. He had nothing to do with the motives of the Hebrew Dealer. If the latter chose to make Brunton's fortune, with an eye to his own, what was there in that to object to? The thing was done every day, in one form or other. It would be absurd for Mr. Ashley to exact payment of the bond until Brunton was able to meet it, and, by the time he was master of ten thousand pounds in cash, it was reasonable to suppose his credit would be equal to at least five times as much more. He would start with the fixed resolve to grow rich; he would make money with every opportunity; he would save—and speculate; and, in these days of speculation, what was to prevent him from being a capitalist as well as another? To this success there was no avenue save the one opened for him so unexpectedly by his newly-acquired friend. It would be the height of folly, he argued, to throw away a chance that never could occur again. He knew enough of the shady side of life, and it should be his own fault if he kept out of the sunshine in future.

With reasoning of this sort, Richard Brunton satisfied whatever qualms of conscience had arisen, when he reflected on his ready acquiescence in the account given of him to Mr. Temple Travers.

It was too late, indeed, for hesitation to have availed him anything. He had already tacitly consented to the arrangement proposed by Mr. Ashley when he took his money, and as the first thing he did after reaching his lodging was to redeem his wardrobe and pay some small

accounts, of a kind which he could not bring himself to enter in his general schedule, no other course remained—as he thought—but that of fulfilling his engagement to the letter. He found, moreover, on his return to Finsbury Circus, that Mr. Ashley had not, on his part, been idle. What amount he had actually expended in the settlement of Brunton's debts was not stated; but that they *were* settled was clear, by the production of receipts from all his creditors. It had been a hard day's work, perhaps, but as Mr. Ashley himself observed:

"These things generally lie in a ring-fence, my dear; the tradesmen, in a cluster in the middle;—the attorneys, scattered outside, but then one knows where to find 'em."

Under these circumstances Richard Brunton signed the paper which bound him to the payment of ten thousand pounds at some indefinite period in the far-off future. The young look at Time as if he were for ever receding—the old as if he were always near.

The evening past off gaily; it was the pleasantest Richard Brunton had known for many a long day, and Mr. Ashley was in excellent spirits, although he had parted with his cash upon what might have appeared to others a very doubtful contingency. He fulfilled his promise of making his young friend known to his family. It consisted only of his daughters, Mr. Ashley being a widower.

They were three in number: Matilda, Caroline, and Julia—names that savoured more of adoption than descent, a custom which prevails to some extent with modern Israel.

Matilda, the eldest, composed with taste, played admirably, and sang—as her father said—"heavenly;" Caroline's *forte* was oil-painting, in which art—*teste* her father also—she was no mean proficient; Julia, the youngest—to whose talents paternal affection again bore witness—shone principally in conversation. It scarcely required Mr. Ashley's ever-sounding trumpet to make these accomplishments known, for they were seldom veiled by the young ladies themselves, readiness of exhibition being a faculty which they possessed in common. They had, besides, considerable personal attractions, accompanied by a tendency—not at all special to their nation—to make the most of their charms—a tendency in which these black-eyed, bright-cheeked, dark-haired damsels also displayed the greatest unanimity. It might even be said of them—if to say so and be believed were probable—that they entertained no separate feeling in the dead set which they invariably made upon every new comer, whom they looked upon as general property, whether the new comer's attentions were particular to one or divided amongst all three: in plainer terms—Matilda's lover was loved by Caroline, loved by Julia, and *vice versa* in the case of each, without—as it seemed—a particle of jealousy being awakened in the breasts of either.

To Richard Brunton this kind of reception was, on a first acquaintance, exceedingly agreeable. To talk with Julia, to praise Caroline, to Matilda, were pleasures to which he very willingly surrendered himself, but he went no further: prudence, the consciousness of Mr. Ashley's watchful eye was upon him all the while, and the time had not yet come, being his effectual love-preserver, able to withstand Matilda's parting song when, according to custom,

threw her head back and glancing over her shoulder with her large lustrous eyes, warbled in melting accents :

A kind good night to *thee*, love !  
And a kind good night to *thee* !

the second person singular being, with that young lady, in every instance the above-mentioned latest comer.

Heart-whole, therefore, though surrounded by temptation, Richard Brunton withdrew that night from Finsbury-circus, having received Mr. Ashley's offer of general hospitality in the spirit in which it was meant—by accepting it only in the modified form of a business-dinner.

He had, indeed, other matters to think of besides love-making, had he been ever so much disposed that way, for on the following day he was to present himself with Mr. Temple Travers's letter of introduction at the house in Broad-street.

It was addressed to Mr. Velters, the managing partner, whom he found in an inner room, after passing through an avenue of laborious clerks, whose occupations their principal could survey, through a glass-door which enfiladed every desk, without moving from his high official stool.

Mr. Velters was a man of the true business-type. In his domestic circle, surrounded by wife and children, he probably had a heart, but, if so, he always left it at home :—it never travelled to the City, and, as far as those were concerned who had dealings with him, he might as well have been without one. He had a hard, spare, closely buttoned-up person that seemed bullet-proof, and a hard, cold face on which no news, short of the intelligence that the Bank of England had stopped payment, could produce any impression, and it may be a question if even that universal calamity would have moved a muscle of his rigid, inflexible features. Assuredly it was not in the power of the most vigilant scrutiny to discern the slightest emotion when such an event befel any of the firms with which his house was connected. "See how they stand!" was Mr. Velters's first word of command if the slightest whisper reached him that "Washbrick and Gathercole"—"Hamper and Blinkhorn"—"Tygo and Bree"—or any other commercial notability, were in a doubtful position ; and long before the doubt became a public fact the books of "Temple Travers" were closed against them. Mr. Velters had the keenest eye in the City for bad paper. "What do you mean?" he would say to a customer, as he rapidly turned over a pile of bills and lighted upon a questionable name, which he discovered in an instant—"what do you mean by bringing me this rubbish? Withdraw your account, sir, immediately!" In the commercial world, of all others, the most difficult task for the man of business is to arrive at the positive—but Mr. Velters seldom erred ; he possessed a natural aptitude for stripping pretension of all its trappings, and—if his dignity does not lose by the comparison—he might have achieved the highest reputation as a police-detective.

Something of this faculty had been revealed by Mr. Ashley to Richard Brunton, and it was well for the latter that he was endowed with nerve when he confronted Mr. Velters. But he had been counselled to say as little as possible, to stick to a very brief statement, lying within the smallest compass, and to imitate his questioner in succinctness.

Mr. Velters received him standing, his hands in the pockets of his grey

trousers: a single trumpet-shaped carnelian seal dangled at the end of a long, bright chain from his fob—a glimpse of a canary-coloured waist-coat was visible where the only one of the metal buttons of his blue body-coat was unfastened—and a white neckcloth and a bit of frill beneath his chin, completed a costume which may be considered as typical of bankers, all other classes of men having long ago abandoned it.

"Your business, sir?" said Mr. Velters.

Brunton explained that he was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Temple Travers.

Without a word of remark Mr. Velters held out his hand for the letter.

When he had read it he said:

"Sowerberry and Wilkins,—Levant trade?"

"Yes, sir."

"Failed?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Last May."

"How much for?"

"Thirty-seven thousand, odd."

"Any assets?"

"Eight thousand,—nominal."

"What became of the partners?"

"One died,—the other absconded."

"Leaving you?—"

"Without employment."

"How long were you there?"

"Three years and a half."

"What was your duty?"

"Chiefly, foreign correspondence."

"You know—how many languages?"

"Four, thoroughly; three more, imperfectly."

"In the first class?"

"French, German, Spanish, and Italian."

"In the second?"

"Modern Greek—some Turkish, and a little Arabic."

"Who vouches for all this, besides yourself?"

"As to the languages, try me, sir, in any way you please. For my character, I believe Mr. Ashley, of Finsbury-circus, has satisfied your Mr. Temple Travers."

"Hm! Yes—you have been recommended or I shouldn't have wasted so many words upon you. If we take you—into our corresponding department—when can you come?"

"Now—to-morrow—whenever you choose, sir; I am quite at your disposal."

"You shall be examined at once, then."

Mr. Velters released one hand from its contact with a pocketful of half-crowns, which he kept jingling all the time he spoke, and pressed the handle of a call-bell.

A stout, substantial clerk, one of the regular City-solidities, obeyed the summons.

"Mr. Browser," said the great man, taking a file of impaled correspondence, "letters must be written to-day to Schneider and Wolf of Hamburg—Molini and Co. of Leghorn—Decaux and Perrot of Paris—and Berríos, Brothers, of Madrid, advising receipts of seconds and thirds of exchange and other matters;—take them! Give the particulars to this gentleman, who will write the letters, and when they are finished bring them to me. You may go, sir!"

So saying, Mr. Velters turned his back on Richard Brunton, who bowed, and left the room with Mr. Browser.

He had not overstated his accomplishments, and being really used to mercantile correspondence—circumstances while on the Continent having rendered him familiar with its technicalities—he soon performed his allotted task, as much to the astonishment as the delight of good-natured Mr. Browser, who had witnessed and sighed over many an experimental breakdown. Incurious as all the clerks habitually were to things that did not relate to their own duties, more than one head was raised inquiringly while Brunton was at work. The exulting pantomime of Mr. Browser, as letter after letter was handed to him, soon satisfied them that a first-rate hand was likely to become their associate, and this fact being ascertained, down went the clerky heads again and onward sped their toil.

Brunton's expedition only just sufficed to meet the requirements of Mr. Velters. Scarcely had he finished his work when the call-bell again sounded, and Mr. Browser gathering up the correspondence, hurried away with it to the inner room. Brunton, who remained behind, watched the result with some anxiety. There was no smile of approval on the managing partner's lips as, after reading each paper attentively, he laid them all on the table before him. He said something, however, but unless Brunton had heard the words he could have drawn no inference from them whatever: a nutcracker's wooden jaws are not more inexpressive than was the countenance of Mr. Velters. Neither did the features of Mr. Browser reveal anything to Brunton's eager eye, so long as his face was towards his principal, but as soon as he turned to leave the room, the young man's fears subsided.

"You'll do!" said Mr. Browser, shaking him by the hand when he came out, while his broad face beamed with satisfaction; "Mr. Velters wants to see you again. Nobody goes twice into that office without employment."

The second interview differed little in character from the first. Mr. Velters had ceased to be interrogative—that was all. He uttered no syllable of praise, but simply offered Brunton a conditional engagement. If, after three months' trial, Mr. Velters continued to be satisfied, the engagement would be permanent, with a salary proportioned to his abilities; if not, there was an end of the affair: he would be paid for his services and dismissed. During the period of probation he would sit at Mr. Browser's desk, and act under his instructions. Mr. Velters had only this to observe, in addition—

What it was, however, the sudden opening of a door, at the other end of the apartment, which caused him instantly to turn his head, prevented Mr. Velters from saying, and Brunton continued standing till it was the pleasure of the managing partner to resume his speech.

But the attention of Mr. Velters had been directed to an object of more interest than the future conduct of one of his clerks. A tall, thin old man, with a young lady on his arm, had entered the room, and, with more *empressement* than could have been expected from his antomaton movements in general, Mr. Velters crossed to meet them.

"Don't let me disturb business, I beg," said the old gentleman, with a courteous air.

"It is nothing, sir, nothing," replied Mr. Velters; "pray, sir, be seated. Miss Travers, allow me to offer you a chair."

"No, no!" interposed the old gentleman. "I have merely a word to say. My granddaughter is going to take a drive with me this morning—the carriage is here at the door—but before I went out, I wished to tell you I have just had a line from Temple, to say that a loan of eight millions has been decided on. The news, of course, will very soon be made public; but it is desirable you should know the amount without loss of time."

"Very desirable, indeed! Thank you, sir—thank you. Have you any commands for the house, sir, this morning?"

"None, I am much obliged. Now, Alice, we will leave Mr. Velters to his books."

"Permit me to see you to your carriage. I hope, Miss Travers, you will some day honour Mrs. Velters by another visit. Her camellias, at Broadstone, will very soon be in full bloom."

Miss Travers bowed, without speaking, and the Managing Partner followed the great City Oracle and his granddaughter into the courtyard; they were followed, too, by Brunton's eyes, as long as they remained within sight.

Mr. Velters soon came back. His first words to Brunton were,

"Say nothing outside, sir, about this loan; and—what I was going to remark, a few minutes ago—remember that the rule of this establishment is work, sir, work!"

"More motive for it than ever," thought Richard Brunton, as he silently withdrew.

## CHAPTER V.

### LE BESOIN D'AIMER.

Is there any neutral ground on which youth and age may meet on equal terms? Can imagination be tethered to reality, or experience mount on the wings of hope and fancy? It would seem so, if the relations between Mr. Travers and his granddaughter are closely considered.

The old man has nearly reached the utmost limit allowed to human life; uniform success has attended his endeavours throughout his long career; he has achieved the highest standing in the commercial world, and realised the largest fortune; his only son holds a position even more distinguished than his own; if domestic affliction has twice thrown its shadow over his hearth, he has had but to deplore the common lot; the elastic spirit has risen to its former level, and the world's attractions—they exist alike for old and young—have not yet lost their charm. Therefore it is that he still has a want which he yearns to gratify. For nearly twenty years his hopes have centred on one object, and the time,

he trusts, has now arrived for their fulfilment. The desire of his heart is to see Alice married, that the name which for half a century has been honoured in his own person may still survive in his descendants. More than this, he loves his granddaughter with the truest and deepest affection—he sees that wealth and station fail to satisfy her—he suspects some secret sorrow, and he endeavours to win her confidence, in the hope that by his counsel and assistance her happiness may be secured. For this purpose he suppresses the thoughts which belong to age, and speaks to Alice as if no sea of years rolled between them.

On her side, the young heiress may doubt the professions which the world is so eager to pour into her ears, may mistrust the interested word, and despise the flattery that meets her at every turn; but of the earnest sincerity with which her grandfather offers his love she can entertain no misgiving.

There is, consequently, a common point where their feelings may unite, and thus it happens that she seeks, instead of avoiding, the old man's society.

We have seen them together just now; let us follow them whither they are bound.

Mr. Travers has an old predilection for a certain spot on the northern outskirts of London. An old terraced walk is there, backed by a row of lofty trees, from whence, owing to the height at which it stands, a wide view of the distant city may be obtained when the winds from the west drive the mists down the river. There Mr. Travers delights to walk when the sun shines high and the breeze blows freely, stopping at intervals to rest, and gaze upon the vast hive in which he has been one of the thriftiest workers. There, too, he is fond of taking Alice when she visits the city, and consents to accompany him abroad. On these occasions Miss Nalders relinquishes her constant surveillance, and occupies herself alone in the antiquated drawing-room, with devices of old conception.

Mr. Travers and Alice are sitting, then, on the high northern terrace, which looks down upon busy London. They are discoursing upon the theme which is always uppermost in his thoughts, and is seldom a stranger to hers.

“And in the midst of all this brilliant society, Alice, you have never yet seen anybody likely to influence your choice?”

“Of all whom I have seen it is impossible to speak, but of those with whom I have made acquaintance certainly not one.”

“And yet, go where you will, no house in London offers fairer opportunity than your father's!”

“That, I believe, is true; but it does not much advance the question. What is society? As it appears to me, simply the one eternal circle, beyond which those who once enter never stray. The people are always the same, their thoughts and actions identical—at all events in principle.”

“You take a more comprehensive view than you admitted just now. You include all at one fell swoop.”

“From what I really know, I infer the rest.”

“That would be very well, Alice, if you could deal with mankind as we merchants do with our wares:—judge of them by samples. But no two minds are alike.”



"To me they present no difference. I meet with no variety."

"You look only at the surface."

"Surface, dear grandpapa! What but surface characterises everybody one meets? To be as much like his neighbour as possible,—to wear the same unmeaning smile, to say the same insipid things, to suppress every noble thought, to stifle every generous emotion, to detract from merit, to worship success,—and success only,—to fawn upon 'the great,' as they are called, and bend the knee to circumstance,—such is the aim of all! There is no need to go beyond the surface."

"You speak bitterly, Alice,—more bitterly than your own observation should warrant. But you have made one admission. You acknowledge the existence of the merit which suffers by detraction. If you have found that, you have at least found something to redeem the world from universal censure."

"I wish I could say, dear grandpapa, that the discovery were mine: not to have been able to make it is the chief cause of my complaint. You mistake me if you suppose that I censure indiscriminately. No! I prize the nobility of mind, the generosity of soul, the independence of thought which must exist somewhere,—but of which I have only read. What I deplore is, their absence from the world—the special world,—in which it is my lot to live."

"You forget, my child, that the very world you at this moment condemn is that in which your own father has also, voluntarily, cast his lot. Do you think if he thought it so hollow, so worthless as your report would make it, that he would mingle with it himself or suffer you to remain there? Of his qualities of heart and mind you have more than read!"

"It is those qualities, dearest grandpapa, that I vainly seek to parallel. But our situations are very different. My father stands high in everyone's esteem,—his advice is sought by statesmen,—his word is an authority,—his example an object for all imitation; the world of which we speak is only an adjunct to the wide sphere in which he moves; he must tolerate what is faulty in one place for the sake of that latent good which he finds in another; in his position he cannot accept the whole and refuse a part. I, on the contrary, who, by myself, am nothing,—who have no freedom of choice,—before whom there lies only one track,—I must remain within the limits assigned me, measure with weary feet the path that leads round and round to the same dull goal,—a race without competition, an end without an object."

"So, then, Alice," said Mr. Travers, gravely—"because *you* cannot have a part you refuse the whole! Is this sound logic?"

"I cannot think otherwise—at least in my own case. I reason from what I feel. To me the 'part' you speak of is, necessarily, *all*: this makes the vital difference between my father's position and my own."

Mr. Travers sighed.

"And have the labours of seventy years, the endeavours of two—not unindustrious—lives, no other result than disappointment?"

Alice took her grandfather's hand.

"Do not think me discontented," she exclaimed. "As I said before, I am nobody. To my father and to yourself, dearest grandpapa, everything I have, whether of education or of means, is owing. I should be deeply ungrateful if I failed in thankfulness to you both. My duty and

my love stand entirely apart from my opinions. Ask what you will of the first, and, trust me, you shall not be disappointed."

"I shall never ask you for anything, dearest Alice, but what your heart can freely give. If I speak of disappointment, it has no reference to your conduct. In that respect you are all I can desire. But I have seen with pain your disinclination for society,—I have heard with regret your avowal of the cause; not because I believe the picture you have drawn to be true, but on account of the impression which you have received. At your age, my child, the fault generally lies on the other side. Happily you are still very young. A day may come—soon, I trust—when you will think differently."

"Not," replied Alice, "so long as I am known to be the daughter of Mr. Temple Travers. An heiress never hears the truth. To that fact my eyes were very soon opened. Warned in time by Margaret"—she alluded to Miss Nalders—"and that warning confirmed by my own experience, I know how to estimate at their full value all the protestations I hear. My beauty, they say, is beyond praise: there is no need for me to look in the glass to see if this be true; my memory, not half a day old, gives that flattery the lie. My disposition is everything that is amiable: they know nothing about it who speak. My accomplishments exceed those of all others: well for me if they suffice as resources for myself. And do you conceive, grandpapa, that one word of all this would reach my ears, if I were other—in a worldly point of view—than what I am?"

"You underrate your own attractions, Alice. Granted, however, that flatterers only have hitherto addressed you, surely there must be some who are free from this taint of self-interest!"

"It may be so, grandpapa, but such persons, I fear, are undiscoverable."

"Well, then, Alice, let it be my task—unless you should yourself forestal me—to find one who is really worthy of you. A great undertaking, you will say, at my time of life, and"—he added, smiling—"perhaps you will think, a great presumption. I do not promise you a man of rank, or even a man of fortune, but he shall be a man of honour!"

"He who has honour," replied Alice, with energy, "holds the highest rank in my estimation, and stands in no need of fortune."

"Let it, then," said Mr. Travers, "be a bargain between us, Alice. I think better of society than you do, and shall not ask for the cynic's lantern to guide me in my search. Still, the decision must rest with yourself; I will not force my candidate upon you, but leave you free as air to form your own conclusion. The world must be greatly altered if, before a year is over, I do not see you a happy married woman!"

Alice shook her head, but looked less sad than usual. It must go hard, indeed, with youth when age is the more hopeful of the two.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LE BESOIN DE SE MARIER.

If to love be a woman's necessity, to marry—under certain circumstances—is equally imperative on man.

What those circumstances are, greatly depends.

You are old and almost imbecile—quite so, perhaps—and fancy bright eyes and comfort: you are of middle-age and club-sick, and feel that the married state is alone respectable: you are young and foolish, and long to be the father of a family: these are motives; but there is one stronger than them all—you are so exceedingly hard-up that, in your own opinion, nothing can save you from starvation but a wealthy marriage.

It must be noticed that this resolution, however desperately it may appear to be adopted, is never suddenly taken. Most young gentlemen, with slender fortunes and whiskers yet in the germ, say, as they run up their first cigar bill, "I'll marry some devilish rich widow!" but, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they don't. In the first place, rich widows—whatever young gentlemen may suppose to the contrary—are not as plenty as blackberries; in the next, the fair inconsolables generally marry again to please themselves, and throw the handkerchief oftener than they catch at it; and, lastly, the young gentlemen in question, by the time their whiskers are full-grown, and other and heavier bills have accumulated, for the most part espouse young ladies, whose worldly goods add something in the way of baggage, but very little in the shape of fortune.

Be this as it may, the possibility of being obliged some day to marry for money is always looming in the distance of every fast young man about town. That "something to fall back upon, when the worst comes to the worst," is never entirely absent from their thoughts, so that when the fatal period arrives, the victim is, in a great degree, prepared to meet his fate.

Of those who gave their consent to this special arrangement several years before it was asked, Lord Harry FitzLupus (I omit the six intermediate baptismal names), fourth son of the Marquis of Wolverton, was a bright and shining example.

His position was this:

His eldest brother, Viscount Loupgarou, had the family borough, and, with the family titles, would succeed to the family estates; Lord Algernon, who came next, was in the church, and enjoyed all the family preferment; Lord Gerald, the third son, went into the navy, and, if there had been a family ship, he would have got it—as it was, he put up, at four-and-twenty, with an ordinary frigate; and, "as for me," Lord Harry was in the habit of saying, when he detailed his grievances, "they shoved me into the Blues."

Of all the rest of his brothers, or of his sisters, he said nothing; he had no interest in looking down.

What Lord Harry FitzLupus did in "The Blues" is easily told. Once in three weeks—or even once a fortnight, if duty was heavy—he rode down Regent-street in helmet, corslet, and jack-boots, on his way to the Horse Guards, where—being "on" duty—he smoked as many cigars, ate of as many dishes, played as many rubbers, and slept as many

hours as usual, riding back again up Regent-street, in the same warlike array, on his way to barracks, next morning, when he came "off" duty. Three times a week, during the season—duty not interfering—he cultivated his taste for the ballet in the Omnibus-box of Her Majesty's Theatre; and three times a week—with the same reservation—he filled up the off-nights at other theatres than those of Her Majesty, "screaming" farces, with plenty of "gag"—of the kind so freely manufactured by certain accomplished artists—being what he most delighted in. Seven times a week—by which arrangement he found employment for Sunday—Lord Harry FitzLupus was to be found, when the stars grew dim and Detectives were gone to bed, in a kind of first-floor-Sebastopol in Jermyn-street, or in some adjacent sister fortress, from which he seldom departed until he was a considerably poorer, if not a much wiser man.

By these processes, although Lord Harry FitzLupus acquired a vast amount of military knowledge, established a reputation for knowing what life was, and earned, *à juste titre*, the honoured epithet of "patron of the drama," he melted away, in a manner imperceptible even to himself—first of all, the fifteen thousand pounds that were his own—then the five thousand which his pitying aunt, the Countess of Sheepskin, gave him—and finally the thirty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-four pounds ten and elevenpence halfpenny which, on the strength of his expectations from the aforesaid old lady, he succeeded in borrowing.

When a man can no longer pay his mess-bill—to say nothing of his tailor, his bootmaker, his hosier, and all that herd—*toute cette pécore-là*—it is time for him to think of leaving the army. Besides, as not one man in twenty goes into "The Blues" with the intention of remaining after he has got his troop, and as a troop is worth a good deal of money, to dispose of it is the legitimate issue of every Blue's career. So Lord Harry FitzLupus did as others had done before him: he sold out.

More than that: he paid the messman, partly paid one tailor—left fifty of that category to howl, with bills unpaid, over their own supineness—in not taking time by the forelock when cash was to be had—went into the Highlands and stalked—went into Norfolk and shot, into Leicestershire and hunted—went on the Continent and gambled. He might have stalked and shot till the crack of doom—a friend's forests and a friend's preserves don't make away with much of the ready; he might—barring accidents—have hunted for at least a couple of seasons on the proceeds of his commission; but the pull of the table at Homburg, combined with an infallible martingale which, of course, broke down, completely cleaned him out in the course of six weeks; and, at the end of a twelvemonth from his subsidence in "The Blues," he had subsided altogether.

In common parlance he was "utterly ruined;" but everybody knows that utter ruin to a FitzLupus—until it has befallen him for the twentieth time—means simply that he can no longer keep up with the friends who haven't yet got through their respective patrimonies. The ruined young FitzLupus dresses as well as ever, rides as fine a horse as formerly, goes about—unless his creditors are more than commonly inexorable—just as he used to do: the only difference is that a father, an uncle, or somebody—he is not so particular as to ask which of his relations "stands

the racket," or whether they all club for it—pays him the four hundred a year, without which he says—and they all say—it is impossible to live.

There are many people who, in the same situation, would—like Jaffier—be "pleas'd with ruin."

Another thing is to be observed with respect to this calamity, so overwhelming to all but the class FitzLupus—and, here and there, a stray bankrupt on a large scale, for whom friendly assignees have a large compassion—namely, that their ruin is never of long duration. A watchful "something" is always waiting to turn up, and there they are on their legs again, to all appearance, as right as ever. A lucky bequest, a good appointment, or, perhaps, a fortunate marriage, comes in the nick of time to comfort the "curl'd darling" and release him from what he feels—how acutely!—to be such a state of slavish dependence as having only four hundred a year—the gift of "somebody"—to exist upon.

Our especial FitzLupus—the Lord Harry—had his share of ruin like the rest. The "four hundred a year" were duly paid, together with two more by the Countess of Sheepskin, to qualify her nephew, as he impressed upon her, to sit for the family borough, which Viscount Loupgarou, who was tired of it, resigned in Harry's favour; a kind of composition was made with the "worst-disposed"—so he styled them—amongst his creditors,—and once more he breathed the pure and balmy air of St. James's.

But breathing balmy air in St. James's, although impregnated with the odour of Carlin's best cigars, was not exactly the *finale* at which Lord Harry wished to arrive. You perceive that, although he had a seat in the House, with six hundred a year, he was very far from being *au grand complet*. The seat was well enough in its way: it prevented him from being seized, though his goods and chattels were still exposed to seizure,—or might have been, if he had not made them all over by a bill of sale to his friend Chichester Fleetwood. But what could he *do* with such a modicum as the sum just mentioned?

"A man must have his Clubs and all that,—his Greenwich and Richmond and all that,—his private boxes and subscriptions and all that—and then there are lots of things that a man *must* have!"

It stood to reason,—as he was in the habit of adding,—that a man must therefore look out for something.

What should it be? A seat on the Treasury Bench behind the Minister for whom he always voted? Well, the offer hadn't yet been made, though it ought to have been; for, however astonishing the fact, Lord Harry FitzLupus had supported the Premier in a speech which made a considerable sensation, both in the House and out of it.

As it was the only speech he ever did make in that august Assembly, and will not take up much room, I may as well transcribe it, as it is written in "Hansard."

The subject was the Income-Tax. Messrs. Blight and Smasher had eloquently denounced the iniquities of Schedule D, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was beginning to tremble at the possibility of a majority against Ministers, when—taking advantage of a pause—Lord Harry FitzLupus rose. An old Treasury-hack got on his legs at the same time, but there was a cry of "New member!" and the *ci-devant* Blue remained in possession of the House.

"I think, sir," he said, with a prolonged drawl, which added greatly to the effect of his oratory—"I think, sir, befaw this ques—tion goes to a—a—di—vi—sion, the pers'—nal ex—pe—rience of those who have *not* suf—far'd"—("Hear! hear!" from the old Treasury-hack)—"*not* suf—far'd from the in—quis—a—to—rial—I b'lieve that was the word made use of by the hon—a—rable member for a—a—Glen—with—ar—shins,—the in—quis—a—to—rial man—nar in which this a—a—tax is le—vied (cheers from the Opposition), ought to be a—a—ta—ken into consideration (counter cheers from the Ministerial benches). Now, for my own part, sir, I ne—var suf—far'd from anything of the kind." ("Hear! hear!" from the old Treasury-hack.) "The fel—lah that gets paid for a—a—col—lecting the tax, goes, I suppose, to your agent—or the person that is to pay you your money—and then he gives him the tax, and a—a—tells you of it af—tar—wards,—and that's all you evar hear about it. I don't a—a—call that a—in—qui—sa—to—rial!" (Shouts of derisive laughter from the Opposition, in the midst of which Lord Harry FitzLupus complacently resumed his seat.)

This brilliant defence of ministerial policy very nearly turned out the Government, and yet Lord Harry grumbled, as he resumed the summary of his claims. An attaché-ship? He spoke French: wasn't that a claim,—and yet the Foreign Secretary, whose accent was so bad that it made the French ambassador ill for three days after every interview—didn't see how the interests of the country could safely be confided to a nobleman who had not received a diplomatic education. The Foreign Secretary was a humbug—that was clear enough; besides what *was* an attaché-ship after all? One had to wait so long before one got any pay, and a man couldn't afford that. No! There was only one thing left for him:—he must make up his mind to have somebody.

Who it should be was the grand point; and, to determine it, Lord Harry FitzLupus put himself into the hands of his friends,—as if he were going to be shot at.

His friends, who saw in this resolution their only chance of getting back the money they, from time to time, had lent him, met *en petit comité*, to discuss the matter.

The occasion was a dinner at the house of Lord Dangerfield, a nobleman who, in addition to a crowd of amiable qualities, was said to play at *écarté* better than most people, and in the exercise of this virtue was supposed to find his reward.

The party, besides the host and the illustrious victim, consisted of only six persons, the intimates, of course, of both.

There were:—Chichester Fleetwood, whom everybody looked up to for advice; Lord Tiplady, who having himself married an heiress—and spent her fortune—knew all the social bearings of the case; Coates Taylor, a little, long-legged *bossu*, familiarly called "Crooky," who was up to a thing or two; Sir John Peckover, the best *parti* in England, but not at all disposed to change *his* condition; Phil Buckinger, an excellent judge of monetary matters, especially in the shape of odds; and, finally, the Vicomte Adolphe de Vaurien, an Anglicised French gentleman, whose talents were universal.

"Now then, Harry!" began Lord Dangerfield, as soon as the butler was gone, after setting on a full supply of claret,—“fill your glass, and tell us all about it.”

"Speech from the throne," said Sir John Peckover, who had just got into Parliament. "My Lords and Gentlemen,—called you together—early season of the year——"

"Hold your tongue, Peck," interrupted Lord Dangerfield,—“you're not moving the Address: go on, Harry.”

But before Lord Harry speaks on a subject so full of personal interest, the features and form on which he so greatly relies for the success of his project, may as well be briefly sketched.

If character is to be inferred from capillary development, Lord Harry had an immense deal of character. His pale, yellow hair, parted in the centre, flowed in broad waves across his noble forehead; his pale yellow moustaches streamed like two rivers into his pale yellow whiskers, and the latter expanded from the confluence till they had doubled the size of a countenance which Nature, who delights in curves, had kindly fashioned as round as an orange. Indeed, Lord Harry's face, in which there is nothing else to describe, very much reminded you of that fruit—some time before it reaches maturity. He had a very long neck, which gave his head the appearance of being stuck—like Macbeth's—on a pole; his shoulders were broad, his body large, and for his height—which had been his chief qualification for The Blues—he stood, without the aid of jack-boots, very nearly six feet three. When such a giant opens his lips, be sure it is for some oracular purpose.

"The fact is," said Lord Harry, with his accustomed drawl, "Peck is right. I *must* speak about my a—a—Alliances—and shall trouble him—when I come to the a—a subject of Supplies."

"Hear, hear!" cried the guests in chorus, and Lord Harry continued:

"The fact is,"—this was a figure of speech which helped his lordship along as a crutch helps a cripple,—“the fact is—and most of you know it,—I haven't got a dump that I can call my own.”

Universal silence betokened universal assent to this very naked proposition.

"Well then," said the orator,—“what am I to go and do? I've been thinking it over some time. Crooky suggested—and I mean to drink his health for it by-and-by—that I should go and give lectures,—as everybody does now, parti—cu—larly if he's in the House,—and make a pot of money that way. 'It's all very well talking, you know, but what am I to lecture about?'—that's what I said to Crooky,—‘can you give me a subject?’—‘How to get into debt,’ says he, ‘nobody can explain that better than you!’—Did you ever hear of such a heartless villain?”

"I think, *mon cher*," said Adolphe de Vaurien, "that Crooky would have done so much better if he had showed you how to get out of him."

"There's nothing to be got out of him," said Phil Buckinger, taking advantage of the Viscount's English, and creating a laugh at Coates Taylor's expense.

"You never did," observed Crooky, quietly, "and what's more, you never will."

"The next thing he proposed," continued Lord Harry,—“was that I should take—a—a—Exeter Hall,—I think it was,—Exeter Hall, or some such place,—and get up some scenery and a band of music, and

give as a popular a—a—enter—tain—ment, my own expe—riences at the ‘Little Nick,’ with *tableaux* of the police breaking in, the table shutting up behind the looking-glass,—the bones and pasteboard flying down the spout,—and all that sort of thing. ‘Very amusing, Crooky, no doubt,’ said I to him, ‘but—a—a—in that case you must be check-taker, and how much of the a—a—tin is likely to get into my pocket, if you have the handling of it,—is a matter between you and that—a—a—very in—fi—ni—te—si—mal quan—ti—ty, your conscience.’”

“Bravo, Harry!” shouted Phil Buckinger; “he has you there, Crooky!”

That gentleman smiled, while Lord Harry returned:

“‘Can’t you show up your friends?’ was Crooky’s last suggestion. ‘They’ll take, if you don’t. There’s nothing spicer a lecture so much as personality. It’s all the fashion now.’ I might, perhaps, have tried that—a—a—expe—ri—ment,—but unluckily I hadn’t been sent on a foreign mission, and so I had nothing *new* to say about anybody. In short, I a—a—gave up the idea of lecturing.”

“I agree with you, Harry,” said Lord Tiplady, “that lecturing’s not your *forte*. I look upon all lectures as infernal bores.”

“Some of them are, no doubt,” remarked Chichester Fleetwood, alluding to the Tiplady *ménage*; at which the noble Baron looked grim, and sipped his claret till he obtained relief.

“After that, Harry?” inquired Lord Dangerfield.

“After that, I didn’t ask Crooky for any more advice, but took counsel a—a—with my own bosom.”

“What did you find there to help you?” asked Sir John Peckover.

“My heart, Peck,” said Lord Harry, solemnly—“my heart. It whispered——”

“Oh, bother the sentiment,” interrupted Sir John; “get on.”

“You are a cold-blooded animal, Peck, and you know it. Dangerfield, you can feel for me—so can you, Fleetwood—so can you, Tiplady—my heart whispered, ‘FitzLupus, take a wife!’”

“Whose?” asked Phil Buckinger, who didn’t mind using a printed joke.

“Pas mal,” said De Vaurien, to whom the Sheridanism was new. It missed fire, however, with the others.

“My aunt, Sheepskin,” pursued Lord Harry, “had already said the same thing—at least fifty times—so when I found that my inward a—a—monitor—and the dear old lady—were hunting in couples——”

“Hear! hear!” from Sir John, who kept hounds.

——“I thought,” continued Lord Harry, yawning—“I thought I’d—ask—some of you fellahs—to look one up for me. And—that’s where it is.”

“Lady Sheepskin is a very judicious personage,” said Lord Dangerfield; “and you are a most wise and exemplary nephew to listen to her at last. But I was sure it would come to this. Fleetwood and I were talking the subject over only yesterday.”

“Oh,” observed Fleetwood, “the principle was settled long ago—before Harry left the Blues—its application is now the question. What do *you* say, Crooky?”



"Say? It's the only sensible notion that ever got into Harry's head. The application of it is easy enough."

"Comment ça?" asked the Vicomte, who was also single, and not overburdened with cash.

"Ware hawk, Vaurien," said the little humpback, with an intelligent nod. "Your turn by-and-by. Listen to me, Fleetwood—listen Dangerfield. If Fitz is resolved to marry, he mustn't throw himself away—we can't allow it—he must do the thing handsomely—go the whole porcupine."

"Apt simile!" murmured Lord Tiplady. "Let me see, who are there that one may call 'marriageable'?"

"Mrs. Crumple, the old tea-dealer's widow is marriageable enough, for he was her fourth husband," said Chichester Fleetwood, laughing.

"Her diamonds are worth a hundred thousand, they say."

"Give me the dia—monds, Chi—ches—ter," said Lord Harry, "and I'll a—a—make you a present of a—a—Mrs. Bohea!"

"What about the woman that drives the piebalds—Countess Constantia Cripplegate?" questioned Phil Buckinger.

"Who's she?" asked everybody.

"A Countess in her own right. She owns a slate quarry——"

"And a chalk pit," interrupted Coates Taylor. "This is all trash. Tea-dealers' widows and self-styled Countesses may answer some folks' purposes, but not Harry's—there is only one girl in London that will suit him."

"I guess whom you mean," said Lord Dangerfield.

"To be sure you do. Who should it be but Alice Travers!"

"Her father, Temple Travers," said Phil Buckinger to the Vicomte, "once offered to pay the National Debt."

"Farceur! Half of that will do for me."

"The old man in the City," said Sir John Peckover, "is no end of a Croesus!"

"He is the grandfather of cheques!" observed Lord Tiplady, Orientaly.

"She will come in for five millions!" chimed in Chichester Fleetwood.

"That will do," said Lord Harry FitzLupus, yawning again, and throwing himself languidly back in his chair. "That will do, Chi—ches—ter,—I'll have her!"

## A VISIT TO THE GRAND SHERIFF OF MEKKA.\*

THE Sheriffs constitute the sole hereditary or blood aristocracy among the Muhammadans. They trace their origin to Hassan and Hussain, the two sons of Fatma, or Fatima, the only daughter of the prophet. There exist no end of families who claim such an origin throughout Islam, but the Sheriffs of Hedjaz, and of Mekka in particular, look upon themselves as the only true and real descendants of the prophet. They are divided into two classes, those who devote themselves to the pursuit of letters, law, or worship, and even to commerce, and those whose following is that of arms and of public affairs. The first are designated as Sayids, the second are Sheriffs, properly speaking. The sons generally follow the avocations of the father; many are miserably poor, but they are not the less proud of the blood that flows in their veins, and they consider themselves immeasurably superior to the Turkish pashas who are sent to rule over them.

Certain of the families of the Sheriffs have attained power over the others by their wealth and the number of their followers. Such were the Kabaidah, to whom belonged the family of the Barakata, who gave a long succession of emirs or princes to Mekka. These emirs were generally confirmed in their position by the Sultan, and received from him annually a robe of investiture, brought from Constantinople by the kaftandi bashi. This formality, and the name of the Padishah introduced into public prayer, were the only rights of sovereignty preserved by the Porte over the holy cities. A pasha was appointed to Jeddah, but his authority was purely nominal; and a cadi appointed to administer the laws met with no better success, all questions of litigation being referred to the Grand Sheriff.

The government of the Sheriffs is purely patriarchal; the Grand Sheriff of Mekka is only, strictly speaking, a sheikh more powerful than the others. No public ceremony marks his succession; he receives the visits of a few of the great families, musicians play before his door, and they pray for him at the mosques. When he goes out on horseback an officer carries a parasol by his side, but there is little pomp at his court; the poorest Bedwin has the *entrée* with the most powerful. But this does not prevent the Grand Sheriff considering himself as such, and as a direct descendant of the prophet, as superior to the Sultan himself.

The only peculiarities are that, eight days after their birth, all the male children of the reigning Sheriff are confided to the charge of some tribe of the desert renowned for its valour, to be brought up among them; they are only restored to their family at the age of ten or twelve years, and appear in public for the first time on horseback by the side of their father as men, and no longer as children. Some of the youths thus brought up have never been able to reconcile themselves to the confinement of a city; they fled back to the Desert, and married Bedwin wives. Another peculiarity is that the daughters of the reigning Sheriff are devoted to a life of celibacy.

\* Séjour chez le Grand-Chérif de la Mekka. Par Charles Didier.

In the eighteenth century the Barakat dynasty having lost its importance, it was obliged, after long-continued struggles, to resign the sovereignty to the family of the Zeids, or *Zayids*, with whom it has ever since remained. The first of the new dynasty was one *Mesaad*, who for twenty years carried on incessant warfare against the turbulent Sheriffs by whom he was surrounded. His successor, *Hussain*, had the same career to run, and was ultimately killed by a son of *Mesaad's* called *Serur*, and who succeeded him in 1773. *Serur* was the first to bring the different families of Sheriffs under subjection; and although his reign was followed by an usurpation and interregnum, one of his brothers, called *Ghaleb*, by his courage and administrative abilities, established the power of the Grand Sheriffs on a firmer footing than ever.

The reign of *Ghaleb* was distinguished by the rise of the Wahabites, the founder of which sect was one *Abd-el-Waheb*, an Arab of *Nedj*, who, taking the *Koran* as the basis of his doctrines, preached the unity of the godhead, forbidding the worship of *Muhammad*, but enjoining respect to him as a man charged with a divine mission. *Abd-el-Waheb* was succeeded by *Muhammad Ibn Sawud*, who espoused his daughter and his doctrine, and became the political founder of the reform of which his father had been only the religious head. He was succeeded first by his son *Abd-el-Azis*, who was murdered in 1803; and, secondly, by his grandson *Ibn Sawud*, or, as he was commonly called, "the father of moustachios."

Under this chief the power of the Wahabites, whose chief place was *Deraiyeh* in *Nedj*, attained its acme; he carried his victorious arms to the gates of *Damascus*, of *Bussorah*, and of *Baghdad*. He defeated the followers of the Grand Sheriff, and took possession of *Mekka* and *Medinah*, only restoring *Ghaleb* to the sheriffate, on condition of his professing the doctrines of the Wahabites—among which the most repulsive to Arabs was the abnegation of tobacco.

It was in vain that the pashas of *Damascus* and *Baghdad* directed their forces against the Bedwins of Peninsular Arabia. The only misfortune which the Wahabites met with at the onset of their career was the destruction of *Rasel Khamah*, by the English, in 1809. *Tusun Bey*, the son of the viceroy of *Egypt*, *Muhammad Ali*, was the first to re-obtain possession of *Medinah*, which was for some time governed by a renegade Scot, who perished bravely defending the tomb of the prophet, sword in hand. *Mekka* and *Taif* were subsequently reduced by *Mustafa Bey*, and *Ghaleb*, treated as a prisoner, was removed to *Salonica*, where he perished (it is said) of the plague in 1816, and with him terminated the independent power of the Sheriffs.

*Tahya*, a relation of *Ghaleb's*, was elected to the sheriffate, with only a nominal authority, and three hundred of the descendants of the prophet were exiled into *Egypt*. But the Arabs, disgusted with the treachery which had been practised towards their chief, continued to prosecute the war against the Turks and Egyptians almost to the extirpation of their enemies. *Sawud* had been succeeded by his son *Abdallah Ibn Sawud*, who even surpassed his father in military prowess. The most fearful atrocities signalised this war of savages. Three hundred prisoners, who had been promised their lives, were impaled at the gates of *Mekka* and *Jeddah*, and along the road that separates the two cities. In 1816, the

celebrated Ibrahim Pasha was sent with reinforcements, and after two years further prolonged struggles, the courage and the genius of the then young chieftain triumphed over the pertinacity of the Arabs, and Derayah, the capital of the Wahabites, was sacked and razed to the ground. The unfortunate Abdallah Ibn Sawud was sent as a victim to the Sultan, who, after parading him in chains through the principal streets of Constantinople, had him cruelly decapitated in the square of Saint Sophia.

The Wahabites never recovered this blow, nor have they since reappeared as a power, but they are still numerous as a sect. The extinction of the only two national governments in Arabia—the Sheriffat and the Wahabites—followed closely the one upon the other; the first is now only a name, the second a shadow.

"Disgusted," he tells us, "with Paris, with France, and with the whole of Europe," but wherefore he does not say, M. Charles Didier adopted the rather strange expedient of reconciling himself to himself, or to Europe, by a pilgrimage to the existing representative of the Grand Sheriffs of Mekka. He does not, like a wise and experienced writer, trouble us with the details of his preliminary proceedings. He takes us at once to the Desert of Suez, which he did not care to cross in the "horrible square boxes" of the Transit Company, at the moderate charge of nine guineas for a hundred miles; but mounting that humble, yet excellent animal—an Egyptian ass—he joined a caravan of travellers initiated in the practices of the East, and ready to enjoy their pleasures, as also to accept their unavoidable inconveniences. One of these companions, he tells, was "a good pedestrian like myself, a tried traveller, an Englishman, Mr. Burton, an officer in the army of Bombay, and known in England by some works on the East, among others one on 'Hawking in Scinde.'" M. Didier bears testimony to the effective metamorphosis of Burton into a Muhammadan. He met on this journey with one who had known him as a pilgrim at Mount Arafat, and who still never doubted the authenticity of Sheikh Abdallah. There can be no doubt, M. Didier says, of the veracity of his pilgrimage to Mekka; he is willing, he says, from what he himself saw of his perfect assumption of this oriental character, to guarantee the truth of his narrative.

The Abbassiyah, a monotonous pile of building erected by the late Abbas Pasha on the borders of the desert, eliminates some notices of the successor to Muhammad Ali, which differ from what are generally known:

This mysterious and inaccessible residence, the abode of this miniature Tiberius, half tiger and half jackal, whose cruelty was only limited by his fears, was, during his lifetime the theatre of nameless debaucheries and unpardonable crimes. His last crime did not at least remain unpunished—having caused two young mamluks who administered to his pleasures to be put to death, the two who succeeded to them having the dread of a similar destiny before their eyes, they anticipated it by stifling their master, under circumstances which the pen of a Petronius or a Martial would alone dare to describe. This monstrous tragedy, worthy of Sodom, was enacted at the village of Benha-el-Asal, in Lower Egypt; and after keeping themselves for some time out of the way, the two murderers are now publicly employed in the citadel. The official medical men had, it is true, declared in their reports that his highness had perished from an attack of apoplexy.

One of the last acts of his life, perhaps the last, had been to cause the lips of a poor slave of his harem to be sewn together for some slight fault. The death of the executioner did not save the victim, who died of inanition some hours afterwards. A short time previous to this, an unfortunate being who ran up to his carriage to present a petition, having frightened him, for he was very easily terrified, and suspected every one who came near him, he caused him to be strangled to death in his presence.

Arrived at Suez, which our author says is a corruption of "Oasis," whereas it is an European corruption of Sivas for Sebaste, our independent traveller eschewed the high prices of the English hotel, as he had done those of the Anglo-Egyptian Transit Company, and he pitched his tent in the town just as he had done in the desert. It was no doubt owing to this that, his tent having unluckily caught fire, a brutal *employé* of the Transit—only, we are happy to say, "*Anglais d'origine*"—watched it burning, from the windows of his house, without volunteering the slightest aid.

From Suez to Mount Sinai is but a step. There is the sea-journey to Tor, and thence to Sinai a new road made by Abbas Pasha, who, it is said, contemplated building a palace in a region as yet only celebrated for a convent. M. Didier had parted with Mr. Burton at Suez, but he was now accompanied by another Englishman, of whom he does not speak so well. Travellers have, however, almost uniformly little tiffs on long and trying journeys. M. Didier's own temper appears to have been not a little ruffled by the rapacity of the monks of St. Catherine's.

"*Au quart d'heure de Rabelais*," I mean to say at the moment of departure, a scene occurred which would not be out of place in the "Avare" of Molière; *Harpagon* could not have done better. They began by presenting us with a memorandum of the expenses agreed to—expenses of a message to the French engineers engaged on the road, purchase of curiosities, journey to the mountain, divers matters supplied, &c. Upon those points there was no dispute. But this was followed by a supplementary note, which was quite unexpected, and the details of which were not a little amusing (?): to the brother porter for having opened the door, twenty piastres; to the brother priest for having shown us the church, twenty piastres; to the servants who had not attended upon us, since we had our own, twenty piastres; to those who had accompanied us to the mountain, twenty piastres; to the brother housekeeper, twenty piastres; the last article reminded me of the Spanish *ventas*, where, after having paid all demands, a still further one is made *por el ruido*, for the noise. In short, what with one twenty piastres and another twenty piastres, they made up a good round sum. As to the surplus, the offering that visitors are in the habit of making to the monastery on going away, they left that to our generosity. We were aware of what was sanctioned by custom on that score, and had our offering in readiness; but considering that the monks had forestalled it, by their exorbitant demands, we deemed it but fair to reduce it by so much, and we limited it to a hundred and twenty piastres. Even this was being very generous; two Americans who had preceded us had not given more, though they had remained there a much longer time, and had been much less imposed upon.

Now the storm broke forth. A hundred and twenty piastres! Gracious Heaven! did we think of it, whom did we take them for! A hundred and twenty piastres for persons like them, for travellers like us! A hundred and twenty piastres! it was a disgrace to us and an insult to them! We dishonoured ourselves by offering it, and they would be dishonoured by accepting it. This all the time that they had the money in their pockets, from which they never pretended to withdraw it. The most energetic of the lot was a certain brother Joseph, whose face was remarkable from the utter absence of a nose,

and who also spoke Italian with great fluency. *Questo non è maniera! Questo non è maniera!* he kept repeating ten times in a minute, going on all the time like a madman, and he would evidently have been delighted, had he dared, to have passed from words to acts of violence. The poor brother Peter played the part of conciliator; and the superior, a venerable head with a white beard, presided over this disgraceful scene, looking upon himself as personally offended. The storm lasted a long time, but it was a great noise for nothing; we did not add a para. Our consciences were satisfied, for we had done all that was right, and more so; our bill was paid, and we left five hundred piastres (five pounds sterling!) to the convent, which was surely paying well for our hospitality of forty hours, and such hospitality!

This disgraceful state of things at remote Mount Sinai has had its origin in the mistaken generosity of our own countrymen. They do not think, when they are distributing money open-handed in the convents of the East, and paying largesse to every Arab sheikh, of the mischief they are doing to future travellers. As to the monks, one really can't help wishing then some fine day an *avaniah* from the pasha, or a day's sack-ing by the Bedwins.

M. Didier totally mistakes Captain W. Allen's account of the projected communication between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Akaba, by the Dead Sea. He says that such a communication *formerly* existed. Captain Allen says nothing of the kind. He only argues that the Jordan, and its lakes and seas, formerly communicated with the Red Sea. M. Didier adds, however, very truly, that if this gigantic project was practicable it would anticipate the opening of the Suez Canal in a singular manner, and greatly facilitate the passage to India.

A pleasant sail of about sixty miles a day, and always at anchor at some port or other at night, took our travellers to Jiddah or Jeddah, which is described as a pretty town, well built, well peopled, and in every respect worthy of being, as it is, the port of Mekka. Its inconveniences are bad water, and a hot, moist atmosphere in summer, which is very dangerous to strangers. Our traveller was induced to attend the slave-market here, and was also very nearly induced to make a purchase, as he intimates, *pour faire une œuvre pie*, whilst his companion, the calumniated Englishman, he insinuates, entertained similar ideas, but from less charitable motives! Certain it is, that M. Didier admired the Abyssinians as much as other travellers have done. Witness his descriptions, which leave nothing to the imagination to fill up:

"I am acquainted with charming Abyssinians," he says, "who, the colour excepted, would not be out of place anywhere; and even as to the colour, one so soon gets accustomed to it, that after a short time I paid no attention to it. Besides, the Abyssinians more than repay this slight drawback, if it is one, by a skin of velvet, long and silky hair, exquisite beauty of outline, graceful forms and movements, a regularity of features worthy of the most beautiful Greek statues, magnificent eyes, admirable teeth, small hands and feet; in one word, by all the charms that constitute the woman, and I am not surprised to see them inspire passions which survive even marriage!"

M. Didier, fortunately, has nothing to say against the English at Jiddah; on the contrary, although the French had a consul there, M. Rochet d'Hericourt, the well-known Abyssinian traveller, he preferred taking up his residence at the house of the English consul, and he was lauded, he says, during his whole stay, with *procédés les plus aimables*.

He seems, in fact, to have entertained a feeling of dislike to M. Rochet d'Hericourt. His name, he tells us, was really Rochet. D'Hericourt was superadded, for the sake of the aristocratic colouring. "He had begun business in the East as a tanner, and nothing in his manners or language belied his origin. Having gone to make his fortune in Abyssinia, he had pushed on to the kingdom of Shoa, whence he had twice returned with presents for King Louis Philippe. A narrative of these journeys has appeared under his name, without his being its author; incapable himself of writing even one letter, he borrowed the pen of an author whose name is well known to me. Thence he returned to the East, as consul of the second class at Jiddah, and officer of the legion of honour; but he was only the mere tanner. Without education or instruction of any kind, he gave a very poor idea of France to the Arabs, and only left sad reminiscences at this place, where he was in open hostility with his colleague, Mr. Cole, the English consul." Poor man, he was dying at the time, and M. Didier returned from his visit to the Grand Sheriff to be present at his funeral. We would not, indeed, have quoted these revelations of a traveller, of whom much was made at one time, but as a set-off against a subsequent attack made upon the manliness of conduct of his anonymous English companion, when on their visit to the Grand Sheriff.

M. Didier is, notwithstanding the *entente cordiale*, an inveterate hater of the Turks. He describes them as alike treacherous and cowardly, and on the other hand he takes delight in extolling the Arab character; so in any allusions to their past relations, during the time of the independence of the Grand Sheriffs, and of the Wahabites, as also in the present day, he never ceases to condemn the conduct of the one at the expense of the other. He is one of those, not few in number, who hold that all the protocols in the world will not resuscitate Turkey. She is dead, he proclaims; and her name would have long ago been scratched out from the maps, only that no one could agree as to the succession!

The pasha sent to rule over the Holy Cities, for reasons which M. Didier does not fail to estimate at their real import, resides neither at Mekka nor Medinah, but at the sea-port of Jiddah. The fact is, that the customs are collected at that port, and they are the chief revenues of the land; and further residence in the interior is rendered impossible to a Turk, by reason of the antipathy of the Arabs. M. Didier dwells with manifest gusto upon this antipathy. The name of Turk, he says, is an insult even in the mouth of the children; they give it only to their dogs.

Achmet Izzet Pasha, the pasha at the time being, and his chief adjuncts, the Kurd Osman Aga and Emin Bey, on their side did not fail to asperse the Arab character, and to calumniate the existing Grand Sheriff; but this did not prevent M. Didier carrying out his projected visit, which, after all, was one of very brief duration.

Having duly written to announce himself, and to claim protection, on the 22nd of February, the means of transit from the coast to Taif, near which is the residence of the Grand Sheriff, arrived in the shape of dromedaries and horses, accompanied by an escort of Bedwins. The whole was under the order of the Sheriff Hamed, who astonished M. Didier at the onset by paying him a visit, at which he never spoke

a word, never even opened his mouth, although a young man of twenty-seven, with lively mild eyes, and a charming smile. There was some little delay, as usual at starting in the East. M. Didier ill-naturedly lays the whole blame on his fellow-traveller. The caravan was composed, says the author, with characteristic modesty, of "myself," my fellow-traveller, M. Dequié, chancellor of the French consulate, six servants, the Sheriff Hamed, with a relative, Achmet Amudi, the chief cameleer of the Grand Sheriff, and a dozen slaves or servants, armed with spears.

The road from Jiddah to Mekka has been before described. There are eleven caravanserais or coffee-houses on the way, and these are made, when necessary, the stations for repose. The dromedaries took the travellers along at a trot, and M. Didier, who was nearly being tumbled off by the unaccustomed pace and motion, was knocked up the first day, but he soon recovered, and was afterwards enabled to keep up the exercise for twelve hours on a run. Leaving Mekka, as forbidden to Christians, to the left, they passed the renowned Arafat, and at Mount Karah exchanged their dromedaries for mules, with which the rugged mountain road they had now to follow was more readily accomplished. A body of Hodheil Arabs, under a Sheriff, Selim by name, awaited them at the summit of the mountain pass, and they passed the night in a house built by a renegade Russian, formerly an officer in the imperial guard, and who had been compromised in the military revolt of 1825. The pass of the Karah is described as being a level plateau, diversified by natural pyramids of granite. The descent lay amid rocks and sands to an immense circular plain, hemmed in by the Ghazuan mountains, and in its centre was the city of Taif.

Arrived at this place, Sheriff Selim conducted the travellers to the house which had been prepared for their reception. A janissary, with a long staff with a great silver knob, and a guard of honour composed of armed negroes, were appointed to attend upon them. Ibrahim Aga, treasurer to the Grand Sheriff, also awaited their orders. Their repasts were served up in European style.

The Grand Sheriff lived in a palace on the open plain, situated at about half an hour's ride from the city. He sent us horses to conduct us thither. Mine, Assir by name, was a superb black stallion, full of fire, and yet, like all Arab horses, so docile that a child might have ridden him. The saddle, covered with blue cloth, embroidered in gold, after the fashion of Constantinople, presented a truly princely appearance, and must have been very valuable. The kawan, or janissary, led the way with his long stick, and a numerous escort on horseback and on foot accompanied us. The prince's sais walked before me in his ceremonial dress. The Arab sais is a groom of superior rank, whose principal functions are to run on foot before the horse or the dromedary of his master. However quick their pace may be, his honour is concerned in being never beaten by them. This one was known to run for days before the hedjin of the prince. The vigour of these men is extraordinary; they have calves and lungs of steel. A sais of Muhammad Ali's is often quoted as an example of force and quickness. He went before the pasha's dromedary from Cairo to Suez without stopping. It is true that he fell dead at the end of the journey.

We traversed the bazaar, where we were naturally the objects of general curiosity. With the exception of a sick French consul, who came to Taif for the benefit of his health, on the invitation of the Grand Sheriff, we were the first Europeans who had appeared there *openly*. In the time of the war with the Wahabites there were a great number of doctors and others attached to the



Egyptian army, and their different employments brought many others at that epoch, but they all wore the uniform of the Osmanlis, and were confounded with them. As to me, I so little dissimulated my character of Christian, that, with the exception of the tarbush, I had preserved my European dress, only that I had put over the whole, *afin de paraître plus étoffé!* an ample black abbaya (camel-hair mantle or cloak) which I had purchased at Jeddah.

We issued forth from the city by the gate called Bab-el-Rio, where the Turkish guard paid us military honours as on our arrival. Scarcely out of the walls, than our way lay through the ruins of an ancient suburb, destroyed and never rebuilt, after which came the desert. An isolated mosque, surmounted by a white minaret, alone rose up on the borders of the road.

The palace of the Grand Sheriff was a building of a very unimposing appearance, and equally little symmetry. It is a mere confused assemblage of irregular constructions, built without any system the one against the other, but all united in one common enclosure. The interior must be very extensive, to judge by the number of inhabitants. The prince has only one legitimate wife, as is the fashion in the present day among Mussulmans, but his harem is peopled by some sixty black and white slaves. He has not fewer male servants—not to mention a hundred negro slaves, eunuchs, and others, having their different situations in the household. I do not know the number of his children; I only saw one of his sons, at that time ten or twelve years of age, but since dead. He was clothed in a robe of yellow silk. The present Sheriff's fortune is said to be enormous, for he succeeded to all the riches of his father Ghaleb. It is said that he has a hundred millions of our money in his strong boxes. He also receives an annual subsidy from Constantinople which amounts to upwards of 400,000 francs. When he was rebuilding his father's palace, destroyed by Muhammad Ali, he discovered a well full of gold, buried there by his grandfather, Sheriff Meccad.

On our arrival at the palace, upwards of three hundred Bedwins were there to receive us, all clothed in the blue frock, which is their only garment, and which was relieved in most by a scarlet scarf thrown over the shoulder. Their leathern girdles, their belts, with silver plates, their crowns of mother-o'-pearl, precisely resembled those of the Hodheils of Mount Karah, and, like them, they carried curved daggers, lances, and matchlocks. Their thin legs were naked, and they were generally tall, as well as spare and firmly knit for speed and endurance. There were many negroes among them, and it required nothing less than the proximity of their ebony countenances to prevent the Arabs themselves appearing black. This motley army, assembled to do us honour, greeted us not with the order of disciplined troops, but with the confusion of men to whom discipline was unknown. We returned their salutations in the fashion of the country; that is to say, without carrying the hand to the head, for such a distinction is only due to superiors or to equals whom it is wished to do honour to. In Arabia, as elsewhere in the East, everything is done by rule, fixed beforehand; everything is consecrated by custom, and the smallest acts of life have shades which must be studied in order to conform to them.

We ascended to the palace by an ascent of seven or eight steps, at the bottom of which we were received by Ibrahim Aga, whom we were already acquainted with, the major-domo, and the other officers of the prince's household. We found among them our old friend Tahir Effendi, whose European costume contrasted in an unfavourable manner with the flowing robes and the scarlet scarfs that were worn by the others.

The ante-chamber was full of attendants. We left our shoes there, as was required by politeness. On this point, Oriental etiquette is ruled by laws absolutely contrary to ours. A man who, in the East, should present himself with his shoes on his feet and his head bare, would produce the same effect as one who, in Europe, came in with his feet bare and his hat on his head. But in this I think reason lies with the westerners, who uncover the noble part of their persons and hide the base.

We were introduced into a small saloon of simple aspect, the ceiling was

painted, but the walls were perfectly naked. A very handsome sabre, enriched with precious stones, and presented to the Sheriff by the Sultan, hung from the wall, its only ornament. The carpet was rich, and the divans were of green silk, embroidered with gold thread, like those of the house which had been allotted to us, and which evidently had the same origin.

The prince was not in the saloon when we entered, and here is the reason why. In the quality of Grand Sheriff, Emir of Mekka, he does not rise to any one. If he wishes to do honour to any one, he takes the precaution not to be in the room where the visitor is introduced, so as not to receive him seated; he only comes in after him, by that means doing all that politeness can exact, without sacrificing his privileges. It was thus that he conducted himself towards us. Scarcely had a few seconds elapsed, than he came out of a neighbouring apartment, accompanied by several Sheriffs, who seated themselves as well as ourselves, and the prince himself, on European arm-chairs, which I must acknowledge looked singularly out of place.

In the East, the preliminaries of a visit are always formal. One goes in, makes the customary salutations and sits down, all without speaking a word; then, when coffee has been partaken of, but not before, conversation is begun by reciprocal compliments, always the same, and which cannot be dispensed with without a breach of civility. This first chapter exhausted, the Sheriffs withdrew, and we remained alone with the Grand Sheriff, all of us smoking in long pipes with amber mouth-pieces, that had been brought after the coffee, not to mention the sweetmeats that followed, and circulated the whole time of our visit.

Hussein Abd-el-Muttaleb, the Grand Sheriff, son of Ghaleb, is a fine old man of sixty, tall, thin, noble in his manners, *distingue* in all his person. He is very brown in colour, almost black, his eye quick, his nose straight, his beard scanty, his physiognomy very expressive. He wore a turban of Cashmere, and a long robe of light blue colour; and a magnificent dagger, mounted with gold and with precious stones, sparkled from his waistband.

I began by thanking him for the noble hospitality which he had shown me, and by doing justice to the amiability of the Sheriff Hamed; upon which he replied graciously, that he had chosen him because he knew him well, and was sure that we should be pleased with him. He was already informed of the proximate removal of his enemy, the Pasha of Jiddah; at least he was aware that the report was afloat, and I gained much in his favour by being able to confirm it. I could not have had anything better to communicate to him, and chance favoured me well. Although the Arabs have great mastery over themselves, and allow nothing to be read upon their faces, that of the prince animated itself with a ray of gladness, and, whether he wished it or not, it showed itself in every feature.

Conversation then began upon the topics of the day, on the pretensions of Russia, on the combined forces of France and England, and on the general attitude of Europe, and of Austria in particular. He listened with great attention to all the information that I had to convey to him, and asked questions which all testified to his knowledge of facts, and to his comprehension of the position of things. He seemed to me to be as enlightened as he was independent; and if I had a reproach to make to him, it was that of being too civilised, too European. It is true that he spent twenty-four years of his life at Constantinople, before the Porte could decide upon letting him return to Arabia, and resume possession, even in part, of the rights, the titles, the goods, and the authority of his father Ghaleb.

I did not forget, in speaking to him and in listening to him, that I had to do with an Arab, not with a Turk; that he could not, as such, entertain very serious hopes for the triumph of the Ottoman arms; that he had, on the contrary, everything to hope from the ruin of the conquerors of his country; that he must, in fact, be in heart more Russian than English or French. I made a few distant and indirect allusions to his own position and to that of his country, but he would not notice them, and preserved upon that subject a reserve, which

he never for a moment broke through. Facts that occurred afterwards showed, however, that notwithstanding his circumspection and his silence, I had judged correctly as to his real disposition.

He had heard of the *coup-d'état* of the 2nd of December, and was very curious to hear the circumstantial details of that event. I gratified his curiosity by answering all his questions, and by relating to him, *for two long hours*, as an eye-witness, the nearly complete history of that contemporaneous event.

This first visit over, the party returned to Taif as they had arrived, receiving on their passage the same honours. The next day the Grand Sheriff sent horses to enable them to ride out in the environs, and on this occasion they partook of a pic-nic in El Batineh, a garden of the Sheriff's, the chief trees of which were figs, pomegranates, quinces, and roses. There were many other gardens in the same neighbourhood, besides fields of barley and wheat. The gardens of Taif are indeed renowned throughout the Hedjaz. They are like so many oases in the Desert. The town itself is mainly inhabited by the Arab tribe of Thakif, who have become sedentary and commercial. The shops in the bazaars are poor enough, and goods are almost solely disposed of by auction. There is but one handsome mosque in the town, that of Abdallah Ben Abbas. The Wahabites overthrew them all. Near to this mosque are two stones, such as Herodotus describes the people of Arabia as worshipping in olden times. One is called Lat, the other Ezzah. M. Didier does not tell us if they were of meteoric origin.

The evening that preceded their departure they paid a second and farewell visit to the Grand Sheriff. The conversation upon this occasion turned upon the cholera, which had ravaged Mekka and spared Taif; upon Egypt and Abbas Pasha, whom, M. Didier says, the Sheriff estimated at his true value; and they even spoke of the Exposition about to be held in Paris. M. Didier endeavoured to prevail upon the Grand Sheriff to send specimens of native industry, "assuring him that he could not fail to meet with 'success,'" but the Arab was not quite such a fool as he was taken for. "Yes," he replied, laughing, "the success of ridicule."

Sheriff Muttaleb was in reality an enlightened man. Proof how he entertained his guests in the Hedjaz with plates, knives and forks, and arm-chairs. He was intimate with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and he entrusted a letter to the anonymous Englishman for the British ambassador. It is with regard to this Englishman that M. Didier says:

I cannot help saying how much I was shocked, as an European and a man, by the humble attitude of my companion in the presence of the prince: it was not indeed the first time that I had occasion to make a similar remark in regard to his countrymen and himself. It was an understood thing, in the last century, to make the Englishman the type of pride, and J. J. Rousseau himself has depicted them as such in Milord Edward. Time and experience have done justice to this prejudice. I have myself known many Englishmen of all ranks, both in their own and in foreign countries, and I have everywhere seen them prostrate themselves at the feet of power constituted by opinion, whether usurped or legitimate. They have on this score neither independence nor discernment, and all classes alike profess the worship of position, a snobism no less ridiculous than servile, and to which their countryman Thackeray has done justice, and chastised with much humour in "Vanity Fair." Education, no

doubt, makes them so, and routine keeps them in the groove. Born and bred in a land still eminently feudal, they imbibe with their very milk the spirit of hierarchy, which is at once the principle and the basis of their social constitution. With a vanity equal at least to that of the French, declared by Dante and by Machiavel to be the most vain of all people, the first notions of equality are unknown to them.

We have been rather sketchy than critical with M. Didier's book, as best suiting the theme and his manner of treating it. Even had we been inclined to be critical, to challenge his deficiencies, or to laugh at his exaggerations, or to inquire into the honesty of being Turk among Turks and Arab among Arabs, we should have been disarmed by the impression which he conveys to us of being sorely afflicted by his travels or his literary labours. We have spared him, then, the reproaches we might have made of want of honesty and sincerity in his conversation with the Grand Sheriff as reprinted by himself. But we cannot help observing that this wholesale onslaught upon the English for snobism, or servile prostration at the feet of a power constituted by opinion, comes with singular bad taste from an individual who, according to such a definition, would only be himself one of a whole nation of snobs.

### *Mingle-Mangle by Monkshead.*

#### RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWALS:

##### I.—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.\*

ABOUT the time that William Shakspeare—M. Ponsard's own "divine Williams"—left his good county of Warwickshire, to play his part on the stage of life in London, and withal (in a literal sense) on the London stage; there was born in that same county a child whose manhood, too abruptly closed, was destined to suffer strange disaster, and to give occasion to strange, dark, damning tales. Two or three years before Shakspeare, a prosperous gentleman, now again settled in native Stratford, departed this life—prematurely, as we are wont to tell the tale of years, but rich in life's fullest experiences, ripe in its fame and favour, secure of immortality—two or three years before that myriad-mind put off its earthly vesture, and doffed what there was of mortal about its spiritual essence, the younger Warwickshire worthy was done to death in

\* The Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse of Sir Thomas Overbury, Knt. Now first collected. Edited with Notes, and a Biographical account of the Author, by Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D. Etc. etc. London: J. R. Smith. 1856.

This volume is one of the valuable series entitled "Library of Old Authors," now in course of publication by Mr. Russell Smith, and "got up," as to paper, print, &c., after the late Mr. Pickering's own heart—which signifies a good deal, to all who have or who seek a "Library," especially of "Old Authors." Among the volumes now issued are Marston's Plays, Piers Plowman's Vision, and George Wither's Songs of the Church.

the Tower of London, by means of a plot so foul, and implicating accomplices so distinguished in pride of place (not stopping short of the throne itself), that to a keen-eyed and deeply-musing writer of tragedies, like him, who sat retired in his home upon the Avon, the theme must have appeared charged, if not over-charged, with elements of terror, with imposing tragic effects, such as could hardly fail to tempt him anew to his creative labours, might he but shift back to the days of crook-back Richard, or voluptuous Edward, the shocking story which branded the actual, present reign of the Scottish James.

It was in the autumn of 1613 that Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned in the Tower. He numbered then but two-and-thirty summers. Educated at Oxford, where he had studied philosophy and logic with a zeal beyond the common, and with corresponding advance beyond his fellows—thence removing to the Middle Temple, and setting himself diligently to the digestion of law-books, in all their dry and dyspeptic variety,—he seems to have been taken up by Sir Robert Cecil, Lord Treasurer, and for a while to have gone on with the highest success in the first stage of his career. We hear of “enemies,” however, who somehow contrived to blight in the bud all this fair promise; so far at least as to make it expedient for the young Templar to travel abroad. In his travels, he “spent not his time as most do,” says the writer of the Secret History of the Reign of James, “to loss, but furnished himself with things fitting a statesman, by experience in foreign government, knowledge of the language, passages of employment, external courtship, and good behaviour—things not common to every man.” On his return to England, he became intimately connected with a man to whose acquaintance, previously formed, he owed his mysterious downfall and death, and who was one day to stand on his trial as chief prisoner, in the Great Oyer of Poisoning, still famous among whatever is most infamous, in the literature of our Tower records and Newgate Calendar. This man was the king’s *parvenu* favourite, Carr, afterwards Earl of Somerset. Colley Cibber, in his Lives of the Poets, describes the two friends as hand and glove in their fellowship, and keeping foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder, as it were, in their rise and progress in the world. “Such was the warmth of their friendship, that they were inseparable. Carr could enter into no scheme, nor pursue any measure, without the advice and concurrence of Overbury, nor could Overbury enjoy any felicity but in the company of him he loved; their friendship was the subject of court conversation, and their genius seemed so much alike, that it was reasonable to suppose no breach could ever be produced between them.” But soon there was a woman in the case; a bad woman; very young indeed, and fair to see, but a bold, bad woman, of that degree of boldness and badness which, having crossed out the seventh commandment without a scruple, can break the sixth almost without a pang.

The Countess of Essex became the mistress of Somerset, and employed all the black arts at her disposal, or within her purchase, to defeat those who would restore her to her husband, and herself to a better mind. Dr. Forman, the Lambeth wizard, and Mrs. Turner—she of the “starched yellow ruff”—were retained, with substantial fees, to exercise their craft in the countess’s service, and supply her with deadly drugs, to be “exhibited” to her husband, and with whatever else lay in their way that might tend to remove what (in another sense) lay in hers.

The details of the plot, as it thickened, are foul, hateful, unrepresentable. Enough, in this place, to intimate, that Overbury remonstrated with Somerset, and thereby incurred the mortal enmity of the earl's paramour; that she devised schemes for his ruin—complicated schemes, having as circuitous and indirect a character as possible in regard to the means employed, though fatally direct and inexorably straightforward in the end determined on;—that Overbury was ere long caught in these toils, meshed beyond disentanglement, and then ruthlessly put out of the way—slow poisons being used for some three months, which his strong constitution resisted, and afterwards a swift and sure one, to appease the countess's impatience, and sate her clamorous revenge.

But what of the king's alleged complicity in this deed of darkness? The reader who would pursue that inquiry, may consult Mr. Amos's work on *The Great Oyer of Poisoning*, published ten years ago, which contains a careful *résumé* of the facts and probabilities of the case. The present editor of Overbury's *Miscellanies* is disposed, we may say clearly resolved, to side with the king's accusers. If the conduct of James, he contends, in this melancholy transaction, was free from reproach—if he acted throughout as an innocent spectator of the trials of Overbury's murderers—his ill fortune and bad management were equally deplorable. "But we are not inclined to look upon him," Dr. Rimbault continues, "as a mere spectator in the affair. He was fully capable of being the principal in all the villany that can be laid to his charge. It may be asked, why did he seek the death of Overbury? It is sufficient to know that he hated him. The Earl of Southampton writing to Sir R. Winwood, on the 4th of August, 1613, observes, 'And much ado there hath been to keep Sir T. Overbury from a public censure of banishment and loss of office, such a rooted hatred lyeth in the king's heart towards him.' The true cause of this 'rooted hatred' is not known. There is a tradition that Overbury was concerned in the murder of Prince Henry, and that his death was only a just retribution.\* Some terrible bond of secrecy certainly existed between King James, Somerset, and Overbury, which time has not unravelled, and probably never will.

"Much—very much," nevertheless, Dr. Rimbault explicitly asserts, "could be said upon the Overbury murder, and documents, *damning* to the king, could, if space permitted, be added. But the writer reserves them for an opportunity of entering more fully into the subject." Mean-

\* "The Scots have a constant report amongst them, as I learned from one of them, that Sir Thomas Overbury, seeing divers crossings and oppositions to happen between that peerless Prince and the said Rochester [Carr was Viscount Rochester in 1610—not being created Earl of Somerset until 1614], by whose means only he expected to rise; and fearing it would in the end be a means to ruin Rochester himself, did first give that damnable and fatal advice of removing out of the way and world that royal youth by fascination, and was himself afterwards in fact an instrument for the effecting of it; and, therefore, say they in Scotland, it happened by the just judgment of God, afterwards as a punishment upon him that he himself died by poison."—*Sir Simonds D'Ewes's Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 91.

With reference to the ill-feeling between Somerset and Prince Henry, it is to be remarked, that the latter was reckoned among the wicked countess's admirers. This fruitless attachment tended, of course, to increase the Prince's already pronounced jealousy of his father's fondled favourite and upstart minion, so recently plain Robert Carr, page to a Scotch earl.

while we, who are alive and inquisitive, must—and King James, who is dead, and will make no sign, *can* (we suppose) wait; though, rest his poor bones! 'tis enough to make them turn in his grave, and to spoil his presumed repose there, to be kept waiting, with such a charge hanging over him, until a nineteenth century LL.D. is at leisure to “damn him black” beyond dispute, redemption, and redress.

On the principle *Nascitur à sociis*—coupled with certain ugly rumours as to Overbury's participation in the death of the Prince of Wales—one is not any too strongly prepossessed in Sir Thomas's favour, but approaches his reliques in prose and verse with some mistrust. His principal poem, “The Wife,” however, was written with the laudable purpose of dissuading Somerset from alliance with Lady Essex, and was eminently “in request” in its day—more, we fancy, from extrinsic associations, than from any intrinsic value of its own; for, alike in this and his other poetry, Sir Thomas evidences but a scanty share of imaginative power, and but a dull ear for the footfall of Music through mazes running, or beating quiet time in slow and stately march. Here are a stanza or two, expressive of the poet's model of a wife, which pretty fairly illustrate the manner of the man—and, some gentle readers (blue, may we call them? *sky-blue*?) will think, his bad manners:

Give me next good, an understanding wife,  
By nature wise, not learned by much art,  
Some knowledge on her side will all my life  
More scope of conversation impart:  
Besides, her inborn virtue fortifie.  
They are most firmly good, that best know why.

A passive understanding to conceive,  
And judgment to discern, I wish to find:  
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave;  
Learning and pregnant wit in womankind,  
What it finds malleable, makes frail,  
And doth not add more ballast, but more sail.

Domestic charge doth best that sex befit,  
Contiguous business; so to fix the mind,  
That leisure space for fancies not admit:  
Their leisure 'tis corrupteth woman-kind:  
Else, being placed from many vices free,  
They had to heaven a shorter cut than we.

Books are a part of man's prerogative,  
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,  
That we to them our solitude may give,  
And make time present travel that of old.  
Our life, fame pieceth longer at the end,  
And books it farther backward do extend, &c.

*Voilà* a taste of the quality of Overbury's verse. His prose contains metal more attractive, although (or because) not such heavy metal. What he is best known by, is the series of sketches, after Theophrastus, entitled “Characters,” written in a pointed, epigrammatic, apophthegmatic style—quaint, sometimes coarse, often humorous in a dry but acrid sort of way, never very profound in reflection or finished in expression, and not

unseldom dull, flat, and laboured. The best bits have occasionally a flavour of Elia; indeed Elia modelled his own manner upon, and adopted the mannerisms of, the prose of Overbury's age—adding to it a grace beyond the reach of art, and infusing into it an originality above the need of mere imitation. To what extent Charles Lamb was a student or admirer of Sir Thomas Overbury we are not aware; but there certainly are numerous fragments in the ill-starred knight's Essays, the outer form and the informing spirit of which vividly remind us of Carliagnulus. Were they twice as numerous, or thrice, we should be twice (or thrice) as well pleased.

Among these Characters, high and low, young and old, rich and poor, one with another—making a motley crew in all—she that bears the bell, out of reach, and beyond dispute, is the “Fair and Happy Milkmaid,” in her way a

— very queen of curds and cream,

whose portrait has never lost its charm and freshness, and—until England does become one huge workshop, without a green field left to babble about—never will. Overbury's “fair and happy Milkmaid” is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. Though not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She rises with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. “Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel), she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well.” And so, after telling us how she lays out her wages, and chooses her garments; how the garden and beehive are all her physick and chirurgery (“and she lives the longer for it”); how she dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; how, “to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones;” and lastly, how her dreams are innocent, and will bear the telling—though “a Friday's dream” she conceals, “for fear of anger”—the portrait is finished off with this, the finishing touch of a master: “Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.” If ever Sir Thomas is poetical, it is in his prose.

In the wake of the peerless Milkmaid there saunter and strut “all sorts of men”—Characters who are summoned one by one to show off their characteristics. The braggadocio Welshman, who is precious in his own conceit, and upon St. David's day without comparison. The Pedant, who never had meaning in his life, for he travels only for words—criticism his ambition, and his example Tully. The Country Gentleman—“a thing, out of whose corruption the generation of a justice of peace is produced”<sup>\*</sup>—whom “nothing but a *subpana* can draw to London:

<sup>\*</sup> This phrase is familiar in the *paraphrase* of a modern statesman. Sir Thomas.  
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and when he is there, he sticks fast upon every object, casts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every cut-purse." The Courtier, who follows nothing but inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune, and loves nothing at all. The Ostler, "a thing that scrubbeth unreasonably his horse, reasonably himself." The Sailor, the substance of whose creed is a fore-wind, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. The Tailor, a creature made up out of threads, that were pared off from Adam, when he was rough-cast. The Puritan, a diseased piece of Apocrypha: bind him to the Bible, and he corrupts the whole text. The Common Lawyer, who thinks no way to heaven\* so wise as through Westminster Hall. The Precisian, a demure creature, full of oral sanctity and mental impiety; who hath nicknamed all the prophets and apostles with his sons, and begets nothing but Virtues for daughters. The Creditor, one of Deucalion's sons begotten of a stone. The Miser, who has confined up his soul in his chests before his body. Closer of kin, perhaps, to the Milkmaid than any of the others, in the sentiment and tone of portraiture, is Overbury's Character (if it be his, for these Characters seem to have been a work of joint-stock authorship) of A Franklin—unless an equal claim to such kindred, on the score of good feeling and cordial expression of it, may be preferred for A Noble and retired Housekeeper, A Reverend Judge, or An excellent Actor. These are the most markworthy of the Characters as regards what is admirable, or amiable, or respectable in character, and in the mode of portraying it. They form a welcome contrast, in this respect, to the coarseness prevalent in too many of the others—such as A Roaring Boy, A Puny Clerk, A Quacksalver, and A Drunken Dutchman resident in England.

Overbury was in France the year before the death of Henry IV., and his Notes on the state of the country under that sovereign—whom he highly appreciates, and upon the hypothetical consequences of whose demise he speculates with interest—are those of a sagacious and discriminating observer. Evidently Sir Thomas had a clear eye in his head, and knew how to use it. His "Crumbs fallen from King James's Table" show him to have been a good listener too; and to have known well, a king and a learned one being the spokesman, how to gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

mas Overbury liked strong-flavoured phrases. The present one he uses more than once, as too good to be limited to a poor once-for-all.

Thus, in the Character of "An Almanack-maker," he repeats it in effect: "As a fly turns to a maggot, so the corruption of the cunning man is the generation of an empiric."

And again, in the Character of "A Prisoner"—of whom we are told, that "the corruption of a bankrupt is usually the generation of this creature."

Of a Serjeant, too, we read: "The spawn of a decayed shopkeeper begets this fry; out of that dunghill is this serpent's egg hatched."

And of the Serjeant's Yeoman: "This eel is bred, too, out of the mud of a bankrupt."

\* A punning allusion, perhaps, to the Westminster ale-house, profanely so called.

## NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR.

THAT worthy man and estimable bourgeois, Dr. Véron, has just favoured the French reading world with another of his valuable lucubrations, under the title of "*Quatre Ans de Règne, or, Où sommes-nous ?*" We must confess that, owing to some depraved taste, we admire those parts of the Doctor's past works in which he discusses the several merits of ballet-dancers and restaurants, more than the grave portions, in which he purposes to show how the world should be governed from the Véronic standpoint. But the perusal of this new work has set the seal on our admiration for Mimi Véron—as he is affectionately, though perhaps familiarly, designated in Paris—for we are in doubt whether most to applaud what he has said or what he has left unsaid. We are bound to confess that the Doctor has displayed marvellous ability in gilding the bitter pill, which he would like to thrust down the gaping throat of the public, but it cannot be gainsaid that he is far from satisfied with the powers now governing France. We must express our sincere regret if anything unpleasant has occurred to acidulate that genial flow of small talk with which the Doctor was wont to lighten our critical labours, and we are sure that the Emperor of the French must share in our regrets. It is insinuated that the warnings given to the *Constitutionnel* by an ungrateful government, have had their share in turning the milk of Dr. Véron's good nature into curds and whey; but we can hardly believe that so great a man would feel offended at being treated exactly like the rest of his collaborateurs on the press. But the fact remains the same: the emperor and Dr. Véron are no longer on friendly terms, and the consequences may be awful in the extreme, when we bear in mind that the little man is the representative of that most dangerous class, the Paris bourgeoisie.

The misfortune is that Dr. Véron is apt to run into extremes; for him there is no *tertium quid* between friendship and hostility; and so he rushes into print, with the firm determination of doing all the mischief he can. What else can he mean by the following sentences, which stand in juxtaposition in the opening chapter of his new book: "During these four years, France has been compelled to undergo the fearful return of the cholera, three bad harvests, a distant and most obstinate war, and torrent-like inundations;" the very next sentence being: "Yet, spite of all these crises, of all these scourges, France has enjoyed more than one holiday: never, perhaps, has France, and especially Paris, been more frequently decked out, more frequently illuminated." Such is the character of his whole book, made up of the most pointed antitheses. It seems to us that the Doctor wishes the following conclusion to be drawn from the above sentences, though he cautiously avoids saying so: "That a government which amuses its people with fêtes and illuminations, the while famine, pestilence, and war are raging, can have no heart." It cannot be merely for the sake of drawing the following inference, that M. Véron holds up to our view two such contradictory pictures: "Let us insist on the principal events of this brilliant past, in order to have the right of speaking sincerely about the difficulties of the

future ; let us recal those fairy spectacles which dazzled all eyes ; let us recal the ‘surprises de l'impossible,’ which, owing to their unexpected nature and grandeur, astonished and exalted every imagination.”

We may say that M. Véron's book will not please the partisans of the empire, because the criticisms it contains are too perfidious and persistent : it will not please its enemies, because the praise it contains is too thickly spread, and partakes of the character of adulation. Nor will it satisfy the grave and impartial reader, who will find nothing in it save a mass of antitheses, which will only serve to disgust him ; and yet the subject M. Véron proposed for himself was marvellously suggestive, for in the four years of the empire France has lived an age. The calmness and confidence with which the emperor has performed his mission, are the best guarantee for the future welfare of the country, and might justly have been eulogised by an unbiassed author. The judgment the nation passed on its ruler was expressed in the success of the war loans ; and from that period Napoleon has been gaining ground in France. The equable temper with which he pursues the tenor of his way, regardless of the attacks made upon his character and his policy, furnish a strong proof of the absurdity of the notion, so sedulously spread, that he is governed by his *entourage*. Napoleon III. requires no assistance in the shape of advice ; he is the best judge of his actions ; and he is quite prepared to accept their responsibility. Dr. Véron, no doubt, is glad to appeal to the past, as suggestive of a reward for the present, or else he would not employ such language as this : “The Emperor Napoleon III. has not, up to the present, acted contrary to his providential mission. I am of those who can, without being accused of adulation, render this striking justice to the elected of eight millions of votes. In the midst of chances, if not the worst at any rate the most uncertain, did I not, with a devotion which never belied itself, serve the cause of the President of the Republic, well convinced that I thus defended the cause of civilisation and society ? I will not, then, hesitate to place in relief the initiation and personal action of the chief of the state, during the first four years of his reign !” And all the reward our poor Doctor received for his devotion was a series of warnings to the *Constitutionnel*. But let us proceed to analyse this book.

The first few chapters are devoted to a consideration of the events that have occurred in France during the Empire, and consist of the merest *réchauffé* of the papers. Dr. Véron concludes as follows :

But must we conclude from all these great qualities of the chief of the state, from this commencement of a reign so brilliant and so well occupied, that the entire of France is enthusiastic and devoted ? Doubtless, the profound and exaggerated silence of the press, we may say, produces night, and we see on the horizon neither clouds nor tempests. Far be from me the thought and fear that the fire of evil passions is smouldering, or that factious parties are already conspiring in the shade ; but it must be clearly understood—and let me make use of general indications and old terms—that there are ever in France a *left* and a *right*. It is a fortunate novelty if the chief of the *left* be placed on the throne by the universal suffrage : his ministers represent the *right*.

That is to say, in other words, that the emperor and his ministry are in constant opposition, and such is in fact the secret Dr. Véron wishes to make known. The invidious comparisons he makes tend to the same

result, that the legislative powers in France have too little authority. Take, for instance, the two following passages, whose meaning is scarcely veiled :

Napoleon I. maintained in the mind and the heart that which makes them live, that which inspires noble ambitions, that which imparts a taste for great deeds—*emulation*.

On the other hand :

Under Napoleon III., a pacificator, the great state bodies perform their duties with closed doors ; there is no longer any publicity or emulation.

We are bound to state that these passages are culled from different parts of the book, but the *animus* they contain is evident. We cannot believe that Dr. Véron can be serious in what he writes ; and we may fairly quote the opinion of a French critic, who, in referring to Véron's statement, "*qu'à l'exception des journaux tout le monde en France peut écrire ce qu'il pense*," adds, "*et il le prouve en écrivant ce qu'il ne pense pas*." Surely Dr. Véron must be sufficiently acquainted with the history of his nation to be aware that the publicity he proposes to give to the debates of the legislative bodies would speedily prove fatal to the tranquillity of France, a country which can only be happy when it has to obey the mandates of one man. What, too, can be the meaning of the following passage, save to excite those tendencies which would be most pernicious to the country :

Apostle of the Napoleonic ideas, the emperor is neither sceptical nor doctrinaire, like the age in which he lives. It is a mind calm and firm, a soul noble and proud, full of courage, of audacity, of ardent convictions, of generous sentiments. He loves the people: *he does not wish to govern by it, but for it*.

We are afraid the *père aux ecus* is a little bit of a traitor to the cause he boasts of having supported so disinterestedly.

The chapter Dr. Véron devotes to the Senate commences with a list of the senators, without note or observation: several pages borrowed from the "*Almanach de l'Empire*." He then examines into the functions of the Senate, its powers are minutely analysed, and our author strives to prove, that though it is restricted by very stringent laws, it often tries to break through them, of which he gives several instances ; but he goes on to inform the Senate, for fear it may not be acquainted with the fact, "that with its constituent power, with the faculty of breaking the law, it is armed with an immense power." Several causes of grievance are alleged relating to the obscure position of the Senate, among others :

The uniform of the constituted bodies converts them into legions, where all individuality is confounded and concealed. Is not this a state of moral asphyxia for a nation like France, which require air, space, motion ? France, a wrestler with vast lungs, loves so much to breathe at her ease, that she has frequently invoked the furious winds of storms and tempests, just as we summon an agreeable freshness by opening a window or waving a fan.

If, then, the emperor persist in keeping the Senate in well-merited obscurity, *gare à lui!* the tempests will be invoked, and the consequences terrible in the extreme. This is surely a profitable lesson for a lover of France to teach his countrymen. It must not be forgotten that the doctrines which M. Véron defends have already been settled fully; the functions of the Senate are laid down as purely deliberative, and the

attempt made by that body to constitute itself a legislative body, obtained it an official reprimand in the *Moniteur*, which led to the resignation of M. Drouyn de l'Huys. In attempting to defend its insulted dignity, the Senate committed another blunder, by rejecting the law relating to the city tax on horses and carriages. The public naturally regarded this rejection as an act of selfishness, because the members of the Senate would be most obnoxious to this sumptuary law, and felt a corresponding degree of contempt for that august assembly. But let our author here speak for himself :

All the discussions, all the votes, all the facts which, during the space of five years, have taken place in the bosom of the assembly, are generally completely ignored by the public. Do they, then, no longer possess any political interest ? Is it a matter of indifference or not, whether the earnest nature of our institutions be believed in ? We have shown that the constitution grants the Senate a constituent power, prerogatives well defined, and are not this power and these prerogatives guarantees and securities for the citizens ?

It must not be objected : but the senators are chosen and nominated by the emperor : their devotion, their zeal may degenerate into blindness—out with the word—into servility.

A false and unjust accusation ! In the first place, every political assembly shows itself proud and jealous of its prerogative, and not only does the Senate strive to use those which the constitution gives it, but, for an instant, it wished to arrogate those which the constitution refuses it. What danger would there be, then, in granting the important discussions of the Senate that *demi-jour* which, by-the-way, enlightens so little the conscientious and useful labour of the legislative body ? . . . I can comprehend that the constituted bodies should undergo the discipline of uniform ; but the richest embroidery is not sufficient to give them authority, and gain for them the esteem and respect of public opinion.

M. Véron asks so many questions in a breath, that it is difficult to separate them ; but we think one reason will upset all his laboured theories. The emperor is chosen by the will of the people, and that people has a most hearty contempt for all attempts at legislation which do not emanate from their chosen master. They are well aware of the mischief which would result from attaching any undue importance to the opinions of the Senate, and we believe them perfectly in the right—France has had quite sufficient experience of a Senate, and house of peers, and if the democratic principle which led to the election of the emperor is still to be recognised, the simplest form of government is the best and safest. That *demi-jour* which the doctor demands for the deliberations of the Senate would soon be converted into a lurid flame, and we have no hesitation in saying that the emperor is perfectly right, and best consults the interests of the Senate, by keeping up that obscurity, which is the necessity of its existence.

Pass we to the account which M. Véron gives of the Legislative Assembly. First we find a list of the names of the members, then a chronological review of the labours of that assembly from 1852 to 1856. We cannot quite comprehend the value of this review, or the list of measures carried without amendment. This brings us to the middle of the book, where we come to the chapter on the constitution of the Legislative Assembly. Dr. Véron attempts to prove that “ it wants day and light, that the publicity of its meetings is crepuscular, that the analyses

in the *Moniteur* are without movement and life, and that the discussions are, if we may use the expression, hidden behind a coating of whitewash—resembling that which, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, covered the frescoes in the old cathedrals. At the same time, the public papers, trembling incessantly beneath the sword of a warning, seem not to desire that the brilliancy of the tribune should survive that of the press, and only give but little attention and room to the meetings of the Legislative Assembly.” We do not wish for a moment to deny M. Véron the right of saying all this; but why add “that it would be unjust to accuse the Legislative Body of being merely complaisant and servile,” when he has just proved that it wants air and light, and that it is hidden behind a coating of whitewash?

The next great chapter is devoted to the orators of the house, by whom Dr. Véron means those deputies who dare to speak. He quotes as such about seventy names. Among them, M. de Montalembert, M. de Kergorlay, M. de Latour, M. de Kergorlay, all legitimists, more or less *ralliés*, &c.; and he adds, to prove that he does not wish to omit anybody, that *incapacités méconnues* may be met with in the Legislative Assembly, as in the old *Chambres*. It is rather cruel of him that he has not named them. We will, however, furnish a specimen taken from the list of orators:

#### M. LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT.

To praise the talent of M. de Montalembert, to place in relief this man of goodness with the seductive and magistral language, would be falling into common-place. I would prefer to show the state of mind of this great political orator in the midst of a parliament, in which all the shutters are hermetically closed—in the midst of a profound night, which ices the mind and the heart, and which reduces to impotence the most noble and most energetic passions.

At the sound of the tempests of the Constituent and the Legislative, the eloquence of the Count of Montalembert rushed from triumph to triumph, dragged along by four horses covered with foam, and whose eyes flashed lightning. Before the Constitution of 1862, this triumphal progress was forced to stop, to recoil, as before a barricade. All this *cortège* of enthusiastic applause vanished; and this majestic eloquence, if I may use the phrase, has descended from the car of triumph to get into a humble and obscure *demi-fortune*.

Not alone must we understand the bitterness of the talent and exalted faculties constrained to maw their bit, but we must also forgive them everything, permit them everything. Let us not demand from the human heart virtues more than Christian; Cicero could not master or restrain himself in that life of silence which Cæsar imposed on him. It is possible that the words of the Count de Montalembert are at times in dissonance with the political key-note of the Legislative Assembly, but any one esteems himself happy to hear and listen to him. In the bosom of the Legislative Body all respect is acquired by him; he is the honour of the House.

We are bound to confess that these are “tall” words, which not even an American could surpass. That touch about the eloquence, dragged along by four horses, is sublime. M. Véron has evidently been taking lessons at the Hippodrome. Nor must we forget that little word “barricade.” It is strongly suggestive of the temper of the House, which pulls up suddenly before the barricade of common sense, which the emperor has wisely raised, by which to check their frantic outbursts. M. Véron is himself a member of the Legislative Assembly, and if his

speeches bear any resemblance to his writing, how can he have the hardihood to find fault with the obscurity which kindly keeps his elocutory efforts from publicity? We are glad to find, though, that in his new sphere he does not forget past pleasures, for that touch about the *demi-fortunes* is strongly suggestive of the days when he was a wiser and better man, as director of the Grand Opera. One more quotation and we will wind up this chapter :

M. VÉRON (Seine).

M. Véron is one of those orators who dare to speak. Were I to speak harshly, it would be dangerous : I might be taken at my word. To speak kindly would be a temptation ; but silence appears to me the wisest and most prudent course.

After this combination of menace and self-esteem, it must gratify the emperor to hear that the political passions of the Legislative Assembly are momentarily slumbering. It is at present, to use the phrase, a grand council general with the most extended powers, and watching with restless solicitude over all the great interests of the country. By its worthy attitude, by its just appreciation of the wants of the present day, the Legislative Body makes it a point of honour to set itself right beforehand with the severe justice of history.

The chapter on the Council of State resembles the others, except that the list of members is omitted, and M. Véron proceeds to give biographies, rather scanty, it is true, save when he can bring forward some prominent defect in a member. However, in comparison with the other bodies, the Council of State may consider itself remarkably well treated. After thus passing in review the three great state bodies, M. Véron experiences the feeling that

By universal suffrage, the emperor is attached to the soil of France by vigorous and deep roots, by roots of oak ; but I will add that the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State are fruitful and active ramifications of this great and robust power.

This is about the most sensible remark we find in M. Véron's book, for in it he allows that the whole state constitution of France is utterly dependent on the emperor. These ramifications might be lopped away and the parent root suffer no injury, but they owe their existence to the emperor. This is not exactly what Mimi meant by his remark, but it is open to that sequence, so we have a just right to infer it. It is M. Véron's own fault if the ambiguity he purposely affects leads now and then to *double ententes*.

We cannot exactly understand why our author devotes a chapter to the Institute, unless it be to state that the five academies contain a large number of opposition members. We are glad to find, however, that M. Véron disapproves of this, and quotes Béranger's words : " Rien que pour ses proclamations, Napoleon III. devrait être membre de l'Académie Française." The next chapter is devoted to the condition of the newspaper in France, and on this point M. Véron performs the part of " Sir Oracle " with great caution. He introduces the subject with the following anecdote *à propos* of anything but the subject matter :

One of those drawing-room amusements, which brings out ready wit, consists in drawing a written question, to which a prompt reply must be given. In one of the private parties at the Tuileries, the following question fell to the lot of

the emperor, who was playing at this game: "How can we distinguish truth from falsehood?" "Open the door to both," the emperor replied, "and falsehood is sure to enter first."

The subject to which this chapter is devoted is the situation of the press during the four years of the empire, and the indulgences which might safely be conceded. Dr. Véron claims the right of speaking *ex cathedra* on this matter, for "he has lived himself under the regime still in force. As director of the *Constitutionnel*, his days were without rest, his nights without sleep." It appears that, at present, any inexact *fait Paris*, any information of too precise a nature, a political article in support of the reclamation of any foreign minister, can attract on the head of the papers the thunder of a warning. This is not all: the papers also suffer from a preventive censure. They are kindly advised and recommended not to say anything about a certain affair, personage, &c. Hence that gloomy silence which may involve dangers. The following fact is important and novel: "Under every regime, writers from conviction have been found, who have not feared exposing themselves personally to fine and imprisonment in order to preach their doctrines; but, it must be said in praise of the writers of the present day, the fear of compromising the property and fortune of another prevents them uttering their opinions, and imposes on them the most persevering circumspection, the most profound silence." To the objection urged that the law was not intended to make victims and ruin proprietors, but merely to prevent the dangerous excesses of the press, M. Véron replies that the object has been exceeded, the journals have been rendered dumb, and, by their silence, have placed in relief the rigour and possible violence of the law. M. Véron is obliged to allow that there has been no instance of a paper being confiscated during the four years of the empire, and the only claim he can put in for indulgence to the press is:

Without possible criticism, without a reply being permitted, there is no chance of flattering praise: and yet, there is much to praise in the four years of the reign of the Emperor Napoleon III.

Certainly a fine instance of the *argumentum ad hominem*, to which Napoleon cannot remain deaf. It would be flattering in the extreme to the present government, to have the praises lavished on them by Dr. Véron and his colleagues, printed for the delectation of Europe. But can Dr. Véron really expect any amelioration in the law of the press, so long as the writers on it display so much covert hostility as he is doing in this volume? We have learned by this time that Napoleon III. never does anything without some good motive best known to himself; and we are certain that, when he can rely on the honesty of the French press, he will accord it liberty, but not till then. So, with all due submission, we leave the matter to be settled by the French journalists themselves—for the remedy is in their own hands. There is one, and only one sensible remark in this chapter, which deserves quotation:

The present legislation affecting the press has wished to protect science and literature, by freeing scientific and literary papers from the stamp duty; but this protection is only apparent. On freeing these papers from the stamp duty, they were forbidden the insertion of paid advertisements on the fourth page. In the financial economy of all the papers, daily or not, the revenue of this page ought to cover the expenses of the impression.



In the chapter on books, Dr. Véron informs us that writers, both historical and political, enjoy a great degree of liberty. "Perhaps," he says, "under the reign of Louis Philippe people fancied themselves freer than they really were: perhaps, under the reign of Napoleon III. they are freer than they believe." After praising the reform introduced by the government into the system of *colportage*, M. Véron proceeds to puff largely a plan conceived by M. Latour Damoulin, consisting in creating in all the communes libraries for the use of the peasants who do not know how to read. Then comes the prospectus of the undertaking, and if the profits would be so large as they are estimated, we have no doubt but that Dr. Véron would like to have a few shares in it.

But in our view, the greatest improvement introduced by the imperial government is the protection accorded by the international treaties to authors, not the least being that recently concluded with Belgium, which has, at length, put a stop to the *contrefaçon Belge*. This chapter our author concludes in the following words: "I know not what will be the destiny of this book: I know not if the ideas which I have not feared to express will make their way: but this book, in any case, will have rendered this service, to prove that, excepting the gentlemen of the press, all the world in France can write what it thinks, and that they are freer than they believe." As we have stated before, M. Véron has demonstrated the truth of this statement by writing what he does *not* think. The chapter on the ministry of state appears only written, in order to have an opportunity to make some smart hits at M. Achille Fould:

If Napoleon III., obeying the emotions of his heart, loves nothing so much as to diffuse kindness, solace misery, and repair misfortune, it was necessary he should have some one near him accountable, and to restrain him from indiscriminate charity, whose duty it would be to resist all solicitations, all entreaties; who should stand firm against all the invasions, all the exigencies, of the court. M. A. Fould, by his inflexible feeling for order, by his natural inclinations to economy, was, therefore, the man best suited for this ungrateful mission. I can here furnish a proof of the intelligent firmness of the minister charged to protect the interests of the civil list.

In the second supplement of the list of charges of the Opera, signed the 14th of May, 1833, by M. Thiers, Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and registered the 30th of the same month, a sum of 40,000 francs, due to me from the state for redecorating the theatre, was reduced to 20,000 francs; and when it was mutually agreed that I should quit the Opera, it was further reduced to 15,000 francs; but, in compensation for this reduction, it was verbally imposed on my successor, M. Duponchel, that he should reserve for my use a small private box, during the duration of the new lease: I consequently, paid a heavy price for this favour.

When M. Léon Pillet succeeded M. Duponchel, and M. Roqueplan the latter, these two directors, although holding the Opera on their own risk, were good enough to regard it as a duty, that they should reserve this box for me; I had no occasion to claim or beg for it; even more, as M. Nestor Roqueplan was keeping the Opera open in the midst of *émeutes* and revolutions, and that his receipts must suffer therefrom, I insisted on paying for my box. However, M. Roqueplan was good to repeat, and certainly exaggerate, the services I had been enabled to render the former Royal Academy of Music; and in a very agreeable letter, which I have felt myself bound to preserve, he requested that I would visit, as often as possible, that Opera box, which, according to him, was not granted as a favour.

The day on which M. Fould took under his charge the management of the

Opera on account of the civil list, he personally told me that I was stripped of my box.

I do not doubt but that if my old comrade in politics, the former candidate of the *Constitutionnel*, had managed the Opera on his own account, far from dispossessing me of one box, he would have offered me two; but the Minister of the Imperial House defended, in this instance, the interests of the civil list, that fruitful source of benefactions, the treasury of charity. He was certainly justified in holding cheap the dubious privileges of an old director who, besides, was happy enough to find the commencement of his fortunes in a theatrical undertaking, which the misfortunes of the day have lately rendered ruinous.

This measure, taken resolutely against myself, became to me a proof of the services which M. A. Fould can render as Minister of the Imperial House; and, far from bearing any animosity against it, I understood, especially at that moment, that he was deficient in none of the great qualities of a financier.

Poor Mimi! first his paper is warned, and then his box at the Opera is taken from him! How can he help feeling at odds with the present government? At any rate, he has a professional knack of gilding the bitter pill, even when he has to swallow it himself. But there is a good deal of irony in this extract from his biography of M. Fould, and we would more especially call attention to the last paragraph, in which the doctor finds out the minister's value as a financier. It is, certainly, very neatly written; but, after all, is only in perfect harmony with the rest of the book.

The last chapter, bearing the title of "*Où sommes-nous ?*" would be the best in the book, if we could only place any faith in Dr. Véron's sincerity. The reply to the question is, that a Senate and a Legislative Body in a state of hostility "might effect a great deal in checking the progress of the Imperial Government." We have not the least wish to contravert this opinion, but we cannot coincide in the opinion our author expresses, that the only possible way of securing their loyalty and harmonious working would be by throwing more light on their discussion.

The opinion we are inclined to form from Véron's new book is, that as that gentleman has not a particular faith in the calmness of the elections of 1857, he would like to do his share in increasing the confusion, by casting a bombshell into the country. Hence, when we read the last lines of this book, "We doubt not but that Providence will allow the Emperor Napoleon III. to accomplish his holy and glorious mission," we are compelled to join with a French reviewer in saying,

Mimi Véron, tu n'es qu'un gros traître!

But we do not think that the party which would like to sow dissension in France has any chance of success. The empire is so firmly established, and has met with such success in passing through the dangerous crises of the last five years, that the insidious attempts of mob-orators and bigoted partisans cannot shake it. The repeated essays made by Russian diplomacy to break the Anglo-Gallic alliance have signally failed, and the two great powers are still, as before, firmly united on all great matters of Continental policy. But, so long as parties are striving to overthrow the existing relations in France, and combinations of all political shades are being effected, with the avowed purpose of assailing the Imperial dynasty, we cannot blame Napoleon III. for keeping up those restrictive measures, which, in his opinion, secure the safety of society. It is not from any

tyrannical motive that he lays fetters on the press, for he stands personally far above any waspish attacks which disappointed editors can make upon him; but he is fully aware of the temper of the French nation, and that it is ever too much disposed to accept the panaceas for evil offered them by unscrupulous quacks in the political market.

When a few years have elapsed, and the Empire of Peace has proved to these ambitious gentlemen the utter fallacy of their efforts to overthrow the existing order of things, those beneficial changes, which will conduce to the true welfare of the country, will be introduced. But we do not think that the emperor requires any suggestions from publicists as to the course he should select. We have such confidence in Napoleon III., that we are prepared to accept the measures he may propose for the interests of France as being the best; but we believe that those persons who are attempting to get up a little political capital, by agitating the masses during the ensuing elections, will only defer the fruition of those prospects which they affect to desire so much.

Such being our views, we can only anticipate that Dr. Véron's shell will burst at the cannon's mouth, and inflict greater injury on the assailant than on the assailed.

## THE PERSIAN WAR.

THE responsibilities of empire are not merely great, they are inevitable. Great Britain and Russia stand in presence of each other as rival powers in Asia, just as Greece and Rome once stood in the presence of the Persians and the Parthians. There is no possibility for the one receding, without the other advancing. A timid Hadrian might give up the conquests of a Trajan—the god Terminus, which had resisted the majesty of Jupiter, might submit for a time to the authority of a Cæsar—but the respite would be brief, and the very next emperor, although as peaceably inclined as his predecessor—even a “pious” Antoninus—would be irresistibly summoned to the defence of his frontiers.

The question of Affghanistan, complicated by the disasters of the winter of 1841, temporised with by “the avenging army of Affghanistan,” in 1842, was, by the evacuation of the mountain passes, left to be finally settled in our own or future times. It is all very well to talk of the Indus as a safe base for military operations, and to say that it is only so many days’ march thence to the formidable Bolan or Khyber. To argue so is to temporise with the real question at issue, and to wilfully blind oneself to the real facts of the case. The question yet to be decided is: Are the gates of India to be English or Russian? To that it must, and will come, at last.

It is further taking a most one-sided and narrow view of the relations of India and Persia to identify the collision which has once more been brought about with any such paltry questions as ambassadorial quarrels. Where there is the will to fix a quarrel, the opportunity can always be found, and that often in some circumstance the details of

which it may be disagreeable, as they are also utterly unimportant, to discuss. Persia is at the present moment a puppet in the hands of Russia. Her attitude and her movements are regulated by Russian influence, and the only real importance they possess are derived from their being the reflection of Muscovite policy. It matters no more whether the Persian dominions extend, than it does how much territory is embraced by the Khanats of Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan; but it matters very much if the Persians are acting the part of an advance-guard to Russia, or if Turan is for military purposes a Muscovite outpost.

The siege and capture of Herat by the Persians, in the face of a treaty securing to that limitrophal and frontier town its independence alike from Persian or Affghan preponderance, is now an accomplished fact. The Sirdar Murad Mirza Khan had little to do with this result. It was M. Buhler who directed the operations of the siege, and advanced the trenches. In the face of such a success there are some people ready to believe that the Shah is willing to recede, to give up his conquests, in order to avoid a war too expensive for his finances. If so, it is not yet too late to carry such an intention in force. The reduction of Bushire can only be considered as the temporary counter-balance to the subjection of Herat. But there are no sound reasons to believe that any such terms come within the present range of Russo-Persian policy. On the contrary, what have been the movements of the Persians since the reduction of Herat? They have only complicated the question by advancing still further! At the date of the latest news, a Persian division under General Jeschim Khan—a Russian—had, after a rapid, though difficult, march, traversed the most uncultivated portion of Affghanistan, and had arrived at Furrâh, a large town half way between Herat and Candahar, where they had established themselves. This town, situated on an extensive plain, is the principal station of the caravans proceeding from Herat to Candahar. It was built by Mahmud of Ghuzni, who died in the year 1630. The palace erected by that prince was repaired by Nadir Shah in 1725, and still exists. The town is surrounded by a wall, with bastions flanked by four octagonal towers in tolerably good condition. These fortifications were repaired in 1838, under the direction of an English engineer officer, who was sent from Bombay for that purpose. In consequence of the occupation of this central and commanding position, taken up by the Persians, a great number of the tribes of Seistan and Candahar had, it is said, sent their chiefs to make submission to the Shah. The chiefs who had previously gone over with the fall of Herat, are the Shah Zadeh Yusuf, who usurped the governorship over Yar Muhammad about a year ago. He joined the Persians on the approach of their army, and left the defence of the city to a party hostile to his pretensions under Esu Khan, now a prisoner at Teheran.

The aspect of Russia at such a crisis may be best judged of by an extract from the Warsaw journal the *Czas* of the 30th of December:

While England, with much noise and ostentation, prepares an expedition against Persia, Russia, unostentatiously and noiselessly, is getting ready to come to the succour of the Shah. The Orenburg corps *d'armée* has been considerably reinforced. It is commanded by Aide-de-Camp-General Peroffski. The outposts of this corps extend to the very limits of the country of Turan,

upon the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes; and the military flotilla of the Lake of Aral, placed under the orders of the same general, is brought by the above-mentioned rivers to the frontiers of India. On another side, great activity reigns upon the Caspian Sea and in the army of the Caucasus. Transport vessels, having troops and war *matériel* on board, pass incessantly between Astrakhan and the port of Bakou, situated in the province of Shirvan, bordering on the Caspian Sea, belonging to Russia, and at the frontier of Persia. The new lieutenant-general of the Caucasian provinces, Prince Bariatiński, has received fuller powers than his predecessors. He has lately inspected, on its way to its destination, the flotilla of the Caspian Sea, which has been considerably increased and partly left at his disposal. This flotilla can easily take troops on board, either of the corps of Orenburg or the army of the Caucasus, and take them to the relief of Persia, disembarking either at Astrabad or upon the neighbouring coast of Teheran. The corps which forms part of the army of the Caucasus, cantoned at Shirvan and Erivan, and commanded by General Khruleff, who distinguished himself in the Eastern war, can also succour Persia by land as well as by sea. Meanwhile, the Russian government neglects nothing in replacing the war *matériel* consumed during the late war, and continues to refill the exhausted magazines.

It is not to be supposed that the experienced politicians and the veteran soldiers of our Anglo-Indian Empire are standing with arms folded contemplating the occupation of one of the most central and commanding positions in Afghanistan by the Persians, and the quiet, albeit insidious, advances of Russia to the support and succour of the invaders.

To the horror of that amiable and innocent class of politicians who deem Russia a bugbear, Persia a nonentity, Central Asia a mystery, and Afghanistan a fatal abyss, a British division of some five thousand efficient men, under General Chamberlain, was, on the 21st of November, only six marches from Caubul, whilst the old Amir Dost Mahommed, and his son Haidar Khan, who had retreated to Caubul after his defeat at the advanced post of Ghirisk, were hurriedly seeking an interview with Sir John Lawrence, the chief commissioner of the Punjab. It has been said that the Amir would never ask aid of the British if he could help it, for the belief that the foot of the Angle-Saxon never recedes has its weight with his powerful intellect. But if he cannot hold his own he will have no choice but to yield to the Russo-Persian force, or to accept of assistance from the British; while, whether he was our ally or not, the Anglo-Indian Empire could never consent to the mountain ranges and the mountain passes, the scene of so many previous disastrous conflicts, being occupied by the mere advanced guard of Russian empire and dominion.

The question then must eventually present itself of the permanent occupation of the mountain passes—an event which, however long deferred, must take place some day or other—and a prospect so repugnant to many is thus discussed by the *Friend of India*:

The public has lost its dread of the mountain clans. It appreciates the lesson taught by Sir John Lawrence, and knows that, like other wild beasts, they can be tamed by hunger and the occasional application of the whip. Yet, in spite of all this, there is an undefined feeling that Afghanistan would be a dangerous and expensive possession. Why? The population is not braver than that of the Huzara. It is scarcely so numerous as that of Oude. It is not so fanatic as that of Malabar. There is no natural difficulty in Afghanistan which does not equally exist in Kohat. There is no want of experience on our side. There are twenty officers now on the frontier, who, if ordered to hold Afghanistan, would know thoroughly what to say and how to act, how to conciliate the chiefs, and

how to employ a half-starving population. The mere danger, indeed, scarcely deserves discussion. But at what expense would the occupation be maintained? The injury to the revenue is at least clear. We venture with profound submission to question even that assertion. Is it cheaper to guard the plain against the mountain, or the mountain against the plain? We must do one or the other. If not, if Russia is not advancing, if there is no danger approaching, we have no business beyond the range, or in Persia. We are sending a costly expedition to hunt a will-o'-the-wisp. But if, as we believe, and as our actions prove, there is real danger, the cheapest method of defence is to garrison the natural fortresses. It would be cheap even if we turned the Affghans into our most faithful subjects, by formally exempting them from all taxation. Half the army now coiled up in the Punjab would turn Affghania into an impregnable fortress. Every rock and mountain, now a terror, would then be a defence. Every khan of the steppe, now half inclined to join the invader and share the spoils, would take heart to continue a contest of which we reap the fruit without the cost. With the fortress in our hands, and its approaches always exposed to a flank attack from Bushire, the Peninsula would be absolutely safe.

The vulnerable and exposed aspect of Persia on its maritime side is the one great and important feature which is most favourable to the solidity and permanence of the Anglo-Indian Empire. It is not only, as has been so long known to Indian politicians, that Persia can be struck at her heart by the occupation of Bushire, and an advance to Shiraz or Ispahan, or by the mere tenure of the rich provinces of Khuzistan and Luristan, and the arousing the warlike and hostile Baktiyaris, it is also, as so ably pointed out and insisted upon by Mr. Andrew in his exposition of the advantages of a railway and steam communication on the Euphrates and Tigris, that even powerful Russia would be placed at an utter and positive disadvantage by advancing to aid and abet Persia in her eastward aggression, while she could, at one and the same time, be held in check in front, and threatened on her flank and rear by the occupation of the valley of the above-mentioned rivers.

It is gratifying then to know that at such a crisis a naval armament on the largest scale that could be afforded out of the resources immediately at the command of the Indian government, anchored off Muscat on the 19th of November, and has subsequently at dates unknown at the time of writing this, occupied the important islands at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, as also the town and fort of Bushire (not, we regret to say, without the loss of some valuable lives) and the adjacent island of Kharj or Kharak. So much promptitude and energy displayed at the onset may do a great deal towards putting an end at once to what might have been a prolonged and disastrous war. It is to be hoped that Russia will hesitate before it advances into Central Asia, when it is through its ally thus threatened on two vulnerable sides, and that it will recommend the Shah of Persia to seek peace upon honourable terms.

We shall proceed, then, to give some account of the possessions now held by the British in the Persian Gulf, and in a future paper, if events still progress, shall give a detailed description of the renowned passes that lie between Bushire and Shiraz, with remarks upon the character and attitude of the adjacent populations.

Passing two rocky islets on the Arabian shore, which are called the Quoina, the Gulf of Persia is entered at a point than which no other part of that inland sea presents a higher claim to attention, for the whole region on every side abounds in historical and classic interest.

On the right hand, beneath a lofty mountain, called by the Arabs

Jebel Shamal, or Mount North, which is seen towering far above the other hills on the Persian shore, with its summit clad with snow even in the spring-season, lies the far-famed island of Hormuz; on the other hand, Larek, or Larij; and, only a few miles further on, the town of Gamrun, which, in opulence and magnificence, was once only inferior to Hormuz. Kishm, also, the ancient Oaracta, and Nimau, near which took place the meeting of Alexander and Nearchus, are situated in the same vicinity.

The former renown of the island of Hormuz has often exercised the descriptive powers of early travellers. It is twelve miles in circumference, nearly circular in form, and its appearance from seaward is broken and rugged. The surface, entirely denuded of soil, exhibits the various tints of the rocks, and is further diversified by numerous small isolated and conical hills.

The harbour is situated on the north-east side, and the fort is on a projecting point of land, which is separated from the body of the island by a moat. The position is remarkably well chosen, and the whole, with the exception of the ordnance, which has been destroyed by time and rust, is still in good condition.

A few hundred yards from this fort, now tottering in ruins, stands the lighthouse, and a level plain extends for some distance to the north-east of this building, having its surface scattered over with mounds and ruins of former habitations. Several tanks and wells have also been sunk here; the former, though now out of repair, are covered over with an arched roof; they are about fifteen yards in length, and seven or eight in breadth. As there are no fresh-water springs on the island, the inhabitants are wholly dependent on the supplies which are collected in these reservoirs during the rainy season.

The rugged hills beyond this plain, which line the eastern shore of the island, present a singular appearance. They are covered for a considerable distance from their bases with an incrustation of salt, which in some places has the transparency of ice; in others, its surface is partially covered with a thin layer of a dusky red-coloured earth, receiving its tinge from oxide of iron, with which the whole surface of the island is deeply impregnated.

The Imaum of Muscat has a garrison of 100 men in the fort, under a sheikh, who collects a small sum on account of the salt, which is exported in large quantities; and about 300 inhabitants earn a scanty subsistence by collecting this salt and fishing. Such is all that remains of a city which is said once to have contained 4000 houses and 40,000 inhabitants.

Of the islands which, besides Hormuz, form the group situated in this part of the Gulf of Persia, that of Kishm is the largest, and, indeed, surpasses in size all the islands of this inland sea. It has been ingeniously compared, by Lieutenant Whitelock, in its form to a fish; the town of the same name being situated at its head, which faces the eastward, Laft and the island of Anjur to the northward and southward of either fin, and Basidoh to the westward, at the extremity of its tail. Its length is fifty-four miles, and its width, at the broadest part, twenty miles.

On the southern side a ridge of hills extends from one extremity to the other, while the remaining space to the northward is occupied by arid plains and deep ravines. The greater part of the surface of the

island is sterile, and in some places encrusted with a saline efflorescence ; but the most striking features in its structure are some singular-shaped table hills, which occupy insulated positions on the plains. These are of a circular form, principally composed of sandstone, and are broader at the upper part than at the base. This is, apparently, a phenomenon of degradation, the upper beds being of harder and more resisting material than the lower, as is seen on a smaller scale in some so-called rocking stones, and in one of the Chaldean ruins called the Hammam. Here they are from 200 to 400 feet in height.

The northern part of the island is the most fertile, and on this account the most populous. The soil consists of a black loam, and on it is reared wheat, barley, vegetables, melons, and grapes. Dates are produced in large quantities ; cattle and poultry are also reared.

The only towns on the island are Kishm the largest, Laft, next in importance, and Basidoh. Kishm is situated near the sea, at the eastern point of the island. It is surrounded by a wall flanked by turrets, and some of the houses are large, and, for this country, neatly fitted up ; the roofs are flat, and the apertures for light are partially filled with curious devices, formed of a fine cement. Captain Bucks computes the number of inhabitants at two thousand. The bazaar is well supplied with vegetables, melons, pomegranates, and apples. Very good wine and every description of dried fruit are to be obtained, as also silk and cotton cloths ; together with very fine carpets, soft as silk, and of the richest pattern and dye.

When the English took possession of this island in 1821, the troops were encamped about a mile from this town, in a strong position, on an elevated tabular ridge, which presents a steep face on both sides. The situation was found so hot and so unhealthy, that after losing several men from fevers they were obliged to quit it. It is to be hoped that the experience of the past will not be lost upon the present occupiers.

Laft, when in the possession of the Juwasimi pirates, was a place of considerable strength, and when an expedition was sent to chastise them under Colonel Smith and Captain Wainwright, in 1809, they beat back a storming party with considerable loss, and only surrendered when the vessels came close in and battered down their walls. The town is at present in a miserable state, built on the slope of a hill on the northern side of the island, and surrounded by a wall.

Basidoh, at the western extremity of the island, was formerly in the possession of the Portuguese, and the ruins of the town and fort which they erected may still be traced. The English also stationed themselves for a time at this place, which is the most salubrious on the island, and an hospital, storehouse, and guard-room were erected at the public expense. It has long been the only place, with the exception of Bushire, where the cruisers stationed in the Gulf could get their linen washed, yet this place is but scantily supplied with water.

Although nothing can exceed in barrenness the appearance of the country in the vicinity of Basidoh, yet there are several places only a few miles distant from it, which often exhibit all the verdure of more fertile regions ; such are the plains contiguous to Gori, and those near Dastagan. The former cover a space of eight miles in length, and three in width, and contain groves of the date-palm, verdant plots of cultivated ground, and, after the rains, a luxuriant crop of high grass. A few grapes are



grown in wells, or the vines are permitted to climb around the branches of the banian (*Ficus Indica*); a few mango-trees are also found at Das-tagan, but in no other part of the island.

Sandstone is the predominant rock on the island. Salt is found on the southern side, rising up into hills, in which are frequent caves. A stream of water flows out of one of these, and stalactites of salt hang from the roof and sides. The surrounding plains are also covered with a saline crust.

Towards the centre of the island there is an insulated rock, about three hundred feet in height, which is steep on every side, and seems to have formerly served the purpose of a retreat to some bands of pirates or robbers. The summit can only be gained by climbing up through a narrow aperture resembling a chimney. On it are the ruins of several houses, and two tanks. The natives have a tradition that this singular spot was formerly taken possession of by the crew of a Portuguese ship wrecked on the island, and who for a long time resisted the attempts of the inhabitants to destroy them.

A beautiful kind of antelope is met with on the plains, where hares and also rabbits are found. Jackals and foxes tenant the more rocky regions, coming into the plains in search of prey. Camels and asses are used as beasts of burden. The principal birds are vultures, cranes, grey partridges, pigeons, hawks, jays, kingfishers, and hoopoes. Fish abound, as do also snakes, scorpions, and centipedes.

The island of Anjar is situated to the south of Kishm, opposite to the town of Laft. This island was formerly inhabited, but since the destruction of the town by the pirates it has been deserted. A ruined mosque, which stands near the site of the former town, is still a conspicuous object.

About twenty-four miles to the south of Basidoh there are two uninhabited islands, called the Great and Little Timb, or Tomb. The larger island is well provided with grass, and is hence well stocked with antelopes. There is also a small island, called Larek, which is inhabited by a few fishermen, who reside in wretched huts within the walls of an extensive fort. They subsist on fish and dates. No part of the island is cultivated, and the few cattle they rear, for the sake of their milk, partake in general of the same food as their masters. These islanders have a great aversion to mixing with their neighbours, and rarely ever visit the town of Kishm, though only six miles distant.

The island at the head of the Persian Gulf, one of two or three smaller ones that lie immediately off the harbour of Bushire, is called Kharj by the Persians, and Kharij (commonly pronounced Kharak) by the Arabs. It is mainly composed of supra-cretaceous limestones, which abound in corals and shells, giving to the whole place, with its torn, rocky, cavern-worn, and naked aspect, the appearance of a submarine formation, but lately tilted up out of the depths of the Gulf. These rocks rise in successive terraces from the east and south-east to the north-westward. The rocks which compose them are not all horizontal, but repose in beds at various angles of inclination. They are also much fissured, and abound in caves. From out of these fissures and the crumbling precipices, which are so characteristic of its northern and western sides, there grow many intertropical plants of great beauty.

This island, according to the surveys of Captain Goodfellow, embraces an extent of from thirteen to fourteen square miles, and on the side facing

Bushire, or to the south-eastward, is a bay which affords a safe anchorage at all seasons, but more particularly during the severe gales that blow from the north-west. Within this bay the island presents its sole tract of low, level, arable land. Here, then, naturally has been from all times the dwelling-place of whatever human beings have sought a home on this isolated rock. At the time that the writer visited it, there were a few Arab pilots and fishermen, who also made a small profit by the transport of water to merchant ships and Persian bagalas, and who dwelt in a few humble cottages. Attached to this small village was a mud fort, of no importance in a military point of view, and the whole were embosomed in gardens and groves of date-trees.

Kharak is the largest of a small group of islands, one of which, Korgo, is very low, and composed almost entirely of sand, sea-shells, and corallines agglutinating into rock. The former, however—the *Icarus* of Arrian—is possessed of some historical interest. In times long gone by, when the Dutch were a great commercial nation, and had a settlement at Bussorah, a certain Baron Knipphausen, who was their representative at that scholastic and commercial port, having committed himself in an affair of gallantry, he was imprisoned by the Muhammadan governor, and only liberated upon payment of a large sum of money. The wish to regain this money, and the desire for revenge, suggested an ingenious plan of retributive operations. The baron prevailed upon the Batavian government to send two ships to take possession of the island of Kharak, which was no sooner done than he hastened to seize the first ships of Bussorah that came in his way, and to detain them until restitution was made of the price previously paid for his liberty. This led to a series of attacks and reprisals, till Mir Nasar, the Sheikh of Bund-i-Rik, who was at that time governor of Bushire, becoming alarmed at the extent of the fortifications erecting on the island, also joined in the hostilities waged by the Arabs against the Dutch possessors of Kharak.

This system of petty warfare was continued under the baron's successor, and only ceased, for a short time, under the third director of the factory, Mr. Buschmann. The successor of this last more peaceable governor having effected an alliance with a rebel sheikh at Bushire, active hostilities were recommenced against Mir Mahannah, who had succeeded to Mir Nasar. The Dutch, however, having been defeated upon the mainland, the Arabs of Bund-i-Rik and Dorakstan were encouraged by their success to effect a descent upon the island and besiege the factory, which fell, never to be revived.

At the time when Napoleon the Great was threatening to invade India, and his emissaries were paving the way by intrigues with the court of Persia, Sir John Malcolm repeatedly urged upon the government of the East India Company the propriety of taking up a position on the same island. An expedition to that effect was equipped, and had actually started, when it was recalled in consequence of the home government having resolved to adopt diplomatic instead of either defensive or coercive measures, and to send a succession of futile missions to the Persian court.

The rapid encroachments of Russia, the annexation of several large provinces in the north of Persia, the supremacy assumed by that great Asiatic as well as European power over the feeble government of the Shah, crowned by the mission of Vikovitch to instigate a Persian movement against Herat, led, however, ultimately, to the island being occupied

by the English. Russia was not at that time ripe for a war in Central Asia; Vikovitch was recalled and repudiated; and Kharak was abandoned. It is much to be regretted that the occupation was not persevered in, as by the possession of a permanent station at such a point the complete command of the commerce in the upper portion of the Persian Gulf would be placed in the hands of England, the Arab pirates would be kept in check, and capital would flow in from Bussorah, Mohammerah, Bushire, and other ports. The Russians did not abandon their conquests in Azerbaijan, Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Asterabad, upon the same occasion.

Bushire, whose proper name is Abu Shahir, "the father of cities," corrupted into Abushire and Bushire, being the principal seaport of Persia, it presents an aspect of bustle and trade to which the Anglo-Indian Residency, and the almost constant presence of one or more sloop-of-war, contribute in no small degree. The flat-roofed houses are grouped almost indifferently upon the beach, and among them are a few public buildings, more especially the custom-house, caravanserais, a sort of exchange or commercial mart which leads the way into the bazaar, the governor's house, and the residency, the last a fortified mansion, with a guard of Sepoys, occupying the best position in the city, being open to the sea-breeze from three different points. The badjirs, or wind towers, rising above the flat terraces, impart a great peculiarity to the appearance of Bushire. Although sitting under one of these wind towers does not lower the thermometer much, the relief experienced during the great heats from a draught of air is very great.

Frazer, Morier, and other travellers have spoken disparagingly of Bushire, and it is certainly a miserable town enough compared with a thriving European port; but everything is only comparable, not with that which is analogous, but with that which is similar to it; and Bushire, with its well-provided bazaars, its busy quays, sometimes studded with gigantic flasks of Shiraz wine, at others with a cargo of more powerfully fragrant *asafetida*, appears to the traveller who arrives from Bussorah to be a city redolent of comforts and luxuries.

Bushire is built upon a rocky peninsula, that is separated from the mainland by a low and often submerged tract. It is defended by a wall on this aspect, and as the tidal nature of the intervening space would preclude the excavation of the usual approaches, once in the possession of a European power, the city might be rendered unusually difficult of reduction from the land side.

This peninsula corresponds to the ancient Mesambria, is above eleven miles in length, from three to four in width, and nowhere rises above forty or fifty feet above the level of the sea. It is composed of calcareous sandstone—a mere recent marine formation—containing an abundance of sea-shells similar to what are met with in the Persian Gulf in the present day. This rock forms cliffs of about twelve feet in height to the southwest and to the south, a direction in which the town is most exposed and least defensible; is succeeded by higher lands, where the remains of the Portuguese settlement of Rushire (*Ru-al-Shahir*, or the city at the Cape) are still visible. The cottages in the neighbourhood are built of the ruins of the olden town; and there also exist the ruins of a large edifice, designated as the residence of Shah Selim. Cinerary urns are also found in the same vicinity. Beyond Bushire the sea-cliffs become more lofty,

and are intersected by wide and deep ravines, till at Hallilah they begin to lower. The eastern side of the peninsula, which fronts a sea of sand, rises in cliffs which attain at points nearly a hundred feet in height.

The water at Bushire is very bad. It is obtained from wells sunk in a sandy soil, with an argillaceous substratum, to a depth of from ten to sixteen feet, and is generally brackish, and sometimes sulphureous. Wherever these wells are met with there is a cottage or two, with a few date-trees and a little group of tamarisks. The roots of the latter go down to the depth of the water. The water is drawn up by oxen in leather vessels with long spouts. The best water in the peninsula is obtained at Sheikh Abu and Hallilah.

The greater part of this peninsula is under cultivation, chiefly of cotton. The central elevated plateau is, however, completely barren. A fringe of date-trees occupies the line of separation between the rock and the marine sands to the east and south-east. Near the town the roots of a few grape-vines are protected by circular stone walls, but they do not thrive vigorously.

The great natural feature of the coast, however, to which the peninsula of Bushire forms an exception, is a low, level, littoral district, succeeded some miles inland by a hilly and rocky territory, the boundaries between the two being at times almost marked off as if by a wall. The low territory is distinguished as the Gurmisir, or hot climate; the hilly as the Sirhur, or cold climate. The former is, however, more generally known as the Dashistan. Travellers differ very much in their descriptions of the boundaries of these two districts, the precise demarcation of which is not, however, of the slightest importance, as the fact of a high and a low territory, and of a hot and comparatively cool district, remains the same, and the two are as different in their vegetation and forms of animal life, including even the human race, as they are in climate and geographical configuration.

The low district—the Syrtibole of the Greeks—is diversified, except where covered with saline plants, by groves of date-trees and arborescent mimosas, gardens, and villages. The inhabitants are Arabs of the Sheah persuasion, and the men are a fine, handsome race, accustomed to the use of arms, every man carrying a gun, the long barrel of which is encircled by bright tin bands, and being also armed with a sword, hung by a strap, and not fastened to the waist. They wear the long flowing robe of the Persians, not fitting tight, as with the townsmen, but leaving half of their tawny chests exposed. The women wear blue tunics and light-blue trousers, which fit closely to the ankles. The feet are naked, and the toes adorned with rings. They dwell in huts constructed mainly with the branches of date-trees, more or less circular in shape, three or four being generally enclosed in a common fence, rather picturesquely made up of the fronds of the same tree, placed erect, and in close contact. These huts are for the most part grouped around mud forts, generally quadrangular, with, sometimes, round towers at the angles. These serve as winter habitations and as places of refuge during the predatory conflicts that are ever recurring in this ill-governed country.

The hilly district is mainly tenanted by a totally different class of people—the redoubtable mountaineer Kurds—who, however, from circumstances which we shall probably enter upon at a future opportunity, are almost to a man hostile to Persia.

## THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

## III.

"THE INEVITABLE HOUR:"—EXCERPTS FROM AN OLD COMEDY AND A MODERN SERMON—TESTIMONIES FROM AN ENGLISH ESSAYIST AND A FRENCH POET—*ŒDIPUS COLONEUS*—MIRABEAU.

Omnes eodem cogimur ; omnium  
Versata urna ; serena, ocyus  
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum.  
Exilium impositura cymbæ.

HORAT. *Od.* II. 3, 25.

La nécessité de mourir est la plus amère de nos afflictions.—*VAUVEHARGUES: Maximes et Réflexions.*

"THERE'S a lean fellow," says the hero in Decker's "Comedy of Old Fortunatus,"

There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors :  
The greatest Strength expires with loss of breath,  
The mightiest in one minute stoop to Death.

All is vanity, says the preacher ; and it is death, says one of the preacher's most eloquent commentators, which stamps this character on the affairs of the world ; throws a mockery upon all that is human ; frustrates the wisest plans, and absolutely converts them into nothingness. "And it does aggravate our hopelessness of escape from death, when we look to the wide extent and universality of its ravages. We see no exception. It scatters its desolations with unsparing cruelty, among all the sons and daughters of Adam. It perhaps adds to our despair, when we see it extending to the other animals. Everything that has life dies ; and even the lovely forms of the vegetable-creation dissolve into nothing. It appears to be the condition of every organic being ; and so looks as if it were some tremendous necessity, under which we have nothing for it but helplessly to acquiesce. It carries to our observation all the immutability of a general law. Man can look for no mitigation to the big and incurable distress. He cannot reverse the processes of Nature, nor bid her mighty elements obey him."

The Spectator tells us of a great man in the Romish Church, who, upon reading those words in the fifth chapter of Genesis, "And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died ; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died ; and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died ;" immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking anything in this life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

Heraldry and pomp, genius and goodness, beauty and wealth, await alike the inevitable hour. "Vois," exclaims Victor Hugo, in "*Les Contemplations*,"

Vois ces penseurs que nous divisons,  
Vois ces héros dont les fronts nous dominent,  
Noms dont toujours nos sombres horizons  
S'illuminent !  
Après avoir, comme fait un flambeau,  
Ebloui tout de leurs rayons sans nombre,  
Ils sont allés chercher dans le tombeau  
Un peu d'ombre.

This inevitable hour—there is indeed no way, as Montaigne says, by which we can possibly avoid it: *la Mort* commands all points of the compass: we may continually turn our heads this way and that, and pry about as in a suspected country: it is a

Presence not to be put by,

*quæ quasi saxum Tantalo, semper impendit.* To the Children of Men universally, must be some day applied what the old *rex moriturus* in Sophocles says of himself—

Ω παῖδες, καὶ τὰδ' ἐκ' ἀνδρῶν θεοφοροῖ  
Βίην τελευτῇ, κ' οὐκέτ' ἐστ' ἀποστραφῇ.

A sentence, verily, that last sentence, without *apostrophe*—without shadow of turning!

How impressively Carlyle enforces this stern truism, when describing the death of Mirabeau. "But Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he could live another thousand years. Men's years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau's was now complete. Important or unimportant, to be mentioned in World-History for some centuries, or not to be mentioned there beyond a day or two,—it matters not to peremptory Fate. From amid the press of ruddy busy Life, the Pale Messenger beckons silently; wide-spreading interests, projects, salvation of French Monarchies, what thing soever man has on hand, he must suddenly quit it all and go. . . . The most important of men cannot stay; did the World's History depend on an hour, that hour is not to be given."

#### IV.

DREAD OF DEATH:—PHILOSOPHY AND INSTINCT—ELIA—SEE THOMAS BROWN—MARCUS AND QUINTUS CECILIUS—BILWER LITTON'S DEVEREUX—CLAUDIO AND THE DUKE—BARNARDINE THE BOHEMIAN—LUTTRELL AND ROGERS—PROFESSOR PORSON.

This world is the nurse of all we know,  
This world is the mother of all we feel,  
And the coming of death is a fearful blow  
To a brain uncompassed with nerves of steel;  
When all that we know, or feel, or see,  
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

SHELLEY.

THAT the Pale Messenger should be so inexorable when the message is to be delivered—admitting of no parley—consenting to no modification—refusing all terms, conditions, contingents—is made by some an argument why we should dismiss from our minds a thing so useless as fear of him, for fear hath torment.

Argument goes a *very* little way in cases like this. Instinct outdoes, outlives a thousand arguments; and the man whom you have overpoweringly convinced, by an irresistible and unanswerable process of logic, flawless and rigorous beyond compare, that he ought not to fear, is unreasonable to fear, has no business to fear,—goes on fearing still, not a whit the less for all your unimpeachable syllogisms and densely-packed sorites. You may deftly prove to the horseman that Black Care is a mere abstraction, a sheer figment as far as personality is concerned, that can't in any sense (that is common sense) get up behind him on horseback: nevertheless the Horatian *prosopopeia* remains in force, and *post equitem sedet*—more than that, *æternumque sedebit*, at least in this life—that same disproved and impossible, yet most palpable and pertinacious *Atra Cura*.

Seneca preserves a syllogism of Zeno's—the great Zeno, as Montaigne (who cites and plays upon it) calls him, “the greatest man of the first philosophical school, and superintendent over all the rest”—which syllogism runs thus: “No evil is honourable; but death is honourable: therefore death is no evil.” *Quod erat demonstrandum*, of course; but possibly, to the general, *quod est absurdum*, also. Demonstrating in effect how possible it is to be an arch stoic and, at the same time, an arch sophist.

We may wrest to our meaning a passage of words between two Shakspearean unworthies:

*Conrade.* You should hear *reason*.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*D. John.* I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a *mortifying* mischief.

The dry reasoner's “reason” is bootless against the “mortal taste” of that “mortifying mischief” men call Death. Irrefragable doctors of logic, why spend your strength for nought, and your labour in that which satisfieth not?

“I have heard some,” says *Eliu* (and here, as elsewhere, out of the abundance of his heart his mouth speaketh), “profess an indifference to life. Some hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out on thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as an universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!”

To Charles Lamb and this his “secret dread and inward horror” of death, not indeed as a “falling into nought,” but as a great and bewildering Change, we shall recur anon. Meanwhile, it is to be noted, that the world is not without examples of an indifference to, and in some instances an avowed contempt for, death: instances, it may be objected, which by the rarity and peculiarity of their nature, are to be regarded as exceptions, that prove the rule. An idiosyncratic philosophy at one time, at another

a brutal coarseness and dogged apathy of temperament, exemplify this disregard for the last enemy, which to the multitude betokens a spirit very much above or very much below that of common humanity.

One with whose writings Charles Lamb was intimately conversant, and whom he studied and appreciated with the most intelligent sympathy,—Sir Thomas Browne,—has recorded his own feelings on this subject in the following manner: “I thank God I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and terror thereof; or, by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous relics, like vespilloes, or grave-makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality; but that, marshalling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian; and therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and, like the best of them, to die; that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements; to be a kind of nothing for a moment,” &c. “It is a symptom of melancholy to be afraid of death, yet sometimes to desire it; this latter I have often discovered in myself, and think no man ever desired life, as I have sometimes death. I honour any man that contemns it; nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a soldier, and honour those tattered and contemptible regiments, that will die at the command of a serjeant. For a pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life; but, for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma—that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come.”

In perhaps the finest, and most sustained in dignity, eloquence, and interest, of all the “Imaginary Conversations,” Mr. Landor introduces, by the mouth of Cicero, the pagan aspect of this question, in what may be thought, however, a too refined and elevated form. Talking with his brother Quintus, the great orator is represented, a little before his cruel “taking off,” as declaring the use of life to be to teach us the contempt of death, and that of death the contempt of life. If life is a present which any one foreknowing its contents would have willingly declined, does it not follow, he asks, that any one would as willingly give it up, having well tried what they are? “I speak of the reasonable, the firm, the virtuous; not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding.” He allows that were it certain that the longer we live the wiser we become, and the happier, then indeed a long life would be desirable: but since on the contrary our mental strength decays, and our enjoyments of every kind not only sink and cease, but diseases and sorrows come in place of them, he contends that surely if any wish is rational, it is the wish to go away unshaken by years, undepressed by griefs, and undespoiled of our better faculties. “Life and death appear more certainly ours than whatsoever else: and yet hardly can that be called ours, which comes without our knowledge, and goes without it; or that which we cannot put aside if we would, and indeed can anticipate but little. There are few who can regulate life to any extent; none who can order



the things it shall receive or exclude. What value then should be placed upon it by the prudent man, when duty or necessity calls him away? or what reluctance should he feel on passing into a state where at least he must be conscious of fewer checks and disabilities? Such, my brother, as the brave commander, when from the secret and dark passages of some fortress, wherein implacable enemies besieged him, having performed all his duties and exhausted all his munition, he issues at a distance into open day."

"Reasons thus with life," too, the most Christian *Duke*, in "*Measure for Measure*," assuming the habit and tone of a philosophic friar. To lose the thing called life, is to lose, by his philosophy, what none but fools would keep; a thing subject to hourly afflictions; poverty-straitened in youth, feeble and joyless in age. The ills of life being pointedly rehearsed, the prison-cell philosopher sums up with a piquant query:

What's yet in this,  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

*Claudio* can appreciate the reasoning, as a piece of reasoning. He humbly thanks the ingenious logician, who has demonstrated so decisively, for the use of all whom it may concern (and *Claudio* it concerns but too nearly), that life so called is really death, and that titular death is variable life:

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die:  
And, seeking death, find life.

But let that ducal dialectician quit the cell, and *Claudio's* sister enter it, and strive to nerve him for certain "death to-morrow"—and the doomed man's long-drawn *suspirium de profundis*, "O Isabel!"—that exclamatory sigh, articulate as it were with unutterable things—reveals the anguish, the horror physical and mental, the collapse of nature, in one who just before could assent so entirely to the monk's fair web of words. "O Isabel!"

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* DEATH IS A FEARFUL THING.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* AY, BUT TO DIE, AND GO WE KNOW NOT WHERE . .

. . . . . 'Tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

With truly Shakspearean art there is introduced into the same play, a man who, from sheer brutality, sets at defiance the "horrible vision" which so appals his civilised fellow-prisoner. *Barnardine*, a prisoner of nine years' standing, is described by the provost as "a man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal."

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Indifference to death is thus, in certain aspects, a sign of inferior natures. If it may be found in those a little lower than the angels, it is not unfrequent in those a little higher than the brutes. A popular novelist describes a Russian serf bearing without a murmur, under the eye of Peter the Great, the fearful punishment of the *battoey*—at the close of which, the Czar vauntingly assures an English spectator, that, had the punishment been death, his subject would have met it with the same apathetic submission. The Englishman justly intimates, that such a fact would only go to prove the dangerous falsity of the old maxims which extol indifference to death as a virtue. "In some individuals," says Devereux, "it may be a sign of virtue,\* I allow; but, as a national trait, it is the strongest sign of national misery. Look round the great globe. What countries are those where the inhabitants bear death with cheerfulness, or, at least, with apathy? Are they the most civilised—the most free—the most prosperous? Pardon me—no! They are the half-starved, half-clothed, half-human, sons of the forest and the waste; or, when gathered in states, they are slaves without enjoyment, or sense beyond the hour; and the reason that they do not recoil from the pangs of death is, because they have never known the real pleasures or the true objects of life." The Czar objects to his objector, the case of Laocædemon: was not the contempt of death the great characteristic of the Spartans? And therefore, Devereux replies, the great token that the Spartans were a miserable horde. "Your majesty," he continues, "admires England and the English; you have, beyond doubt, witnessed an execution in that country; you have noted, even where the criminal is consoled by religion, how he trembles and shrinks—how dejected—how prostrate of heart he is before the doom is completed. Take now the vilest slave, either of the Emperor of Morocco, or the great Czar of Russia. He changes neither tint nor muscle; he requires no consolation; he shrinks from no torture. What is the inference? That slaves dread death less than the free. And it should be so. The end of legislation is not to make death, but life, a blessing."

The spoilt children of civilisation are, accordingly, of all others, the most averse from anticipations of coffin and shroud. David Garrick, showing off the pomps and luxuries of his new house to Samuel Johnson, and the great moralist (himself beyond most the victim of this dread) breaking in with that sad, stern, seasonable yet most unseasonable *memento*, "Ah, Davy, Davy,—these are the things that make death terrible,"—what a *memento mori* for all of us is that!

One of the worldliest of wits, by repute, and wittiest of worldlings,—that practised eater of good dinners and sayer of good things, Mr. Luttrell,—has left a *staccato* of strange but no uncertain sound to the ears polite of *bons vivants* and *bon-mot*-makers *ejusdem generis*:

\* Meaning when it springs from mental reasonings, not physical indifference.

O Death, thy certainty is such,  
And thou'rt a thing so fearful,  
That, musing, I have wondered much  
How men were ever cheerful.\*

It was Rogers who suggested this reflection, according to Mr. Dyce, who tells us, in his "Recollections of the Table-Talk" of the nonagenarian poet, that Luttrell on hearing, versified the observation thus reported in that volume of trivial and other fond records: "I sometimes wonder," says the long-lived minstrel of Human Life, "how a man can ever be cheerful, when he knows that he *must* die. But what poets write about the horrors of the grave make not the slightest impression upon me: for instance, what Dryden says—

Vain men! how vanishing a bliss we crave!  
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave,  
Never, O, never more to see the sun,  
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!

"All this is unphilosophical; in fact, nonsense. The body, when the soul has left it, is as worthless as an old garment,—rather more so, for it rots much sooner."

The lines from Dryden (modernised from Chaucer) were, Mr. Rogers added, great favourites with Sheridan: "I seem now to hear him reciting them." Poor Sheridan!—they must have attracted him by attraction of repulsion: so at least we cannot but fancy, as we think of him

Once warm in love, now withered in the grave—

for to that favour the Prince's jester, that set his table in a roar, must and did, come at last; gone his jolly companions every one,—gone, or very fast going, going—each in his narrow cell for ever laid:

Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone.

This same volume of Mr. Dyce's includes among Maltby's *Porsonianæ* a passage apposite enough to quote. "During the earlier part of our acquaintance, I have heard him [Porson] boast that he had not the slightest dread of death,—declaring that he despised *fabulæ aniles*, and quoting Epicharmus (from Cicero), &c. He was once holding forth in this strain, when Dr. Babington said to him, 'Let me tell you, Porson, that I have known several persons who, though, when in perfect health, they talked as you do now, were yet dreadfully alarmed when death was really near them.'"

\* Yet could this same Luttrell be cheerful over the very subject of death itself, and jest about it in verse, and pun about it in merry rhymes. Witness an entry in Moore's Diary, in March, 1835:

"The day I met Wordsworth at dinner at Rogers's, the last time I was in town, he asked all of us in the evening to write something in a little album of his daughter's, and Wilkie drew a slight sketch in it. One of the things Luttrell wrote was the following epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus:

"'Killed by an omnibus—why not?  
So quick a death a boon is.  
Let not his friends lament his lot—  
*Mors omnibus communis.*'"

## THE RED-COURT FARM.

## I.

ON a certain part of the English coast, lying sufficiently contiguous to France for the convenience of smuggling, and rising high above the sea, was a bleak plateau of land. It was a dizzy task to walk close to its edge, and look down over the cliff to the beach below. A small beach, in the form of a half-moon, accessible only from the sea, and, at low water, by a very narrow path round the left projection of rock. Beyond this narrow path lay the village—if the few poor fishermen's huts deserved the name. Some were erected on the low grass-land, and some up the cliffs, not there so perpendicular. The Half-moon was never under water, for the tide did not reach it, though it had used to, years ago. Rude steps shelved down from it to a lower beach, which met the sea. Standing on the plateau overhead, with your back to the sea and looking inland, the eye fell upon a cultivated dell, where rose a large red-brick house, called the Red-Court Farm. It was built on the site of an ancient castle, part of whose ruins lay still around. To the left of this house (but to your right hand as you stood looking) might be seen the church; and, beyond that, some five minutes' walk, lay a handful of gentlemen's houses. On the plateau itself, not a long way from its edge, rose an old circular wall, breast high, with a narrow door or opening. It was called the Round Tower, and was supposed to have been the watch-tower in former times.

The name of the family living at the Red Court was Thornycroft. Mr. Thornycroft rented and farmed the land around, about three hundred acres. He was a county magistrate, and rode in to the five-mile-off town, Jutpoint, when the whim took him, and sat upon the bench. Never was there a pleasanter companion than he, and the other magistrates chuckled when they got an invitation to the Red-Court dinners, for they loved the hearty welcome and the jolly cheer. Three sons had Mr. Thornycroft; two of them fine, towering men like himself. Richard, the eldest, was dark, stern, and resolute, but he would unbend to courtesy over his wine; and Isaac, the second, was of elegant form, bland features, and fair complexion. The third was Cyril. He was only of middle height, his health less robust than that of his brothers, and he was less given to out-door pursuits. They were all engaged in agriculture. "A thriving farm the Red Court must me," quoth the neighbours, "for the old man to keep all his three sons upon it."

Only gentlemen had hitherto visited at the Red Court, for Mrs. Thornycroft was dead, and the daughter, the youngest of the family, was at school near London. She rarely visited her home: a house without a mistress was not the place for a young girl, Mr. Thornycroft was wont to say. But now that she had attained her nineteenth year, she came home to live: a lady-like, agreeable girl, with Cyril's love for reading, Isaac's fair skin and handsome features, and Richard's resolute eye and lip. She assumed her post as mistress of the house with a spirit of determination which said she meant to maintain it, and soon the servants whispered about, that Miss Thornycroft and her brothers had already had some

words together, for both sides wanted the mastery. She wished regulation in the house, and they set all regulation at defiance, especially in the matter of coming in to meals. One day in January, Richard went striding out of the house to find his father. The Justice was in the grounds with a gun.

"This girl's turning the house upside down," he began. "We shall not be able to keep her at home."

"What girl? Do you mean Mary Anne?"

"There's nobody else I should mean," returned the young man, who was not remarkable for courtesy of speech, even to his father. "I'd pretty soon shell out anybody else who came spoiling sport. She has gone and invited some fellow and his sister down to stop. We can't have prying spies here."

"Don't fly in a flurry, Dick. I'll go and speak to her. Here, take the gun."

"What is all this, Mary Anne?" demanded Justice Thornycroft, when he reached his daughter. "Richard says you have been inviting people here."

"So I have, papa. Susan Hunter and her brother. She was one of my schoolfellows, and often stops the holidays at school. I should like her to come for a week before they are over."

"They cannot come."

"Not if Richard's whims are to be studied," returned Miss Thornycroft, angrily. "Do you wish me to live on in this house for ever, papa, without a soul to speak to, save my brothers and the servants? And cordial companions *they* are," added the young lady, alluding to the farmer, "out, out, out, as they are, night after night! I should like to know where it is they go to. I'll find out."

Mr. Thornycroft started. "Daughter!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper, "hold your peace about where your brothers go to. What is it to you? Are you a firebrand come amongst us? Write, and put off these intruders you have been inviting; and, if you want to remain under my roof, shut your eyes and ears to all that does not concern you."

He left the room as he spoke, and Mary Anne looked after him. "Shut my eyes and ears!—that I never will. I can see how it is: papa has lived so long under Richard's finger and thumb, that he gives way to his slightest whim. I don't think they are well-conducted, these brothers of mine; and papa winks at it—at least, Richard and Isaac. They frequent low company and public-houses, as I believe: where else can they go to in an evening, without dressing, and stop away for hours? Last night they went out in their velveteen jackets, and gaiters all mud. Richard thinks if we had visitors he must remain in, and be attentive to himself, so he has set his face against their coming. But I will show Richard that I have a will of my own, and as good a right to exercise it as he."

The two eldest sons of Justice Thornycroft certainly did appear to be rather loose young men, and their dog-cart, a favourite vehicle of theirs, might be heard going out or coming in at all hours of the night. But they were much liked in the neighbourhood for all that, were social with their equals, and generous to the fishermen and their families.

Miss Thornycroft did not write to stop her guests, and on the follow-

ing Monday one of them arrived, Mr. Hunter. His sister had gone to her parents' home in the north. Miss Thornycroft was walking towards the village, and saw him alight from the railway omnibus, which stopped at the Mermaid. She knew him directly, though she was at some distance; knew him by his coat, if by nothing else. It was a remarkable coat of white cloth, trimmed with dark fur. He was a slender young man, not tall, about the size and figure of her brother Cyril, his profession that of land-surveyor and engineer. Miss Thornycroft had met him frequently at a house where she used to visit in London, and the two managed to fall in love with each other; but he had said nothing, for he was not rich enough to think of marrying at present. The house was thunderstruck when he arrived that afternoon, and Mary Anne introduced him. Richard, stern and haughty, vouchsafed no greeting, but the old gentleman was bound in courtesy to welcome him. It was well, perhaps, that some friends dined that evening at the Red Court: it smoothed matters.

Young Hunter proved himself an agreeable companion; and as the days went on even Richard fell into civility. He was an active, free-mannered young fellow, this Robert Hunter, and soon made himself at home, not only in the Red Court, but in the village. He made excursions in the railway omnibus to Jutpoint; he explored the cliffs; he went into the fishermen's huts, and out in their boats: every soul soon knew Robert Hunter, and especially his coat, which had become a marvel of admiration in Coastdown. Miss Thornycroft was his frequent companion, and they walked forth together unrestrained. One day—it was on the Monday, just a week after his arrival—they had strolled on to the plateau, and were standing at its edge, looking at the vessels as they passed along the calm sea, when a gentleman came up to them and shook hands. He was well known to Mary Anne, and Mr. Hunter had met him at the Red Court at that first evening's dinner-party. His name was Kyne, and he was stationed at Coastdown as superintendent of the coast-guard.

"I was telling Miss Thornycroft," began young Hunter, "that this place looks as suitable for smuggling as any I ever had the luck to see. Have you much trouble, Mr. Supervisor?"

"No," replied the officer, "but I am in hopes of it. We know," he added, sinking his voice—"we have positive information that smuggling, to a great extent, is carried on here, but never, in spite of our precautions, have we succeeded in dropping on the wretches. I don't speak of paltry packets of tobacco and sausage-skins of brandy, which the fishermen manage to stow about their ribs, but of more serious cargoes. I would stake my life that somewhere about this place there lies hidden a ton load of lace, rich as any that ever flourished at the court of St. James's."

"Where can it be hidden?" asked Mary Anne.

"I wish I could tell you where, Miss Thornycroft. I have walked repeatedly about that place underneath"—pointing down at the Half-moon beach—"from the time the tide went off the narrow path to it till it came in again, pumping over it, and peering with every eye I had."

"Peering!" echoed Robert Hunter.

"We have heard, in the old days of smuggling, of caves, hiding-places, being concealed in the rocks," said the supervisor. "I cannot get it out of my head that there's something of the sort here; in these modern days."

"It would be charming to discover it," laughed the young lady; "but I fear it is too romantic to be possible."

"The cave, or the finding it, Mary Anne?" asked her lover.

"The cave, of course. If such a thing were there, I should think there would be little difficulty in finding it."

"I have found it difficult," observed Mr. Kyne. "We had information a short time back," he continued, again dropping his voice, which had been raised in the heat of conversation, "that a boat-load of something—my belief is, it's lace—was waiting to come in. Every night for a fortnight, in the dark age of the moon, did I haunt this naked plateau, on the watch, my men being within call. A very agreeable task it was, lying *perdu* on its edge, with my cold face just extended beyond!"

"And what was the result?" eagerly asked young Hunter, who was growing excited with the narrative.

"Nothing was the result. I never saw the ghost of a smuggler or a boat approach the place. And the very first night I was off the watch, I have reason to believe the job was done."

"Which night was that?" inquired Miss Thornycroft.

"This day week, when I was dining at the Red Court. I had told my men to be on the look-out; but I had certainly told them in a careless sort of way, for the moon was bright again, and who was to suspect that they would risk it on a light night? They are bold sinners."

"How was it that your men were so negligent?" inquired Mr. Hunter.

"There's the devil of it—I beg your pardon, young lady; wrong words slip out inadvertently when one's vexed. My careless orders made the men careless, and they sat boozing at the Mermaid. Young Mr. Thornycroft, it seems, happened to go in, saw them sitting there with some of his farm-labourers, and, in a generous fit, ordered them to call for what drink they liked. They had red eyes and shaky hands the next morning."

"How stupid of my brother!" exclaimed Mary Anne. "Was it Richard or Isaac?"

"I don't know. But all your family are too liberal: their purse is longer than their discretion. It is not the first time, by many, they have treated my fellows. I wish they would not do so."

"It must have been Richard," mused Mary Anne. "Isaac was away somewhere all that day, and I don't believe he came in till the following morning. And I remember that when you came into the drawing-room to tea, Robert, you said Richard had left the dining-room. He must have gone to the Mermaid then. You did not honour my tea-table, Mr. Kyne."

"No, Miss Thornycroft, I stayed with your father, and the rest, in the dining-room. We had our pipes there."

"Do they run the boat in here?" inquired Mr. Hunter, looking down upon the strip of beach.

"They run the boat there—as I believe. In short, there's little

doubt about it. You see there is nowhere else that they can run it to. There's no possibility of such a thing higher up, beyond that point to the right, and it would be nearly as impossible for them to land a cargo of contraband goods beyond the left point, in the face of all the villagers."

There was a silence. All three were looking below at the scrap of beach, over the sharp edges of the jutting rocks. Mary Anne broke it.

"But where could they stow a cargo, in here? There is certainly no opening, or place for concealment, in those hard, bare rocks, or it would have been discovered long ago. Another thing—allow for a moment that they do get a cargo stowed away somewhere in the rocks, how are they to get it out again? There would be equal danger of discovery."

"So there would," replied Mr. Kyne. "I have thought of all these things myself till my head is muddled."

"Did you ever read Cooper's novels, Mr. Kyne?" demanded Miss Thornycroft. "Some of them would give you a deal of insight into this sort of transactions."

"No," replied the officer, with an amused look. "I prefer to get my insight from practice. I am pretty sharp-sighted. It is my own idea alone, that they bring their cargo in here, and I shan't relinquish it till I have proof positive, one way or the other."

"I should like to go down there and have a look at these rocks," said Mr. Hunter. "My profession has taken me much amidst rocks and land. Perhaps my experience could assist you."

"Let us walk there now," exclaimed the supervisor, seizing at the idea. "If not taking you out of your way, Miss Thornycroft."

"Oh, I should be delighted," was the young lady's reply. "I call it quite an adventure. Some fine moonlight night I shall come and watch over the cliff myself."

"They don't do their work on a moonlight night. At least," he hastened to correct himself, with a somewhat crestfallen expression, "not usually. But after what happened this day week, I shall mistrust a light night as much as a dark one."

"Are you sure," inquired Miss Thornycroft, as they walked along, "that a cargo was really landed that night?"

"I am not sure; but I have cause to suspect it."

"It must be an adventurous life," she remarked, "bearing its charms, no doubt."

"They had better not get caught," was the officer's rejoinder, delivered with professional gusto; "they would not find it so charming then."

"I thought the days of smuggling were over," observed Mr. Hunter: "except the more legitimate way of doing it through the very eyes and nose of the Custom House. Did you know anything, personally, of the great custom-house frauds, as they were called, when so many officers and merchants were implicated, some years ago?"

"I did. I held a subordinate post in the London office then, and was in the thick of the discoveries."

"You were not one of the implicated?" jestingly demanded Mr. Hunter.



"Why, no. Or you would not see me here now. I was not sufficiently high in the service for it."

"Or else you might have been?"

"That's a home question," laughed Mr. Kyne. "I really cannot answer for what might have been. My betters were tempted to be."

"There!" exclaimed Mary Anne, "you acknowledge that you custom-house gentlemen are not proof against temptation, and yet you boast of looking so sharply after these wretched fishermen!"

"If the game is carried on here as I suspect, Miss Thornycroft, it is not wretched fishermen who have to do with it; except, perhaps, as subordinates."

It was a short walk, as they made their way down to the village, and thence to the narrow path winding round the projection of rock. The tide was out, so they shelved round it with dry feet, and ascended to the Half-moon beach. They paced about from one end of the place to the other, looking and talking. Nothing was to be seen; nothing; no opening, or sign of opening. The young engineer had an umbrella in his hand, and he struck the rocks repeatedly: in one part in particular, it was just the middle of the Half-moon, he struck and struck, and returned to strike again.

"What do you find?" inquired Mr. Kyne.

"Not much. Only it sounds hollow just here."

They looked again: they stooped down and looked; they stood upon a loose stone and raised themselves to look; they pushed and struck at the part with all their might and main. No, nothing came of it.

"Did you ever see a more convenient spot for working the game?" cried the supervisor. "Look at those embedded stones down there, rising from the grass: the very things to moor a boat to."

"Who do you suspect does this contraband business?" inquired Robert Hunter.

"My suspicions don't fall particularly upon any one. There are no parties in the neighbourhood whom one could suspect, except the boatmen, and if the trade is pushed in the extensive way I think, they are not the guilty men. A week ago, as I tell you, they ran one cargo; I know they did; and may I be shot this moment, if they are not ready to run another! That's a paying game, I hope."

"How do you ascertain this?"

"By two or three things. One of them, which I have no objection to mention, is that a certain queer craft is fond of cruising about here. Whenever I catch sight of her ugly sides, I know it bodes no good for her Majesty's revenue. She carries plausible colours, the humpy, and has, I doubt not, a double bottom, false as her colours. I saw her stern, shooting off at daybreak this morning, and should like to have had the hauling over of her."

"Can you not?"

"No. She is apparently on legitimate business. And once, when it was done, nothing came of it. She happened, by ill luck, to be really empty, or the officers were not skilful enough to unearth the fox."

They left the Half-moon. Mr. Kyne quitted them, and Miss Thornycroft and her lover returned to the plateau again, and stood on its edge as before.

"This is in the middle, about as we were standing underneath; and your house, as you see, lies off in a straight line," remarked Mr. Hunter. "It is a good thing your family live there, Mary Anne."

"Why?"

"Because if any suspicious persons inhabited it, I should say that house might have something to do with the mystery. There can be little doubt, from what the officer says, that smuggled goods are landed and stowed away in these rocks, though the ingress is hidden from the uninitiated. Should this be really the case, depend upon it there is some passage, some communication, in these rocks to an egress inland."

"But what has that to do with our house?" inquired Mary Anne, wonderingly.

"These old castles, lying contiguous to the coast, are sure to have subterranean passages underneath, leading to the sea. Many an escape has been made that way in time of war, and many an ill-fated prisoner has been so conducted to the waves, and put out of sight for ever. Were I your father, I would institute a search. He might come upon the hoarding-place of the smugglers."

"But the smugglers cannot get to their caverns and passages through our house!"

"Of course not. There must be some other opening. How I should like to drop upon the lads!"

When they reached home, they found the family in the dining-room, all but Isaac. Mr. Thornycroft had his spectacles on, writing, Richard was doing something to a gun, and Cyril lay almost at length in an easy-chair, reading. Mary Anne and Mr. Hunter spoke up, full of excitement.

"Such an adventure! Papa, did you know we have smugglers on the coast here?"

"Have you ever explored underneath your house, sir, under the old ruins of the castle? There may be a chain of subterranean passages and vaults from here to the sea."

"Not common smugglers, papa, the poor tobacco-and-brandy sailors, but people in an extensive way: boat-loads of lace they land."

"I'd lay any money—I'll lay a crown with you, Mr. Richard, if you'll take it—that there's oftentimes a rare booty there. Perhaps there may be at this very moment."

The words had been peared forth so rapidly both by Mary Anne and Mr. Hunter, that it would seem their hearers were powerless to interrupt them. Yet the effect they produced was great. Cyril started upright, and let his book drop on his knees; the old gentleman pushed his glasses to the top of his brow, an ashy paleness giving place to his healthy, rosy colour; while Richard, more demonstrative, dashed the gun on the carpet and broke into an ugly oath. The justice was the first to speak.

"What absurd treason are you talking now? You are mad, Mary Anne."

"It is not treason at all, sir," replied Mr. Hunter, regarding Richard with surprise. "It is a pretty well ascertained fact that contraband goods are landed and housed in the rocks at the Half-moon. It will be loyalty instead of treason, if we can contrive to lay a trap and catch the traitors."

"I'll be——"

"Be quiet, Richard," authoritatively exclaimed young Cyril, interrupting his brother's intemperate speech. "Where did you pick up this cock-and-bull story?" he quietly asked, turning to Robert Hunter. "What has given rise to it?"

"We got it from the supervisor, Mr. Cyril. He has suspected that this station was favoured by smugglers, and now he is sure of it. One cargo they landed a few days ago, and there's another dodging off the coast, waiting to come in. He'll drop upon that."

"It is a made-up lie!" foamed Richard. "The fellow talks so to show his zeal. I'll tell him so."

"Well, lie or no lie, you need not fly in a passion over it," said Mary Anne. "It is not our affair."

"Then, if it is not our affair, what business have you interfering in it?" retorted Richard. "Interpose your authority, father, and forbid her to concern herself with men's work. No woman would do it, who retains any sense of shame."

"Miss Thornycroft has done nothing unbecoming a lady," exclaimed Mr. Hunter, in a tone of wonder. "You forget that you are speaking to your sister, Mr. Richard. What can you mean?"

"Oh, he means nothing," said Mary Anne, "only he lets his temper get the better of his tongue. One would think, Richard, you had something to do with the smugglers, by your flying out in this way. And, indeed, it *was* partly your fault that they got their last cargo in."

"Explain yourself," calmly cried Cyril to his sister, pushing his arm before Richard's mouth.

"It was the night of the dinner-party, this day week," proceeded Mary Anne. "Mr. Kyne was here; the only night he had been off the watch for a fortnight, he says. But he left orders with his men to look out, and Richard got treating them at the Mermaid till they were tipsy, and they never looked. So the coast was clear, and the smugglers got their goods in."

"Ah, ha!" said Cyril, "new brooms sweep clean. Mr. Supervisor is a fresh hand down here, so he thinks he must trumpet forth his fame as a keen officer—that he may be all the more negligent by-and-by, you know—and he gets up this nice little mare's nest. None but a stranger, as you are, Mr. Hunter, could have given ear to it."

"I have given both ear and belief," replied the young man, firmly; "and I have offered Mr. Kyne my engineering experience to help him trace out the secret in the rocks."

"You have!" uttered Justice Thornycroft.

"To be sure I have, sir. I have been with him now, on the Half-moon, sounding them, but I had only an umbrella, and that was of little use. We are going to-morrow better prepared. It strikes me the mystery lies right in the middle. It sounds hollow there. I will do all I can to help him, that the fellows may be brought to punishment."

"Sir!" cried the old gentleman, in a voice of thunder, rising, and sternly confronting Robert Hunter, "I forbid it. Do you understand? *I forbid it.* None under my roof shall take act or part in this."

"But justice demands it," replied young Hunter, after a pause. "It

behoves all loyal subjects of her Majesty to aid in discovering the offenders : especially you, sir, a sworn magistrate."

"It behoves me to protect the poor fishermen, who look to me for protection, who have looked to me for it for years ; ay, and received it," was the agitated reply, "better than it behoves you, sir, to presume to teach me my duty ! Richard, leave me to speak. I tell you, sir, I do not believe this concocted story. I am the chief of the place, sir, and I will not believe it. The coast-guard and the fishermen are at variance ; always have been ; and I will not allow the poor fellows to be traduced and put upon, treated as if they were thieves and rogues. Neither I nor mine shall take part in it ; no, nor any man who is under my roof eating the bread of friendliness. I hope you hear me, sir."

"If it were one of my own brothers who did so I would shoot him dead," said Richard, with a meaning touch at his gun. "So I warn him."

"And commit murder ?" echoed Mr. Hunter.

"It would not be murder, sir," cried old Mr. Thornycroft, "it would be justifiable homicide. When I was a young man, a friend abused my father's hospitality. I challenged him. We went out with our seconds, and he fell dead. That was not murder."

"But, papa," interposed Mary Anne, "in——"

"To your room, Miss Thornycroft !—to your room for the day, I say !" screamed out her father, pushing her along ; "would *you* beard my authority ? Things are coming to a pretty pass !"

Mary Anne, confused and terrified, hastened from the room. Richard strode from it also : then Cyril, as if a sudden thought struck him, darted after his brother, and called to him.

"What now ?" sulkily cried Richard, halting in the hall.

"Be cautious," whispered Cyril. "Do nothing. They can't find out."

"And the fool talking of going again to sound the rocks !"

"Let him go. If the square stone sounds as hollow as his head, what then ? They can make nothing of it. No discovery can be made from the outside, Dick ; you know it *can not* ; and we'll take care they don't get in. Your temper and my father's are enough to ruin all ; to set this fellow's suspicions on to us. You should have treated it derisively, as I did."

Richard flung away, swearing. He had not gone far when he met Isaac.

"Ikey, we are blown on."

"What ?"

"We are blown on, I say."

"How ? Who has done it ?"

"That cursed Hunter. He and Kyne have been putting their heads together, and, by all that's true, they have hit it hard. They have got a suspicion of the rocks ; been sounding the square rock and found it hollow. Kyne has scented the cargo that's waiting off now."

The corners of Isaac Thornycroft's mouth fell considerably. "We must get that in," he exclaimed. "It is double the usual value."

"I wish Hunter and the ganger were both hanging from the cliffs

together!" added Richard, as he strode onwards. "I'm on my way to tell Tomlett, and see what's to be done."

Robert Hunter was confounded by the reception his news had met with. The behaviour of Justice Thornycroft and his eldest son appeared to him perfectly unaccountable, but his suspicions were not awakened in the direction of truth. After what had passed, he deemed that he was bound not to go again sounding the rocks. He made an excuse to the supervisor, and in his intercourse with Mary Anne he never reapproached the subject. His visit drew near its termination, and he fixed Sunday evening for his departure, having occasion to be in London the next day.

Sunday came, and in the afternoon they went over to Jatpoint, in the omnibus, to afternoon service at St. Andrew's; the Justice, Cyril, Mr. Hunter, Miss Thornycroft, and a young lady who was spending the day with her. They had all attended service in the morning at the little parish church. As they came out of St. Andrew's, many acquaintances stopped to greet them, and Mr. Thornycroft and Cyril laid hands on two or three, and conveyed them back to dinner. At home they found Richard with a friend of his, and at six o'clock, just as they were sitting down, Isaac came in, arm-in-arm with Mr. Kyne, so that they were ten at dinner, besides the two ladies. The housekeeping at the Red Court was rarely unprepared for these impromptu guests, as this day's dinner proved: after-circumstances caused its items to be discussed out of doors, as, indeed, was every trifling detail connected with that eventful night. There was soup, a fine cod-fish, a round of beef, a large roast turkey, and a tongue, some other side dish, which, as it appeared, nobody touched, a plum-pudding, sweet dishes, and macaroni. All this, cooked and served in the best manner, with various vegetables, rich and plentiful sauces, strong ale, and the best of wines. A merry party were they, and no wonder that they sat late round the table, where spirits and cigars had replaced the dessert and wine, Mary Anne and her guest having retired.

It had been Mr. Kyne's intention to retire at eight o'clock, precisely (he emphasised the word to himself), and go on the watch; or, at any rate, see that a subordinate was there. But the best of officers are but mortal: Mr. Kyne felt very jolly where he was; and, as Cyril Thornycroft whispered him, the smuggling lads were safe not to attempt any bother on a Sunday night, they would be jollifying for themselves. So the officer sat on, paying his respects to the brandy-and-water, and getting rather dizzy about the eyes.

As it happened, the subordinate was on the watch, close to the bleak edge of the cold plateau, wishing himself anywhere else, disbelieving all about the smugglers, and bemoaning his hard fate in being planted there, in the frost, for so many hours on the stretch. Tomlett, the fishing-boat master, came up and accosted him.

"Cold work, my man."

"It just is that!" was the surly answer.

"But it's a bright night, as bright as ever I saw one, with the moon not up; so you run no danger of pitching over, through a false step in the dark. There's consolation in that."

"Ugh!" grunted the shivering officer, as if the fact afforded little consolation to him.

"What on earth's the use of your airing yourself here?" went on Tomlett. "You coast-guard fellows have got the biggest swallows! As if any smugglers would attempt the coast to-night! My belief is—and I am pretty well used to the place, and have got eyes on all sides of me—that this suspicion of Master Kyne's is all moonshine and empty hearing-barrels. I could nearly take my oath of it."

"So could I," said the man.

"Let us go on to the Mermaid, and have a glass. I'll stand it. Johnson and Simms, and a lot more, are there."

"I wish I dare," cried the aggravated subordinate; "but Kyne will be up presently."

"No he won't. He is round old Thornycroft's fire, in a cloud of smoke and drink. There's a dinner-party at the Red Court, and Kyne and the young Thornycrofts, especially Mr. Dick, are half-see-saw over."

"Are you sure of this?"

"I'll swear it if you wish me; I have just come from there. I went down to try and get speech of the Justice about that boat loss: it comes on at Jutpoint to-morrow, and he is to be on the bench. But it was no go: they are all fixed in that dining-room till twelve o'clock to-night, and then they'll reel off to bed with their boots on."

So the Mermaid very speedily received an addition to its company. But when Mr. Tomlett had seen the other settled, he quitted him.

About the same hour, Richard and Isaac Thornycroft withdrew, one by one, and unperceived, from their father's dining-room. Mr. Tomlett's account of Richard's state of brain was an exaggeration: however freely others might have indulged, he and Isaac had remained sober. From the door of the Mermaid, Mr. Tomlett steered his course to the Red Court, tearing over the intervening ground as if he had been flying from a mad bull. Richard stood in the shade of the old ruin, looking out for him.

"It's all right, sir," he panted when he approached; "I have got the fellow in. We must lose no time."

"Very well," whispered Richard. "Find Ben, and come down."

"Do you think he's safe, sir?" questioned Mr. Tomlett, jerking his head in the direction of the dining-room windows.

"Couldn't be safer," responded Richard. "I dragged his last glass of wine, and now he is going-in at the brandy."

As Mr. Tomlett turned away, Isaac Thornycroft came up with a lighted lantern under his coat. His brother spoke in a low tone.

"It's all right, Isaac. Come along down, and then I'll be back and on to the plateau."

It is useless to attempt to describe in detail what now followed, since the limited space allotted for this article will not allow it. It is sufficient to say that the two brothers descended to the subterranean passage—for a passage there was, and a vault at the end of it. A trap-door in a certain corner of the old ruins disclosed a flight of steps which was the entrance to the passage. The door was invisible to the eye, and, besides,

was always covered with straw and by an old cart which, apparently, was never moved from its place. The brothers moved it now, pushed away the straw, and went down, their lantern lighting the damp sides of the narrow passage. They traversed it to the end, and there, unwinding a chain, a square portion of the rock, loose from the rest, was *pulled in*, and then turned aside by means of a pivot, thus affording an ingress sufficiently large for the packages of smuggled goods, which, as the officer surmised, chiefly consisted of valuable lace.

Richard helped Isaac to move the rock, and then returned along the passage to make his way to the plateau; one of them always standing there on the watch for intruders, with his descending signal in case of need. It was marvellous how lucky they had hitherto been! Half-way up the passage, Richard encountered Tomlett and the assistant called Ben, on their way to join Isaac; both tried and true men. Isaac meanwhile, by the help of a pole, had hoisted a flaring light outside, holding it there for a few minutes. It was the signal for the boats to put off from that especial vessel which was the object of Mr. Kyne's abhorrence. No fear that it would be disregarded.

And now we must return to Robert Hunter. The omnibus left the Mermaid every night at half-past eight o'clock to convey passengers to the railway at Jutpoint, a train for London passing through that place at midnight. Robert Hunter had fixed to take his departure by it, but it happened that he, like the supervisor, was loth to tear himself away from the company and the good cheer, and he let the hour slip by. Alas! that it should have been so! for the terrible events that followed would never otherwise have taken place. When he took out his watch, he found it wanted but a quarter to nine.

"By Jove! I have missed the omnibus!" he exclaimed to Cyril, next to whom he sat.

"Never mind. The night is fair. You can walk it."

So thought Robert Hunter. He was heated with wine, not certainly to intoxication, but quite sufficiently so to render the prospect of a walk not disagreeable. In a few minutes he got up to be going, quietly said farewell to Mr. Thornycroft and to Cyril, and then discovered that Richard and Isaac were not in the room. "You must wish them good-by for me," he said to Cyril.

"Oh, I'll do that," answered the young man.

Coffee was on the table in the drawing-room, and Miss Thornycroft poured him out a cup. He drank it standing.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" she asked. "As you have missed the omnibus, you are not tied for time. You may walk it easily in an hour and a half."

"I do not care to be on the road late, Mary Anne. What with your tales of smugglers, and other lawless fellows, I would rather be at Jutpoint than half-way to it, when it gets towards midnight." The fact was, that of physical bravery Robert Hunter possessed but a small share.

"What about your portmanteau?" inquired Mary Anne.

"It must come after me to-morrow. One of your men will take it to the Mermaid for the early omnibus. The direction is on it."

He shook hands with the young lady who sat there, and Mary Anne

went out with him. As he passed through the hall, he took his remarkable coat from the peg, and flung it over his arm.

"Why don't you put it on?" asked Miss Thornycroft.

"Not yet. I am hot. By-and-by, when the cool air strikes to me."

They stood just outside the door, in the shade of the walls, and he wound his arms round her for a last embrace. *A last!* "God bless you, Mary Anne!" he whispered: "the time will come when we need not part."

She stood looking after him, the outline of his retreating form being visible in the starlight. "Why, what in the world—he has taken his way straight on for the plateau, instead of turning off to the village!" she mentally exclaimed. "Perhaps he is going to take a night view over the sea."

However, Miss Thornycroft found it cold, standing there, and she returned in-doors. As she passed the kitchen door, she looked in, and spoke to the upper servant.

"Sinnett, Mr. Hunter's portmanteau must go by the early omnibus. See that one of the men takes it to the Mermaid in time."

"Very well, miss," was the answer. And it may be here mentioned that the order was obeyed.

It is quite useless to speculate, now, *why* Robert Hunter went on to the plateau. Some power must have impelled him: these things, bearing great events in their train, do not occur by chance. Certain it is, that he did walk there, to its very edge, and looked down underneath. And then—was he dreaming?—was his brain treacherous, causing him to see things that were not? There, half-way down the rocks, shone a great light, a flickering, flaring, blazing light, as of a torch! and Robert Hunter rubbed his eyes and slapped his chest, and pinched his arms, to make sure he was *not* in a dream of wine.

He stood staring at it, his eyes and mouth open; stared at it till by some mysterious process it steadily lowered itself, and disappeared inside the rocks. Light—not of the torch—flashed upon him.

"It is the smugglers!" he burst forth, and the cold night air carried the words over the sea. That must be their signal for the booty to approach. Then there is an opening in the rocks! I'll hasten and give word to Kyne."

Flying along the plateau, and down towards the Red Court, he had nearly reached it when he encountered Richard Thornycroft, who seemed to be flying along with equal speed towards the plateau. Hunter seized his arm.

"Richard! Mr. Richard! the smugglers are at work! I have dropped upon them. Their signal has been hoisted beyond the rocks."

"What!" roared Richard.

"It is true as that we are breathing here," continued Hunter. "I went on to the plateau, and I saw their light; a flaming torch as big as your head. They are preparing to run the goods. I'm off to fetch Kyne."

He would have resumed his way with the last words, but Richard caught him. The slight form of Robert Hunter whirled round in his powerful grasp.



"Do you see this?" he hoarsely raved, his face wearing an awfully livid expression in the starlight. It is well loaded."

Robert Hunter did see it. It was the bright end of a pistol barrel, pointed close to his head. He recoiled; as far as he could; but the grasp was tight upon him.

"Down upon your knees," panted Richard—"down, I say. Now: swear, by your hopes of Heaven, that what you have detected shall not pass your lips; shall be as if you had not seen it."

"I swear," answered Robert Hunter. "I believe I guess how it is. I will be silent for Mary Anne's sake. I swear it."

"Now and hereafter?"

"Now and hereafter."

"Swear also that you will not betray it to my sister—that you will not enter the Red Court to see her. Swear it, I say."

"I swear," repeated Hunter.

"Then get up, and go your way. Your path for departure lies *there*"—and Richard pointed to the road past the village. "But first hear me swear that if you lurk here unnecessarily, I will put this bullet through you. Cyril! see him off. He was turning traitor."

Cyril Thornycroft had come stealing up at the moment. They had not seen him till he was close upon them; his movements and steps were always quiet and stealthy. Richard, as if in some hurried pressure, darted off towards the ruins, and Cyril, as he walked away by the side of Hunter, according to his brother's command, inquired what it meant.

"I was not turning traitor: your brother lies: would I turn traitor to a house whose hospitality I have been accepting? I saw, accidentally, a light exhibited from the Half-moon rocks, and I guessed what it meant. I guess more now than I will repeat: but the secret shall be safe with me."

"Safe now, and after your departure?"

"Safe always. I have sworn it."

"I am sorry this should have happened," said Cyril, somewhat appeased. "You had better lose no time in getting beyond the village. We have some rough men in the secret, and if they saw you here after this, I cannot answer for what might happen: they are more determined than even Richard. Let me advise you—at any rate for the present—not to hold further communication with our house, including my sister. Your visit here has not been pleasant, or productive of pleasant results: let us forget, for *the present*, I say, that there is such a name as Robert Hunter."

"I have promised all that. I was to have written to your sister on my arrival in town: will you explain to her the reason why I do not?"

"I thought you and my sister did not correspond," hastily interrupted Cyril.

"Neither do we. It was only to notify my safe arrival."

"I will explain sufficient to satisfy her."

A few minutes longer they walked together. Cyril went with him past the turning to the village, and saw him on the high road to Jut-point. They then shook hands and parted. Cyril stood and looked after him.

"He's fairly off now, and I hope we shan't see the colour of him for twelvemonths to come. Mary Anne might have chosen better." And with the last words, Cyril turned, and walked with a brisk step back again.

Richard had darted into the ruins, as we have said. He was completely upset by what had occurred, and he went flying along the subterranean passage to give warning to Isaac, and assist in hoisting two lights, which the smugglers would understand as the signal not to advance. He had nearly reached the end of the passage, when his alarm began to subside, and the thought occurred to him, "Why stop the boats? If Hunter has cleared himself off, as there is no doubt he has, where is the danger?" He thought, Richard Thornycroft did think, that Hunter would not play false. So he determined to let things go on, and turned back again without warning Isaac.

What mattered it that the guilty cargo was safely run? One was lying outside on the Half-moon, while they housed it, with his battered face turned up to the sky—one whose departed soul had been worth all the cargoes in the world. The body was bruised, and crushed, and mangled—the body of Robert Hunter.

How did it come there?

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## BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

### "THE TWO BACONS."

I HAVE read a story somewhere of a coarse, rude fellow who, being in the room with a man having a misshaped limb, fixed his eye upon it, saying loudly and offensively, "That's the ugliest leg in company!" To this insult, the other calmly replied by offering a wager that "it was not;" which, being accepted, he put forward from under his cloak his other leg, uglier and more deformed still. I apply this story to the case of the "two Bacons." If we must accept Pope's antithetic couplet, calling on us to

mark how Bacon shined,  
The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind,

as really descriptive of the great ex-Chancellor's character, I am disposed to think that there may be found hidden "in the cloak of history" a meaner man than "the meanest," in the person of his brother, Anthony Bacon—an individual described as of more "parts" than "action,"—"nimble of head" as he was "impotent of feet"—and who contrived to climb to the very heights of "great affairs," and dive into the depths of dark intrigue, though he lay "bed-ridden" all his lifetime!

Before we go on with the comparison between the brothers, there are a few observations, gleaned here and there, to be offered in abatement of the condemnation generally passed on Bacon's memory and fame as charged with venality in his high place as Chancellor.

Who will not lend a willing ear to every point of evidence which may tend to clear the character of this pioneer of truth—this "Prophet of Science"—this "man before his age," whose grandly pathetic "Appeal to Posterity" is every day more fully affirmed in the Court of Public Opinion? When we read his "Aphoristic Essays," replete as they are with a wisdom which, new and wondrous in his time, has never yet become obsolete—finding, as we do continually, that men of our day trade and thrive, and make a show, and win a repute, upon a capital of wisdom which in reality consists of gold grains gathered from the mine of Bacon's conceptions, and beat out into their *thin laminae*—finding this, I say, one does not willingly think that *any* meanness, much less the debasing love of "filthy lucre," could have lodged in that fine and clear intellect, that lofty, capacious understanding. True! Bacon stands convicted at the bar of public judgment, upon an undefended charge, of sordid corruption, and yet one tithe of the investigating care which is now-a-days so freely wasted in mawkish mercy upon many a case of glaring criminality, might, if applied to Bacon's case, very probably have long since, we will not say extenuated the offence, but reversed the verdict.

The anecdote is well known, that as Bacon passed, in the course of his harassing and degrading trial, through the ranks of his household standing ranged in the halls of his official residence at court, he bowed in bitterness to this show of respect from his official staff, and said briefly and pointedly, "Sit still, my masters, your rise hath been my fall"—being obviously understood to mean that he had found himself powerless to control or order his official "family" as he ought, and that in the transactions of which he was reaping the loss and disgrace, their corruption had "mastered" his powers of observation or of right rule. The force of his excuse will be lost on those who insist on weighing the usages of Bacon's official life in the balance of our own times. A Judge of our day, charged with receiving bribes, would be coldly listened to if, admitting that "the bribe had been received," he should urge that "his servant had committed him without his consciousness;" but does it follow that such a plea was equally irrelevant in an age when "back-stairs" influence, and access to the ear of great men by means of bribed followers and influential domestics, was an "evil under the sun," great, glaring, and universal?

In our day, the world would start in horror and incredulity at even the whisper of a charge of peculation or corruption against a wearer of the ermine, or occupier of the woolsack; but we must not suppose that in Bacon's time, or "in the old time before him," such charges were so novel or unusual. I have lighted on a curious "case in point" of some ages previous, in which, with many features of resemblance, the accused had the good fortune to have fortified himself against the charge with more sagacity than the great but luckless Lord of Verulam. I extract from what are called "The Cotton Records," edited by "Prynne:"

"In the seventh year of Richard II. (A.D. 1384) appeared one '*John Cavendish*, fishmonger of London,' and laid his plaint before the lords in parliament, that having a weighty cause depending on the King's Chancery, one John *Otier*, a clerke of Sir Michael de la Pole's (the chancellor), had undertaken '*that he should be well treated so he would give him ten pounds for his travail.*' And that he, the said Cavendish, did give the said Otier in part payment some '*herring and fresh sturgeon*' but not finding judgment to pass in his favour, or with the speed he expected, he made his plaint to the lords, in the premises.

"Sir Michael de la Pole, the chancellor, first clearing himself, on the Holy Sacrament, of delay or favour in the case, pleaded for answer that, 'when accompting with his servants and officers he had "*bolted out*" (sifted, or investigated) "*the said herring and sturgeon to have come by a cheat,*" whereon "*greatly moved,*" he sent for Cavendish, and "*ripping the matter,*" caused the suitor to be paid for his fish, and the obligation cancelled.'

"*Otier*, the clerk, being examined, did by his confession clear the chancellor of being privie to the corruption he was forced to acknowledge.

"*Cavendish*, the complainant, did also own that the chancellor had in time past caused him to be paid for his fish.

"Whereupon the chancellor, being cleared in his fame by the voice of parliament, did praie remeid against Cavendish for the slander, and he being put upon his bail, the matter was remitted to the course of law.

"And the judges, hearing the whole matter, did condemn Cavendish in *one thousand marks*, for his slanderous complaint against the chancellor, with imprisonment until paid."

Here was a case of charge met and answered with that common-sense caution and sagacity in which the capacious mind of Bacon was too probably defective.\* When the Chancellor should have been calling his servants to account for their every-day dealings with his place and reputation—The Philosopher, probably, was busy in taking to task, the cheating, *à priori* systems of "science falsely so called," and detecting the fallacies, then passing current in "The Schools" as principles of sound reason—when he should have been "*bolting*" the speculations of his officers, he was in all likelihood sifting the "*arcana naturæ*"—and was "*ripping up*" the "vulgar errors" of the pseudo-learned, when he should have been tracing to their actors the venal practices which were preparing his downfall—great genius is too apt to soar above the practical—a small dash of that common-sense caution, which had guided his predecessor in the case related, would, in all probability, have saved the "foremost man of his age" from the coarse aspersions of envious contemporaries, the humiliating pity of posterity, or the moral-pointing sarcasm of that satirist who has "damn'd him to enduring fame."

A similar charge against a successor of Bacon's is thus told in the

\* Never was [a clearer application of the rebuke, "Physician, heal thyself," than in a sentence of Bacon's essay on "Great Place:" "The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility." We can only acquit the Chancellor of the *second* of these faults, by bringing him in guilty of the *last*.

"*véraisemblable*"\* journal of Sir Thomas More's daughter "Meg!" as having been disposed of by him with the same quaint humour in which he jested with the headsman on the scaffold :

"A ridiculous charge hath beene got up against dear *Father*, no less than of bribery and corruption. One *Parnell* complaineth of a decree given agaynst him in favour of one *Vaughan*, whose wife he deposeth gave *Father* a gilt flaggon. To the noe small surprise of the Council, *Father* admitted that she had done so. 'But, my Lords,' proceeded he, when they had uttered a few sentences of reprehension somewhat too exultantlie, 'will ye list to the conclusion of the tale? I bade my butler fill the cup with wine, and having drunk her health, I made her pledge me, and then restored her gift, and would not take it again.'

"As innocent a matter touching the offering him of a pair of gloves, containing Fortie Pounds, and his taking the first and returning the last, saying that 'he preferred his gloves without lining,' hath been made publick with the like triumph to his good fame."

"But alas," adds poor Margaret More, with a presage of her father's coming fate, "these feathers show which way sits the wind." They do show, moreover, that the use and wont of the time was to offer such things without any sense of impropriety; the rarity was to find a man like More, with the stern, sterling virtue, and quick wit to put them by. In similar illustration of the customs of the age, we find More's son-in-law, *Dancey*, whom he had made a functionary of his court, complaining that—

"While the fingers of my *Lord Cardinal's*" (*Wolsey*, his predecessor) "veriest door-keepers were *tipt with gold*! I, since I married your daughter, have got noe pickings."

To which grievance, adds Margaret, "Father, laughing, makes answer :

"Your case is hard, son *Dancey*, but I can only say for your comfort, that soe far as justice and honesty are concerned, if mine own father, whom I reverence dearlie, stood before me on the one hand, and the Devil, whom I hate extreamlie, on the other, yet the cause of the latter being just, I should "give the Devil his due." "

With these suggestive doubts as to the actual personal venality of Lord Bacon, who ought, if ever man ought, to have the benefit of "a doubt," and of "general character," in answering an improbable charge—let us now proceed to investigate a case in his own house, which, supposing him guilty, throws his meanness into the shade by its overpassing rascality.

Francis and Anthony Bacon were the younger sons of Sir Nicholas Bacon, by Anne Coke, his second wife, sister of the great Lord Coke. Both brothers sat in parliament together, Francis for Middlesex, and Anthony for Wallingford. When Francis, called to higher office, vacated his seat for Middlesex, Anthony succeeded him; by this he would appear to have been a person of consideration in his day, and his brother early characterised him as a "man of known ability in matters of state, espe-

\* The well-invented and pleasing journal of "The Household Life of Sir T. More," by Margaret More, embodies all its facts, from the true biography of her father, written by her husband "Will Roper."

cially affairs foreign." His mental power overcame bodily infirmity, so that from the bed on which he lay continually, he was able to influence the councils of the stirring spirits of the age, and as the event will prove, to "feather his nest" quite as warmly as if he could have flown hither and thither with the nimbleness of more active men.

At an early stage of his career his brother Francis—who, with a very high estimate of his mental qualities, seems to have loved the disabled Anthony with a love the depth of which he expresses in saying "I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself"—(*vide* Epistle Dedicatory to first edition of "*Essays*")—had commended him to the patronage of Lord Essex, as one "whose impotent feet did not hinder his nimble head," and whom he would find an astute and useful councillor. Essex, upon this assurance, received him into his family, accommodated him in a partition of his own house, and "otherwise gave him very noble entertainment among his intimates and councillors."

Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, when, in the language of euphuistic flattery, "that bright occidental star drew towards its set in dimness and sorrow," two great factions of her court, namely, those of "*Essex*" and "*the Cecils*," were eagerly but cautiously turning their eyes to the point of the political horizon whence the luminary of a new day and world was about to arise. The rival courtiers were each trying to establish his credit with the presumptive, though yet undeclared heir to the English crown—each, though pressing, with the common tendency of mankind, to

hail the rising sun,  
Neglecting that whose course was run,

endeavoured to carry on his communications with the Scottish court in the utmost secrecy, well knowing that the jealousy of the dying queen would regard such an act as *treason*! and even in the last pangs resent it accordingly; so that each trod his dark path with all the stealthy circumspicion of men holding life and honour risked on their venture.

Anthony Bacon, "*insward*" as he was in the confidence and councils of his patron, of course held the clue to this vital secret in his hand, and, doing so, began at intervals to show a purpose of turning it to base account. He dropped from time to time hints of overtures made to him by "*the Cecil-ians*," his relatives; he let fall words to several that it would be "*better worth his while*" to amend his fortunes "*by joining his natural allies*;" and at length wrought matters up to the point that Lord Henry Howard, afterwards Lord Northampton (as unwelcome as the messenger who once "drew curtain" in half-burned Troy), waked Essex one fair morning to tell him that, "*unless Anthony Bacon were presently satisfied with some good round summe, alle would be vented!*" In the slang but suitable phrase of the pickpocket, the accomplice was going to "*split*" on his "*pals*," and the whole "*lay*" was like to be "*blown upon*" to their discovery and ruin.

Essex was no better provided with a "*round summe*" than political intriguers usually are. He had no money, but in his extremity he bethought him that probably his "*good Anthony*" might accept a "*material guarantee*;" and as an expedient to secure his secrecy, he made over upon him, on the instant, "*Essex House!*" the very house in which they "*had lived*"

and loved together!" so that their relative positions became strangely reversed—Bacon had heretofore been the "honour'd guest" of Essex, and now Essex had become Bacon's lodger! A curious state of things! The feelings of politicians in those days must have been "tough and serviceable" when two men placed in such position could lie down under the same roof in peace and confidence, the one buying from his accomplice a precarious safety with pecuniary ruin, the other swallowing without scruple the plunder of his trusting and deceived patron. Essex House was, however, a capacious edifice, equal to "whole streets of our degenerate days," so that the inmates could continue to inhabit it without collision; and seeing that the new master "kept his chamber," there was little fear of the "great awkwardness" of an encounter in the corridors or on the grand staircase!

This "awkward" state of things, however, did not continue long. When Essex had time to look about him, he redeemed his imprudent pledge. Lady Walsingham (his mother-in-law) paid Bacon *two thousand five hundred pounds* in lieu of the pawned palace, and so this transaction ended. But Elizabeth still lingered, and Bacon still held the sword suspended over his confiding patron's head, until he had "distilled from the same secret" *fifteen hundred pounds more*, "*monetas solidas*," together with one thousand pounds of annual pension! "Can you be honest?" asks the querist on the stage. "*Hum! what will you give me?*" is the business-like reply. No nimble-footed scoundrel of the drama ever brought his *fidelity*! to a better market than crippled Anthony Bacon. Wotton, in his "*Reliquiæ*," relating the incident, counts up the gains, and closes with this pithy remark: "This great amount being gained by a private and *bed-rid* gentleman, what would he have gotten *if he could have gone about his own business!*"

Did Francis Bacon ever know of, or suspect, this baseness of that "brother Anthony," of whom, in his "Apologie for Lord Essex," he boasted to the last that he had "knit his service to be at my lord's disposing?" For the honour of genius, of humanity, we trust he did not; and yet!—it is hard to suppose that Essex, thus heavily mulcted by the treachery of his trusted inmate, did not reproach Francis Bacon for having commended to his care a frozen serpent, to be warmed by his generous "entertainment" into the power to sting him to death. If Lord Bacon *did* know anything of his brother's conduct to his patron, we must reluctantly give him up to even worse scorn than his enemies have heaped on him, for in such case there would be in his bearing, in the short incident left to relate, an effrontery, duplicity, and shamelessness rendering him *capable of anything*.

Time held its course: Essex reaped but short immunity from the dear-bought silence of Anthony Bacon. His revolt and his ruin are written in the great records of the time. Essex and Elizabeth alike passed away; the new era which "gentle King Jamie" brought with him commenced, and among the first to hail him with a letter of welcome, in the fulsome style of the day, was Lord Bacon. And in the course of the letter he took occasion to magnify to his majesty "the *infinite* devotion! and incessant endeavours!! beyond the strength of his body and the nature of the times, which appeared in '*his good brother Anthony Bacon*' towards his majesty's service!"

King James had much of that small sagacity which could often spell out a secret, escaping the notice of his abler councillors. It is said that it was he who first "smelled gunpowder" in the mysteriously worded warning received by Lord Monteagle on the eve of the Fifth of November; and great was the self-laudation with which he afterwards received compliments upon the wisdom he had shown in the affair—a wisdom which his pliant courtiers did not hesitate to call almost "inspired." Could he but have guessed the *little bit of secret history* "connected with Anthony Bacon's zeal for his service," with what a ready and shrewd quip he would have acknowledged that devotion which, while doing "service to Cæsar," at the same time contrived to enrich *self* to the amount of four thousand pounds (equal to twenty thousand now) in the shape of—hush-money!

The letter above referred to must have been written in the first days of King James's reign, and procured for "brother Anthony" a pension, which, however, he did not long live to enjoy. In 1597, Lord Bacon had dedicated his first edition of "The Essays" to his "loving and beloved brother Anthony Bacon;" but in an enlarged edition, in 1612, the dedication to his loving brother (in law), Sir John Constable, speaks of "his dear brother Anthony" as "now with God!" Indeed, we learn from Basil Montague's edition of Lord Bacon's works, that Anthony Bacon died about 1603; and it is remarkable that in the memoir of the Chancellor with which Montague closes his elaborate edition of his works, there is *but very slight mention* of the brother he loved so much. Was it that Montague saw, that the less said the better for Anthony's reputation?

N.B.—Among the intricacies of this strange case are two letters, given in "Bacon's Works" (vol. xii. pp. 9-14, Montague's edition), entitled thus: "Two Letters framed, one *as from* Mr. Anthony Bacon to the Earl of Essex; the other, *as the Earl's Answer*." These letters, *if genuine*, would be a complete refutation to the charge against Anthony of having "gotten his wealth" by treachery to his friend, but from a curious passage in Essex's Trial, it appears that these letters were *written by Francis Bacon himself*, as mere *make-believes to be shown to the queen*, while he was interceding in Essex's behalf. This piece of fine-spun policy failed in its effect, and was cast in Bacon's teeth by the wretched earl, when on his trial the former, as attorney-general, was officially pleading against him. Bacon, roused by this unwarrantable disclosure, retorted thus:

"My lord, I spent more hours to make you a good subject than on any man in the world besides; but since you have stirred this point, I dare warrant that this letter will not blush to see the light." The letters, in fact, being filled with sage counsel to loyalty on the part of Anthony, and professions of penitence on the earl's part, are in no otherwise objectionable than that they were a "*sham*"! from beginning to end. Bacon, to the close of his life, complained of having his artifice exposed, when, as he asserted, "All he did was done like a friend, while he studied to put Essex in grace with the queen."



WHAT WE SAW AND DID IN A TRIP TO BAKTCHI-SARAI,  
TCHOUFOUT-KALEH, SIMPHEROPOL, AND THE ALMA.

PART THE SECOND.

THE next day we rose betimes, and breaking our fast with some of the delightful thickened milk, brought to our tent at sunrise by a pretty little Tartar boy, and dipping our heads into the cool stream which flowed close by, we were soon at work saddling horses, striking tents, packing up, &c. &c. At last all was ready, and we effected a start, and in a few minutes we found ourselves among the squalid misery of the ex-Crimean capital, Baktchi-Sarai.

This town is situated in a hot valley, and covers a considerable extent of ground.

The first thing that greets you on entering is an overpowering stench, which increases as you enter the place, and become more surrounded by the miserable hovels of which it is composed. One thing which strikes you very forcibly is a large, stagnant pool in the town, filled with carcasses of dogs, offal, and abominations of every description.

This, then, accounts for the deadly fever which they say prevails here. Look at that wretched Tartar, with his dull, heavy, unwashed face protruding from a window in his wretched hut overhanging the pest-pit; see him inhaling every pestilential odour as it rises, and say, would you wonder if you were to hear to-morrow that he had fallen a victim to typhus fever, when dirt, and stench, and poverty are doing their utmost to hurry it on to him?

Look not at him alone; look at the crowds upon crowds of grey-coated Russian soldiers as they toil wearily up and down the filthy streets, gazing wistfully at the strings of onions, loaves of bread, or disgusting pieces of meat, nearly akin to leather, which are exposed for sale; see the atmosphere of dirt, poverty, and misery *they* live in, and say, will you wonder when you visit the hospitals to find ward after ward full of fever-stricken, dying men?

But were I to write for years I could not do justice to the offensiveness of Baktchi-Sarai. The low, ill-built houses overhanging the filthy streets; the crowds of personally unclean men and women busily trudging up and down; the recklessness with which offal, and bones, and filth are hurled from the house-windows into the muddy, undrained streets, and are there left to rot and fester beneath the powerful rays of an eastern sun, would baffle the humane efforts of the most energetic of sanitary commissioners.

The lean dogs—the “scavengers of the East”—the strange noise of many voices in foreign tongues; the mixture of costumes, from the sheepskin-capped Cossack, with his shaggy pony, his quaint saddle, and his long lance, down to the wretched beggar who exposes his horrible deformity in hopes of receiving charity; the knots of gay young English officers, as they rattle down the unpaved streets on their faithful ponies, followed by their servants with weary pack animals, the whole looking with ineffable contempt on Baktchi-Sarai and its inhabitants; such sights

as these, with many more "too numerous to mention" (as the newspaper correspondents say), were our lot on the occasion of this our visit to the quaint old Tartar town. The excessively peculiar-looking shops contain various articles for sale, such as slippers, uniforms, swords, eggs, butter, wooden spoons, tinselly-looking belts, gaudy buttons, Cossack bridles (with variations), Frenchified-looking articles, Caucasian bracelets, doubtful meat, tolerably good imitations of sausages, vegetables, &c., *ad infinitum*.

We make a few purchases, our Constantinople experience having taught us how to deal with Turks and Tartars, and carry on our bargaining by means of a sort of serio-comic pantomime, accompanied by several "Bono Johnnies;" "Seespence, Johnnie;" "You be hanged, Johnnie;" "All right;" "Bono," and the like, till we at last succeed in satisfying buyer and seller, and we ride on bewildered and amused; here stumbling against some inebriated Ruskie, there being accosted by an unmistakable Israelite with "Want exchange fer de monaies?" and now receiving a curious mixture of smiles and abuse from some of the fair inmates of the upper stories, as they lean out of window in what, by courtesy, may be called dishabille, and at last we find ourselves opposite the great attraction of Baktchi-Sarai, viz., the old Palace of the Khans.

A palace, forsooth! Well, let us enter. We ride under a gaily-painted gateway and find ourselves in a square court-yard, three sides of which are formed by the building of the palace, the fourth by the garden-wall.

I am bound to confess that my visit to the khan's palace was a cursory one, and tired and bewildered by all I had seen, I paid but little attention to the architectural details; and here again must I refer the reader to Danby Seymour's work.

Each wall of the palace presents the same quaint painted appearance, while a sort of Greenwich show-like look characterises the whole.

There are a great number of lattices, such as one reads about in connexion with "soft, loving eyes," "bewitching glances," "Eastern houris," and all the attendant consequences of poniards and poison, madness and misery, love and levity, reality and romance. I have a sort of weakness for these said lattices. I like to fancy a beautiful but unhappy creature shut up in captivity by some relentless despot; I have a sort of morbid satisfaction in picturing to myself the tearful glances she bestows on her unhappy lover, as he stands in the court-yard, and who, as he kisses with rapture the soft white hand, which he swears ere long to free from "bondage vile," does not observe the myrmidons of the aforesaid relentless despot, who, seizing him, hurry him off to the rack, the bastinado, the bowstring, and the like, while the shrieks of the unhappy Fatima, or Zuleika (or whatever she calls herself), rend the air.

I do like imagining all this, and conjuring up my little romance, in spite of the sneers of my matter-of-fact companions, who will insist that the whole affair is most improbable, not to say impossible.

Let us pass on, and enter the palace of the terrible Khan of Tartary.

A very curious old painted stone gateway must be passed through; you then find yourself in a hall containing two fountains. There is a story connected with one of these fountains something about a khan's wife. She was a Christian, and would not be persuaded to turn Mussul-

man (no, *Mussulwoman* I mean); then somehow or another she died, of grief (I believe), and her persecutor, relenting when too late, raised this fountain to her memory, and covered it with hieroglyphics to commemorate the event.

We then went up-stairs, and passed through several excessively aged rooms, now used as wards for sick and wounded. The patients were not as numerous as I had expected. Every now and then one comes upon a grey figure, covered with a blanket, and curled up in a corner. The grey figure moves, and discloses a deadly pale, but unmistakably Russian face. Involuntarily we tread lighter, and raise our swords to prevent their clanking; the thin, pale lips move as they thank us, scarce audibly, for this slight mark of attention.

In another room was a man raving in all the delirium of fever; raising himself half up on his arm, he cursed us (at least, no one *could* have been so energetic who was not cursing) heartily; while another poor, sickly, dying man turned on him his dull eyes, and looking sadly at him, seemed to reproach him for his discourtesy.

It was a sad, sad scene, and though of late my eyes had become somewhat accustomed to horrid sights, I felt that even the battle-field does not teach one *all* the horrors and misery of war.

Amongst other odd nooks and corners we went into a sort of darkened closet, and on looking through a lattice we beheld a vast stone hall, supported by pillars. This was the council chamber and the justice hall, and here in this dark nook, peering unobserved from behind the lattice, did the Khan of Tartary witness the administration of justice.

Many a poor subject, or captive, has he, perchance, seen from this very spot condemned to the merciless bowstring; many a vain and eloquent appeal for justice, mercy, and life must have ascended unheeded to this dark, mysterious closet.

I do not think that we saw much more of interest in this old, time-hallowed spot. We went into some other rooms, and into the gardens, but they were all much the same, and I felt that I breathed more freely when we once more found ourselves outside this abode of sickness and of death, with all its romantic associations of the past grandeur of the old khans.

We now had seen nearly all that was to be seen in this strange old town, nor was I sorry when we found ourselves on the flat, open waste which bounds Baktchi-Sarai on the north.

The road from here to Simpheropol is inexpressibly dull and dreary; you travel over a flat, exposed, uncultivated, miserable waste, not a tree to relieve the monotony of the way, which perhaps is only rendered the more visible by the dreary manner in which two ditches running perfectly straight for many miles, mark out the track along which run the telegraphic wires. How many a hurried message must these wires have borne during the late war; how many an urgent appeal for food, and men, and ammunition!

Was it *they* that bore the first tidings of the desperate repulse at Inkerman?—did *they* first inform the Czar of how his southern stronghold was taken, of all the defeated sorties, of the lost battle of the Tchernaya, and of the many woes which crowded thick and fast upon his devoted subjects for more than a year?

Fangh! how hot it is as we slowly traverse this dull and dusty steppe; how the hot sun strikes down, and makes it almost too warm for one to have recourse to one's invariable comforter—"baccy." We meet but few people on our road; here a creaking araba, with its wearied team of oxen slowly crawling along; there a doubtful-looking carriage, something between a drosky and a barouche, with a ragged supply of tiny, rough ponies to draw it; now a few hot foot passengers, nearly fainting beneath the melting sun, a supply of provisions going towards Baktchi-Sarai, and *voilà tout!*

It was near noon when we crossed the Alma (here only a small stream) by a good stone bridge. There is a good hotel here, in connexion with which I had heard a sort of pleasant legend of mutton-chops and green peas! Unheard-of luxuries! We did not stop here, however, but halted about a mile and a half farther on, at a small cabaret kept by a German with a Russian wife, or *vice versa*. Here we regaled ourselves with some excellent Crimean wine and bread. This wine is, in my opinion, peculiarly pleasant tipple, and I think, on the whole, it was popular among us English epicures. There are two sorts: one red, one white; and there is an agreeable flavour about it, reminding one somewhat of "vin d'Olympe," which is peculiarly nice.

After a chat with mine host in a sort of mixture of Turkish, Tartar, German, Russian, French, and English, and after he had informed us that he had had a house in Sevastopol, which the shot and shell gave him repeated warnings to quit, and after getting a little cool and rested, we once more mount our nags and plod on our way.

Still the same treeless, shrubless, stony, dusty waste; still the same straight ditches, with here and there a pile of broken stones, as if once upon a time a macadamised road had been in contemplation; still the creaking arabas and the hot foot passengers, while we cast impatient glances at the milestones (verst-stones, I suppose) to see if our destination was very much farther off. At last an enormous Russian camp, with its unmistakably Russian odour, and its numerous grey-coated inmates, was reached, and a short distance beyond this is Simpheropol, situated in a slight valley, about 30 versts, or 22½ English miles from Baktchi-Sarai.

Is this Simpheropol? is it this we have travelled so far to see? think we, as a confused mass of houses, tall minarets, and Greek churches breaks upon us. We enter a very wide street, with large, tolerably clean houses on either side, painted white, light blue, yellow, and, in some cases, green.

The streets themselves are dirty and but badly drained, or rather not drained at all, as the water seems to remain permanently in certain treacherous holes and puddles, between which and the miserable paving locomotion on horseback becomes a matter of some difficulty. The best of the houses were nearly all used as hospitals, the owners having been, in many cases, scared away by the near approach of the Allies. The city itself, which in old days bore the name of Ak-Metchet, is situated on the river Salgir, and it may almost be divided into two distinct portions, one containing the Jews, Tartars, "tag-rag and bob-tail" of the place, the other the public buildings, shops, churches, and the houses of the Russian *élite*.

We soon came to a large and (of course) dirty market-place, where

load was the clamour of the vendors of hay, eggs, and other commodities. Every one appeared to speak at once, and nobody listened to any one else.

The large space devoted to marketing was completely blocked up by arabas in all stages of decay, and loaded with provender for man and beast, while the oxen, made fast to the wheels thereof *pro tem*, were thankfully eating the handful of hay their employers had thrown down to them. We rode on, casting curious eyes at the good houses, which look magnificent after our long sojourn in tents; and our curiosity was returned twofold by the steady stare with which the people of Simpheropol greeted us, nearly all turning round to have a "good look" at us, the representatives of the arrogant foreigners who had dared to plant their standards on the soil of "holy Russia," and who, after a year of fierce strife, had succeeded in wresting Sevastopol the "impregnable" from their stubborn hands.

We rode through the town a short way, and crossed the Salgir by a stone bridge; then picking out the most grassy spot we could find on the river's banks, we proceeded to make our camp.

After brushing ourselves up a little, we sallied forth, and went to a German restaurant, where, entering the *salle-à-manger*, we ordered dinner.

Owing to a strange forgetfulness of the German language, we had some difficulty in explaining exactly what we wanted; however, by a desperate effort we succeeded in procuring some stuff yeleft "soup," but which, judging from the taste and "bouquet," must have been composed chiefly of vinegar, oil, and water, with a plentiful supply of a certain green herb, which (*entre nous*, kind reader) I believe was grass. This was followed by some cutlets—mutton, I think, they called them—but whether they were beef, veal, mutton, or the tender part of some horse lately deceased, I should be sorry to say. However, our long ride had given us an appetite; so we voted "all fish that came to our net," and we e'en pocketed our epicurean ideas, and did more than justice to our doubtful chops and a by no means despicable bottle of Crimean wine which was placed before us. This, with cigarettes *ad libitum*, constituted our repast; and having sat as long as we considered necessary for digestion, we sallied forth to the gardens.

These gardens form, as it were, the esplanade of Simpheropol, the rendezvous of the *élite*, and when we entered a military band was playing merry tunes, while crowds of well-dressed ladies and a large number of officers were strolling up and down.

How delightful it was once more to see a pretty face, a graceful figure, or the turn of an "illegint" ankle!

The fair Russians stared at us with an earnestness worthy of a better cause, and rather irksome for men of retiring and bashful dispositions; but one soon got accustomed to it, and ere long I felt as much at home as though I were strolling in Rotten-row, or swaggering about Hyde Park. The band played away till a late hour, and it was not until dark that the energies of the crowd appeared to flag, and the gardens became empty. I need hardly add, that we retired to our blankets that night thoroughly tired. The next day being Sunday, we "rested from our labours," and remained at Simpheropol.

The sun was shining brightly in at our tent door this morning when I woke, and the heat of a tent soon became insufferable; so, donning some garments, we walked down, towel in hand, to the banks of the Salgir, and enjoyed a delightful bath.

The river was crowded with Russian soldiers performing their ablutions, and I am bound to say that during the time we were at Simpheropol, large bodies of Russians kept flocking down to the river for the purpose of bathing.

Our breakfast, which we ate under the shade of some neighbouring trees, was principally composed of some Russian bread, brought to us by a sort of self-constituted commissaire. This was not the odious black bread used by all the lower classes, but a nice, white sort, more like cake than bread.

There was something in the bright sunny morning, in the merry peals which resounded from numbers of fine-toned bells, in the cheerful warbling of the birds, in the humming of a million insects, which forcibly carried my willing ideas back to my native land, and I had not much difficulty in completing the mental picture by a village church, the good country pastor, and a few other dear home associations.

We presently walked into the town, and made for the colonnade, in which a greater part of the shops are situated. Here you may purchase bracelets, belts, and pipes from the Caucasus, ornaments from Moscow, rich furs from the far north, Parisian silks, "super" West of England cloth, Cossack caps, curiously worked shippers, Circassian buttons, jewelled pistols, swords of all shapes and sizes, articles of vertu,—in fact, almost everything that one would seek for in a much more civilized country.

It is needless to add that, as Englishmen, we paid about double the usual price for everything; and, unlike the Turks, it was with extreme difficulty that the shopman could be got to abate one jot or tittle of their exorbitant prices. However, we spent the morning pleasantly enough in examining some of the rich wares with which the shops were supplied.

Opposite to this colonnade is a fine church, with the painted dome and gilded ornaments characteristic of Greek edifices. It is, I believe, the cathedral of Simpheropol, but for some reason or another we did not investigate the interior—a piece of neglect which I now much regret.

We presently strolled into our friend the German restaurant's, where we made our lunch. The dining-room was full of Russian officers, who, like the French, having no regular messes, flock to and fill all the hotels, restaurants, and eating-houses in the neighbourhood.

During our meal we got into conversation with three of these numerous grey-headed gentry; one was a doctor, another an engineer, and the third, who was in *mythi*, and was travelling "poste" to Odessa, belonged, I believe, to some line regiment. Our conversation for some time was confined to insipid common-place and "shop," such as the interior economy, pay, dress, &c., of our respective armies, but gradually, under the influence of good-fellowship, curiosity, and Crimean wine, we conversed on graver subjects, and on one in particular, which was uppermost in all our minds, viz., the capture of Sevastopol.

Unfortunately, we differed on the subject of blowing up the docks, and

our good friend the doctor let us know, in answer to our suggestive shrug and apologetic "Ce n'est que la guerre," that in his opinion "Pardieu ! ce n'est pas la guerre que de détruire de beaux ouvrages comme ceux-là."

However, luckily the engineer and the "party" in *misti*, thinking, with good reason, that Englishmen and Russians had been quarrelling long enough, adroitly changed the subject, and we returned once more to our less dangerous conversation on sword-knots, medals, and decorations, interrupted, however, at times, by some very grumpy remarks from our friend the doctor, who evidently was hankering after the docks, and showed a strong inclination to discuss the whole war, from the day of Menschikoff's first mission, down to the signature of the treaty of peace on the 30th of March, 1856. The young officer in plain clothes kindly offered to accompany us to some of the shops, and endeavour to obtain articles at a lower price than that demanded; this offer we gratefully accepted, and with many a bow and a scrape on our parts, and a fierce twirl of the moustache, accompanied by a grim smile on the part of the professional gentleman, we parted, and once more re-entered the colonnade. I cannot say that our friend (who, by-the-by, insisted on showing us, in a most good-natured way, a wound on his arm received during the siege) —I cannot say that he succeeded in obtaining things much cheaper for us, as, after a long and most unintelligible conversation with the shopkeeper, we generally ended in paying exactly what we had been asked in the first instance; and I could not help being much amused at the clever way in which he took our English gold, and paid the shopkeepers with those mysterious Russian notes, which are everywhere liable to an almost unlimited depreciation. He afterwards volunteered to show us the interior of a Russian post-house: this offer we accepted.

Threading our way through innumerable dirty, wretched streets, crowded with droskies, telegas, Jews, priests, soldiers, and long-bearded Russians, passing wonderful shops with curious hieroglyphics, and generally wretchedly painted signboards, suggestive of the goods sold within—as, in the case of a milliner, you see a gaudy-looking lady, life-size, and attired in a fulness of skirts worthy of the Parisians, and in all the *outré* extravagance of lake and cobalt, feathers and flounces; and at a doctor's, a human arm spouting out blood, after the manner of the Crystal Palace fountains; while at a dentist's hangs out the face of a man undergoing the pleasing operation of tooth-drawing, with a calmness and philosophical serenity of countenance rarely, if ever, witnessed—I say, after passing through these strange streets, and being perfectly bewildered with the noise, the confusion, and the dirt, we found ourselves opposite a strikingly dingy-looking building, with pictures of wonderful vehicles, animated post-boys, and quaint horses at full gallop. "*Nous voilà.*" Our Russian friend, seeing us rather hang back from entering, muttered a sort of apology for Russian post-houses in general, and this one in particular; so, putting our pride in our pockets, and our handkerchiefs to our noses, and passing through a sort of hall, we found ourselves in one of the dirtiest and most unpleasant rooms it has ever been my good fortune to enter.

When our eyes became in some way accustomed to the gloom which pervaded the apartment, we found that it contained two enormous black leather sofas, capable of affording accommodation (?) to any given number of wearied travellers; one table of the roughest description, on which

was placed the tallow-covered candlestick, which had been in use the night before, and a large proportion of ends of cigarettes. In one corner of the room was an enormous heap of luggage, consisting of two of the most gigantic carpet-bags I ever beheld, and this was all!

The only occupants were, first, a boy—one of the “great unwashed”—who reclined fast asleep on the monster carpet-bags; secondly, two men in their shirt-sleeves, whom I subsequently discovered to be Russian officers; they were also reposing in the “arms of Morpheus,” “doubled-up” on one of the sofas. Our friend informed us that this was a pretty fair specimen of post-houses throughout Russia; this being the case, I mentally registered a vow to defer any visit I might be inclined to make to that favoured land until such time as railways shall have become more numerous.

Stirring up the dirty boy with his foot, our companion made him open one of the big bags (which, by-the-by, were exactly the sort of bags one would see in a nightmare, if carpet-bags ever do take part in those midnight illusions) and procure from them a Russian primer, while there and then, in this gloomy apartment, rendered still more gloomy by the smoke of our cigarettes, which we puffed at frantically to keep away the not very pleasant smell which formed one of the many discomforts of this abode, we set to work to receive a lesson in the Russian alphabet. At our first attempt at pronunciation the two occupants of the sofa woke up with a start and rubbed their eyes, possibly thinking the whole was a dream; however, they were soon made alive to the reality of it, by our steadily going through the whole alphabet, lamentably confusing P's and R's, and making sad havoc with the Y's and O's, as our thoughts wandered far away to pleasant green fields and purer atmospheres.

At last we had arrived at the last hieroglyphic, the *omega* of the Russ; but we had to bear with our *too* good-natured friend, as he steadily read through a few short stories, finishing with the Lord's Prayer, in anything but the “vulgar tongue,” while we made spasmodic efforts to repeat it after him, tumbling over “offs” innumerable, and quite overcome by the frequency and unpronunciability of a sort of guttural sound, which I can only spell as follows, “tcschds.” We were not sorry that the primer consisted of one volume instead of two; and thanking our friend in our best French, and with our sweetest smiles, for his well-intended kindness, we parted with low bows to and from the other inmates of the room, and with a servile salaam from the dirty boy, who probably had never heard the Czar's Russian so murdered before, we once more found ourselves in the noisy street. The primer I still have in my possession; and there is a peculiar fragrance about it which never fails to recal to my recollection a dim vision of Simpheropol, Russians, black sofas, dirty boys, bad smells, and monster carpet-bags.

We dined at the restaurant's again that evening, where we again partook of the oily soup, the doubtful cutlets, and pleasant Crimean wine, which I actually began to think were the only viands to be had, spite of a long bill of fare in Russian characters, which even our lesson in the post-house did not enable us to decipher. In the evening we went to the theatre, the interior of which bore a marked resemblance to a Methodist chapel fitted up for private theatricals. The house was very full; the pit, containing only *men*, principally Russian officers, while the boxes appeared



to be occupied by a great quantity of ladies, some of them really very pretty.

At last the performance commenced, and doubtless was very good, judging from the roars of laughter which issued from all parts of the house, but being in Russian, the jokes to us were pointless, and the sparkling witticisms might have been funeral orations and welcome, for all we cared or benefited by them.

Reader! have you ever been to a theatre in a strange country, where the language was unknown to you, and where you were the "observed of all observers?" if so, you will sympathize with us as we sat gravely looking at scenes which caused your neighbours to run risks of bursting several blood-vessels with laughter, and where every one but us was turning green and purple with excitement, while every now and then some one cast compassionate glances at us. I hate being pitied, so I affected to be thoroughly conversant with Russian, and exploded whenever I saw any one else doing so, and I am in hopes this little "ruse de guerre" succeeded.

We had here an opportunity of hearing some Russian singing, and I must do them the justice to say that I think the language not badly adapted to music; and in spite of its many harsh words, it appears soft and graceful enough when sung.

We got into conversation (between the scenes) with an old gentleman who had a house between Yalta and Alouschta (on the south coast of the Crimea), near the "Bear Mountain," and he explained to us, in French, the plot of the play, which appeared to be a sort of vaudeville.

He further informed us that he had left his house on the near approach of the Allies, and told us that the capture of Sevastopol had caused a great panic at Simpheropol.

From him we learnt also some particulars of the terrific ravages of typhus fever in this last-named city, where, he said, as many as ten thousand had been sick at one time!

After the theatre we had a light supper at the restaurant's, where we were much amused by the reckless extravagance of some Russian officers, who were "crashing flasks" of champagne at 1*l.*, and Bass's beer at 10*s.* per bottle!

The following morning we bade farewell to Simpheropol, and retraced our steps towards the Alma; however, we kept considerably to the westward of the regular route, and hit off the Belganak at Karagatch. Of the road between this and the Alma I can only say that it is "flat, stale, and unprofitable" in the extreme; nor was I sorry when we arrived at the village of Veisniki, on the latter river. Here we halted and lunched, while some Tartar boys amused themselves by catching goats and milking them for us.

After the fatigues of the theatre, &c., I was not sorry to take advantage of our short halt to indulge in a *siesta*, and getting under some thick trees, I was soon dreaming pleasantly enough of Simpheropol, the theatre, and the fair ladies who formed its chief attraction.

We presently continued our ride down the Alma, keeping on its right bank. The scenery along this river is very charming; it is not of the bold, majestic kind that one sees in a trip along the southern coast of the Crimea, or in a ride by the beautiful Belbec; but though tamer, it is

very lovely, more homely, more what we would expect from the name Alma—gentle, sweet, and pretty. The river itself is a small, shallow stream, fordable in many places. The villages on its banks look snug and happy, the lanes shady and English, while groups of labourers may be seen peacefully employed cultivating their numerous vineyards.

The banks are moderately steep, and dotted with stunted shrubs, while tall poplars grow in charming irregularity, forming here and there snug spots, to which the simple Tartars have retired to build a small village, and there in quiet and secluded happiness pursue their peaceful avocations.

I hope the reader will not imagine this to be a description of the battle-field of the Alma,—that we shall come to presently; this is only a feeble description of the river as it appears between the villages of Vesniki and Kodjukeli. Near the latter-named place we made our camp that night, picking out as shady, grassy a spot by the river's bank as we could find.

The following morning, on waking, I heard the never-to-be-mistaken pitter-patter of rain on the stretched canvas of our tent. Luckily, we had but ten or twelve miles to go that day to reach the battle-field, and it not being necessary to start very early, we turned ourselves over in our blankets with a growl, and went to sleep again. About noon it cleared up, and we set off to take a look at the famous battle-field of the Alma. We were not long before we arrived at the now ruined village of Burluk, where our troops had crossed on the glorious 20th of September, 1854.

The first thing that strikes one on beholding the field is the immense extent of it; I had seen and was familiar with the battle-fields of Inkerman, of Balaklava, and of the Tchernaya, but they were small when compared with the long line of river attacked and taken on that ever-memorable day.

Shall I attempt to describe a place which I believe every Englishman has pictured to himself, and of which he has formed his own plan? I will; and for this reason, that, much as I had read about this place, often as I had conversed with eye-witnesses of it, many as were the pictures of this bloody strife which I had beheld, still, spite of all these, I must confess that, on arriving at the field, all my imaginary plans of the ground, all my ideal battles of Alma, vanished like smoke before the reality.

My old notions on the subject of gigantic cliffs and perpendicular heights were rapidly dispelled as I saw before me—what? Well, I saw at my feet the gentle stream of Alma, flowing rapidly away towards the sea, which is a considerable distance in front of me; to my right is a vast plain, almost baffling the powers of vision to behold its limits; over this plain the Allies had advanced. The left bank of the river (unlike the right) is formed by steep, grassy slopes, which, as the river approaches the sea, increase into almost precipitous cliffs.

These heights were occupied by the Russians. In front of the centre of the Russian position, on the right bank of the river, is a tolerably thick wood, while a little farther inland is the village of Burluk. In fact, I cannot do better than to tell the reader to imagine two plateaux, one higher than the other, while a river divides them. Then picture to yourself the rising ground necessary to connect the two plateaux as, in places, gently sloping, elsewhere, rocky and precipitous. This done, place the sea cutting the river at right angles, and you will have a pretty good idea of the battle-field of the Alma.

And now let me give a slight sketch of the dispositions of the two armies.

The Allies, as I have before said, advanced over a flat, monotonous plain, their right resting on the sea.

The French formed the extreme right of the line, the English the left; thus the English right met the French left about the wood which I have before mentioned, while our centre had to advance through the then burning village of Burliuk. I have omitted to mention that a stone bridge crossed the river nearly opposite the village.

The Russians, I have already said, occupied the range of hills forming the left bank of the river, *their* right protected by two earthworks, the largest of which was about a mile from the bridge, and rather to the Russian right of it.

Having endeavoured to give as good a general idea of the field as I can write from recollection, I will abstain from attempting to give any description of an action at which I was not present, or of making those comparisons between the two armies (French and English) which are proverbially "odious," and, in this case, worse than unjust.

Much has been said, much may yet be said, of the individual performances of the two armies on that day. Abler pens than mine have discussed this subject; I will therefore not notice it, except by observing that the positions "told off" to each army for attack were, in my opinion, admirably suited to the national characteristics of the two nations, the French having the steep, difficult rocks, which called forth all that activity and brilliant power of attack commonly called "dash," for which they are so justly celebrated; while our men had an opportunity, which they proudly availed themselves of, of exhibiting all their national solidity, firmness, and pluck, as they advanced up a sufficiently steep slope under one of the heaviest fires on record.

I will add no more on this subject. The details of the battle are too well known for me to add anything to the already large stock of information on the subject; for who that takes a pride in the achievements of British arms has not read, with a flushing face, of the steady advance, "as if on parade," of the attacking regiments, of the desperate struggle to gain the left bank of the river, of the magnificent coolness of the men as, mowed down by hundreds by the Russian shot and shell, they nevertheless pressed breathless, hot, but dauntless, up that mile of sloping bank? Who has not breathed more freely when he hears how they gained the top, and with a wild British cheer carried the earthwork, driving all before them? Who has not felt that he would have given worlds for a moment of that wild excitement, when French and English appeared with thinned ranks but undaunted hearts on the summit of the ridge, while fast and panic-stricken flew the defeated Russians, bearing to devoted Sevastopol the news of England's, France's, bloody victory?

And now to describe the battle-field as seen by us a year and a half after the action.

Pitching our tents between the bridge and the earthwork, while our horses ate the magnificent self-sown rye-grass until I thought they would burst, we were soon ready to stroll up to the breastwork, and see what traces of the battle still remained.

The ground over which the troops had advanced is but too distinctly

marked by the numerous long, low mounds of earth beneath which lay many a gallant Englishman. These mounds became more numerous as we neared the earthwork, while on arriving at it the ground was literally covered with graves.

Among these graves, inside the work, a tall, rough cross has been erected—by the Russians, *on dit*. Outside the work is a rough piece of wood, evidently a portion of a sort of wooden trough, with the following inscription rudely cut, and but faintly visible: "L. F. Du Pré Montague and the men of the 33rd Regiment. 20th September, 1856." The whole surmounted by a cross.

This rude monument was (I understand) placed where it now is on the day of the battle by Captain (now Major) Montague, of the Engineers, an officer who was subsequently taken prisoner by the Russians. However, after the war was ended, he visited the spot, and there found, untouched, and respected by the enemy during a long year and a half, this simple bit of wood, one of the few tributes to the memory of those who fell on that bloody day.

It was very odd that as we wandered over the field we saw so few traces of an action; the high grass appeared as though for centuries it had been undisturbed, while not a shot, not a broken musket, hardly a remnant remained to tell you of the fight. Here and there some old, rotting rags, a bone or two, some horses' hoofs, pieces of knapsacks, and in one place a greater portion of a human scalp, reminded us that this was a battle-field. We wandered up to the second earthwork, which has marked the Russian right. Here the graves were less numerous, and told of a briefer and less bloody struggle.

As we retired to our tents that night, and surveyed the field, which looked peaceful and quiet, I could hardly bring myself to believe that this was a battle-field—that this was the far-famed Alma—and that here many a brave man breathed his last; but the numerous graves of our countrymen that surrounded us, and the sharp outline of the tall cross standing out in clear relief against the evening sky, soon recalled its reality to our wandering ideas.

Truly night is the season for meditation, and as I paced up and down on watch that night, I thought long and deeply of the many who had lain moaning and in anguish on the very spot my foot was now on; I thought of friends in the spring-tide of youth, and strength, and vigour, who had rushed up this slope, and fallen to rise no more, stricken down by the merciless bullet; I thought of distant friends who, unconscious of the battle, had still lived in hope, where hope could be no more, and who knew not, as they sat "at home at ease," that "father, brother, son," lay weltering in their blood, till cruel despatches turned joy into mourning. The time on watch sped fast that night, for I seemed to hold converse with the dead, while out of the cold, damp ground my fancy conjured up dim spectres of the past; and one, the companion of my boyhood and of my school days, "mine own familiar friend," stood once again before me, and once more I wept his fall.

Still through the dusky night I could see the sacred form of the tall cross, the only object that broke the horizon, while the low outline of a grave not far off ever and anon caught my eye. These being the only two objects on which my eye dwelt, would you wonder if I told you that

in my fevered dreams I saw the bloody fight fought o'er again ; I saw the armies advance in all the "pride and circumstance of war ;" I saw the shock and heard the roaring of the guns ; that this carried me back to long months of the siege ; while again confused visions of happy home faces, and bright firesides, and loved and distant friends, were my lot ; till all became mixed up together, and the dead were living and the living dead, and friends were foes and foes were friends ; and all became confused, and vague, and awful ; and when I woke I could scarcely believe that I was there—there, upon the battle-field of the Alma—and that all was calm and quiet, for that I half dreaded to find myself surrounded by heaps of slain and wounded men, all, all with faces of those I loved and knew !—I say, kind reader, would you wonder if I had related to you a dream somewhat in this style ? No ! Well, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I am bound to confess that never did British officer enjoy a more unbroken, comfortable night's rest than I passed on the evening when I *ought* to have had the romantic dream. We started early the following morning and made for home, for our leave was up, and our delightful tour was over.

Beneath a burning sun we traversed the long levels from the Alma to the Katcha, from the Katcha to the Belbec, crossing the Katcha between the villages of Mamaski and Eskel, and the Belbec near Ur-Tama, thus far closely following the route of the Allies before they turned to the eastward and executed that famous flank march, which has been so much talked about, so much applauded, and (by some military critics) so much condemned.

I can say but little of this, the last day of our trip, for the scenery was not pretty, and would have been uninteresting had it not been for the fact of its being the route of our victorious army on their first arrival in the Crimea.

I have but little more to add, for we shortly afterwards bade farewell, "a long farewell," perchance, to the Crimea. And as our good ship glided through the deep waters of the Black Sea, and we beheld the shores of that land, which for many a long month had been our home, fast receding and growing dimmer in the distance, I began to think that all this must be a dream ! It was hardly possible to realise that never again should we behold familiar Kadikoi, with its curious, dirty wooden shops, its railway, and its stores ; no more travel along that high road, which will for ages remain a monument of England's industry ; no more see Balaklava, with its land-bound harbour and its jostling ships ; no more behold Sevastopol, with its white, unroofed, shot-riddled houses, and all its associations of "battle, murder, and sudden death ;" the half-filled up trenches, the scene of many a gallant deed, of many a brave man's fall ; the blood-stained Redan, the gory Malakhof, the ruined docks, fit emblems in their desolation and destruction of Russia's humiliation ; never more see Inkerman, that glorious spot, Balaklava plain, where battles, balls, and races had succeeded each other in almost indecorous haste ; never more see the peaceful Tchernaya, flowing swiftly on, as though it hurried past the spot made red by human blood, and sought to hide its blushing waters in the wide, wide sea.

Can it be possible that those beautiful rides to Baidar, Phoros, Aloupka, and the Belbec are by us to be spoken of only as things gone by ? Shall

we never more behold those peaceful valleys, never more receive the hospitality of the simple Tartars? Are our days of "Bono Johnnie" over for ever? Even so. And in spite of all thy charms, O Crimea! I leave thee without regret; thy soil is too red with English blood, the associations connected with thee are too much fraught with death, and cold, and misery, and hurried burials; the graves in the valleys and on the hill-tops are too numerous; pestilence lurks in thy plains; fevers are hidden beneath thy outward beauties, whilst thy whole appearance speaks but too plainly of death and war in all its horrors. So fare thee well! and welcome, "England, home, and beauty!"

Reader! you may think it strange that such thoughts as these should force themselves upon one, but so it is; and though with bounding hearts we thought of friends at home, whom we were soon to welcome, still we heaved many a sigh for those we left behind, and as I thought of many a dear friend whose bones were left to rot on the hostile soil, the beautiful lines composed on the death of Sir John Moore involuntarily occurred to me:

Little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,  
In a grave where a Briton hath laid him.

But other sights and other scenes soon dispelled these dismal reflections from our memories, for ere long the charming Bosphorus and Constantinople, "the City of the Sultan," was before us, while Malta, with its picturesque capital and roasting streets, Gibraltar "the impregnable," with its thousands of guns, its garlic and mantillas, the coast of "sunny" Spain, the ditto of ditto France, were passed in rapid succession; and at last we hailed with delight the shores of dear Old England. Shall I ever forget that first glimpse of our native land? Shall I ever forget our ecstasies when the Isle of Wight, with its dear English scenery, was before us? and as we merrily sailed up the Solent, we pointed rapturously to each snug farm-house, each verdant lawn and pleasant pasture land, and each and every bit that looked more truly homely than another? No, never, never!

But since then I have sobered down somewhat, and though I prefer cultivated, civilized England to the rough, rugged, but beautiful Crimea, I thought, perhaps, some of my friends at home might like to hear and know what English officers did and saw in those mysterious trips "into the interior," which so many have accomplished with pleasure and, it may be, profit to themselves, but of which the good folks in England have, as a general rule, so very vague an idea. Thus has it been that I have spent many a pleasant hour in putting together a few rough notes, hasty jottings, and which, with their many faults, I now offer, "for better for worse," to the British public.

## JAMES BOSWELL'S LETTERS.\*

NOVELISTS, and fiction-factors in general, have, as the whim took them, or as expediency might seem to suggest, resorted to various devices to account for their ownership of the materials for their story. Sir Walter Scott has his Jedediah Cleishbothams and his Peter Pattiesons, upon whose shadowy shoulders, mediately or intermediately, he may lay the responsibility, such as it is. Jean Paul goes the length of introducing a dog, that has to swim punctually and periodically, with his freight of manuscript, that the transcriber too may get on swimmingly, in *his* turn. Sir Bulwer Lytton adopts a method of his own for explaining how the strange story of Zanoni came to light. And Mr. Dickens devised, as the source of a weekly-flowing flood of fiction, that curious piece of furniture, once familiar in our mouths as Household Words are now, viz., Master Humphrey's Clock. Thus far the confessed or professed writers of fiction. Then again the ingenious, *not* ingenuous, fabricators of pretended facts, historical, biographical, or what not,—literary impostors, in short, or forgers, or whatever other bad name they may have gained or deserved,—these artificers, in their turn, have sought to account for the discovery of the treasures they reveal, by contrivances more or less mythical on the face of them, sometimes artfully probable in a very high degree, sometimes too coarsely unimaginative or too palpably “made up” to deceive the least critical of ordinary readers. And he would most likely be reckoned, for instance, a dull dog who should usher in a professed novel by Richardson, under the pretence of having met with it, in a soiled and sorry MS. condition, in an Alton alehouse, where the unilluminated proprietor used, or proposed to use, the precious sheets to wrap up his pork pies and ham sandwiches in;—or he, again, who should trace his possession of a forthcoming satire by Pope, to his casual (*vulgo*, promiscuous) examination of the paper envelope of his yesterday's mutton chops, whence ensued incontinently a visit to the unconscious butcher, who willingly resigned, for a very trifling consideration, what he had bought as waste paper, and now again sold as such, but which the enraptured purchaser hailed with an *eureka!* as the incontestable product of paper-sparing Pope.

Now suppose a series of letters, by one of the most popular—perhaps the most generally and enduringly popular author of the eighteenth century, to be published sixty years after his decease, with the following explanation of their discovery. A gentleman has occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of Madame Noel, at Boulogne. They are duly wrapped in paper, and handed to him, and—there an end? No; he observes that the paper in which they are wrapped forms the fragment of an English letter. Upon closer observation he finds a date and several names, which are of a kind to arouse interest, and to prompt to farther inquiry. Farther inquiry satisfies him that this fragment is part

\* Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. J. W. Temple. Now first published from the original MSS. With an Introduction and Notes. Richard Bentley. 1857.

of a correspondence between the popular author above referred to, and an intimate friend of long standing. He then ascertains that this piece of paper has been taken from a large parcel recently purchased from a hawker, who has been in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year, for the purpose of supplying the different shops with paper. Beyond this no farther information can be obtained. But the whole contents of the parcel are of course immediately secured. The purchaser dies. His nephew then becomes possessor of the Boulogne salvage. And from the nephew they pass into the hands of an anonymous editor, by whom they are now, and with this explanation, submitted to the public.

On the face of it, this story may seem to the public suspiciously akin to the hypotheses we have suggested concerning an unprinted romance by Samuel Richardson, or a suddenly discovered satire by Alexander Pope. The letter-writer whose reliques are thus delivered from the "base uses" of Madame Noel's customers, is no less a person than James Boswell.

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,  
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;  
Thou jackal, leading lion Johnson forth. . . .

An enemy wrote this : but that enemy was a true prophet when he went on with his (however derisive)

All hail !  
Triumphant thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,  
The pilot of the literary whale ;  
Close to the classic *Rambler* shalt thou cling,  
Close as a supple courtier to a king ;  
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its power ;  
Stuck like a bat to some old ivied tower.

And with whatever unanimity of will and of action the world may turn up its nose at the cocked nose of poor Boswell, and laugh at him till both its hemispheric sides ache, as the fussiest and pertest of literary prigs—still the world is vastly interested in and about him, and far too much so to slight a budget of letters in his autograph, that have been rescued from Madame Noel's *boutique*, provided only that the story of the rescue be a true story, and no sham.

How to decide this ? Happily, in the present case, nothing more easy. Open the book, read, and judge. The decision will be speedy and satisfactory. It will be not slow, yet sure. Internal evidence is all-availing in behalf of the volume before us. There is but one James Boswell in the world, living or dead ; and here he is. He is here as in his immortal biography—in undress, in bad spirits occasionally, and bad company, and other indifferent associations and characteristics, of one kind or another : but there's no mistaking the *unique*, no risk of being misled by a fictitious pretender to features, habits, sentiments, and eccentricities so exclusively his own.

The volume, in a word, is self-assertingly genuine. And the editor, though anonymous,\* has entitled himself to the cordial thanks of a

\* Since this was written, the names of those concerned in the Boulogne treasure-trove, and its present appearance in print, have been made public by means of a letter to the *Times*.



widely-extended public ; first, for making us acquainted with the letters at all ; and next, for doing his own, the editing part, so well.

Mr. Boswell, in these curiously preserved letters of his, opens out the seamy side of his character with an almost staggering absence of reserve and self-respect. Reticence was a word not at all recognised in Mr. Boswell's dictionary. Dr. Johnson's might contain it, and those who had any liking for or interest in the word, might seek its meaning there. But it was quite out of Mr. Boswell's way. For him it was simply *de trop*, by three syllables. The manner in which he exposes himself, in this correspondence, to his clerical friend, is a kind of psychological phenomenon. There is one large screw loose—that of common reserve—in his composition ; and by means of this one lax habit we learn how many were the other loose screws, in that singular piece of machinery. Drunkenness and debauchery are as faithfully put on record, and with as matter-of-course an air of naïve narrative, as the most indifferent and innocent of James's other experiences.

All comes out. How he got drunk, and was sorry for it. How he got drunk again, and was still sorrier. How he got disgracefully drunk, and promised and vowed amendment. How the promise solemnly made was abruptly broken. How he raked, and gamed, and was ashamed of himself, and broke out again worse than ever. One letter relates how, after the most tender and sentimental interview with his charmer for the time being, he supped with some friends, became intoxicated, committed gross follies, and went to confess them to her next morning in "eloquent" terms : "It was truly the eloquence of love. She bid me rise, she took me by the hand ; she said she forgave me ; she kissed me ; she gently upbraided me for entertaining any unfavourable idea of her ; she bid me take great care of myself, and in time coming never drink upon any account." Another letter narrates, with what the editor calls "very unnecessary particularity," all about Mr. Boswell's getting "quite intoxicated on Tuesday last drinking Miss Blair's health," and the detail of follies which he committed while in this condition : "But I am abashed," he adds, "and determined to keep the strictest watch over my passions." Watch, quotha ! There was a parlous want of something or somebody else *custodire ipsum custodem*. Hear him again : "My present misfortune is occasioned by drinking. Since my return to Scotland, I have fallen a great deal too much into that habit, which still prevails in Scotland. Perhaps the coldness of the Scots requires it, but my fiery blood is turned to madness by it. This will be a warning to me, and from henceforth I shall be a perfect man ; at least I hope so" (1768). In 1775 he writes from Edinburgh : "My promise under the solemn yew I have observed wonderfully, having never infringed it till, the other day, a very jovial company of us dined at a tavern, and I unwarily exceeded my bottle of old Hock ; and having once broke over the pale, I run wild, but I did not get drunk. I was, however, intoxicated, and very ill next day. I ask your forgiveness, and I shall be more strictly cautious for the future. The drunken manners of this country are very bad." Mr. Boswell's "not drunk but intoxicated" is pretty nearly of a piece with Leech's cabman, in *Punch* the other day, who is not in-in-in-tossicated, but has merely got a pe-ped-pediment in his s-s-speech. The affair under the solemn yew-tree is again referred to, next year : "My promise under the solemn

yew at Mamhead [Mr. Temple's parish, in Devonshire] was not religiously kept, because a little wine hurried me on too much. The General [Paoli, of course] has taken my word of honour that I shall not taste fermented liquor for a year, that I may recover sobriety: I have kept this promise now about three weeks; I was really growing a drunkard." "This is unworthy of Paoli's friend," is a very common formula of self-reproach in these letters, and highly characteristic of Corsican Boswell. Again, in 1789, he writes from London: "I indeed must acknowledge that, owing to the melancholy which ever lurks about me, I am too dissipated, and drink too much wine." This was during his wife's last illness. A month or two later he upbraids himself, because, "often and often, when she was very ill, in London," he had come home late from drinking-bouts, and disturbed her repose: "Nay," he continues, "when I was last at Auchinleck, on purpose to soothe and console her, I repeatedly went from home; and both on those occasions, and when neighbours visited me, drank a great deal too much wine. On Saturday last, dining at a gentleman's house, where I was visiting for the first time, and was eager to obtain political influence, I drank so freely, that, riding home in the dark without a servant, I fell from my horse and bruised my shoulders severely," &c. Mrs. Boswell dies in her husband's absence. He is shocked, and tries what drink will do to tranquillise him. "I have drunk too much wine for some time past." "With grief continually at my heart, I have been endeavouring to seek relief in dissipation and in wine" (1789). In 1793 an epistle opens as follows: "Behold my *hand*! The robbery is only of a few shillings; but the cut on my head and bruises on my arms were sad things, and confined me to bed, in pain and fever and helplessness, as a child, many days. . . . This, however, shall be a crisis in my life: I trust I shall henceforth be a sober, regular man. Indeed my indulgence in wine has, of late years especially, been excessive. . . . Your suggestion as to my being carried off in a state of intoxication is awful. I thank you for it, my dear friend. It impressed me much, I assure you." Poor Boswell's "henceforth" was to be of short duration: a few months, and he was down among the dead men, in no convivial but a true church-yard sense. But while he had life, he drank. So many promises of reformation, so many breaches of promise. The last letter he wrote to Temple, except one tremulous note from his death-bed, contains this passage: "I thank you sincerely for your friendly admonition on my frailty in indulging in too much wine. I *do* resolve *anew* to be upon my guard, as I am sensible how very pernicious as well as disreputable such a habit is. How miserably have I yielded to it in various years!"

Boswell's last years were certainly those of a miserable man. By his own account he was constitutionally hypochondriacal, and Dr. Johnson had long ago rallied him on the subject. But as health and spirits failed, and hopes were blighted, his fits of depression increased portentously in number and intensity, and intoxication was alternately resorted to as a relief, and cursed as making matters worse. At four-and-twenty we find him saying, "I have a melancholy disposition. To escape from the gloom of dark speculation, I have made excursions into the fields of amusement, perhaps of folly." At five-and-thirty: "I have had a pretty severe return this summer of that melancholy, or hypochondria, which is inherent in my condition, and from which I have suffered miserably in former

years." He rejoices in his wife as "an admirable companion for a man of my atrabilious temperament, for she has a good store of common sense and cheerfulness." In 1788 he writes from London: "I have been wretchedly dissipated. . . . I am now in strong, steady spirits, which make me confident, instead of being in despondency. Oh, my friend, what can be the reason of such depression as we often suffer?" Some weeks after his wife's death he says: "Such is my melancholy frame at present, that I waver as to all my plans. I have an avidity for death; I eagerly wish to be laid by my dear wife; years of life seem insupportable." Letter No. 87 ends with "I am in great spirits." Letter No. 88 begins with "a most miserable return of bad spirits. Not only have I had a total distaste of life, but have been perpetually gnawed by a kind of mental fever. It is really shocking that human nature is liable to such inexplicable distress. O my friend, what can I do?"

This singular compound of inconsistencies believed himself to be a religious man, in the midst of all, and in spite of all, his dissolute practices. In the same letter which announces his "indeed enjoying this Metropolis to the full, according to my taste"—and we know Mr. Boswell's taste pretty well, in metropolitan enjoyments—a letter which quizzes the Rev. Mr. Temple for not allowing his correspondent "a plenary indulgence" for "Asiatic multiplicity"—this Boswellian announcement occurs: "I yesterday received the holy sacrament at St. Paul's Church, and was exalted in piety." From Squire Dilly's at Southill, he writes in 1779: "I am quite the great man here. . . . Poor Mr. Edward Dilly is fast a-dying; he cried with affection at seeing me here; he is in as agreeable a frame as any Christian can be. . . . I am edified here."

When he left this edifying scene, Mr. Boswell, who was suffering from lameness, records his having "had a very good journey" in a fly, and in his most genuine style proceeds to say: "An agreeable young widow nursed me, and supported my lame foot on her knee. Am I not fortunate in having something about me that interests most people at first sight in my favour?" This is a question often put by our fascinating hero. His obtrusive egotism, his mania for notoriety, his courtship of celebrated men, his silly raptures at a compliment or an act of complaisance, and his fretting annoyance at slighting treatment, are ludicrously exemplified in these letters. Now he obtrudes himself on the Earl of Chatham (1767), and quietly inquires—sublimity of self-complacence!—"Could your Lordship find time to honour me now and then with a letter?" Perhaps this query, to those who know the "parties," is the "richest" thing in the book. Now he hunts out Voltaire and Rousseau, and becomes giddy beyond parallel at being taken up by Pascal Paoli. Now he will be fast friends with Horace Walpole, who, writing to Gray, says: "The author [of the Corsican Tour], Boswell, is a strange being, and, like Cambridge, has a rage for knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me in spite of my teeth and my doors," &c. In 1766, Boswell writes: "I have lodgings in Gerrard-street, Soho . . . but I lie at the General's [Paoli], whose attention to me is beautiful." In 1789 he says of his rival biographer: "Hawkins is no doubt very malevolent. Observe how he talks of me as quite unknown." We add, immethodically enough, yet to the purpose, a fragment broken off, here and there, from this correspondence, illustrative of the writer's self-appreciation:

"My life is one of the most romantic that I believe either you or I really know of; and yet I am a very sensible, good sort of man" (1767). "Praise me"—this is enjoined on Mr. Temple, who was about to visit Boswell's then "intended," to promote his suit—"praise me for my good qualities,—you know them; but talk also how odd, how inconstant, how impetuous, how much accustomed to women of intrigue. Ask gravely, Pray don't you imagine there is something of madness in that family? Talk of my various travels,—German princes—Voltaire and Rousseau." The lady having rejected him, he writes: "After her behaviour, do I, the candid, generous Boswell, owe her anything?" (1768). In 1789, the baffled place-hunter declares, *per alium*, "It is utter folly in Pitt not to reward and attach to his Administration a man of my popular and pleasant talents, whose merit he has acknowledged in a letter under his own hand." Pitt was no more eager than his father the Earl had been, to write "now and then" to James Boswell, of Auchinleck, Esquire; and in fact left unanswered various of James's favours. Whereupon James wrote again to him, this time menacingly: "I think it is not just, and (forgive the freedom) I doubt if it be wise." We might multiply citations of a like character, and on diverse topics—Boswell's boasts of *bonnes fortunes*, only too minutely established; his love for dress, the more gaily extravagant the better; his pride at "getting on" in the houses of the great, and adapting himself to the society of scholars; his exasperation at a Dundas beating him in the race for political place and power; and his exultation in gathering an imposing congregation of big-wigs around his own hospitable board.

The character of his father has some strong light, if not new light, thrown upon it in the course of these pages. We have glimpses, too, of David Hume, and Reynolds, and Macklin (two or three years past his ninetieth), and Robertson, and Gibbon—of whom Mr. Boswell emphatically says (1779): "He is an ugly, affected, disgusting fellow, and poisons our Literary Club to me." Of Johnson there is considerably less than might be expected. Nor is there a great deal about the "Life" of the Doctor. The biographer does not misrepresent its character when he says, on the eve of its publication: "It will certainly be to the world a very valuable and peculiar volume of biography . . . told with authenticity and in a lively manner." Some time previously he had remarked: "I am absolutely certain that my mode of biography, which gives not only a *History* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a Life than any work that has ever yet appeared." True, O biographer—ever yet, in thy time; or ever since, in ours.

## GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell me of the players.—SHAKESPEARE.

## II.—MRS. GLOVER.

THE good city of Dublin, three-quarters of a century since, boasted of a trio of theatres, connected with which were several performers to whom London subsequently awarded honour. John Kemble, for instance (then unknown to the metropolis), was there engaged, with John Johnstone, the clever but erring Mrs. Baddeley, Miss Phillips (the subsequently popular Mrs. Crouch), Mrs. Inchbald, and one greater than them all—the ponderous Stephen Kemble, whose weighty substance was of so much service to the paviors employed in the streets, that, as he passed over the groundwork of their labours, they would lay aside their hammers and bless him! At one of these three houses in Ireland's capital there were likewise engaged, at the same time, a trio of performers who became known to London, but whose names will principally be held in remembrance from the celebrity acquired by their offspring—these were Messrs. Macready (father of the now retired tragedian), O'Neill (the sire of the gifted actress), and Betterton, whose daughter became Mrs. Glover, one of the greatest favourites the stage has ever cherished.

The actor last named was descended from Thomas Betterton, the predecessor of Booth and Garrick, of whom we are told by Cibber that he was "an actor as Shakspeare was an author, both without competitors." The later Betterton possessed in his early day considerable histrionic power, and occupied a position of some importance in the metropolis. His daughter, whose portrait it is our wish to sketch, was born at Newry, in Ireland, on the 8th day of January, 1781. She would seem to have been destined for the stage at her birth, for she almost stepped from the cradle upon the boards. The avocation of her father, as a provincial actor, led him to several different theatres, at which the infant Julia tripped gaily about as a Cupid or the fairy of a ballet—a little book-muslin angel. Thus, in this early scene, we find her devoting her tender energies to the support of her family—a characteristic which accompanied her to the fall of the curtain—for the diminutive ladies who flit about the illusive imagery of the stage have of course a small, fairy-like salary, which they require in common with the sylph-like beauties with whom they mingle. Though possessing apparently an ethereal nature, these graceful sylphs have earthly wants, for

Lips, though blooming, must still be fed,  
And not e'en Love can live on flowers.

Having fulfilled engagements in various towns, Miss Julia accompanied her father to York, and with him was enrolled a member of the company presided over by Tate Wilkinson. This was in 1787, and our experienced

little lady obtained here her earliest dramatic character, that of the *Page*, in Otway's play of "The Orphan."

The York circuit, when conducted by Tate Wilkinson, was a famous nursery for the metropolitan boards. It was in that school that genius learned to soar, and it became the theatric home of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Elliston passed a portion of his early life here; whilst Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Mountain, Suett, Emery, Fawcett, Mathews, Knight, and Wrench, all came to London from this circuit. Poor old Tate, though eccentric in his manners, possessed a warm heart. He had been a little too merry in his youth, and became somewhat melancholy in his old age. With a wandering mind and a decrepit body, he would interweave in his conversation the subjects of a new engagement at his theatre, a real-pie, Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Tate and the doctor. He likewise possessed a strange habit of forgetting the name of those with whom he conversed, of which the following is an instance:—A comedian, who subsequently acquired some little distinction, had been recommended to him, and was requested to join him at Shields. On arriving at that town he waited upon the manager, whom he found occupied in driving a nail with a poker into the wall of his apartment, from which he intended to suspend his watch. On the actor entering, Tate turned his head half round, and having taken a glance at his visitor, renewed his efforts upon the nail, saying: "Ha! oh! how d'ye do, Mr. Wingrove; can you play *Rolla*?" "I have attempted it," was the reply. "Oh! ha! Mr. Kemble plays *Rolla*, Mr. Young plays *Rolla*, and Mr. Elliston plays *Rolla*. But I say, Mr. Musgrove, can you knock in a nail?" "I dare say I can." "What! with a poker, and without hurting your fingers?" "I'll try," replied the actor, and instantly accomplished the task; when the disciple of Foote, evidently delighted, remarked, "I thank you; that will do very well, Mr. Cox!"

Whilst with honest old Tate, Julia Betterton advanced rapidly. Among other assumptions in which she evinced great merit, she played the *Duke of York* to the *Richard* of George Frederick Cooke. That tragedian, on the occasion of his benefit, appeared as *Glumdalca*, the queen of the giants, in the burlesque of "Tom Thumb," the Liliputian general being sustained by our clever little heroine. Cooke was so well pleased with his precocious coadjutor, that in the amatory scene between them he placed the heroic Julia in the palm of his hand, and held her forth to receive the plaudits of the audience.

Increase of years developed additional excellence, and in 1796 the juvenile favourite had become a popular actress, her services having been transferred to another famous nursery, that of Bath—at one time said to possess the most elegant audience in Great Britain. Here her acting was as much extolled as her private worth was commended. Though but half way advanced in her teens, she looked the woman, and was now the representative of *Juliet*, *Imogen*, *Lydia Languish*, and similar characters, both in tragedy and comedy. Rumours of her excellence soon travelled from Somersetshire to London, and an offer of ten pounds per week was made her by the proprietors of Covent Garden. This proposal was declined by her father, as well as a subsequent one of twelve pounds per week; ultimately, however, articles were signed for five years, the terms ranging from fifteen to twenty pounds per week.

It was on the 12th day of October, 1797, that Julia Betterton stood for the first time before a jury of metropolitan critics, from whom she received a most favourable verdict. The character selected for the trial was an indifferent one, that of *Elwina*, in a play entitled "*Percy*," which long since was quietly deposited at the bottom of the Lethean lake.

This piece was written by Hannah More, whose pen gave to the stage one or two other productions. Her thoughts, however, soon took a more serious turn, when she published some "*Sacred Dramas*" and other works, availing herself of the opportunity to declare that the stage, as then constituted, was undeserving the countenance of a Christian. But though this popularly pious lady abhorred playhouses, she had no objection to the houses of players, and was associated for some years with Garrick, who, as the chief of players, must have been denounced by the lady's sect as the chief of sinners. It has been wickedly said, however, in reference to the delicate line drawn by gentle Hannah between her convictions and her convenience, that the culprit Garrick gave excellent dinners and saw very pleasant company. The shop of a serious bookseller in the Strand, as well as Garrick's dinner-table, was occasionally visited Hannah More. This shop—known as No. 18, swept away in the construction of Hungerford Market—was kept by the father of the late Charles Mathews; and the latter, when an infant, was introduced by the lady to Garrick, who took the favoured baby in his arms, and, smiling at his visage, observed, "Why, his face laughs all over, but certainly on the wrong side of his mouth." Some years later, when Mathews was about to embark for Ireland to commence the life of an actor, his pious father, deeply regretting his determination, remarked, "That little vagabond, Garrick, bit you when he took you in his arms."

We have said that Miss Betterton's first appearance in London was marked by distinguished success. The waters of the theatrical stream, however, do not always flow clearly on, and in the present instance they became slightly ruffled, at the very onset of our heroine's appearance at Covent Garden. It was a tragic actress that the theatre required; and whilst Mr. Harris, the proprietor, was securing the services of Miss Betterton, his stage-manager, Lewis, was engaging Miss Campion (whom he had seen in Ireland), without consulting his principal upon the matter. The latter lady, who became the second wife of Pope, the comedian, made her first essay on the evening succeeding the appearance of Miss Betterton. She possessed an elegant figure and a sweet voice, added to much mental qualification and the accomplishments of education, and was no doubt the best tragic actress of the two. This was probably an advantage to the fair Julia, for the management, desirous that she should do something for her large salary, put her in comedy—very much against her wishes, probably, for actors are not invariably the best judges of their own powers. That pleasant creature, Robert William Elliston, was an instance of this. When the sceptre of Old Drury had been wrested from him, and he was in part exiled to the petty dominion of the Olympic, he still played upon the regal boards, but in parts allotted to him, not magnificently distributed by him. Shortly after this change in his fortune, he encountered Charles Lamb near Temple Bar. Waiving his great loss as nothing, he had yet resentment for the depreciation of his tragic pretensions. "Have you heard," said he, "how they treat me?—they

put me in *comedy*." Lamb, naturally enough, thought, "Where could they have put him better?" but the finger on the lip forbade any verbal interruption. "Where I formerly played *Romeo*," continued the great creature, "I now play *Mercutio*." And so saying he stalked away, without waiting for a response.

And Julia Betterton, too, we have remarked, they put in comedy, her second character in London being *Charlotte Rusport*, in the "West Indian," a performance with which the audience were highly pleased. Cumberland, the author, likewise, was so delighted, that he obtained for her the character of the heroine in his new piece of "False Impressions," to which she delivered the epilogue. Mrs. Abington—the original *Lady Teazle*, and an actress to whom the subject of our portrait was said to bear a marked resemblance, both in person and manner—returned to the stage for a few nights during this season, and added her plaudits to those of the public, auguring highly of Miss Betterton's subsequent advancement. Notwithstanding these encomiums, her path was by no means easy. Mrs. H. Johnston was favoured with several important characters which should have been awarded her, while she was sent on for the *Queen* in "Richard the Third," and other unproductive parts. On the termination of her agreement, Miss Betterton played for one season at Drury Lane, at which house she first appeared in September, 1803. She again returned to Covent Garden—of which house John Kemble had become a part proprietor—but quitted after two or three seasons, an increase of salary having been refused by the management.

We now shift the theme, for new colours are required in the painting of our portrait. We have brought our fair subject thus far on the high-road of life, through its crowds and contentions; we have transformed the little fairy of the provincial theatre into a popular and established favourite upon the metropolitan boards, and now for a brief time we leave the actress, in order that we may study the woman. And here we would fain call to our aid the photographic art, faithfully to delineate the form and features of Julia Betterton, at the commencement of the present century. Above the middle size, with a complexion beautifully fair, her blue eyes darkened with lashes that adorned those orbs, she was one of the most lovely creatures that London could boast of. There was, moreover, blended with these personal attractions a sweet gaiety, which seemed as though it could never be checked by grief; as though care would pass by it and leave no memory. It need scarcely be said that many were the admirers of this fair specimen of Nature's handiwork, fashioned by her when her skill had reached its culminating point. Prominent among those who saw and admired was James Biggs, a performer upon the Bath boards at the time when Julia Betterton was there engaged. Now,

Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

For James Biggs the subject of our portrait entertained, in return, an affection as pure as ever heart conceived. In the mutual interchange of this passion she saw the flowering promise of happiness, but death stepped in before the fruit had ripened. Like herself, Biggs came to London and



obtained a footing upon its envied boards, but died shortly after, at the close of 1798.

It was long before the wound healed which this blow occasioned. The treasure of the heart was lost, but its memory was faithfully hoarded. In many an after year—amid other and exciting scenes—there would come a thought of that early dream, and the dark eyelash would feel a moisture springing from the fount of remembrance.

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Early in life, Julia Betterton had been deprived of her mother, and had no staff ~~an~~ which to lean when her young hopes were crushed. From her father—to whose support her earliest talents had ministered—she experienced not only unkindness, but absolute cruelty. In the year following the death of poor Biggs, a Mr. Samuel Glover became enrolled among her admirers. She had, however, no heart to offer in return for his warm appeal; and so, failing in the legitimate quarter, this worthy lover addressed himself to Mr. Betterton. Backing his application with the offer of a handsome sum, he succeeded in obtaining a command for the due reception of his suit. Though her own altar fire had been extinguished, this ill-fated woman was compelled to listen to another tone; and parental tyranny so far succeeded in effecting an ascendancy over her will, that on the 20th of March, 1800, she became Mrs. Glover. The scene now shifted, but it brought little change to our unhappy heroine, who had simply exchanged the cruelty of a parent for that of a husband. In playing the cards with her father, Mr. Glover had dwelt upon his expectancy of wealth, which, from various causes, proved a myth, and he became dependent upon the exertions of his wife. Eight children were the issue of this union, from the trammels of which Mrs. Glover ultimately determined upon freeing herself, having made the discovery that her amiable partner was lavishing upon a mistress the proceeds of her industry! She accordingly separated herself from her liege lord, and devoted her best energies to the support of her children, four of whom only were living. Her persecution, however, was not yet closed. From her husband she was still subjected to continual annoyance. At one time he demanded her salary from the theatre, against the proprietors of which an action was brought for its recovery; and at another seized one of her children in the streets, claiming to have it under his own control.

For nearly eighteen years following her marriage did this generous and disinterested woman feel the burden of protracted sufferings. Wasted feelings and disappointed hopes went with her, but no voice of hers ever uttered complainings or reproofs. Whilst her smile of apparent happiness would gladden the theatre, silent sacrifices were being offered without a murmur; and thus for years she continued, with a mind agonised by mental suffering, to delight her auditors with rich histrionic powers, winning harmless laughter and gentle tears.

We now resume our notice of the professional doings of Mrs. Glover. After her secession from Covent Garden—previously referred to—she performed for a time in the country. In 1811 we find her again in the metropolis, playing at the Lyceum with the Drury Lane comedians, who had been burnt out of their own structure. On the 10th of June in the

same year, her talents aided the success of a new play at the Haymarket, the "Royal Oak," in which Elliston enacted *King Charles*. With the exception of three brief years, this was half a century since; but we recognise in the playbill of that night the name of one who is still to be found before the footlights of the theatre—the evergreen John Cooper.

The services of our clever artiste were but little in request at this period (1811). Covent Garden had been transformed into a hippodrome, and the town thought only of its four-footed performers. The dramas of "Blue Beard" and "Timour the Tartar" enjoyed a great run (on horse-back); and the classic boards of the Kembles, during the same year, were trodden by an elephant, whose powerful acting, in combination with that of the horses, drew such crowds, that his own trunk could not contain the money that flowed into the treasury of the theatre. During the career of this great performer, a fashionable green-room lounge one evening thus accosted John Kemble: "Pray, sir," said he, "is not the man very nervous who rides upon the real elephant?" "Nervous, sir!" replied Kemble, in his deep, hollow tone, "what must I have been, when, riding once upon an elephant, I heard the hind-legs say to the fore-legs, 'Get on, will ye, or, curse you, I shall be down!'"

King John could joke occasionally. At the sale of the library of Isaac Reed, the Shakspearean editor, a "Treatise on the Public Securities" was knocked down at the humble price of sixpence; upon which Kemble, who was present, remarked, with true Cervantic humour, that he had never known the funds so low before. At another time he entered the green-room just as Claremont—who held a subordinate post at Covent Garden, and was given pompously to recount his provincial triumphs—was recording an accident that had befallen him the second time he played *Richard* at Rochester. "What, my dear sir," inquired John Philip, with assumed surprise, "did they let you play *Richard* twice in one town?"

At the opening of the new Drury Lane Theatre—October 10, 1812—Mrs. Glover was connected with the company engaged. It was to inaugurate this new structure that the Committee of Management advertised for an opening address—three-and-forty bards entering the arena and contending for the prize. Not one, however, reached the standard raised by the committee, who became confounded with the number of addresses and their own debates, and considered it wise—in this confusion of tongues—to reject the whole of the productions, which had been properly folded, sealed, marked, and delivered in due season. The rejection of all the biddings by the learned body placed them in a dilemma, from which they were relieved by being furnished with a composition by Lord Byron, which was duly repeated by Elliston for nine nights. Indirectly arising out of the failure of the advertisement for a display of poetic excellence, the public were gratified with the "Rejected Addresses" of Horace and James Smith, containing fanciful and humorous imitations of the style and manner of some of the favourite, or highly-pretending poets of the day. This production is inimitable in its way, and long maintained a sparkling celebrity.

Mrs. Glover continued at Drury Lane the two succeeding years, and was consequently connected with that house when Edmund Kean, in the January of 1814, first startled the town with his flashes of genius. Two

years later—September 16, 1816—she returned to Covent Garden, after an absence of ten years, the character in which she reappeared being *Andromache*, in the “Distress Mother.” This was likewise the night of a memorable first appearance, that of William Charles Macready, whose introductory bow to a metropolitan audience was made in the same play, in the part of *Orestes*.

We subsequently find our clever actress again in the provinces, and for a short time at the Surrey, then under the control of Thomas Dibdin. In 1818 she was once more at Drury Lane, still conducted by its Committee of Management, a portion of which body, according to its own confession, preferred beauty to talent in the selection of actresses. One of these worthies, when out of office, once complained to Elliston of his female chorus, inquiring where such a wretched set of creatures had been picked up. With his wonted animation, the grandiloquent manager assured the inquirer that they were the best chorus singers he had ever directed. “You mistake me,” said the ex-committee man; “I don’t find fault with their] singing—I don’t care a straw about *that*; but you ought to have pretty girls—that was *our* plan; but yours are all so infernally ugly that the theatre will be ruined.”

In April, 1822, Mrs. Glover returned to Drury Lane, after an absence of some months, and was received with great warmth. Her character on that occasion was *Clarinda*, in the “Suspicious Husband,” *Ranger* being played by Elliston. On the 29th of the same month she introduced her daughter, Phyllis Glover, upon the same boards, in the character of *Juliet*. She was herself the *Nurse* of the piece; and when *Lady Capulet* spoke of the “pretty age” of Verona’s maiden, a burst of applause followed the maternal exclamation—

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

On the 4th of January, 1823, Mrs. Glover—still at Drury Lane—considerably advanced her reputation by an original assumption, that of *Mrs. Simpson*, in Poole’s clever little comedy of “*Simpson and Co.*,” then first produced. The following lines—written with “alliteration’s apt and artful aid”—exhibit the names of the original performers in this still popular production:

Gifted with Gallic gabble and grimace,  
Laugh, leer, and lollop, landing lots of lace,  
ORGER’s odd onset—opportune *outré*,  
Pours pungent pepper o’er the pointed play.  
Though COOPER’s courtship kept continual clear,  
Droll DAVISON disdains to doubt her dear;  
But, blandly bountiful in blindness blest,  
Won’t wonder what he wants with widow’d WEST.  
No gleam of glory gladdens GLOVER’s gloom,  
Ripe for revolt she rambles round the room;  
While wondering what can wake the woman’s woe,  
Trim TERRY treads the traps on tottering toe,  
Cross’d and confounded by his cozening Co.  
These freaks and frolics—freak without offence,  
Pleasing the pit, put poet POOLE in pence.

Mrs. Glover subsequently formed an extended acquaintance with the Haymarket Theatre, where she became best known to the present gene-

ration of playgoers. From that time she continued constantly before her metropolitan friends, who must retain kindly remembrances of many of her efforts. We need not, therefore, closely follow her footsteps, save to note a few of the more important features connected with her "travel's history." In 1831 she lent her talents to Madame Vestris, upon her first opening the doors of the little Olympic. On the 12th of November, 1833, for her benefit at the Haymarket, she essayed the character of *Falstaff*, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor"—an exhibition which drew forth the regret of her most ardent admirers. On a previous occasion, for her benefit night, she had put on the "inky cloak" of *Hamlet*.

In the month of February, 1837, the following notice appeared in a metropolitan journal :

"Died, on the 8th instant, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Glover, who has supported him for many years, in the eighty-third year of his age, Mr. Betterton. The old gentleman possessed considerable histrionic talent, and he certainly has left behind him the greatest actress of the day, to mourn him dead whom 'living she sustained.'"

In the December of the same year, the fiftieth representation of the "Love Chase" at the Haymarket was celebrated by a supper being given to the performers. The health of Mrs. Glover was most cordially drank on that occasion, and in returning thanks she informed the company that, by a singular coincidence, it was the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance upon the stage.

On the 8th of June, 1840, our obliging artiste aided the veteran Downton, upon the occasion of his farewell benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre, appearing as *Lucretia Mac Tab*, in Colman's comedy of the "Poor Gentleman." On the succeeding 1st of August, being then at the Haymarket, she played *Mrs. Oakley*, in the "Jealous Wife," Macready enacting *Mr. Oakley*. A melancholy interest hangs over the remembrance of that night. It was the farewell benefit of Tyrone Power, who played *Captain O'Cutter* in the comedy, and likewise appeared in the farces of the "Irish Ambassador" and the "Irish Lion," setting sail immediately after on his third voyage to America. Returning from thence in March, 1841, in the ill-fated steam-ship the *President*, that vessel encountered a storm unparalleled even in the Atlantic, and poor Tyrone went down with it into the deep.

In the September of the same year (1840) the "Road to Ruin" was revived at the Haymarket—*Old Dornton* being played by Phelps, and *Harry Dornton* by James Wallack—when Mrs. Glover furnished an admirable portraiture of the *Widow Warren*. This comedy was written by Thomas Holcroft, who, from the lowest pursuits in life, raised himself to considerable repute as a writer. The widow of Holcroft married James Kenney, the author of "Raising the Wind" and other successful dramatic pieces. She was the daughter of Monsieur Le Mercier, to whom we are indebted for "Le Tableau de Paris." Upon the termination of the war between England and France, this distinguished French writer, a fine, venerable old man, immediately crossed the Channel to see his daughter, who, a short time previously, had been confined with twins. The following year he renewed his visit, but on repairing to the residence of his offspring near Bedford-square, he found, to his great mortification, that the family had removed the same morning to Brompton, the nurse

and one of the twin children remaining till the following day. Upon the servant first opening the door with the infant in her arms, the distress of the old gentleman was extreme, it being much increased by his slight knowledge of the English language. Claspings the unconscious babe to his breast, the tears rolling down his careworn features, he thus vented his inquiries :—" Oh, mon petit, ma dare—ah, yas, you littale rog—whar ees—ah, yas,—whar ees de oder piece belong to dis ?" With great difficulty he at length found his way to Brompton, but the family had retired to rest. After knocking for some time at the door, a voice from within demanded who was there. The reply, a comprehensive one, gained immediate admittance, it being—" Opane, opane de door ; I am de fader of all."

In June, 1844, a valuable *épergne* was presented to Mr. Benjamin Webster, by the members of the Haymarket company, on closing that theatre after an uninterrupted season of four hundred nights. Our inimitable actress was selected to present the same, with an address supplied by the ready pen of Mr. Buckstone. Mr. Webster, in returning thanks, thus prefaced his remarks :—" If anything on earth could enhance the value of this memorial of my humble exertions, it is that you have selected as the organ of your gift the mother of the stage, the most accomplished actress that ever adorned the profession in this country—Mrs. Glover. In my boyhood, I looked on her with reverence ; and in my more mature years I look on her with delight, to find that added years only shed more lustre on her talents."

Loved and respected on the stage, our good mother of the profession was often found officiating at these dramatic ceremonies, of which she appeared the ruling spirit. Behind the green curtain, which shadows innumerable mysteries, she sought to smooth down the envy, jealousy, and personal pique too often exhibited there, and "good words went with her name." Before the lights, she distributed gladness by means of harmless fancy and innocent mirth.

In 1849, Mrs. Glover entered into a brief engagement with Mr. Anderson for Drury Lane, where she played for a short time, and then joined her old friend Farren at the Strand, where she performed her farewell engagement. Many of her favourite characters were here gone through. *Mrs. Malaprop*, for instance, had again her greatest representative, and exhibited herself with original freshness and humour, with blundering affectation and point. Called for on her first appearance, amidst the cheers of the house, our favoured actress was led forward by Mr. Farren, who, evidently labouring under strong emotion, thus addressed the audience :—" Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot resist upon this occasion addressing a few words to you. I have been thirty-one years before you, and, during that period, I may truly state I have never seen an actress in the world comparable to Mrs. Glover in her line of characters ; and this opinion has been verified by every foreign artist who has visited this country."

In March, 1860, there was produced at the little Strand an adaptation of that household book, the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," in which Mrs. Glover played the notable *Mrs. Primrose*, a character which was most touchingly portrayed, and rendered the feature of the piece. In the epilogue an allusion was made by her to her approaching retirement :

And Deborah's counsel may be worth the prizing—  
Remember, 'tis her last year of advising.

Mrs. Glover's engagement at the Strand Theatre terminated on the 8th of June, 1850, when she informed her friends, on being summoned to receive their plaudits, that it was her intention to appear once more before them, and then to bid adieu to her profession. That farewell benefit took place at Drury Lane, on the ensuing 12th of July, under the patronage of her Majesty. The performances were "The Rivals," with the farces of "Delicate Ground" and "Friend Wraggles," the characters being sustained by members of the principal metropolitan theatres—William Farren and Madame Vestris gracing the list.

For a fortnight preceeding this occasion, Mrs. Glover had been confined to her bed; but anxious to keep faith with the public, she attended the theatre, and the applauding shout that marked her *entrée* as *Mrs. Malaprop*, gave her assurance that her friends were with her. It was, however, but too evident that her strength was inadequate to the task she had undertaken, and it was only by the kind attention of those with whom she played that she was enabled even faintly to proceed. The close of the comedy brought an appeal to the audience, requesting permission to dispense with the promised farewell words, and to allow Mrs. Glover to bow her acknowledgments. This was readily granted, and the curtain, on being raised, discovered the exhausted actress seated in a chair, surrounded by the most eminent of her contemporaries. The homage of an enthusiastic multitude was again and again tendered, and in the falling of the curtain an extended professional life was closed.

With the triumph of that farewell scene, however, was mixed a dark foreboding. Mingling in the final tableau was seen a Shade, and more than one voice whispered of its presence. Apprehension but too soon merged into reality. The tottering mother of the stage fought in vain against the struggle of feeling, superadded to extreme physical debility, and on the following Tuesday (July 16) passed from the scene of life. Friday again came—one little week from the popular demonstration we have recorded—and the churchyard of St. George the Martyr, Bloomsbury, received the remains of the favoured actress, who had delighted three generations of playgoers.

It was thus that the sun of Julia Glover so suddenly set, after gilding a long day, when the cheerings of applause were exchanged for regret. She may be said to have relinquished life upon the stage, when receiving its greatest honour, as a poet of the ancients had died when receiving the triumphal crown, to gain which all his achievements had been directed. She had trained herself for her profession with devoted industry and ardour, without which there are no Siddonses, no Pastas, no Malibrans. With a talent wide and long, she devoted the energies of a life to the calling she essentially contributed to adorn, possessing as she did a genius which placed her on its highest pinnacle. Ever true to nature, and free from affectation, she shone with lustre through all the varieties of her career, combining many of the gifts scattered among her predecessors and contemporaries.

Mrs. Glover's style of acting was suited to the broader humour of comedy, and not to its refined sentiment. She was calculated more for those pleasant emotions we call domestic, than those which walk away

from home on very lofty stilts. Though her features were somewhat deficient in quickness of action and brilliance of expression, she had rare talent and great comic powers. We have seen her in the service of Melpomene—we must not say how long ago, for a bright eye is looking over our shoulder!—but her features were too little marked, and her figure needed the elegance and dignity to give effect to tragedy, for which she appeared to lack the natural genius. In the opposite line, however—her own peculiar forte—she had versatility, power, and a liveliness of conception, which left her rivals far behind her in the race. In later years she devoted her talents to the matrons of the stage, and what playgoer is there that is not indelibly impressed with the memory of the most finished and forcible delineator of every class of elderly ladies? With a heart seeming still in its teens, and a voice unstrung by age, she long continued to bring back, at her potent bidding, much of the bright humour of laughing comedy; and those whose memory can carry them back only to her later years—when her merry laugh awakened echoes of the past—have many a joyous hour to remember.

We have previously described the appearance which this admired and cherished artiste presented at the commencement of the present century, when the young flowers were in their bloom. The twenty summers which she had then seen became multiplied by three, and the shadows were lengthening on her road of life; but “Time, the pitiless master,” had been lenient, for few were the traces left by sorrow upon her countenance. Here is her portrait at the age of sixty:

Her form—’twas like a wintry day,  
But cheerful still, as if a ray  
Of heaven lit those temples grey  
Where change would still encroach.  
Yet even age had touched her face  
With something of a tender grace,  
And soften’d Time’s approach.

Her brow—the spirit was not there  
That erst illumed her forehead fair,—  
But something yet, one could not spare  
Like beauty did remain;  
And could a kindred charm impart,  
As dear, as sacred to the heart,  
As in her beauty’s reign!

Mrs. Glover possessed an unaffected goodness of heart—it was mirrored in her countenance—and much sweetness of disposition. With a natural and genial spirit, she was kind and obliging unto all, the desire to please being in her a chronic affection. To every member of her family she was a noble friend: to her brothers, a tender sister; to her children, the most affectionate of mothers. She had the luxury of doing good, her profusion being that of benevolence—a beautiful memory to bequeath!

Closing this record of worth and talent, we hang in our Gallery the portrait of the departed mother of the stage, of whom we cherish a vivid and grateful recollection; and we shall have to look both far and wide before we find a subject so calculated to adorn it.

# THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO

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## CHAPTER VII.

### PROPOSALS.

EIGHTEEN months have gone by, and the words of Mr. Velters have not been cast on a barren soil. Richard Brunton has planted his foot—and planted it firmly—in the house of Temple Travers. Assiduous and intelligent, he has acquired a deep insight into commercial affairs, transactions of considerable importance have been entrusted to his management, and on more than one occasion his name, with favourable comments, has reached the ears of the elder Mr. Travers. Mr. Velters gives him plenty of work to do, and that with him is the equivalent of praise; the cohort of clerks amidst whom he toils, acknowledge to themselves the abilities which they decry to each other; and honest Mr. Browser is both astonished and delighted at the progress made by one whom he complacently calls his favourite pupil.

It is with much satisfaction also that Mr. Reuben Ashley learns how well Richard Brunton stands with the great house into which he was the means of introducing him. They meet at certain intervals, but Mr. Ashley never alludes to the engagement which subsists between them, and if he counsels Brunton to labour hard to earn the confidence of his employers, that advice is given, without doubt, solely for the purpose of advancing the young man's interests. Such a course is only natural, because on Brunton's success in life depends, as we know, a very large expectation on the part of Mr. Ashley.

So far, then, everything connected with Richard Brunton's position wears the best possible aspect; he is gaining ground rapidly, and may soon hope to achieve one of the many objects of his ambition, for the ambition he nourishes is not content with a single aim.

The eighteen months which have brought about this result have not passed away without effecting some change in most of the personages already mentioned in this story. Whether his course be for good or ill, Time stands still with none.

The change is least apparent, perhaps, in the Travers family. The old man, who scrupulously weighs every consideration in seeking a husband for his granddaughter, has not yet met with a sufficiently eligible person. He has spoken on the subject to Mr. Temple Travers, but their views do not quite agree.

The elder of the two has had but one pursuit; it has yielded him all he desired, and he looks only in that direction. A man of integrity,



holding the position of a first-rate London merchant, is all-in-all with him.

But Mr. Temple Travers, who belongs now to a world distinct from that of his father, considers the question through a different medium. He would rather make an alliance with rank—not for the rank's sake—but because he believes that high political life offers the only reward. Worth, in the abstract, he assigns to no particular class, allowing that it may be found everywhere, but high-placed worth, he contends, is the best of any.

"If," he said, when the subject was discussed between them, in reply to his father's objection that men of family allied themselves with the newly rich chiefly to restore their fallen fortunes—"if I encouraged the pretensions of mere rank, Lord Harry FitzLupus, whom everybody speaks of as the most devoted of my daughter's admirers, would answer my purpose as well as another, for—except that he is a fool—I know nothing against his character. You will say that is more than enough, and I think so too, but Lord Harry is not in question. Alice has far too much good sense to give him any encouragement, though I could wish she showed less indifference to some whom I myself prefer. There is Lord Preston, for instance: a nobleman of the most estimable qualities, and very highly thought of by every one. He is rich—and there your objection falls at once to the ground—well-informed and of the most perfect equanimity of temper—and the difference of age between himself and Alice is, in my opinion, rather an advantage than the reverse. Between thirty-five and twenty there is no such great disparity. However, it is not my intention, as you know, to force my daughter's inclinations. She is perfectly free to choose—and whether it be your candidate or mine, or one of her own selection—provided, in the latter instance, there be no insuperable bar, my own feelings and wishes having been declared,—I shall not attempt to interfere."

Mr. Travers smiled at his son's reservation, as if he thought that the whole question lay, practically, there. He changed, or seemed to change, the subject.

"I intended to have asked you, Temple, but it escaped my memory, whether you had lately heard from India?"

"You mean," replied Mr. Temple Travers, "from Philip Hastings?"

"Yes."

"A few months since. He was then with his regiment at Delhi, and getting on extremely well. I dare say his mother has received more recent intelligence, for she said, when last I saw her, that Philip was a punctual correspondent."

"Punctuality is an excellent feature in a young man's character; but, indeed, he was always a good boy. At one time, Temple, you were very fond of him."

"Very—that is—yes—certainly!"

"I never clearly understood," continued Mr. Travers, "why he so suddenly changed his views with respect to a profession. Connected as he was with our family, with the best prospects that any one could have if he had embraced a mercantile life, and—in my opinion—possessed of talents peculiarly adapted to business—that he should have thrown away

such a chance for the uncertainties of a military career, has always surprised me greatly."

"It is scarcely a thing to wonder at," said Mr. Temple Travers, coldly; "it happens every day."

"But Philip was so steady and quiet in his habits, and seemed so happy."

There was something in these remarks that jarred upon a feeling in the bosom of Mr. Temple Travers, hitherto unexpressed. He answered rather abruptly,

"He was, I suspect, too happy."

"In what way, Temple? I do not exactly see your meaning."

"My dear father," said the statesman, "this is a subject I never cared to enter into. Philip Hastings had, undoubtedly, many good qualities, but he may have been unstable in spite of his apparent steadiness—restless, although he seemed quiet; at all events he considered that here—in our house—he was out of place, for it was by his own desire, at his own especial request, that I procured for him the Indian appointment."

"Yes, I know that—and I also know how liberally you behaved to him both then and afterwards. But still the enigma is not solved."

"Learn it then, father, in a few words. Philip Hastings was attached to Alice."

"As her cousin, Temple."

"As her cousin—yes; but as her lover still more."

"And did Alice return his affection?"

"I should think not—but I have no certain means of judging. No explanation was ever asked or given. The scene that led to Philip's departure from England was curious enough. I knew by numberless tokens that the boy was in love with Alice. His constant presence in Belgrave-square when she was at home; his studious absence when she was away; the delight he experienced in her society; the listlessness with which he addressed himself to his usual pursuits;—these, and a thousand things which need not be repeated, satisfied me that I was right in my suspicion. One day he came to say he wished to speak to me alone. I anticipated an avowal of his passion. I was mistaken: his object was altogether different. He began by speaking of his mother, whom he described as a widow in fact though not in name—then of his father, whose fate, unexplained for fifteen years, was to her a perpetual source of sorrow and conjecture. He told me his mother had never been satisfied that the report of her husband's death was true: his body had never been found after the battle with the Affghans in which he was supposed to have been killed, and although other officers who had been made prisoners on the occasion could give no information respecting him, she still believed that the word 'missing,' originally attached to his name, might yet be explained by secret captivity. I listened to all this, and reminded him that it was an old story, and, as I had often observed before, one not very probable. The rank of Colonel Hastings, I said, was against the idea of secrecy; besides, what purpose of his captors could it answer? It was far more likely, the battle having been fought near a deep and rapid river, that he had been wounded and drowned in the endeavour to rejoin his own troops after their discomfiture. But, I added, why was the question again

raised after it had slumbered so long? He answered, with some degree of hesitation, that his mother alluded to her loss so frequently that it had forced itself very much upon his own thoughts; so much so, indeed, that he had at last adopted the resolution, if I would give my permission and assistance, of seeking for his father himself. To do so, with any prospect of success, it would be necessary for him to enter the Indian army. I told him fairly that, in my view of the case, the notion was Quixotic and absurd. Was it, I asked, his real and sole motive for wishing to leave England? With a burning face and downcast eyes he answered faintly that it was. I had no right to urge him further. It was not my duty to restrain his filial piety. Whatever I might suspect, my deductions ought not to weigh against his own statement. It was not, after all, unnatural—let the prudence of the step be what it might—that he should desire to relieve his mother's anxiety and remove the great doubt of his own life. If disappointed affection weighed with him—and it was not for me to probe that wound, being unprepared with a remedy—the best cure undoubtedly was absence. At twenty years of age, a new world, a new occupation, and the earnest purpose which he avowed, offered ample materials for filling his mind with fresh objects and easily effacing the past. I said to him, therefore, that sorry as we all must be to lose him, I would not throw any obstacle in his way; on the contrary, he might reckon upon receiving from me all the assistance he required. It may be that he had looked for a more serious opposition to his scheme than the first few words of discouragement which I had uttered; he may have entertained a hope that I should seek to dissuade him by this or that reason, strong enough to convince him against his declared inclination; but, whether or not, his pride sustained him and he showed no signs of faltering. He thanked me very warmly for what he termed my kindness, and then went on to say that, as the understanding was complete, the sooner he set out for India the better. I took him, of course, at his word—it would have been idle not to have done so, productive of I know not what consequences—and within a month from the date of our interview he was on his route, with a cavalry appointment, to the Bengal Presidency. There! you have the history, now, of the manner in which the change in Philip's profession came about: you may judge as I do of the reason—or form a different conclusion."

"If mine be the same as yours," observed Mr. Travers, "I cannot but say that the boy acted wisely and honourably."

"I agree with you entirely," replied Mr. Temple Travers. "He raised himself so highly in my esteem by the course he adopted, that he may always count upon the best support I can give him in his far-off career. Should he marry while in India—a very probable event, for the majority of officers do so—his wife and family—in case anything happens to himself—shall be equally my care."

"And mine, too, if I live," said Mr. Travers. "But there is another contingency. He may possibly discover his father!"

"I consider that a mere chimera. Philip has already been two years in the country, is now stationed near the Affghan frontier, where the opportunity for inquiry is increased, and not the slightest tidings have been obtained. Even supposing that Colonel Hastings was actually taken prisoner, the chances are that he did not long survive: otherwise

he would have discovered the means of making his existence known. No! no! Philip will be bound by other ties;—his profession will interest him as it opens for his advancement;—if ever we see him again, it will be under very different circumstances.”

We persuade ourselves easily where we cherish a strong desire, and although a close observer of human weakness, Mr. Temple Travers was not exempt from the common failing.

His skill in prophecy was yet to be tested—time might prove him right or wrong—but were his earlier conclusions correct? Suppose that a feeling had once existed in the bosom of Alice akin to that which, as he imagined, had stirred the heart of Philip Hastings! What proof had he that such a feeling was extinguished? Might not the unwillingness of Alice to listen to any proposal of marriage—her marked distaste for society—be traced to that source? The original destination of Philip Hastings was commerce. For that purpose he had been placed in “the house,” and, being related to the family, had lived on the spot with his mother, in a suite of apartments given them by Mr. Travers. Had the charm of association anything to do with the frequent visits of Alice to the City? Uneasy thoughts tending to these inquiries occasionally floated through the mind of Mr. Temple Travers; but when he remembered that his daughter had worn her present joyless aspect ever since her childhood, that the departure of her cousin had wrought in her no apparent change, that she had not forborne to speak of Philip, and always spoke calmly—and when he, moreover, reflected that a person so watchful as Margaret Nalders was always at her side, his doubts disappeared as quickly as they had arisen, and he again looked forward to the hope of one day seeing Alice the wife of his political friend and associate Lord Preston.

And what effect have the eighteen vanished months produced on Alice herself?

Have they more and more confirmed her in the belief that the life she leads is but the vanity of vanities? Or does she, under that staid and serious demeanour, cherish hopes, the stronger for their secret nurture? Here also it remains for Time to disclose the truth, for outwardly there is no revelation.

One event has, indeed, occurred to her which usually causes some sensation in a woman's bosom. Miss Temple Travers has received proposals of marriage.

The proposer was Lord Harry FitzLupus.

Under what circumstances they took place he himself related to his friend Coates Taylor, as they slowly walked their horses up Rotten-row one fine summer's evening.

“It's all vary well for you, Crooky, to say,” replied Lord Harry to a remark from his friend, “that I a—a—don't get on with the girl. I tell you, my dear fellah,—be quiet, Ros-a-lind,—how troublesome the flies are!—I tell you a—a—that I do!”

“Be so good, Harry, as to show me in what way. You're not privately married, I suppose.”

“Not exactly,—Crooky,—no,—not that. But I've a—a—twice been da-v'lish near it.”

"I don't understand what you mean by 'twice.' Once is enough, in all conscience!"

"Ah, you don't see? The fact is I proposed to her on two different occasions."

"And have been twice refused, eh? That don't look like a come off. I should as soon expect to win the Leger with a horse that had lost the Derby and Ascot cup the same year. But how was it?"

"Soon after I was entar'd—to use your own me-ta-pha-ri-cal language, Crooky,—I went in to win, and while a lot of other fellows kept a—a—tailing off, I made straight running. Odd enough, the first time it happened we were not a hundred yards from this place,—just there where the road dips,—I was riding with her,—pleasanter company than yours, Crooky,—well! She had just been admiring Rosalind,—I gave two hundred and fifty for her——"

"I know you did, I lent you the money," rejoined Coates Taylor.

"And when she praised my horse," continued Lord Harry, not heeding his friend's interruption, "I thought it gave me a good opportunity. 'The cree-char,' I said, patting Rosalind's neck, 'will soon, I hope, have a new owner!' 'Are you going to sell it?' she asked. I said, 'No! not sell, Miss Travars,—I want to give her away!' 'That's easily done,' replied the lady. 'But she must be taken, a—a—Miss Travars, with all her a—a—incumbrances.' 'Saddle and bridle, I suppose!' said she, smi-ling. 'And ridar,' I added, par-suasively, looking her full in the face. She turned away her head. 'Bew-ti-ful Miss Travars,' I whispered, bringing Rosalind close up to her,—'bew-ti-ful Miss Travars, I adaw you!' Just at that moment her horse shied at something in the road and went off at full gallop. I followed of cawse, but didn't overtake her till she had joined her father and the rest of her party who were in front: I couldn't ask her again befaw such a rack. It would have been a—a—nearly as bad as banns! Davil of a baw, wasn't it?"

"How about your second venture?"

"It was a good while befaw I had another chance. I used to go to Belgrave-square and all sorts of houses, but nevar could see her. Somebody told me she was always in the City, in Bread-street, or Brad-street, or some such place—I couldn't go there, you know—nevar was there, don't know the way! At last I found out that she was in the habit of going to church at a—a—Saint Barnaby's—you've heard of it, I dare say, not far from Tatt's,—so I made up my mind to go there too. As you're not a Christian, Crooky, I must tell you there are no a—a—pews in Saint Barnaby's,—all open seats. I went early one Sunday, stood in a davil of a crowd for some time, till she appeared with a—a—that Miss Somebody that's always with her. As soon as she took her seat I fol-law'd and got next to her, as if a—a—by accident. I tried to get her into con-var-sa-tion,—but what do you think, Crooky, the girl wouldn't talk! Pm not fond of mummy, you know, but I had to stand a good deal of it, before I was able a—a—to do anything. At last they came to some singing, and then I remembar'd that somewhere near the Psalms is all about what people say when they're married. So I looked for the place in the book, and after rummaging through ever so much about Ordaring of Deacons and Gunpowder Treason and Guy Fawkes and all

that sort of thing, I came to it. There it was, the very question they asked my cousin Emily Vere, at Saint George's, Hanover-square, when she married Billy Loftus,—'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?' and so on. What did I do, Crooky, but hold the book open before her and point to the words. I call that a—a—popping the question—don't you?"

"Something very like it. What did she say?"

"Nothing, Crooky!"

"Did she do anything?"

"Yes, Crooky. She touched Miss a—a—Somebody on the arm, and they a—a—changed places, and that dis-gus-ted me, and I walked out of Saint Barnaby's, and very nearly had a row with the man at the door, who wanted a—a—to keep me in."

"So that was number two?"

"Yes, Crooky!"

"And you haven't tried again?"

"Well, my aunt Sheepskin, to whom I a—a—told the story, just as I've told it to you—a very plucky old lady, you know—she advised me not to give in, but do, you know, as By-ron did, go on proposing till the girl accepted me. And that's what I mean to do. Only the devil of it is, Crooky, I want money so badly. My aunt Sheepskin says she can't a—a—fawk out any more—and so, a—a—I want to know, Crooky, if you can put me in the way of getting some."

"If it was the first, or the fiftieth time, Harry, perhaps I could give you a lift, or find somebody to do it. But you've such a lot of paper about."

"I shall take it all up, Crooky, as soon as I get the girl. Help me, like a good fellah, once more."

"I'll tell you what, Harry. I *do* know a man who might come down if the thing was well set before him. I'll see about it."

"Do—that's a good cree-char. Can you dine with me to-day at the Rag? No! Well, to-morrow, then. And in the a—a—mean time try and get hold of your man. I don't care how much he puts on it. There's Dangerfield. I've something particu-lar to say to him. Good by!"

From this conversation it appears that Alice Travers has not yet passed through the final ordeal at the instance of Lord Harry FitzLupus.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A THRIVING PROFESSION.

In this great world of London, where Opportunity stands for so much, no one expects that people should willingly sit down without hope of change, particularly when any change must be for the better.

It is not, therefore, surprising that, in the affairs of Captain Cutts, some difference may be noted since last we saw that gallant officer—officer now no more, but, as he calls himself, "a professional man."

What his real profession is, it may not at the first glance be very easy to determine. Like his City friend, Mr. Ashley, he has apparently more than one; for, to judge by the outward signs of his house in May

Fair, he is not only an "Auctioneer and Estate Agent," but a "Wine Merchant" also, and—if the brass-plate on the side door have any significance—a private gentleman into the bargain.

Of the estate-agency there ought to be no doubt, for the office-windows are lined with water-colour drawings,—a little the worse for inconstant weather and the ravages of flies—purporting to represent some of "the most desirable residences in the kingdom." There figure castellated mansions approached by noble avenues,—gentlemanly abodes standing in park-like grounds,—quiet retreats, pleasingly timbered,—Italian villas commanding sweeping prospects,—Elizabethan cottages secludedly situate,—each an Elysium in itself, and all well worthy the attention of the wealthy capitalist, the keen sportsman, the retired merchant, or the simple country gentleman.

So you are told in the boldly-written descriptions which hang on the walls inside, and more than this—if you choose to waste your time in reading them: everything offered there is in a healthy and favourite neighbourhood,—the locality is always greatly improving,—the situation is central, or, at the worst, easily accessible,—the present tenants are of undeniable respectability,—the investments are altogether most eligible, and possess the advantage of being peculiarly adapted to every possible requirement.—The rhetoric of the auctioneer is, in short, utterly exhausted in these *affiches*, and if they "fail to convey an idea of the actualities themselves," the fault is in the English language and in that alone.

Of the wine-merchant's calling the indications are not quite so prominently set forth,—"a compact thing" being preferable, in the opinion of Mr. Cutts, to "a great flare-up of a business." And something very compact lies hidden, without doubt, in those cellars of his in the vaults under the chapel-of-ease round the corner. They stand him in a high rent, of course, but what is that, as he says, to the security of his ports. "A *cul-de-sac*, sir, for wine, in London, is worth any money!" Behind that railed-off partition Mr. Cutts only keeps a few samples in small transparent flasks, like physic-bottles;—his "Stock" is "below, sir, below, down there, ever so far!" He is always ready to show it to every customer, but somehow or other "that infernal fellow," his clerk, has invariably gone out with the key. A few boards there are in the office labelled, as usual, "Pure St. Julien, 36s.,"—"Naked Amontillado, 42s.,"—"Dry sparkling Bouzy, 74s.," and so forth; but these afford only a very faint conception of the quantity of pure, naked, fruity, nutty, dry, sparkling, golden, choice, delicate, high-flavoured—he is almost tempted to say high-minded—vintages, which Mr. Thomas Cutts owns elsewhere. How he contrives to dispose of his enormous stock—for he tells you he is always "laying down" fresh quantities—is a mystery which can only be accounted for by one of two suppositions: he either gives away his goods, like those self-denying fellows the London linendrapers, or he throws them in as make-weights to complete transactions of a different nature. Perhaps if we were to knock at the private door and obtain for ourselves the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Thomas Cutts in his most private capacity, we might arrive at something like the truth in this matter, especially if one happened at the time to be very much in want of money, could offer good names as guarantees, and did not particularly object to pay sixty-five per cent. for the accommodation.

As the *penetrabilia* of Mr. Thomas Cutts have been named, let us realise the fact about knocking at the door, and suppose that they are thrown open to ourselves or somebody else.

The breakfast-things are not yet removed, and, from the *débris* on the table, as well as from his personal appearance, the inference is that Mr. Thomas Cutts is now in the enjoyment of a great many more of the luxuries of life than when he haunted the White Horse at Pimlico, or picked up a precarious existence by late hours in Jermyn-street. On his fingers are several rings (formerly he had but one, and that of doubtful value), his shawl dressing-gown is of the newest Persian pattern, and he wears his purple-velvet Fez with the air of a man who has just made his fortune by means of the *Crédit Mobilier*, the Royal British Bank, or some other intensely thriving operation of modern contrivance.

But he is not alone in his glory. The honours of the scene are shared by one of the softer sex—by Mrs. Cutts, in fact—though, in more than one sense, she is anything but soft. Yet if she lacks that feminine attribute, she possesses others which she finds no difficulty in substituting. Without being exactly what is called “une grande dame,” she understands perfectly well how to give herself airs; and in the art of setting people down, she is as skilful as a London cabman. You may call her uneducated if you like, but want of education has never been felt by her as any inconvenience: mother-wit has well supplied its place. Of her native tongue she has a perfect command, though she does not always use the choicest language, nor set much store by speaking it in its greatest purity; yet there are moments when, aiming at something like grace of expression, she does not disdain to borrow an occasional phrase picked up in foreign travel, of which she has seen a good deal. It would, perhaps, be censorious to say that she has no regard for truth; but even her best friends admit that she is a little—ever so little—disposed to romance. As to her personal habits, she is fond of show and expense, in her dress and in everything about her; but she gives to this inclination the name of “taste,” the appropriate adjective being suppressed. Although she affects to deplore the loss of her beauty, and calls herself a mere wreck, she has not entirely abandoned the belief that she has still some good looks left, nor is she altogether wrong. It is possible she may have made the most of her charms in early life, but under what circumstances, before she became the helpmate of Mr. Cutts, no one precisely knows. He could perhaps decide the question, but on that subject he is discreetly silent: there are antecedents of his own, of which, in all probability, his better half is not ignorant, and, moreover, he is supposed to be, what is popularly termed, under the lady’s thumb. Her union with “Cutts”—as she calls him, *tout court*—has familiarised her with many kinds of life, and when his condition has been at the worst, her genius has generally devised the means of putting him on his legs again. She is, in fact, by far the better man of the two, and to the daring of the male sex unites a disposition for intrigue, which, in point of *finesse*, essentially belongs to her own.

That Mr. Cutts places confidence in his wife is evident from their conversation.

“Is that from the Circus, Cutts?” asks the lady, turning her eyes for a moment from a gaudy parrot, which she is feeding, to a letter he has just put down.



"Yes, my love," replies her husband; "do you wish to see it?"

"I'd rather hear the contents. I never can make out Mr. A.'s handwriting. Read it!"

"There's not much to read. He's coming here to-day."

"About what, in particular?"

"The business I was telling you of last night."

"Will he advance the money?"

"Most likely. Though of course it depends upon what he thinks of the security."

"I wish he would, with all my heart, for I want a new shawl very badly. Indeed, I must have one. I saw a lovely Kincoob yesterday. Those Indian things are just my style."

"They do become you amazingly, my dear; is the figure heavy?"

"Never asked. Time enough for that when one's going to pay."

"Quite true, Kate. Well, I see no harm in your ordering one."

"Thankee, Cutts. I've done that already. And what's more, they've sent it home. You shall see it on presently and tell me how you like it. Don't scream so, Coco! I've no more to give you. I can't tell you, Cutts, how fond Coco is of these earth-nuts."

"As fond of them as you are of him."

"Not quite, for I wouldn't eat him, though parrot-soup is first-rate. That was what the poor dear old Markey de Klague said when he gave him to me. 'You shall never want a dinner, madame, while you have that bird.'"

"He liked a good dinner himself, did the Markey?"

"Yes, he was a complete Gastrom. He'd have made a capital cook."

"He was perfect, Kate, in one dish. No man could make a better *sauté*—that's to say, *sauter la coupe*."

"You're not bad at that, Cutts."

"I *can* do it, dear!"

"Yes, when standers-by are not too much on the *quiver*. A little more nerve and nobody could top you. I wish you had Mr. Brunton's *sangfroid*, but people of your complexion—By-the-by, how is he getting on? I have not seen or heard of him for an age!"

"As to seeing Brunton, no more have I; but I hear of him now and then from Mr. A., who says he's doing very well."

"What does he call 'well'?"

"Oh, quite orthodox. Steady as a church. Regular City-man. There's a talk of his starting on his own account very shortly."

"How came Mr. A. to take to him in the way he did?"

"That's more than I can say, though I brought them together. It's not easy to account for everything Mr. A. does. But you may be sure he had some purpose of his own to answer."

"Most folks have, Cutts, if they are at all in earnest. But for that, the chances are we shouldn't have been so thick with Mr. A., nor he with us."

"It has been profitable, Kate, on both sides. I find the clients, and he the cash. Some of his customers little think when they buy his curiosities, that they do it with the money he has himself advanced. Not that it would make much difference to *them*. So long as they finger the coin, the deuce a bit do they trouble their heads where it came from. This Lord Harry, now, is one of that sort."

"Isn't he the very tall man we saw in one of the stage-boxes at Covent Garden, the other evening?"

"The same, Kate. Safer to find him there than in the House of Commons."

"Is he so fond of the drama, Cutts?"

"Fond, Kate, of the most attractive part."

"Je comprends. Who is the attraction?"

"The new Juliet, I fancy."

"What, little Claribel! Who told you so?"

"Oh, a first appearance is always on Lord Harry's list, if she happens to be pretty."

"Indeed!"

Mrs. Cutts mused for a few moments, while her husband went on with the horse-column in the *Times*. Presently the lady spoke again:

"When do you expect Mr. A.?"

"At one o'clock."

"And Lord Harry and his friend?"

"At three."

"Very well. There will be plenty of time for me to get back. I want the brougham in half an hour. Don't let Lord Harry go till I return. You must introduce him to me—in a chance kind of way."

"Where are you going, Kate?"

"Never mind. I know."

"And that, I suppose, is enough for me. So be it! Have you any message for Mr. A.?"

"Yes. Tell him I am going to give a little party soon, and if he don't come himself, his girls must. Now ring and order the brougham."

Loan transactions are not of much interest to any but the parties immediately concerned. The conference between Mr. Cutts and his principal will, therefore, lose nothing by being left to imagination; neither will it advantage the reader much to know the terms agreed on with—on this occasion—the most punctual Lord Harry. There were, of course, a quantity of cases of champagne to be taken—some very choice specimens of rare old masters—a few hundred pounds' worth of shares in that safest of all speculations, the Conglomerated West of Ireland Peat-gas Company (unluckily, at that moment, at a discount, with "nothing" paid), and a *residuum* of cash which didn't quite come up to the borrower's expectations, considering the amount of bills which he gave in exchange. It was enough, however, Lord Harry trusted, to keep him going till he made his *grand coup*.

"You have a pretty house, Mr. a—a—Cutts," said his lordship, looking round after depositing the bank-notes in his pocket-book; "a very na-ice thing, indeed, hasn't he, Crooky?"

Mr. Coates Taylor replied, with a smile, that the lines of Mr. Cutts always fell in pleasant places—and the auctioneer smiled in return.

"Small, my lord, small, but remarkably convenient. Perhaps your lordship would do me the honour to walk round the premises. I have a picture or two worth looking at. There is a Tintoret in my dining-room which I will venture to say——"

Is it necessary to repeat what Mr. Cutts said about the Tintoret?

Every man in England, the owner of a square yard of spoilt canvas, says the same.

Lord Harry was in raptures, and Mr. Coates Taylor praised with discretion,—looking as if he praised.

"But the very best thing I have," continued Mr. Cutts, leading the way—"the gem, as I may call it, of my little collection, is a small Titian in the drawing-room. Allow me, my lord!"

He threw open the folding-doors as he spoke, and disclosed—a lady, who rose hastily from her chair.

"God bless me, my dear!" exclaimed Mr. Cutts, with well-feigned astonishment, "I thought we had the house to ourselves. Pardon me, my lord—Mrs. Cutts—Lord Harry FitzLupus, Mr. Coates Taylor—the picture I was speaking of——"

"A much more agreeable surprise than the a—a—finest Titian," said Lord Harry, gallantly. "Mr. Cutts was quite right! Quite a gem!—Pray don't leave us!"

"Really, my lord," replied the lady, curtseying, "I am so confused; I had no idea your lordship was in the next room. I have scarcely been here a moment myself." (She had been waiting in that Kincoob shawl and marabout-feathered bonnet a full hour.) "Mr. Cutts begged me before I drove round the park to secure a box to-night at Covent Garden, and I just looked in to tell him it was quite impossible. There's not a place to be had for love or money."

"Which theatre did you say?" inquired Lord Harry, with something like animation.

"Covent Garden, my lord."

"Oh, ah! The new Juliet. She's delicious. Have you a—a—seen her?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! The young lady is a connexion of ours. Poor thing, she has had very little time for society since she began to study for the stage, but whenever she has a leisure hour this house is quite a home to her. Thank goodness, the worst is over, and poor Claribel will be able to come to me now, I hope, very often. Will your lordship allow me to offer you some refreshment?"

"None, thank you! What a charming a—situation!" he added, walking towards a window.

"A very fair look out for London," negligently remarked the lady.

"Oh, but it's quite bew-ti-ful,—perfectly in the country,—trees and grass—and a—a—birds'-nests and everything. Exactly the kind of house I should like to live in."

Here he turned round to the auctioneer, who was talking, *sotto voce*, with Mr. Coates Taylor.

"Do you wish to part with this house, Mr. Cutts?"

"Proud to oblige your lordship, but sorry to say it can't be done: clause in the lease, house and business go together."

"What do you say, Harry, to partnership with our friend?" asked Coates Taylor, laughing.

"No objection, I'm sure! If Mr. Cutts will stay below, I shall be quite contented up here."

One expressive glance at Mrs. Cutts was returned by that lady, who also claimed the privilege of speaking *sotto voce*, and said:

"Your lordship will be always welcome whenever you do us the honour of a visit."

"Most happy," said Lord Harry, bowing.

"We have lived so long in Paris," continued Mrs. Cutts, "that our habits are quite continental. I always receive of an evening. Music sometimes, occasionally dramatic readings. It was only to-day I was asking my sweet young relative, whom your lordship saw at Covent Garden, to come in a quiet way on some off-night and go through one of her parts. If your lordship is partial to that kind of entertainment——"

"Nothing in the world I delight in so much," eagerly exclaimed Lord Harry; "my dear Mrs. Cutts—I will hold myself a—a—dis-engaged for any evening you are good enough to mention."

"I may send your lordship a note, then, when I know myself?"

"Depend on my coming."

Lord Harry FitzLupus and Mr. Coates Taylor then took leave.

When they got into the street, his lordship remarked to his friend, with emphasis,

"That's a davy'lish clevar woman, Crooky!"

"Very!" was the laconic reply.

"I can guess where you went," said Mr. Cutts to his wife, following the pair with his eye until they turned the corner. "I overheard your invitation."

Mrs. Cutts laughed and shook her head.

## IX.

### A MISALLIANCE.

LIFE is a series of compromises.

None are so placed as not to have been compelled—at one time or other—to accept with apparent willingness much that freedom of choice would unhesitatingly have rejected. There is a constant entanglement of motives, feelings, relations, interests, from which the most independent can never wholly liberate themselves. We are, in reality, so necessary to each other, that every attempt to trample down usage and establish a system apart from the universal law, ends only in more conspicuous failure, in a clearer exhibition of human helplessness.

This truth, taught by experience, seems often a hard one. Who does not sometimes think that had Circumstance—"that unspiritual god and miscreator"—been less inflexible, he might have shaped out for himself a brighter and happier career! Could he but have set aside all that was ignoble and compulsory in his earlier days, how different might have been the issue! A vain thought, except it assume the aspect of repentance, for it shuns the tests by which character is formed.

There are, however, conditions of existence which, if we cannot ourselves avoid, we may do our best to prevent those who come after us from enduring.

A thousand reasons are urged by the world against the contraction of misalliances, but that which ought to have the greatest weight—if ever reflection arose when passion filled the heart—is the consideration of the consequences entailed by them upon our children. On the man himself who

contracts a greatly unequal marriage, the evil may fall with comparative lightness. He may have money enough to be able—to a certain extent—to defy opinion and to do without the world; or he may be resolute enough to create or find “a world elsewhere.” But subject him to the common accidents of life, let him prematurely die, and whether he leave wealth or poverty behind, he assuredly leaves an inheritance of difficulty, of mortification, and sometimes, it may be, of shame.

It wanted little to complete all these conditions in the case of the mother of the young actress who has been mentioned by the name of Claribel.

Mary Fellowes was the daughter of a small tradesman in a market-town in Hampshire. Of three sisters, who were reckoned the *belles* of the place, she was the youngest and prettiest, and if she did not marry before she was nineteen, it was for no want of suitors, either of her own class or some degrees above it. None, however, that offered were acceptable to her, and to the surprise of all she still continued fancy-free.

The period when she was in the zenith of her maiden beauty was the era of amateur stage-coachmen, and on the line of road which ran through Mary's native town there was no such accomplished whip as a gentleman about eight-and-twenty years of age, who was called Mr. Page, though it was reported that he had been known in other parts of England by a different name, and some added, though this might be only gossip, that he had borne a title. Of his having once moved in a very different sphere from that which he now occupied on the box of “The Wonder,” there could be no doubt; his manners and conversation were those of one accustomed to the best society, and though all were charmed by his appearance, every one regretted that “such a perfect gentleman” should be so situated as to be obliged to drive a coach for his support. That this occupation was necessary to his existence was clearly shown by his taking the customary fee from the passengers, though it often happened that some of them from timidity, and others from meanness, would refrain from crossing his palm, till reminded in positive terms that he really was the coachman.

Mr. Page's personal appearance was strikingly handsome, and many a rosy smile—perhaps, at intervals, a sigh—greeted him along the road in the course of his daily transit. But there were no such smiles and no such sighs as parted the lips of Mary Fellowes. Up to the moment when “The Wonder” was expected—and at that moment it punctually arrived—you could not doubt, had you seen her, how much of happiness consists in expectation; from the moment of the departure of “The Wonder,” it was equally clear, to any who observed, that “joy's recollection was no longer joy.”

As none could look on Mary Fellowes without a feeling of admiration, it follows as by no means strange that her beauty attracted Mr. Page. A few hurried words, while “The Wonder” was changing horses, sufficed, in the first instance, for conveying a meaning which Mary perfectly understood; but these brief salutations, dearly as they might be prized, very soon ceased to satisfy either. To the stolen glance and the whispered word, succeeded letters, and these were soon followed by meetings, in which all that had been but half revealed was fully and irrevocably declared. But if mystery shrouded the connexion, guilt had no share in it. Mr. Page professed a love as honourable as it was ardent,—and the

end of the adventure was a private marriage, to which Mary's parents freely consented, the reasons urged by the lover being such as satisfied them of their expediency.

But what was kept a secret from Mr. Page's high connexions was none to the world in which he had cast his lot; there it was well enough known that Mary Fellowes was married to "the gentleman coachman;" and though it caused a considerable amount of heart-burning on a radius of at least twenty miles of road, the fact of the marriage was never contested, and Mr. and Mrs. Page lived happily and comfortably in a pretty cottage in a village close to the town which was the country terminus of his daily drive. In the intervals from occupation which Mr. Page was able to give to his beautiful young wife, he taught her by degrees to like much that for a long time he had neglected. In the quiet seclusion of domestic life, early habits and tastes were revived within him, and all he had once known he made it a labour of love to impart to Mary. She received his lessons eagerly, and her previous education having been a very fair one, considering her station, the progress she made was remarkable. Mr. Page bought her all the books for which he had money to spare—it must be confessed that they were chiefly works of imagination—and at the end of two years from her marriage, no one in all the country side was so familiar as Mary Page with the best English poets and dramatists. She had plenty of time for reading, her husband being necessarily absent during the greater part of the day, and the pleasure she had in displaying her newly-acquired knowledge on his return every evening was second only to that which she experienced in folding him again in her embrace.

A little interruption to her studies came at last, in the birth of her first and only child. Many a consultation had taken place before it was born as to the name it should be called by, the heroes of Byron and the heroines of Shakspeare being all severally marshalled, but finally the choice fell on none of these, for the new-comer, a girl, received a name which figures only as that of a person mentioned, not represented. She was christened Claribel,—after the sister of Miranda's Ferdinand, "she that was Queen of Tunis." It was a name that sounded sweetly, and sweet and fair was the infant on whom they bestowed it. How fond her mother was of her!—but even her fondness seemed to fade into mere instinct before the idolatry of Claribel's father. His love for Mary Fellowes had been a new existence,—that which he felt for his child created in him another nature. He had often alluded to the hope he cherished of being able one day to conciliate his proud family and induce them to acknowledge his wife, but now he spoke with more emphasis, declaring his resolve to compel them at no distant day to recognise his daughter. He would relinquish the profession he had adopted, realise his share in "The Wonder," go abroad for a time in order that a veil might be thrown over the past, and when he had duly prepared his relations—

Why cite a proverb to show the folly of calculating upon what any one will do a year hence? In the midst of his projects—projects listened to with rapt attention—the hand of death fell suddenly on him. On the very last journey he had meditated, and when within a mile from his own cottage, his team took fright, "The Wonder" was upset, and Mr. Page, dashed with fearful violence from his box, was picked up a corpse!

Five-and-twenty years ago the newspapers did not dissect a dead man's history with their present keen avidity. The daily journalist, in want of a theme, did not then inevitably seize upon the accidental death of a man of rank to point a moral or adorn a tale. The inquest was of brief duration, and the proceedings were as briefly told. The paragraph which stated the melancholy fact was seen by hundreds who little knew the real name of the victim: even those of his house and lineage who read it, yawned perhaps as they turned to something more interesting—the latest state of the odds, or the newest scandal—so that the unfortunate cause of their *examsi* passed away with no record save the simple stone in the churchyard of the village where he died, which was raised by his sorrowing widow.

This unforeseen and dire calamity at once shut out from her all hope of ever realising the bright future which her husband had pictured. Unreconciled himself to his family, what chance was there that an unknown woman could move them to sympathy? Nevertheless, when the first violence of her grief had abated, a sense of what was due to her husband's child prompted her to write to the head of the house with which Claribel was so closely connected, and in doing so she entered into such particulars as would, she thought, fully establish her daughter's claim to recognition. She might have spared herself the trouble. No answer was returned. After a long and anxious interval she wrote again, and then an answer came. The writer "knew nothing of the person referred to in the impudent letter which he had just received," and warned Mrs. Page that "any renewal of her application would be met by the measures usually resorted to for the punishment of imposture."

Friendless and forlorn, the desolate widow had no alternative but submission to the hard fate by which she had been visited. Youth and elasticity of mind were, however, still hers, and the strength infused by maternal love. With these aids she prepared to live and bring up Claribel as best she might. Three years had elapsed since her marriage, and in the mean time both her sisters had left home. Kate, the eldest, after involving herself in more than one questionable flirtation, had "accepted a situation"—of what kind was never precisely stated—and gone abroad with a "separated" lady of rank; Harriet, more prudent in her conduct, had married in her own class, and now lived with her husband, a tradesman, in one of the suburbs of London. Mrs. Page, therefore, returned to her father's house, and remained there during the lifetime of her parents, striving by all the means in her power, and not unsuccessfully striving, to qualify herself to be her daughter's teacher.

At the expiration of ten years, the deaths of her father and mother, within a few months of each other, caused another change. Mrs. Page had neither the kind of ability that was necessary, nor any desire to carry on their languishing business, and, stimulated by the vague hope that better prospects awaited her in London, readily yielded to the wish of her sister Harriet to remove to her neighbourhood. The confirmation or disappointment of that hope she did not live to see. Within two years of her removal Claribel was again an orphan.

What the circumstances were which made her choose the stage as her profession have yet to be told.

## A SUMMER IN THE SAHARA.\*

THE progress of the French military occupation towards the interior of Africa is replete with interest. A totally new state of things presents itself—new scenes, new associations, new circumstances. The gallant Gaul has to struggle against a complicity of evils, an overwhelming sun, scorching winds, suffocating sands, an impracticable population, and banishment beyond the remotest confines of civilisation. He is not only in the *pays de la soif*, but, what is worse, in the *pays de l'ennui*! But it is proverbial how a Frenchman finds consolation everywhere. M. F. de P., a young officer of engineers, posted at Guelt-Esthel, on the borders of the Sahara, comforted himself with the reflection that, after 150 to 200 days and nights spent in that frightful solitude, exile would have no secrets to unfold, or any *ennuis* that could be beyond his patience.

The barren, rocky, and sandy wastes called the Sahara contain a few scattered isle-like spots—oases or wadis in the desert—some of limited extent, with a spring or a well, a few stunted palms, a ruinous caravanserai, or a hut or two; others have a grove and a rivulet, soon exhausted in that arid land, and perchance an encampment; others, again, are blessed with more water, and people have congregated into a town or towns. There is a great deal in the latter expression—the hostility of races, sects, and families is carried among the Easterns from the tent to the town—if they congregate in a city, ten to one but there will be several populations at enmity, who will separate themselves into distinct quarters. Hence the pleasure derived from seeing civilisation progress among them—no matter at what cost.

El Aghouat, a town in the Sahara, which, with Tadjemout and Ain Mahdy, were the points of M. Eugène Fromentin's pilgrimage, was a notable example of the unhappy social condition of a town in the desert. Stretching from east to west along the crest of three distinct heights, the town is divided into three parts, the northern slope covered with houses, the southern more precipitous, with only houses here and there, with a plain to the north, and the boundless desert to the south.

The two lateral heights are each crowned with a tower and ramparts, while the central eminence is surmounted by a vast building of solid masonry, white, and without windows exteriorly. This was once the residence of the Khalif Ben Salem, and it is called Dar Sfah, or the house of rock, from the naked stone on which it is built. It is now a French hospital!

The Dar Sfah overlooked, and its khalif endeavoured to control, the two quarters of the town; the one inhabited by the Beni Salem, the other by the Ouled Serrin (properly, Aulad, sons or children). Each quarter had its distinct chiefs, habits, and interests, and each had been in open hostility with the other for centuries. They were separated by a low wall, in which a kind of Egyptian gateway had been constructed, and which was open or shut according to the state of truce or active hostilities that were going on between these two little jealous republics.

\* Un Été dans le Sahara. Par Eugène Fromentin.



These hostile towns were first united under Achmet Ben Salem, the last of the khalifs, who killed one Lakdar, chief of the Ouled Serrin, and remained master of the two towns. This was in 1828. Ten years afterwards, in 1838, the struggle recommenced. Great events were taking place in the south at that time; Abd-el-Kader was besieging Ain Mahdy, which held out under Tedjini the Marabut, the hero of the Ksours of the west. The Beni Salem having taken part with Tedjini, Abd-el-Kader abetted them in their combats against the Ouled Serrin. The nomades also interfered, and the warlike Al Arba furnished contingents now to one party and then to another, and sometimes to both at the same time.

There ensued a constant succession of struggles to gain superiority. One day an assault would be made by the Beni Salem, another by the khalifs or lieutenants of the Emir, each ending in a massacre and a flight. First it was the Beni Salem who took refuge with the Beni Nizab, and leaving El Aghouat in the hands of a Marabut, Al Arbi; a little later it was the same Al Arbi, expelled in his turn, and taking refuge in the little Kasr of El Assafia ("place of pebbles") with three hundred armed men, all that remained of the army of invasion with which he had been entrusted by the Emir. Skirmishes without number succeeded to one another, and lastly three regular battles were delivered before the walls of the city; and the last, lost by the partisans of the Emir, was fatal to his cause—already imperilled before Ain Madhy—cost Al Arbi his life, and left the power in the hands of the Beni Salem.

In 1844, one Achmet made offers of submission to the French in consideration of his appointment as khalif. A Marabut of olden times, one Si-el-Hadj-Aica, had already prophesied to the following effect:

"Listen, then; for you will devour one another like lions obliged to reside in the same cage, till the day when the Christians, the tamers of lions, shall come and take you all together and muzzle you."

In 1844, the advance-guard of a French column encamped around the tomb of that ancient Marabut, and Achmet established in his post, under French protection, it took its departure. Achmet being dead, he was succeeded by his son, who, being a minor, a kind of French regency was established. This lasted till one day the representative of the Beni Salem, the French regent, and the whole of the court had to fly in their chemises to Djelfa. The Sheriff of Ouaregla had taken possession of the city, and expelled the whole set.

At that moment a detachment was busy constructing a stronghold at Djelfa. The work was suspended, and the troops were ordered to march upon El Aghouat. It was joined by another column from El Biod, and the investiture of the place was finally effected, after a preliminary encounter of cavalry.

It so happened that the tomb of the prophetic Marabut commanded the tower of the Serrin half of the town. It became then an important position to hold, and it was bravely defended by the Arabs. The hill is covered with great rocks, behind which they placed themselves, lying flat, and firing away with terrible effect. It was only at a third assault, and after two repulses, that the place was taken. Then the sepulchral chapel of the holy man was thrown down and converted into a battery.

The final assault did not cost many lives. The gardens which surrounded the town were not obstinately defended; and as to the struggle,

which was prolonged in the town itself from house to house, it was desperate on the part of the Arabs, but brief and terrible only for them. Of the two thousand and some hundred bodies that were collected the next day, upwards of two-thirds were found in the city.

M. Eugène Fromentin arrived at this stronghold of the Sahara at a time when the traces of the siege were still fresh. Without the gardens were the evidences of an extensive bivouac: the places where the tents had been could be readily distinguished. There were vast masses of cinders and logs of unburnt wood lying about. Scattered straw and litter marked the place of the cavalry. M. C., an officer in the Turkish battalion, who acted as cicerone to M. Eugène Fromentin, told him that it was General (now Marshal) Pelissier's camp; that of General Yusuf was on the left bank of the Oued Lekier (Wad Lekiyya). In front was a vast sandy plain, where the cavalry combat of the 21st of November, 1852, had taken place.

Approaching the town, the deadly struggle of the 3rd of December, and the terrible slaughter that had followed upon the assault on the 4th, had imparted an aspect of desolation to all around, and a fetid odour contaminated the atmosphere. The dead Arabs had been thrown into wells, and the French had been hastily buried; so much so, that new bodies were daily exposed, torn out of their graves by the dogs. Close by lay the body of a Zouave: his arms were extended, his head was thrown on one side, tilted up by a heap of sand like a pillow. The upper portions of the body seemed as if mummified; he had still his red trousers on, and his legs, half buried in the soil, showed fragments of gaiters; he seemed as if about to issue forth from the ground, as is represented in a resurrection. Nothing but fragments of humanity were, indeed, met with the whole length of the road.

The aspect of the city itself was not much more enlivening. The great gate, with its immense wooden bolt and beams, made by the trunks of palm-trees, was still whole; a sentry of the Turkish battalion, in blue jacket and white turban, did duty, seated in the shade with his musket between his legs. Four other soldiers were sleeping on stone benches, their arms under their heads. The streets were so narrow that only one horseman could advance at a time. They were tortuous, and with slippery bare rock for pavement. They were bordered by grey walls without windows, and a square aperture for a doorway. Most of these bore traces of the recent conflict. The doors themselves were shut, as they say in France, *après décès*.

Further on, our traveller and his guide came to a few shops and coffee-houses. Here a few living beings were smoking in silence upon benches covered with mats, while the attendants watered the streets. A certain amount of shade was also obtained by sheds protruding across the narrow street. The goodly company who thus infused some animation into the city of the dead were Spahis—horsemen of the Mahkzen—and a sprinkling of Arabs, dressed in white, who had lately returned to the city. With this exception, a general silence prevailed in every direction. The garrison was asleep, so also were all the inhabitants.

"Such is El Aghouat at mid-day," said M. N., as he pointed out to his companion the house of the commandant, and associated with it the "House of Guests"—a house, the utter discomfort of which quite as-

tounded even our traveller, who had domiciled in a nest of scorpions at Bouchagroun, and with an ostrich and an antelope at Dar Dief. Here he was alone with that dry dung, chopped straw, and dust, the reminiscence of which haunts every traveller from the Orient—naked rooms and walls, a narrow rickety staircase, doors that neither closed nor fastened, a crumbling balcony, tenanted by innumerable lizards, mice, and snakes, and a terrace above, dusty when dry and muddy when wetted, but from whence a fine landscape could be obtained of three ranges of hills succeeding to one another: in the evening one was veined with gold and bronze, the other was lilac, and the third was amethystine blue.

The only sounds that came to interrupt this universal silence was the sweeping of the wind through the palm-trees, resembling the murmur of the sea; and at ten at night the bugles of the garrison were sounded.

"Come," said our traveller, "I am not quite out of France!"

So, bidding good night to his two attendants, he resigned himself to rest after a long and a hot day's fatigue. But he had reckoned without his host, for "the House of Guests" was full of other smaller visitors, upon whose presence he had not reckoned.

Like all the towns in the desert, El Aghouat is built on a plan which consists in diminishing space for the sake of shade. It is a mass of narrow streets, lanes, courts, and arched passages, arranged without any order or ruling principle. If a pedestrian meets a caravan of camels in one of these narrow streets he has no chance but to return, or make his way between their legs, or wait in a doorway till they are all gone, which may be an hour's time. There is, however, one continuous street, which extends from the Bab-el-Cherqui to the Bab-el-Gharbi: it is the street of traffic, the only one in which shops are to be met with—these shops being coffee-houses, and small places for the sale of linen and woollen goods, held by *Mzabites*. The people so called are the Jews of the Desert; they are given to industrial and commercial pursuits solely, and are proportionately despised by the Arabs. They also manufacture the coarse articles of jewellery current among the tribes of the desert.

Within this town there is also—a thing without which it would probably have never been in the Sahara—a spring. It has its origin at one of the angles of the market-place, whence it flows down a narrow street, which is, with the principal street before described, occupied by coffee-houses. The sight of water is so grateful to the eye, that it is, in fact, the fashionable street of El Aghouat, the place where, our author says, "*Je passe la soirée en compagnie des jeunes élégants du pays, le seul point qui soit animé, et cela grâce au ruisseau.*" Yet its charms were not unexceptionable. "It is," says the same authority, "a little muddy, dark-coloured ditch, little calculated to comfort the eye from the universal aridity, and which may be said, without ingratitude, is little less encouraging for thirst." To this little source half the female population of the town went every day, as soon as the sun began to decline, in search of water, and the children accompanied them on this their only out-door walk. It was, therefore, a study for an artist, and M. Eugène Fromentin appears to have thoroughly enjoyed it as such. "If," he justly intimates, "the dress was less brilliant than at Constantine, was it not also better suited to the medium in which it was exhibited?"

M. Eugène Fromentin entertains, be it observed, *par parenthèse*, many

paradoxical views in matters of art; one of the not least amusing of which has reference to the old masters, whom it is the fashion to decry in France, since that country has come in contact with the East in Africa, as disfiguring the Bible, by depriving it in their pictures of all local colour. The patriarchs must have lived as the Arabs do, tending their sheep, dwelling in tents, travelling on camels; manners, habits, and dress must have been pretty nearly what they still are. The daughters of the shepherd Laban were not dressed like the daughters of Greek kings, as they are depicted by Raphael and Poussin, and in such hands the Bible is a dead thing.

To this pre-Raphaelite argument, transferred across La Manche as if fresh from Algeria, M. Eugène Fromentin replies by saying that "men of genius are always in the right, whilst men of talent are often in the wrong. To put the Bible in costume is to destroy it; it is like dressing up a semi-god; it is making a man of it. To identify it with a known place is to make it contradict its own spirit; it is to translate into history an ante-historical book. As the idea must be presented in some tangible shape, the masters felt that to deprive it of all form, simplify it to the utmost, and to suppress all local colour, was the only way of keeping as close as possible to truth. *Et ego in Arcadia*. Are they Greeks? is it Arcadia? Yes and no: no, for the drama; yes, in the sense of the eternal tragedy of human life."

"Outside of the general idea, then, no truth is possible in pictures drawn from our origin; and it will most indubitably be necessary to renounce the Bible, or to express it as Raphael and Poussin have done."

That such arguments should have been penned by some anti-Bohemian of the Place St. Sulpice, dwelling in the very odour of the incense of Catholicity, would not have surprised us; but they certainly do astonish us when propounded by one who has just crossed the Tel to penetrate into the Sahara. It was not worth while going so far to contemplate the beautiful simplicity of Arabian life, and the outward manners, so creditable to humanity when compared with those of the dwellers in more civilised countries, to arrive at a conclusion that truth is not truth—that Rachel is still Rachel as the daughter of *Œdipus*—and that Laban is still Laban in Greek costume, with a mediæval crook!

An equally amusing notion was obtained from studying the evening crowd at the spring of El Aghouat. "People," says our artist traveller, "with loose dresses present nothing that can be compared with the poverty without resources of a close-fitting dress that has holes in it. They preserve so much that is heroic, that badly or well, still they are clothed; and in this respect they somewhat resemble divinities, for a little more and they would be as naked as them."

Never was an artist placed under greater difficulties to obtain sitters than was M. E. Fromentin at El Aghouat. In the first place, the Arab family is so constituted, that the husband, wife, and children are never to be found together, but each must be taken when and where met with. Then, again, a painter is a thing detested in the desert, and men, women, and children had as much aversion to such as to the evil eye. They designated our artist, indeed, by a name only a little more opprobrious than thief. Then, again, there were no young women at El Aghouat. Married at twelve, the little girls are either children or

mothers. In a country where everything ripens quickly, and fades as quickly, there is no intermediate age between childhood and womanhood, or between womanhood and old age. M. Fromentin made frantic efforts to obtain the confidence of a naked-headed girl, of graceful outlines and beautiful proportions, with lustrous black eyes, quick and revengeful as a wild cat, but it was all in vain. Day after day he waylaid her on her way to the fountain, and offered money. She would take the money after a time, and then bound away like a frightened gazelle, with a laugh, in which fear was strangely mixed up with contempt. At the fountain it was still worse, for there she denounced the artist to the mothers and children, and their hostility soon manifested itself in such an unmistakable manner, that the artist had no alternative left but to take himself off as quickly as possible.

It has been said of the Arab that he passes his life "in smoking and doing nothing;" but this is not the case at El Aghouat. The Arabs of that place do not smoke. In this peculiarity they resemble the Wahabites. Hence M. Fromentin makes a strange mistake in applying to the whole of the East that which belongs to El Aghouat and to Derareh—the stronghold of the Wahabites in the Nesjd. "A town in the desert is," he says, "an arid and burnt-up place, which Providence has, in an exceptional manner, supplied with water, and where the industry of man has created shade; the fountain where are the women, and the shade in the street where men sleep, such are the common-place features which, nevertheless, resume all the East." It would have been more correct to say, "the out-of-door life of a captured city in the Sahara."

The great central street, before described, was our artist's boulevard. The day began on it on the left side, and finished on the right; and even then it required a little dexterity to avoid the perpendicular rays of the sun, and the loiterer had often to lean against the wall for safety's sake. As for walking or standing out of the shade, it would make the very dogs scream as if exposed to a furnace heat. The pictures presented for the canvas were thus the reverse of what they are in Europe; they were all made up of shade, with a dark centre and corners of light—a sort of transposed Rembrandts: nothing could be more curious or more mysterious. The shade in a country of light is almost a palpable thing. It is dark, and yet transparent, like deep waters; and figures float in it as in a limpid atmosphere, amidst which the outlines fade away.

Our artist admired the Arabs in their boulevard. Their very idleness, their pictures when asleep, are skilfully depicted. There was always dignity in all their attitudes and in all their positions. The grandiose aspect of these people is not, he says, represented in the anecdotic painting of our times. Even their features were imposing, although coarse, and they preserved the beauty of sculpture even when the outline was incorrect. The beard was especially well placed. A dark beard on a white face looks like a wig, or an imposition; but the beard of an Arab passes into his brown flesh by an insensible gradation. The nose is straight, the mouth fleshy and prominent, the cheeks and the frame of the eye are robust; every feature is upon the same scale, and looks as if come from a superior mould.

Our artist was more successful with the gentlemen than with the ladies; among the former he gradually established a few acquaintances.

Among these was a lame and one-eyed old hunter of ostriches and antelopes, who could tell of his exploits in the far-off interior. After an evening spent at his house, he would, accompanied by the lieutenant, go to the café of Djeridi, "*le cercle le mieux fréquenté d'El Aghouat*," and where Aouimer, a handsome youth, would play to them on the flute, or go through the evolutions misnamed dancing; the lieutenant gravely smoking his cigarette all the while.

"I leant towards him," the artist relates, "and I said, 'What are you thinking about?'"

" 'Nothing,' he answered.

" 'What do you think of the night?'"

" 'I think that one gets accustomed to it. But, my dear friend, if every night that it was hot, and that I have had to be upon guard, and I was tolerably comfortable, I had thought of anything, I should have become too great a philosopher to be a soldier.' "

At length, one by one, the company began to depart, and many had fallen asleep. It was half-past three in the morning.

" 'Let us go to bed,' said the lieutenant.

" 'Where?' I inquired.

" 'On the square, if you like.' And taking each of us a mat from out of Djeridi's coffee-house, we went and finished the night *sur la place d'armes*."

The Saharians love their country, with its burning sun, cloudless sky, and silent expanse of land bathed in light, just as much as the Esquimaux love theirs with five months of perpetual darkness. They are, no doubt, accustomed to it. It differs from Algiers and from Egypt. It is essentially a hot and dry country. In Algiers and in Egypt the nights are moist, and the soil transpires. In the Sahara the soil is clear, and always the same; there is ever the same contrast of white and yellow patches, of rose-coloured mountains, and of a clear blue in the vast expanse beyond; and when the side opposite to the setting sun is gilded, the base becomes violet, passing into a leaden hue. But the horizon is always clear and distinct. There is little or no mirage.

One of the places most frequented by our artist was the tower on the eastern heights, from whence he could enjoy the vision of town, gardens, mountains, oasis, and desert, undisturbed. At daybreak, seen from that favourite spot, the whole country was roseate-hued with patches of peach-blossom colour. The white marabuts in the date groves glittered in the morning air, and vague sounds indicated that here, as elsewhere, all countries have a joyful awakening. First came flights of gangas (desert grouse), always the same advance-guard, followed by the same battalions, flying quickly, screaming discordantly, and all speeding their way to the Ras al Ayun—"the head of the springs." In about an hour's time they return in the same order. By that time morning is over, and the country has become yellow; the town alone remains grey, in the patches of dark shadow. At mid-day the pasteboard is bent up as if held before a hot fire, and the colour-box crackles as if it was burning. There are now four hours, "*d'un calme et d'une stupeur incroyables*." The city sleeps below, like a great, dumb mass of a violet hue. The oasis beneath is just as silent. It is weighed down, as it were, under the pressure of the sun. The desert at that hour is trans-

formed into an obscure plain. The only moving things are an occasional caravan, the camels coming over the sandy heights like a line of black dots, or a column of sand that rises suddenly from the plain like a tall spire, moves a short distance, turning all the time upon itself, and then disappears in a thin smoke. The day is long, and it finishes as it began, with roseate hues and an amber-coloured sky. Doves and sparrows begin to sing in the groves, human beings show themselves upon the terraces of the houses, the sound of camels and horses is heard, the Desert assumes the aspect of a great golden plate, the sun goes down behind violet mountains, and night comes on.

It is not to be supposed that a European can brave with impunity what a native cannot do. If a man exposes himself where an hyperborean finches, epileptic fits pay his imprudence; if a traveller thinks he can spend days contemplating the changes of colour in a Saharian desert, he will soon find out his mistake. At first our artist began to be inconvenienced by what he considered to be a kind of inebriety, produced by too much light. It seemed as if the amount of light that he had absorbed would not leave him; if he closed his eyes, he saw nothing but flames of fire; if he went to sleep, his brain was all alight with meteors flitting across it. A crisis was approaching; and the next day, while painting away at his usual spot, everything began to look blue, and then he saw nothing at all. He waited patiently for a quarter of an hour, his eyes closed, to recover himself, and when he reopened them, he could just see enough to creep back to his house, where he was laid up with a severe illness. It is only wonderful that he was not struck down with a brain fever; and, with no one near him, it is difficult to say what might not have been the consequences. As it was, he was let off lightly.

Sickness gave him time now to describe his apartment. The scenery was more limited, but not less peculiar than that of the open air. The walls were clothed with flies from top to bottom. The mice ran about perfectly unconcerned. House-lizards, which he calls *tarentes*, ran about with little playful shrieks, something like the mice, but softer, while rarer snakes uttered more sinister noises. The lizards were flat, yellowish, viscous-looking creatures, with triangular heads and clear eyes; the snakes were also yellow, with black bands and spots like curved horns, whence their name *guern-ghazel* (horns of gazelles). At night-time the room was full of bats.

In the midst of his sickness, the sad feeling oppressed our artist that he had suffered so much and done nothing. The one-eyed hunter; Ya-Hia, a perfumed, taciturn Arab, divested of prejudices; a little Jew; one or two good-for-nothing fellows, picked up in the streets, and brought in by force, were all the persons whom he had got to sit. No amount of money would tempt either men or women to allow their beauty to be transferred to paper or pasteboard. Worse than all, his anxiety to get *croquis* had been attributed to other motives, and he had become suspected by all the husbands of the city.

When he had somewhat recovered his health, he wisely changed his habits; and as he could not stay at home and sleep all day in company with his flies, his mice, his lizards, and his snakes, he took walks in the gardens, and at times slept under the shadow of a fig-tree. But the

interest of the place was gone. He could get no more sketches, and he prepared to start for Ain Mahdy. His departure was not effected, however, without an unpleasant incident. He was robbed of all his money by his Arab servant, and it was only through the exertions of his friend the lieutenant that he obtained a small portion of it back, and the punishment of the delinquent.

The good lieutenant accompanied the artist also on his last excursion. They took with them Aouimer, the flute-player, and Ben Ameur, a big, sleepy Arab, and at starting they pressed a boy into their service, because he knew the road. A night on the desert, and a cavalcade of the nomade tribe of Arba, whose young chief saved himself from the unpleasantness of having to return the salutation of infidels by making his horse restive, and they arrived at Tadjemout. It was a poor town, ruined by the siege it had undergone; burnt, arid, desolate, and apparently invaded by the solitude of the desert. They were received at the house of the Kaid, and the inhabitants of the town crowded so to see the strangers, that a poor swallow that had to feed six young ones immediately over the divan, could not make its way in and out without the chief calling out each time, *Balek, make way!*—a consideration for the comfort of the bird which, unfortunately, did not extend itself to the visitors.

The rivulet to which Tadjemout owes its existence loses itself in the sands like its congener at El Aghouat. A tolerable stream in winter, its bed becomes almost dry in summer. Ascending to the heights occupied by the ruinous Kasbah, or acropolis, our artist saw before him the same gardens and groves, the same horizon of naked, burnt, stony rocks, backed by yellow or ash-coloured mountains, the same green islands of gardens and groves, the same mass of houses huddled in a heap, stupified, crushed, beneath a mid-day sun as at El Aghouat. The only thing that resists these tremendous heats, which dry up the rivers and springs, and give to few the time to grow old, is the green colour of the foliage—a green for which our artist could find no correct expression on his palette—and the dark emerald contrast of which, with all around, is rendered the more striking from the trees growing out of a naked soil. These gardens, dried up at the foot, and so green at the tops, constitute the wealth and the joy of Tadjemout.

After breakfasting at Tadjemout, the party crossed a level, stony plain to dine at Ain Mahdy. A well-trod pathway communicated directly from the one town to the other. It was El Aghouat and Tadjemout over again—a solitary city, massive, crushed, swelling up gently in the centre, of a brown colour, marked by two lighter points near its heart. Without was a wall of solid masonry, the gardens being also enclosed within a lesser wall; and a very lofty and imposing gateway led the way to the heart of the city.

Ain Mahdy is a holy place, and it differs in aspect from other desert towns. Some of its streets were wide, tolerably paved, and clean. Moorish buildings recalled the mosques and places of more favoured countries, and the shrine of the Marabut Tedjini had especial claims to admiration. The whole place reminded our artist of Avignon, not so much in the aspect of things as in the sense of a grave, austere sanctity, its feudal character of abbey and fortress united. This holy city of the



Sahara has no river ; it has only the source whence it derives its name, and the site of which is marked by a pile of white masonry, placed between the town and the mountain. The waters are brought to a reservoir at the Bab-el-Sakia, and, in the same manner as at El Aghouat, distributed to the gardens by a functionary, who regulates the said distribution by means of an hour-glass of sand. Abd-el-Kader besieged Ain Mahdy for nine long months, but it was so bravely defended by Tedjini that he only gained possession by strategy. Its massive ramparts are still in perfect keeping, and in this respect, as well as in many others, it presents a vast difference over the fallen, ruinous cities of El Aghouat and Tadjemout. Our artist refrained, with exceeding good taste, from endeavouring to visit the interior of the mosques. "To penetrate further than is permitted into the life of the Arab, is," he justly remarks, "a mistaken curiosity." They are a people who must be contemplated from the distances that are understood ; the men closely, the women from afar ; the bed-room and the mosque are neither to be seen, or described, or painted. To this we may add that a very common error obtains among travellers—that of treating Arabs and Turks, if not as semi-savages, at least as persons to whom the courtesies of society are unknown. There are, on the contrary, no people, with all their peculiarities of dress, manners, and religion, who are more sensitive on the score of conventional politeness ; they are perfectly aware of what is due to themselves and to their visitors, and for the latter to withhold from them what they would freely grant to Europeans under the same circumstances, is at once rude, impolitic, and calculated to lower them in the estimation of all present. A serious injury is, indeed, often inflicted upon national interests in the East by persons who, as ignorant of the character, feelings, and customs of Orientals as they are of their language, assume airs of arrogant superiority which would not be tolerated in any country of Europe.

Two days of the austerity of the holy city in the Sahara satisfied our author's curiosity—no doubt his means of obtaining sketches in a stronghold of Mussulman prejudices were even fewer than at El Aghouat—so he returned to the latter city, from whence his last letter, dated in the dog days, represents him as filled with one sole idea, which sat upon him like a nightmare, and which it was in vain to endeavour to drive away—it was the idea of a great bowl or pailful of clear, fresh, cold water to drive away the thirst which had taken possession of him, and held the mastery over all his thoughts and all his occupations !

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## Mingle-Mangle by Monks'hood.

### RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS:

#### II.—RONSARD.

TOWARDS the middle of the sixteenth century—to follow the lead of a recent historian of French Literature—a young gentleman of Vendôme, page to the Duke of Orleans, Pierre de Ronsard by name—compelled by premature loss of hearing to quit the court, shut himself up, together with young Baif, his friend, and two others named Belleau and Muret, in a college, the headship of which had just been conferred on the learned Durat. A new ambition had taken possession of our ex-page; that of introducing into the vulgar tongue all the majesty of thought and expression which he admired in the ancients. He communicated both his plan and his enthusiasm to his newly-attached condiscipuli. One and all set themselves to the work with exemplary spirit. “Ronsard,” his biographer tells us, “having been brought up at court, and accustomed to late hours, used to continue at his books until two or three in the morning; and then, on betaking himself to bed, would arouse young Baif, who, jumping up and seizing the candle, lost no time in taking his place.” This severe discipline and laborious preparation lasted during seven entire years. Already the renown of these travelling scholars began to be bruited abroad; already—sure sign of the public disposition and expectation—was Ronsard hailed with complaisance by the eponym of Homer, and of Virgil, when the manifesto of the new school was published—its author being Joachim Dubellay. This herald of the advent dispensation began by “rehabilitating” the French language, hitherto held in contempt by the learned, and by showing that its future might make full amends for the weakness of its past. “Our ancestors,” Dubellay said, “have left us our mother tongue in a state so poor and naked that it has need of ornaments and, if I may so express myself, of other birds’ plumage. But who will assert that Greek and Latin were at all times in the condition of excellence which distinguished them in the ages of Horace and Demosthenes, of Virgil and Cicero? Our own language is now beginning to blossom, but not as yet to bear fruit; and this, assuredly, not from any inherent defect in it, but by the fault of those who have had charge of it.” By what means, then, can the development of this hitherto shackled language be encouraged and hastened on? Answer: by imitating the ancients. “To translate, is not a sufficient means of elevating our popular diction to the level of the most celebrated languages. What is to be done then? Imitate! Imitate the Romans, as they imitated the Greeks, as Cicero imitated Demosthenes, and Virgil Homer. One must transform within one’s own mind the best authors, and after having digested them, convert them into blood and nourishing fare.” “Read then, first of all, and read over again, O future poet, the Greek and Latin classics: relinquish all this old French poetry . . . your rondeaux, ballads, virelays, *chants royaux*, *chansons*, and the like grocery-ware, which only serve to deprave the taste of our literature and

to bear witness to our ignorance. Toss away your dainty epigrams in the manner of Martial . . . and sing me some ode, unknown as yet in the French tongue, on a lute well tuned to the pitch of the Greek and Latin lyre, and let us have nothing but what shows veritable traces of rare and antique learning." And then Dubellay bids his readers On, Frenchmen, on! seize upon the superb city of Rome, and appropriate its spoils, heedless of remonstrant geese and treacherous Camillus: on, Frenchmen, on! and pillage without remorse the sacred treasures of Delphi, fearless of its now dumb Apollo and its now lying oracles. Such is the tone of Dubellay's "Defence and Illustration of the French Language"—which Defence comprises the entire literary reform of the sixteenth century, and may be summed up under two leading features: the ennobling of the language, by an infusion of words and imagery borrowed from the ancients; and the ennobling of the national poetry, by an introduction of the kinds sanctioned by the same authority. Dubellay had drawn up the programme, Ronsard was the first and the boldest in carrying out its purpose and promise of good things to come. He began by a hardy essay to create incontinently a new poetical diction. He went out into the highways and byways of Greece and Rome, for words that might serve his turn, and compelled them to come in. He was solicitous, at the same time, to borrow from the different *patois* of France—thus turning into a law what was merely a licence with Montaigne. The instinct of unity peculiar to his nation, however, foiled his design in this attempt; and he confessed that France, now submissive to one crowned head, would no longer approve of a confusion of tongues. And in other respects, too, Ronsard, with all his daring, struggled against impossibilities. Languages are not formed in a day. They are alluvial strata, the slow product of time; towering pyramids, to which day by day contributes its stone. The French people as they grew, made a language for themselves; as they gradually ennobled their ideas, they at the same time ennobled the forms of expressing them; and fifty years later, the popular stem of Marot blossomed forth naturally under the hand of Malherbe, by the side of Ronsard's artificial flowers, already faded and crumbling to dust.\*

A grammatical revolution of this kind would have been best consolidated, as M. Demogeot remarks—if indeed anything else could have effected it—by some immortal poem, such as Dante's, to give vitality to the poet's language and ideas at once. This, Ronsard understood, and tried to accomplish. "He introduced into France all the forms of ancient poetry, and first in rank the ode and epic poem. Unfortunately he brought to these labours the same principle of imitation which marked his innovations in diction, and the fallacy of the system was only still more apparent. He created his poems as the Book of Genesis creates man: he in the first place made the body, reserving to himself for some future time the inspiring it with a living soul. Not in this manner is true poetry composed: its law is, to produce a living germ which radiates from within outwards, and projects its own form. The odes of Ronsard resemble those panoplies in our museums which present to our eyes the complete armour of a hero of yore: casque, cuirass, buckler, nothing is wanting, except—the warrior who should wear them. Not that the poet

\* Demogeot: *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, ch. xxvii.

is wanting in enthusiasm ; but there is nothing more than *solution de continuité* between his thought and his form, the one not being the direct and immediate effect of the other : if inspiration gives the idea, memory alone produces the expression. The sentiment is chilled by a restless imitation of the old classics. What Ronsard wants, is not a model, but a copy, to every line of which he will punctiliously adhere. Even his most genuine thought, instead of following out its natural inclination, and hollowing out a winding channel of its own, imprisons itself within the ancient marble whence spouted forth, in another age, the waters of Horace and Virgil."

Ronsard became, however, the legislator and oracle of his age, in the province of poetical laws and letters. Toulouse sent him a silver Minerva. His verses, M. Charles reminds us, charmed the prison of Mary Stuart, who gratified him with a massive rock of silver workmanship, representing the Mount of Parnassus itself ; and her ill-fated lover, Chastelard, is said to have repeated Ronsard's verses as he ascended the scaffold to which his rash passion had hurried him. Belon, a celebrated botanist and ichthyologist, preserved his life, during the civil wars, by establishing to the satisfaction of the soldiers who had taken him, his relationship to *ce grand monsieur de Ronsard*. Saint Gelais was reduced to silence. The old poetry of France was dead-beat. Gothic allegory was dethroned. Marot passed for a superannuated author. Ronsard numbered among his admirers Scævola, Muret, Scaliger, and Du Perron. The judicious De Thou, the sensible L'Hopital, Henri II., Henri III., each of whom piqued himself on his literary turn ; Charles IX., a man of intelligence though a bad king ;—these and others placed Ronsard on a level with the greatest geniuses in the world's annals. Tasso himself came to solicit his advice, and to pay homage to his old age. Queen Elizabeth sent him a diamond of great value. His praises were sounded in every tongue, ancient and modern. And as if to consecrate this idolatry for all time, and to prove the weakness of contemporary judgments, and the uncertainty of criticism, even at the best, Montaigne, that man of independent genius, who judged his age so well—backed Ronsard with one stroke of his pen against all antiquity, and declared that by Ronsard's exertions French poetry had, then and there, touched the uttermost limits of possible perfection.\*

It is not with any of the extravagance of romance, therefore, that the Admirable Crichton is made to exclaim, in a modern popular romance, at the conclusion of a song by Ronsard, in the king's banquet-chamber, " Bravo ! the strains we have listened to are worthy of him who has won for himself the proud title of the *Poète Français, par excellence* ; of him who will enjoy a kindred immortality with the Teian and Mæonian bards ; of him whom beauty has worshipped and sages honoured ; and to whom one fairer than the fairest nymph of antiquity—the loveliest pearl of Scotia's diadem has inscribed her priceless gift—

' A RONSARD l'Apollon de la source des Muses.'

Happy bard ! upon whom such a queen hath smiled. Not Alain Chartier, upon whose melodious lips, when closed in sleep, Margaret of Scotland

\* Philarète Charles : Progrès de l'Erudition dans la Poésie Française.

impressed a burning kiss; not Clement Marot, the aspiring lover of Diane de Poitiers, and of the royal Marguerite, was so much to be envied."—The same romance, by-the-by, incidentally brings in not a few of Ronsard's personal characteristics—for example, his love of the table, attested by his gout, and by the delight he manifests when the Abbé de Brantôme loads his plate with a ragout of ortolans. There is a graphic sketch, too, of his appearance in his later days, of which the reader may like to have a glimpse: "Age, and perhaps the life of sensuality he was known to have led, had committed sad havoc upon the once well-favoured person of the poet Ronsard. He was no longer the *beau page*, whose manner fascinated James of Scotland, and, perchance, his queen. He now complained both of ill-health and years. Such locks as remained had become 'sable silvered.' His tint of skin was dull and deadly pale; and so grievously tormented was he with his old enemy the gout, that he was compelled to support his frame, at least on the present occasion, upon a crutch. Nevertheless, though gross of person, the countenance of the poet was handsome and intelligent, and, except when an awkward twinge crossed it, expressive of good humour."\*

On his death in 1585, at the age of sixty, a "funeral service was performed in Paris with the best music that the king could command; it was attended by the Cardinal de Bourbon and an immense concourse; eulogies in prose and verse were recited in the university; and in those anxious moments, when the crown of France was almost in its agony, there was leisure to lament that Ronsard was withdrawn."† It is neither out of place, nor out of taste in Mr. Hallam to recal, in connexion with this scene, an event in the contemporary life and literature of our own land: How differently attended was the grave of Spenser!

The German critic, Bouterwek, whose *Geschichte der Pösie* contains much that is sound as well as severe on the merits of French poetry, fully recognises Ronsard's "mission," in raising the tone of versification above the rhyming platitudes of allegorical poetasters; and fairly describes, amid all his mistakes, a spirit intent on pursuing the lofty, the excellent, and the refined. Mr. Hallam, again, pronounces Ronsard capable of conceiving strongly, and bringing his conceptions in clear and forcible, though seldom in pure or well-chosen language before the mind. "But such a spirit may produce very bad and tasteless poetry." Malherbe is said to have scratched out about half from his copy of Ronsard, giving his reasons in the margin; and on being asked by Racan whether he approved what he had not effaced, to have replied, "Not a bit more than I do of the rest." Malherbe once predominant, the fate of Ronsard was sealed. "The pure correctness of Louis XIV.'s age was not likely to endure his barbarous innovations and false taste. Balzac not long afterwards turns his pedantry into ridicule, and, admitting the abundance of the stream, adds that it was turbid. In later times more justice has been done to the spirit and imagination of this poet, without repealing the sentence against his style"—a sentence, in fact, from which there is no appeal, so unanimous and decisive are the high courts of criticism on this disposed-of question. Not but that admiring champions have arisen, at intervals, to resent the slight passed on Pierre de Ronsard by out-and-out

\* "Crichton," ch. i.

† Hallam: *Literature of Europe*.

Malherbites. Sainte Beuve, for instance, in his young days, stood forth, "in all humility," as an avowed defender and partisan of the old poet, taking his stand, as he expressed it, immediately below Mesdemoiselles Gournay and Scudery, and Chapelain and de Colletet:

A toi, Ronsard, à toi, qu'un sort injurieux  
Depuis deux siècles livre aux mépris de l'histoire,  
J'élève de mes mains l'autel expiatoire  
Qui te purifiera d'un arrêt odieux.

Non que j'espère encore, au trône radieux  
D'où jadis tu régnaï, replacer ta mémoire.  
Tu ne peux de si bas remonter à la gloire:  
Vulcain impunément ne tomba point des cieus.

Mais qu'un peu de pitié console enfin tes mânes;  
Que, déchiré long-temps par des rires profanes,  
Ton nom, d'abord fameux, recouvre un peu d'honneur;

Qu'on dise: Il osa trop, mais l'audace était belle;  
Il lassa sans la vaincre une langue rebelle,  
Et de moins grands depuis eurent plus de bonheur.

It is easy to understand the welcome accorded to Ronsard in his day and generation. Then was the first time, as M. Sainte Beuve observes, that the physiognomy of the past seemed to revive in the popular idiom, and the world of letters hailed the poet with that kind of complaisance and weakness which we are apt to feel for one who reproduces or recalls to us traits we have held in reverence. Ronsard fashioned his sonnets after those of Petrarch, his odes after those of Pindar and Horace, his songs after those of Anacreon, his elegies after Tibullus, his *Franciade* after the *Æneid*—employing in these imitations just enough of nerve and individual life to hit the taste of the times.\*

It was the misfortune of Ronsard, says M. Villemain, to indulge in a system of strange pedantic imitations. He could indite an *ode-chanson*, sometimes, or an occasional sonnet, with grace and even with an air of ease; but he only made a caricature of enthusiasm and poetry, when he tried to introduce at once the mythology, the digressions, and almost the very Greek words of Pindar.†

M. St. Marc Girardin, again, points out the coexistence of two distinct persons, as it were, in Ronsard—(the same remark is extended to Dubellay also)—the lettered scholarly poet, on the one hand, who imitates the ancients and the Italians; and, on the other, the man who, in his amours or in his manner of describing them, gives play to the natural tendency of his own (and the national) *esprit*. He is gay and piquant in the latter case. But when he sets himself to the work of *la grande poésie*, and poetises with premeditation and on system, then does Ronsard fall into the very errors he had just been girding at, and his love-strains become affected, obscure, languid; then he imitates Petrarch, the Italians of the sixteenth century, and above all the ancients—but the imitation is that of pedant, not poet. Take, for example, his three books of amours, of which the first is the worst, because this first book, entitled "Cas-

\* Sainte Beuve: *Tableau de la Poésie Française au XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle*.

† Villemain: *Cours de Littérature Française*. Deuxième Leçon.

sandre," after Priam's daughter, is full of imitations, Greek, Latin, and Italian. (This, by the way, is the work which Ben Jonson alludes to in his "Underwoods," where he asks, midway in a mixed multitude of similar queries,

Hath Petrarch since his Laura raised  
Equal with her? or RONSARD praised  
His new *Cassandra* 'bove the old  
Which all the fate of Troy foretold?)

Amours so erudite excite but feeble sympathy; so that it is a relief when Ronsard, in the second book, changes his mistress, and quits *Cassandre* for *Marie*. The three books taken together make us acquainted, therefore, with the true Ronsard and the sham Ronsard: the former giving expression to his natural genius—mingling in the loves and strifes of his day—taking part with the Huguenot doctors, or deploring the woes of France—and in those two kinds of literature into which a man puts most of what is strictly his own, namely, light poetry and polemics, speaking a language simple and animated, firm and sprightly; the latter, influenced by, his school and his system, imitating antiquity without restraint or discretion, not only as regards the sentiments, which is well enough, but also in the words and idioms—for his wish is to give France at once a new dictionary and a new literature. Ronsard, in M. Girardin's judgment, would have lived, had he possessed only his own natural qualities; he fell, by means of the qualities he cultivated from without. He must needs found and direct a school. And the *chef d'école* ruined the poet.\*

When Walter Savage Landor was sojourning at Tours in 1815, Southey wrote to him, *inter alia*, in these words: "You have, I think, at Tours, the grave of Ronsard, who would have been a great poet if he had not been a Frenchman. I have read his works in those odds and ends of time which can be afforded to such reading, and have so much respect for him, Frenchman as he was, that I shall not visit Tours without inquiring for his grave. Never did man more boldly promise immortality to himself,—never did man more ardently aspire after it; and no Frenchman has ever impressed me with an equal sense of power; but poetry of the higher order is as impossible in that language as it is in Chinese." Mr. Landor's own estimate of the old poet ("so plagiarily stiff and stately, when there is no occasion for it") may be gathered, in a somewhat racy passage, from the Imaginary Conversations he ascribes to Joseph Scaliger and Montaigne.

In that Imaginary Conversation, by the way, Montaigne is made to utter two fallacies respecting Ronsard. One is, that the poet was a married man. This error Scaliger corrects; but in the same sentence the learned Joseph, M. de l'Escaie, perpetrates another, which Montaigne endorses. "He had no wife; he was an abbé at Tours," says Joseph. "True, true," rejoins the Old Man of the Mountain; "being an abbé he could never have one, and never want one," &c. The question, *Ronsard a-t-il été prêtre?* is discussed by M. Sainte Beuve, in his "*Vie de Ronsard*," and negatived on fair grounds. De Thou, indeed, may appear to have settled the question the other way, by assigning to his old friend a certain *cure d'Evailles*. But, decisive as De Thou's authority

\* St. Marc Girardin: *Cours de Littérature dramatique*. XXXVIII<sup>e</sup> Leçon.

may appear, still more decisive in contradiction to it is the authority of Ronsard himself.

Or sus, mon frère en Christ,  
he says, in an epistle to the Cardinal de Chatillon,

tu dis que je suis Prestre ;

J'atteste l'Éternel que je le voudrais estre,  
Et avoir tout le chef et le dos empesché  
Dessous la pesanteur d'une bonne Evesché :  
Lors j'auroy la couronne à bon droict sur la teste,  
Qu'un rasoir blanchiroit le soir d'une grande feste,  
Ouverte, large, longue, allant jusques au front,  
En forme d'un Croissant qui tout se courbe en rond.

The reader may find other verses bearing on the question, quoted and commented on by M. Sainte Beuve, whose conclusion is, that Ronsard is proved to have been no priest, although he "portât chappe," and sang vespers, and fingered the revenues of more than one abbey—but that he might have said of himself, as his friend J. A. de Baïf did,

—ni veuf, ni marié,  
Ni prêtre, seulement clerc à simple tonsure.

It is only, perhaps, the very studious or the very easily pleased who, among English readers, are found to have even dipped into old Ronsard. Dipping is as much as can be expected; yet one might dip in less pleasant waters, after all, and in waters not quite so fresh and flowing, despite the stagnating force of time, and coefficient disadvantages. Take him in his grave and heroic mood, or take him in his light and lithesome humour, you may surely find something to chime in with your own mood, and jump with your own humour. In the former vein are the lines on, or rather addressed to, Eternity, which his admirers love to cite:

O grande Éternité,  
Tu maintiens l'univers en tranquille unité !  
De chaînons enlacés les siècles tu rattaches,  
Et couvé dans ton sein tout le monde tu caches. . . .  
En parlant à tes dieux qui ton trône environnent,  
Ta bouche ne dit pas : " Il fut ou il sera " . . .  
Le temps présent tout seul à tes pieds se repose.

Or again his verses to Charles IX. in childhood:

Sire, ce n'est pas tout que d'être roi de France ;  
Il faut que la vertu couronne votre enfance.  
Un roi sans la vertu porte le sceptre en vain,  
Qui ne lui sert sinon de fardeau dans la main.

In the latter vein he is more sensibly appreciated, and by a larger circle. There is an attractive Horatian mannerism, half gay, half pensive, now sad, now sprightly, about some of his sallies and love-strains: indeed there are Frenchmen, not Ronsardised ones either, who own their preference of his

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame !  
Las ! le temps, non : mais nous nous en allons,



to Horace's *Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume!* Charming, too, in their way, are his verses in the style of "Mignonne, allons voir si la rose," &c.—especially those beginning

Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle,  
Assise auprès du feu dévisant et flant,  
Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant,  
Ronsard m'a célébrée au temps que j'étois belle.

But as these happen to have been rendered into English with his wonted taste and feeling by no less able a translator than Mr. Thackeray, we shall here avail ourselves of his version of *ces belles stances* of

#### RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

Some winter night, shut snugly in  
Beside the fagot in the hall,  
I think I see you sit and spin,  
Surrounded by your maidens all.  
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,  
Old days come back to memory;  
You say, "When I was fair and young,  
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,  
Though tired and sleepy ever so,  
But wakes as you my name recal,  
And longs the history to know.  
And as the piteous tale is said  
Of lady cold and lover true,  
Each, musing, carries it to bed,  
And sighs and envies you!

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"  
They'll say, "she once was fresh and fair,  
And yet she spurned her lover's vow,  
And heartless left him to despair;  
The lover lies in silent earth,  
No kindly mate the lady cheers;  
She sits beside a lonely hearth,  
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah dreary thoughts and dreams are those,  
But wherefore yield me to despair,  
While yet the poet's bosom glows,  
While yet the dame is peerless fair!  
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time  
Requite my passion and my truth,  
And gather in their blushing prime  
The roses of your youth!

## AMSTERDAM—PARIS—VENICE.\*

THE modern French traveller is almost invariably an artist. No matter whether his footsteps carry him to Meccah, to the Sahara, or to Amsterdam. His sympathies are the same. Art is his lady-love; he sees only with her eyes, feels only through her pulses. Politics, statistics, all the interests of humanity, have only one aspect—that in which they reflect art, or furnish sketches for pen or pencil. Literature is a gainer by this vivid passion of the day, for there cannot be a doubt that many of the details of life which are passed by unobserved by the philosopher, assume a real importance when depicted by such a medium. It is a positive pleasure to migrate in such good company, even if it takes us at starting to a place like Saint Quentin. We know it well—a continental, that is to say, a miniature—Lancashire town, with the same factories, plus a *grande place* and a Gothic church. To M. Arsène Houssaye it was neither the one nor the other, it was the country of La Tour, who was born to paint three charming women—Madame de Pompadour, Madame du Barry, and the Queen Marie Antoinette;—an association permitted by art, forbidden by history. Valenciennes is a lace factory. Our artist only saw some cows staring from above stunted willow bushes—a Paul Potter; and at Tubize he only saw a blacksmith's forge—an interior worthy of Van Ostade. It was a charming picture, we are told, fresh, clear, and lively; perfectly authentic, it only wanted the signature! The infidel travelling artists! They will spoil the trade, and by leading people, as some abominable insurrectionists or resurrectionists in art are doing in this country, to study nature, they will teach them to be actually independent of the works of the most imperious masters.

At Antwerp, the sun was setting upon the Scheldt in a bed of gold purple and fire. "Vandervelde would have turned pale with joy." On the Scheldt itself there was a fisherman's boat. In it a man smoking, a woman washing, a child turning a mill. It was Jean Griffier himself, who, the better to study the sea, purchased a boat. After three years' labour his wife and children grew weary of this floating existence, and left him. So Jean Griffier remained in the boat alone, painting seascapes. Our author does not tell us if he or his ghost is still at work on the Dutch Mediterranean.

We are in Holland. The Dutch are great *paysagistes*. To enliven the cold and gloomy tints of their shores, they colour their houses and dress their peasants in red. Their windmills, with their feet in the water, rival the steeples of the churches in height and elegance. On the steam-boat, from Antwerp to Rotterdam, they smoke cigars of Batavia, drink Rhine wines, and eat *biftecks* of Berg-op-Zoom. The women resemble the virgins of Rubens!

The Dutch villages are as pretty and coquettish as any Chinese town. With their bright colours, they are like opera villages. And they have always three or four churches, where "the gods of the Popes, the gods of

\* *Voyages Humoristiques—Amsterdam—Paris—Venise.* Arsène Houssaye.

Luther, and the gods of the Jews hold sway. The smallest village in Holland is divided into several religions. Before building the houses they raise up two temples, with their backs to one another."

Rotterdam is the cradle of Erasmus, the grave of Bayle. Rotterdam is also the town of dolls. The women resemble the dolls: they have the same shape, the same vermilion cheeks, the same movements. "It is requisite," our travelling critic remarks upon this, "to have travelled in a country before we criticise its works of art." A remark that looks like a retrospective criticism upon some of his own *feuilletons*.

At Haarlem there is an organ, and there are tulips. Our travellers, for M. Arsène Houssaye had been joined at Brussels by Gérard de Nerval, heard the first, and bought five bulbs of the latter for twenty florins. They had already paid twelve to hear the organ play, on which occasion they complain that they were mistaken for Englishmen, and offered a *programme*. "Un programme de musique à des poètes!" they contemptuously exclaim. A beautiful Helena also presented them with a flower, intimating at the same time that its price was ten florins. This time, we suppose, they were satisfied that they were not Englishmen, but poets. The story is fathered upon an Englishman, that, passing one morning before the shop of a tulip-dealer, he took a bite at a *semper Augustus*. "Ten thousand florins to pay," exclaimed the merchant. It is since that time that raw bulbs have the property of bringing tears to the eyes.

Amsterdam has still its *tabagies*, as painted by the masters. They even present that frank and joyous aspect which seduced Franz Hals and all his school. But while the smoke still ascends in spirals, and the beer still flows over upon the tables, there is no longer the same colour, the same life, that existed when Brauwer painted. Yet the sailors of four nations crowd these low public-houses as if they were their El Dorado. When they are at sea they talk of the *musicio* of Amsterdam as a thing superior to the mines of Golconda. There are also in these *tabagies* women of all countries, but none make the sailors' hearts beat like the fair Frisonians, with their picturesque head-dresses and their smiles, so innocent-looking, even after having talked with all the sailors of the globe. Bega never pictured more jolly rubicund physiognomies than those of the musicians who, for the last fifty years, have played every night the same tunes in these *tabagies*. The Almahs of Amsterdam dance like their namesakes on the Nile; the sailors looked on and applauded. There were Frisonians, and Flemings, and Belgians, and even French; but that experienced traveller, Gérard de Nerval, and that expert critic, Arsène Houssaye, did not leave the *tabagie* without discovering that many so-called Frisonians were exports from the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, and many so-called French, lately from the coulisses de l'Opéra, were born at Brock, at a distance of some two leagues from where they sat, endeavouring in their imaginations to reproduce a painting of olden times. "O old Dutch characters!" they exclaimed, "where shall we seek it pure without any European alloy?"

The said *tabagies*, with a Dutch farm depicted with the minuteness of a Teniers, were all that the two co-editors of the "Artiste" thought worth putting on paper at Amsterdam. Yet was this the country of Ruysdael's woods, Berghem's fords, Jordaan's peasant girls, Rembrandt's

beggars, Gerard Dow's sheep, and Potter's cows; and last, not least, of Ostade's interiors!

Turn we, then, to Paris by way of contrast with Amsterdam—Paris as depicted by an artist and a poet! That glorious city has the good fortune to be situated in the centre of the earth. Its celebrated mountains are Montmartre, the Père Lachaise, the gate of Saint Denis, the arch of triumph, the towers of Notre-Dame, and the domes of the Pantheon and of the Invalides. It is impossible to estimate the population, for you must reckon according to the virtue of the women, and not upon their virtue. The country is divided into continent, islands, and peninsulas; it is watered by a river, an artesian well, and several rivulets, many of which have disappeared with the lapse of time. "Oh! qui me rendra mon ruisseau de la rue du Bac!" Madame de Staël used to exclaim. The climate is delightful; it generally rains seven days in the week. It is cold in summer, but then again it is very often warm in winter. No country in the world contains more gardens, but they are all "hanging gardens" *à la Sémirame*. There is no necessity to descend to walk in them; the gardens climb up to you. They are seen at every story.

Yet there are walks, among the most celebrated of which is the Bois de Boulogne—*fortifié contre les promeneurs*. The most beautiful walk in the present day is the Champs Elysées. We must not forget the Luxembourg, the walk for lovers; the Place Royale, a deserted walk; and the Place de la Concorde, so called because a king and his people were guillotined there. Then there is the Jardin des Plantes, terrestrial paradise, worthy of those of Breughel de Velours, and into which are gathered all the riches of creation, from the untameable lion of the Sahara to the Parisian of the Rue Mouffetard.

The Bourse is the temple of modern civilisation. In the morning *agioteurs* sell money, in the evening *agiotresses* sell themselves for money. Everything here below, even to love, is *à la hausse* or *à la baisse*. The Palais Royal is an immense caravanserai, in which modern tailors carry out the metamorphoses of Ovid. It is the place of appointment for all the provinces of the civilised world. The citizens of Paris go there to regulate their watches by the twelve o'clock gun; but as the sun is seldom there to let it off, their watches are always out of order, and they go home to their wives either too soon or too late—two extremes equally grave.

The edifice called the Tuileries is the palace of kings; sometimes it is to let in consequence of the tenant leaving, but it is never long without a claimant. The building is just now out of repair. The Louvre is the real palace of kings—of kings that do not go away. The Hôtel-Dieu is so called because all who go there die.

The provinces, as the Faubourg Saint Honoré, the Pays Latin, the Bastille, and the Marais, have totally different physiognomies; so much so as to appear to have no relation the one with the other. Two colonies are attached to this nation. They are two important islands—the Cité and the Ile Saint Louis. There is in the first a Palace of Justice, in the shadow of which rise up tall houses, tenanted by the children of grief. The windows of these houses look out upon the flower-market. A cloud not larger than the hand would cover the frail ones and the flowers—justice and crime. The island of Saint Louis is a peaceful, discreet,

solitary province. No one is born there, but many die. Generally speaking, the natives are all persons of a certain age.

The Pays Latin is at once a varied and a picturesque district. As the laws and the fair sex are made the particular objects of study, the natives are called students. The Faubourg Saint Germain is made up of a series of ruined castles, where there are many Ravenswoods and few Catebs. The natives are always looking out for a star that never rises. "Anne, sister Anne, do you see anything coming?" There are in this province, at the extremity of the Pont de la Concorde, a tower of Babel, which changes its name with its politics. There is an Academy of Inscriptions, where they decipher the puzzles left by the ancients. The ancients were very malicious. There is the School of Law—that is to say, the Chaumière; there is the School of Medicine—that is to say, the Grande Chartreuse. The Faubourg Saint Honoré is the rival of that of Saint Germain, only the natives neither look after the star that is setting or the star that is about to rise. They look the sun steadily in the face. The Faubourg Saint Marceau is tenanted by the modern Diogenes. It is the only country in which gold is unknown, and two five-franc pieces have never been heard to strike against one another. The natives resemble camels in one respect; they drink at the *barrières* on a Sunday for a whole week. The Faubourg Saint Antoine is the antipodes of the Tuileries. The laborious inhabitants of this distant province only come down to Paris on the days of revolutions or fireworks—*pour donner un coup de main ou un coup d'œil*. The Chaussée d'Antin is remarkable for two curious churches, that of the Madeleine and that of Notre Dame de Lorette. They are well attended, and yet not so well as the Opera, which is close by. The reason is, that in the churches there are priests, at the Opera there are priestesses. Yet is the church always the Beggar's Opera—at least so say the Voltaireians. The Marais belongs to a world of an age gone by. It believes neither in obelisks nor in railroads. It only perceives the light of the arts at a distance. The daily paper is still put to account with the shoeblacks, as a matter that concerns only the porter.

There are several different methods of travelling in these different provinces. To believe a Parisian, there is always water as well as land conveyances; but, excepting the steamers, that came and went as rarely and as unexpectedly as comets to Saint Cloud, we never saw them. As to the omnibuses, it is well known that they go everywhere, and yet take you nowhere.

The national literature of the country is displayed upon the walls. It consists of pages of paper to which every one attaches his name. Mazarin used to say of the Parisians, "They sing! Well! let them sing; if they sing they will pay." No one sings now, but every one pays.

Lastly, the intelligence of the whole world is concentrated in Paris. The Parisians are the most intellectual people of the globe; but as Montaigne said, they require at every moment to be "*untaught*" their stupidity and folly. There is the Parisian who is born at Paris, the Parisian *par éminence*. He sees the world through a hole; he studies the human heart, his own and that of his neighbour, at the theatres of the boulevards; he believes in everything. One morning he was called upon to open his window to see the equinox go by upon a cloud;—he opened his window.

It is, M. Arsène Houssaye assures us, an acknowledged fact that the

French are not prone to travelling. A Parisian embarks with regret for St. Cloud, and considers a journey to Fontainebleau a very serious affair. M. Houssaye acknowledges himself that he has started early in the morning to travel in the Rue St. Denis, and that he has made great archæological discoveries there ;—he found there the origin of the national theatre and of the French school of painting ! What then of a trip to Italy, and that by the best of all roads, the Rhine and the St. Gothard ? The lakes of William Tell escort you to the foot of that mountain of giants ; the beautiful lakes of Italy welcome you on the other side to their perpetual festivities.

From the time that he left Paris till his arrival at Venice, M. Houssaye says he did not meet with a single Frenchman. But this was an oversight—he did meet with one, where all the world meets, at the top of the Righi. This one inscribed himself in the travellers' book, in majestic characters, "Auditeur au conseil d'état !" It seemed a useless parade, for no one denied him his ears. One can understand a person claiming such a distinction on going to a concert, but of what use was it for seeing the splendid scenery of the Righi ?

"Poets have sung of Venice, romancers have taken their heroines there, travellers have described the manners, painters have depicted its palaces and its churches, but neither romancers, nor poets, nor travellers, nor painters have succeeded in presenting to the imagination or to the eyes this eastern marvel. The fourth book of 'Childe Harold' must be closed, the best canvasses of Canaletto, that *paysagiste* of a country without soil, must be veiled before Venice. There is only one picture that can give an idea of Venice, and that is Venice itself."

Yet, on arriving at this city, sung by Sannazaro, Alfieri, Campanella, and Byron, the soul is filled with grief. The lion of St. Mark is in a golden cage. The Adriatic, the sea of poets, which came in the fine ages to lap the marble palaces with love, and cradle the voluptuousness of Violante—the Adriatic itself is gloomy and mournful, since it reflects nothing but deserted and melancholy palaces. "People of the Republic," our artist exclaims, "where are you ? It is not you I see slumbering in the idle threshold. People of the Republic, what have you done with your mother ? You have delivered her over, the beautiful, the voluptuous daughter of the Adriatic, to the passion of foreign kings. They have invaded her bed, they have bound her down with their sacrilegious hands, they have beaten her as if she were a worthless thing. And ye, people of the Republic, ye did not wake up to die, exclaiming, with the poet,

He who shall live shall be free, he who dies is so already ?"

Venice is now a glorious sepulchre, like Jerusalem. It is a place where artists go upon a pilgrimage. The sea is invading everything : it intrudes into the palaces of the Foscari and the Barberigo ; it threatens the dreams of Palladio with extinction. If Venice had still some children worthy of her, she might struggle against the waves, but, alas ! there is no longer a city where the heart of the people is no longer heard to beat. There is still, however, the Basilica of St. Mark, a marvel of Greek, Roman, and Gothic art—a poem, full of life and colour—a mosque rather than a church. Never were the different styles of architectural genius—the supreme elegance of the Greeks and the gorgeous

luxury of the Byzantines—more harmoniously blended together. Then there is the Ducal Palace, the capital of aristocratic power; the Bridge of Sighs is its Tarpeian rock—sad history! The Ducal Palace is at once grave yet smiling in its aspect; like a gothic castle, built by a lover on his 'return' from the Crusades, the genius of the North is confounded there with that of the East. There is a library in the palace; but the true historians of Venice are its painters. The whole history of the republic is written on the ceilings of the palace.

No sooner in the Place of St. Mark than our artist-traveller saw a Paul Veronese in all its brilliancy,—four young girls, *blondes—brunes à reflets dorés*—girls of the people, idle yet lively, seeking the sun and a gondolier. Each girl of the people at Venice has two lovers, equally beloved—the sun and the gondolier—the reign of the one begins when that of the other finishes. On seeing these beautiful girls—born to be beautiful and not to work—pass by, with the pride of queens, our artist admired the Creator for his works, and Paul Veronese for his fidelity. They had neither caps nor bonnets; none of those horrible inventions of the women of the North. Their abundant hair was barely held together by a tortoiseshell comb. Their dress recalled that of the mistress of Titian, in the museum of the Louvre. They draped themselves with Oriental majesty, in a shawl worth *cent sous*. They are all colourists, and seem as if they came from the studio of the Venetian painters of the age of gold. Cicero would not have admired the women of Venice, but Pliny would have adored them. Titian, the king of colourists, even in the presence of Rubens, of Giorgione, and of Veronese, only knew three colours—white, red, and black; he found in them his skies, his Violantes, his doges, his trees, and his rays. The women of the people at Venice only love three colours—the sun completes the picture.

It was at Venice that M. Arsène Houssaye first learnt that the ideal was an invention of the North. The South is never conquered by Art. At Venice neither Bellini, nor Giorgione, nor Titian, nor Veronese, have surpassed in their Madonnas or their courtesans the beauty of the daughters of the Adriatic. But as he afterwards states that the Flemish masters, like the Venetian masters, reproduced the works of the Creator with such living truth, that at every step at Antwerp or at Venice one meets with a picture or a portrait, we suppose it is Paris he means by the "North." It is certainly a rare thing to be taken aback with surprise in Paris, and to exclaim, "What colour! what light!" or to think that one is in the presence of a Titian or a Veronese, a Rubens or a Van Dyck. Lucky M. Arsène! no sooner at Venice than he saw a whole group of Veroneses, exuberant of life and health—for health has its poetry as well as painting; and he also saw the "Flora" of Titian, a young girl of unequalled brilliancy; with a bouquet in her hand, much less radiant, much less beautiful than herself. She bent languidly over the Guidecca, contemplating her charms, and shaking the flowers that had begun to fade over her lips: a handsome gondolier, in rags, and yet proud as a Venetian, rowed her towards the San Marco, gazing at her with impassioned looks, whilst the soul of the fair one seemed to be given up to some vague dream of love.

Such were the beginnings of our traveller's good fortunes at Venice. The next was still better. Our artist was out early in the morning, con-

templating the façades which astonish the eye from San Marco to the Rialto. The gondolier stopped suddenly in front of a palace of Moorish aspect, and said :

"A beautiful gallery, a beautiful woman, a beautiful girl!"

These were things worth stopping to see. He rang the bell. An old woman came and opened the door, and made the signal to follow. The entrance to the palace was rather discouraging. There was little light; no marble or gold. Had it been Eugène Fromentin, he would have been in ecstasies at the depth of the shadows. But Arsène Houssaye seems to have been repelled; and he actually wished to retrace his steps, under the pretext that he had made a mistake! Luckily, at that moment, the door of a gallery opened, and the master of the house presented himself. He led the way to a cabinet full of *chefs d'œuvre*, radiant with all the voluptuous beauties of Giorgione, Bellini, Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret. But what struck our artist most amidst such a galaxy of naked Eves, repentant Magdalens, Venuses with bosoms of snow, and Dianas with feet of silver—a perfect harem of beauty—was a young girl, of fairy-like freshness, seated before a table of roses. She was eating flowers, and her cheeks were fed with roses. It was a work of the elder Schiavoni; a work of love, in which the painter had permitted himself to be carried away by his genius unrestrained.

"Do you admire that picture?" asked the master of the house.

"Much," replied the critic; "there is in that head I know not what ideal voluptuousness, which goes to my heart. I have seen that beautiful creature in my visions at twenty. She inhabits the golden regions of some paradise of Muhammads."

"Well, sir, I will show you a striking copy of that beautiful devourer of flowers, painted now three centuries ago by my ancestor; for I am a Schiavoni."

"You are a painter yourself?" inquired the critic, bowing before the descendant of Schiavoni.

"Yes, sir; the copy which I spoke to you about is not one of the worst of my works. You shall judge for yourself."

So, making signs to the old woman, a door was opened, and a beautiful young girl appeared on the threshold.

"Well, sir," said the father, with an expression of pride, "is not the copy worthy of the original?"

The critic was for once confounded. There was the same face, the same outline, the same expression, the same brilliancy! All that he could find courage to utter was,

"Monsieur Schiavoni, I believe that you surpass the celebrated Schiavoni. I would not give your works for his, or rather, I would give the original for the copy."

After such a manifestation of good sense, of the triumph of the real over the ideal, it will be better understood how our traveller did not live on roses, or on pictures, or even on the more solid diet of a palatial façade. *En voyage* he intimates *on est Anglais—pour la faim*. So he went about in search of a dinner. The search was for a long time in vain. He went in company with a philosophic German, who, it appears, dined also, from one canal to another, peering with anxious looks into the recesses of the houses. They had gone from the Ducal Palace to the



Rialto, and from the Rialto to the Arsenal, before Providence displayed to their hungry eyes a miraculous board, on which was inscribed "Pierre Marseille, restaurateur." In a moment they were in the palace of Pierre Marseille.

The frail repast of the French artist and the German philosopher was composed of two *biftecks*, four cutlets, two fowls, and two bottles of Cyprus wine. "This does not include," the former tells us, "the *entremets*, nor the dessert, nor the good humour of the lads that waited upon us."

"Do you travel as a philosopher or as an artist?" inquired the German, at the end of this slight repast, which would almost have satisfied two Englishmen.

"I travel," was the reply, '*sans parti pris*. But wherefore this question?"

"It is because this dinner will be succeeded by a monstrous sum in addition."

"The sum came: Pierre Marseille has neither pen nor ink; his *piccoli* do the addition aloud. They asked us four swansigers (two shillings and tenpence) for the two. We made a vow never to return—for two *biftecks*, four cutlets, two fowls, and two bottles of Cyprus, for two shillings and tenpence was less than nothing, and I am accustomed to pay for my dinner!

"Do people dine here sometimes?" I asked of a *piccolissimo*, who had brought us a lapful of kittens to look at.

"Si, signor."

"*Que voulez-vous?*" I said to my philosopher; 'others have dined here before us.'

We don't know which to place first in the rank of Venetian *bonnes aventures*: the living pictures of Veronese, the fair daughter of old Palma, the Flora of Titian, the marvellous reproduction of Schiavoni, or the dinner at Pierre Marseille's!

Our artist was not destined, however, to meet with nothing but good luck. This cheap and abundant dinner was followed by a visit to the café Florian, where the fashion of Venice lounges every night amid the smoke of cigars and the curiosity of strangers. A Venetian family was sitting at a table close by. The gentleman, in shaking his cigar, threw some fire on his wife's clothes, without perceiving what he had done. Our gallant Gaul rushed to the rescue, and put the fire out that lay smouldering in the lady's bosom. The gentleman did not, however, understand the nature of the proceeding, high words ensued, and a crowd had assembled before an explanation could be given, which was naturally followed by much laughter at all parties concerned. M. Arsène Housaye comforted himself, as all Frenchmen will comfort themselves, by complacently fancying that he had made a discovery. "I begin to perceive," he says, "that I must speak Italian at Venice. What Italian must I speak to all these Russians and all these English? Ovid was obliged to speak like the Scythians in order to be understood. Racine, travelling in Languedoc, said: 'I am in danger of forgetting the little French that I know;' as to me, it is no use talking, I cannot help speaking French." This is more than what every *homme d'esprit* repudiates as a leprosy—a *bêtise*—it is a *sottise*. The reason why French travellers despise Russians

and English, and people of all other nations so much, is because, unless they can speak French, the Frenchman can neither understand nor appreciate them. Hence he invariably sets them down as morose, dull, and ignorant.

Our artist, who, truth to say, is seldom guilty of uttering aught but very witty things, and doing (especially in his own estimation) very clever ones, went one evening to the Lido, which, he tells us, is the "Barrière Mont Parnasse" of Venice. There were that evening from two to three thousand Venetians on the island, who had come to be actors or spectators of the feast of the Bacchanals. The scene was animated and picturesque, so much so, that our artist stopped short at the foot of San Micheli at an oyster-stall to sharpen his appetite for the gaieties of the evening, and also to determine if the oysters of the Adriatic had the flavour of the oysters of Ostend. Perhaps, also, to admire the fair dealer in bivalves, whom he declares was a beauty of an expressive, haughty character, with lustrous eyes.

As he was eating his oysters, Count de F——, whom he had met with at the Barbarigo, came up.

"Has she told you her history?" he inquired.

"Her history! Has destiny had anything to do with an oyster-girl?"

"She was for six weeks the mistress of the greatest poet in the world."

"The mistress of Byron!"

The lady heard the magic word, and joined in the conversation. Needless to say, she related her story, and M. Arsène Houssaye tells it over again—in his own way.

"We were still listening," he concludes; "when she said, 'Gentlemen, you have only eaten fifty-three. At half a swanziger an oyster: total, twenty-seven swanzigers.'"

"These were her last words. We found the oysters rather dear" (ungrateful man, after she had supplied matter for two *feuilletons* as *hors d'œuvre*). "The total was determined in an arbitrary manner, but we paid without complaining."

After all, this little incident seems to afford the clue to Margarita's true character. Byron fancied, from her throwing herself into the canal rather than leave him, that she loved him more than ever one of more northern temperament could love; but from his descriptions, and M. Arsène Houssaye's colourings, one gathers that love of dress and of money, and the pride of being a lord's mistress, had much to do with her Adriatic storms and tempests. Margarita beat every one, probably Lord Byron himself.

The Venetians of the present day, we are told, are half-ruined Russians and English, who dwell in those princely palaces, those beautiful constructions in the Oriental style, *pour faire des économies*. *Madame la Duchesse de Luchesi Palli—ci-devant Duchesse de Berry*—is, in the present day, the queen of Venice. Mademoiselle Taglioni is more wealthy; but with her three or four palaces she is only a goddess of the Opera. A word for each.

Mademoiselle Taglioni and M. Arsène Houssaye went to the post-office—the old palace of Grimani—even a post-office is a palace at Venice,

at the same hour. Mademoiselle Taglioni is no longer, we are told, that charming vision which used to detach itself from the heaven of the Opera, and when it danced appeared to have wings. Mademoiselle Taglioni is now a citizen, mistress of her own lands and houses, and pays taxes like any other unfairy-like individual. She was there—at the post-office—waiting her turn for letters like any other mortal, as if she had never been either sylph or goddess. Vanity of vanities, the man at the post did not even know her name. He turned over the letters. Marie looked on with anxious eyes. Her whole soul was in the letter she was expecting. The official only went on the more slowly, as if playing with the anguish of the expectant lady. At length he said:

“Niente!”

The word struck the heart of the dancer like a dagger. “Poor fairy,” exclaims M. Houssaye, “who had lost the golden wand of enchantment. Ten years ago it was not you who would have waited for a letter. Some one revenges in the present day those whom you have once made wait. Such is the history of all loves!”

Madame de Luchesi Palli inhabits one of the most beautiful palaces of this city of bricks and marble. She has become a Venetian, because she was born at Naples; but she is French by memory—perhaps even by hope. Hospitality welcomes the stranger at her house so warmly, that every stranger fancies himself in his own country. More than one page in the history of France is met with there; a shoe of Louis XIV., painted by Rigaud, which the Count of Chambord would like very well to put on; the prayer-book of Marie Antoinette, the *famille pauvre* of Prudhon, and letters of Henri IV., that have been often perused by Henri V. Quite a museum, a Louvre, or a Versailles. Yet Madame de Luchesi Palli believes with M. Houssaye that Venice is exile within exile, the remembrance of life rather than life itself!

## DISCOVERIES IN CHALDÆA.\*

THE recent discoveries in Chaldæa do not appear as yet to have met with the same popularity as the discoveries made, now some years ago in Assyria. There are no colossal lions with men's heads, or winged bulls, or gigantic divinities, or bas-reliefs of any magnitude to astound the beholder. The cities of Babylonia and Chaldæa stood upon alluvial soil; its population had not the easily-wrought alabaster of Nineveh or stone of any kind to work upon, and statues or sculptures are in consequence of great rarity. The history of the people is written on monuments of another character: in terraced structures bearing temples, palaces, and various other buildings—some supposed to have been of an astronomical character—in vast necropolises, which fill the mind with wonder at their extent; and in cylinders, impressed bricks, designs on

\* Travels and Researches in Chaldæa and Susiana. By William Kennett Loftus, F.G.S. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1857.

clay tablets, and other relics of the same trivial character, yet of high historical importance.

We are, indeed, more struck ourselves by the mass of historical discovery effected by the excavations in Chaldæa, than we have been by the uncouth art of the Assyrians. Here we have sixteen names of monarchs recovered, all belonging to a first Chaldæan empire, which preceded that of Nebuchadnezzar—a dynasty contemporaneous with the epoch of that first great teacher of the unity of the Godhead, Abraham; with the Exodus; the death of Moses and the first servitude; whose first monarch, Uruk, reigned about 2234 years before Christ; and yet not one of these names was known a very few years ago, and not one is familiar yet even to the learned of the land! Nor are we less struck with the enormous extent of the Chaldæan ruins; the vast mounds of slipper-shaped glazed terra-cotta coffins, piled one above the other in hundreds of thousands; the grand façades of a rude and primitive columnar architecture; the arched vaults of the dead; the cone-work and pot-work; the terra-cotta Penates; the clay bank-notes; the pictorial tablets; the copper and other relics; the private and public records, and the various other indices of the habits and manners of a nation so long gone by, that it seems doubtful if they were descendants of Ham or Shem—if they were of African or Asiatic origin—if, in fact, they were actually black or white!

The two gentlemen to whom the world is most largely indebted for excavations in Chaldæa, are Mr. Loftus and Mr. Taylor. The first gentleman's work is now before the public; the researches of the second are in the fifteenth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society." Mr. Layard also did a little at Niffar, and Sir Henry Rawlinson is the great decipherer of the inscriptions.

Passing over a mistake which Mr. Loftus makes at the onset in identifying the four canals of Xenophon with the existing four canals in Babylon, that gentleman was enabled on his way to Chaldæa, through the instrumentality of Tahir Pasha, to visit the little known site of Kufa, as also Nedjef and Kerbella, the Mekka and Medinahs of the Shiah or Persians. Of Kufa, celebrated for its old Kufic cursive character, nothing, we are told, remains in the present day save a few low mounds and a fragment of wall; but Nedjef, which was founded on the site of the ancient Hira, the seat of the Al Mundar dynasty, is said to bear a striking resemblance to Jerusalem in its general appearance and position. It is situated on a cliff of red sandstone, overlooking the great inundation called the Bahr Nedjef, or the Sea of Nedjef.

It is seldom (Mr. Loftus observes) that a Christian has the opportunity of entering a Mohammedan place of worship, much less such a sacred mosque as that of Meshed 'Ali. We were all naturally anxious to visit it, and experienced no very insuperable objection on the part of our Sunni companions to aid in the accomplishment of our wish. Tahir Bey, like most others of his sect and race, took a pleasure in causing the Sheah Persians to "eat dirt" at the hands of the Ghyawr. As military governor of the district, he had accompanied us with a strong escort, for the double purpose of guarding and doing honour to our party. The troops were now drawn up under the latter pretext, but in reality to conduct us to the mosque, and be prepared for any *émeute* which might arise in consequence of our temerity. The inhabitants, in accordance with their Oriental customs, rose and saluted, or returned the salutes of Dervish Pasha and Tahir Bey as we passed through the bazaars; but they bestowed a very

doubtful and scrutinising glance on the large party of Firenghis. A crowd gathered as we marched onward, and, on approaching the gate of the outer court, the threatening looks and whispered remarks of the groups around made it evident that we were regarded with no especial favour. The troops drew up outside the gate, and, as any hesitation on our part might have produced serious consequences, we boldly entered the forbidden threshold.

The most curious circumstance associated with the tomb of Ali at Nedjef, and those of Hassan and Hussain at Kerbella, is, that the practice which appears to have obtained in olden times among the Chaldæans and Babylonians, of transporting the dead to sites made sacred by the previous entombment there of some great or holy men, and which still obtains more or less throughout Islamism, is here to be seen in full operation :

The profound veneration in which the memory of 'Ali is regarded by his followers, causes Nedjef to be the great place of pilgrimage for the Sheah Mohammedans, by whom the town is entirely supported. At a low average, 80,000 persons annually flock to pay their vows at the sacred shrine, and from 5000 to 8000 corpses are brought every year from Persia and elsewhere to be buried in the ground consecrated by the blood of the martyred khalif. The dead are conveyed in boxes covered with coarse felt, and placed two on each side upon a mule, or one upon each side, with a ragged conductor on the top, who smokes his kaliyun and sings cheerily as he jogs along, quite unmindful of his charge. Every caravan travelling from Persia to Baghdad carries numbers of coffins; and it is no uncommon sight, at the end of a day's march, to see fifty or sixty piled upon each other on the ground. As may be imagined, they are not the most agreeable companions on a long journey, especially when the unruly mule carrying them gets between the traveller and the wind !

The fee charged by the authorities of the mosque for burial varies from 10 to 200 tomans (5% to 100%), and sometimes much more. It is entirely at the discretion of the mullas, and they proportion it according to the wealth or rank of the deceased. On the arrival of a corpse, it is left outside the walls, while the relatives or persons in charge of it (frequently the muleteer of the caravan) endeavour to make a bargain for its final resting-place. Several days are frequently spent in vain over these preliminaries. At length one party or other gives way—generally the relatives—as the corpse, after many days' and frequently months' carriage in a powerful sun, has disseminated disease and death among its followers, who are glad to rid themselves of its companionship. The place of sepulture for the lower classes, or for those whose friends are unwilling to pay for a vault within the sacred precincts of the mosque, is outside the walls on the north side of the city, where the graves are neatly constructed with bricks, and covered with gravel or cement to preserve them from injury. When the corpse is to be buried within the walls, it is conveyed into the town. The officers of interment then generally find some pretext for breaking the former compact, and the unfortunate relatives are under the necessity of striking a fresh and much harder bargain.

Woe to the traveller who gets on the lee side of one of these caravans of the dead, as once happened to the writer at Khazimin, near Baghdad. Most of the coffins are shattered during the transit of the Kurdistan mountains, and the scene is one of foulness and corruption impossible to describe. The dreadful plague that ravaged Baghdad in 1831, and which carried off from 1000 to 1200 persons daily during a whole spring, was attributed to one of these abominable caravans.

Our travellers were not so successful at Kerbella as they had been at Meshed Ali. All admission was debarred to them there by a crowd of

ragamuffins of most forbidding appearance, armed with clubs, sticks, and daggers. Nedjef and Kerbella are, indeed, celebrated as the abode of reckless, brutal, quarrelsome fanatics, whose disorderly conduct has frequently necessitated the interference of the Ottoman government.

The way to Chaldæa from Babylonia lies through a country of moving sands—one of those littoral bands which separated successive lagoons, then lakes and now marshes, which follow one after another in the delta of the Euphrates. A canal, once a main branch of the river, and called after its great Egyptian namesake the Nil or Nile (pronounced Neel), traversed this country, starting from near the royal city of Babylon, to water the great cities of Chaldæa. On its banks are the remains also of a Mohammedan town, of some import before Hillah rose upon the ruins of Babel, and celebrated for its indigo factories, but now half buried in sand.

The first great ruin met with in Chaldæa Proper is the mass of unbaked brickwork called the Zibliyya, which closely resembles the celebrated Babylonian ruins of Akka Kuf, near Baghdad. Beyond this is the great ruin of Niffar, still upon the northern boundaries of Chaldæa, and upon the verge of the great swamps tenanted by the Afaij and Rechab Arabs. These swamps are of vast extent, and their inhabitants are, as may be imagined, a very rough and uncultivated set, who dwell in reed huts, and go about in ancient boats of reeds or teak, smeared with bitumen. The Beni Rechab are supposed to be descendants of the "total abstinence" Rechabites, to whose history the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah is devoted.

The present aspect of Niffar is that of a lofty platform of earth and rubbish, divided into two nearly equal parts by a deep channel—that of the Chaldæan Nile. This great ruin is supposed by Sir Henry Rawlinson to be at once the site of the primeval city of Calneh, and the true site of the Tower of Babel.

He considers that "the names of the eight primeval cities, preserved in the tenth chapter of Genesis, are not intended to denote capitals then actually built and named, but rather to point out the localities where the first colonies were established by titles which became famous under the empire, and which were thus alone familiar to the Jews." He regards the site of Niffar as the primitive Calneh—the capital of the whole region. It was dedicated to Belus, and was called the city of Belus. Hence he concludes that this was the true site of the Tower of Babel; and that from it originated the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar, on the banks of the Euphrates, at Hillah. The existing remains were built by the earliest king of whom we have any cuneiform monuments, about 2300 B.C., but whose name cannot be read with certainty. It was then called Tel Anu, from the god Anu, or scriptural Noah, who was worshipped there under the form of the Fish God Oannes, of whom we have representations on the bas-reliefs of Nineveh; the name Niffar was subsequently given to it. The old titles were retained when the Talmud was composed, the writers of which say that Calneh was Niffar, and they call the place Nineveh; but the Nineveh of Assyria was certainly at Mosul—"Out of that land went forth Ashur and builded Nineveh."

The epoch of Urukh, the earliest king of whom cuneiform record has been found, certainly approaches very closely upon the epoch of the general deluge, taking the calculations in Dr. Hales's tables from the remotest, viz., the Septuagint, B.C. 3246, down to the most modern, the Vulgar Jewish, B.C. 2104.

But disregarding this novel theory, founded upon such slender data as the discovery of old Uruk's name, and which name may yet be found also in some Babylonian mound, and the equally ingenious identification of the temple of the Seven Spheres at Borsippur with the "Tongue Tower" by Dr. Oppert, we are still inclined to identify, till better evidence is produced, the traditional mound of Babel, where possibly the oldest temple of the Babylonian chief deity was raised, and was, as at Borsippur, renovated by Nebuchadnezzar with the first attempt at terraced structures. Nor are we the more prepared to admit the identity of Niffar with Calneh, from the discovery of the cuneiform name of that primeval site at that place. Sir Henry Rawlinson said he had before found the same name at Kadwalla, near Baghdad, and it may still be found elsewhere. But Nipar is mentioned with Sipur, Borsippur, and Babel, as cities embellished by Sargon in the inscriptions, and it is not likely that, if the name of the place had been Calneh or Chalneh, that it would have been called Nipar by the Assyrian king. We must, on the contrary, presume that with Babel, Sipur (Sifairah), Borsippur (Birs Nimrud), Erech or Uruk (Warka), and Accad (Akka Kuf), Nipar has also preserved its olden name (Niffar).

It is, however, on the great tract of sandy soil, interspersed with marsh formerly watered by the Chaldæan Nile, and now by the Yusufiyya Canal and its branches, which lie between the Affajj depression and that of the Shat-el-Hai, that the great mass of Chaldæan mounds are congregated.

I know of nothing more exciting or impressive than the first sight of one of those great Chaldæan piles looming in solitary grandeur from the surrounding plains and marshes. A thousand thoughts and surmises concerning its past eventful history and origin—its gradual rise and rapid fall—naturally present themselves to the mind of the spectator. The hazy atmosphere of early morning is peculiarly favourable to considerations and impressions of this character, and the grey mist intervening between the gazer and the object of his reflections, imparts to it a dreamy existence. This fairy-like effect is further heightened by mirage, which strangely and fantastically magnifies its form, elevating it from the ground, and causing it to dance and quiver in the rarefied air. No wonder, therefore, that the beholder is lost in pleasing doubt as to the actual reality of the apparition before him.

Among these are Bismiyya, still unexplored, Phara, in the country of the Beni Rechab, abounding in small antiques, such as signet-cylinders, rude bronzes, and figures carved in stone, and whence Mr. Loftus obtained a very interesting Egyptian amulet. The ruins of Hammam—a series of low undulations around a grand central tower, whose base having fallen away, has given to it the appearance of a gigantic mushroom, and near which were found—a rare thing in Chaldæa—the fragments of a statue, the head of which is supposed to be in the possession of Captain Lynch, C.B.I.N.; and as the fragments of this body now lie in the vaults of the British Museum, it is a pity they were not, with the head, all put together. We should then have, at all events, one specimen of a Chaldæan divinity to set beside the many Assyrian.

Within sight of Hammam, about six miles distance, rises another lofty and imposing pile, called Tel Ede, or Yede. It is in the country of the Madan, or pastoral Arabs, under the Muntifj. This mound is a huge

artificial mass of solid sand, 90 feet high and 2500 feet in circumference, but out of which nothing could be obtained.

Of all the ruins of Central Chaldæa, by far the most extensive and important are those of Erech, or Uruk, now called Warka. Of the three great edifices which rise conspicuously from the surface of the ruins, that called Buwariyya is not only the most central, but the most lofty and ancient. At first sight it appears to be a cone, but further examination proves it to be a tower, 200 feet square, built entirely of sun-dried bricks. On excavating at its basement there was discovered, on the centre of each side, a massive buttress of peculiar construction, erected for the purpose of supporting the main edifice, which appears from the brick legends to have been a temple dedicated to "Sin," or "the Moon," by Uruk, the oldest known Chaldæan monarch.

But by far the most interesting structure at Warka is that called Wuswas. It is contained in a spacious walled quadrangle, which includes a space of more than seven and a half acres. The most important and conspicuous portion of this great enclosure is a structure on the south-west side, 246 feet long by 174 feet wide, and 80 feet above the plain. On three sides are terraces of different elevations, but the fourth, or south-west, presents a perpendicular façade, at one place 23 feet in height.

This façade, when laid partially bare by Mr. Loftus's labours, afforded a first glimpse of external Babylonian architecture, and exhibited peculiarities so remarkable and original as to attest at once its undoubted antiquity.

Nothing can be more plain, more rude, or, in fact, more unsightly, than the decoration employed upon this front; but it is in this very aspect—this very ugliness, which vouches for the originality of the style. It has long been a question whether the column was employed by the Babylonians as an architectural embellishment. The Wuswas façade settles this point beyond dispute. Upon the lower portion of the building are groups of seven half-columns repeated seven times—the rudest perhaps which were ever reared, but built of moulded semicircular bricks, and securely bonded to the wall. The entire absence of cornice, capital, base, or diminution of shaft, so characteristic of other columnar architecture, and the peculiar and original disposition of each group in rows like palm logs, suggest the type from which they sprang. It is only to be compared with the style adopted by aboriginal inhabitants of other countries, and was evidently derived from the construction of wooden edifices. The same arrangement of uniform reeds or shafts, placed side by side, as at Wuswas, occurs in many Egyptian structures, and in the generality of Mexican buildings before the Spanish invasion. It is that which is likely to originate among a rude people before the introduction of the arts.

The interior of the same building exhibited courts, with chambers on either side, the arrangement of which resembled, in a remarkable manner, that of the Assyrian palaces, as respected want of uniformity in size and shape, and the position of the doorways at the sides rather than the centre of the rooms. The flank walls were thicker or slighter in proportion to the width of the chamber, which would be precisely what would be necessary if, as Mr. Loftus believes, each chamber were covered with a brick arch. He conceives Mr. Fergusson's restorations, as seen at the Crystal Palace, founded upon the notion that the Assyrians had recourse to columns in preference to all other modes of building, to be completely erroneous.



Among other curious discoveries made at Warka was one of an edifice at once unique in its construction and remarkable for new styles of decorative art. Mr. Loftus had frequently noticed a number of small yellow terra-cotta cones, three inches and a half long, arranged in half circles on the surface of the mound, and he was much perplexed to imagine what they were. They proved to be part of a wall, thirty feet long, entirely composed of these cones imbedded in a cement of mud, mixed with chopped straw. They were fixed horizontally, with their circular bases facing outwards. Some had been dipped in red and black colour, and were arranged in various ornamental patterns, such as diamonds, triangles, zigzags, and stripes, "which had a very pleasing effect."

It is well known that in ancient Egyptian tombs similar but much larger cones are found, with hieroglyphs recording the names of the deceased (for they are of a sepulchral character) stamped upon their bases. Mr. Taylor also found them plentifully at the ruins which were upon what was once the "Western Euphrates;" much larger than those at Warka, with cuneiform inscriptions, and sometimes a rim round the edge filled with copper; but this is the only instance where they have been found *in situ*. There were also large cones of baked clay found at Warka, but they disposed separately, and were inscribed with the name of Bel, or Belus, and belonged to some divinity or superior being.

Warka turned out, indeed, to be a mine for extraordinary and unheard-of modes of decoration in architecture. Another mound was crowned with a curious building, which had some points of resemblance to the cone-brick structure. Connected with it was a wall, composed entirely of unbaked bricks, and a peculiar species of conical vase, the fragments of which lay strewn on the surface. These vases were arranged horizontally, mouths outwards. They varied in size from ten to fifteen inches in length, with a general diameter at the mouth of four inches. The cup, or interior, was only six inches deep, and the conical end solid. "With their conical mouths outwards," says Mr. Loftus, "they produced a very strange effect—more striking even than that of the painted cone edifice already described." "It is difficult," the same explorer goes on to say, "to conceive the purpose for which these vases were designed;" but if Mr. Taylor's views of the nature of the cones is correct, it is not too much to suppose that they were the counterpart of the said cones, and that one edifice was the mausoleum of kings and princes, the other that of queens and princesses; or they may have been temples dedicated to divinities propitiated by the different sexes.

It is a remarkable fact that, while the long succession of years during which excavations have been carried on in the mounds of Assyria, not a single instance has been recorded of undoubted Assyrian sepulture, Chaldæa is full of them; and every mound is an ancient burial-place from Niffar to Abu Shahrein! Every schoolboy knows that when Alexander was at Babylon, the Macedonian sailed into the marshes to visit the tombs of the kings of Assyria, and that all kinds of mishaps and evil omens befel him on the occasion of that excursion. It is not too much to believe that Chaldæa was in olden times the necropolis of Assyria, whither, probably, the dead were conveyed, chiefly by means of boats upon the Tigris and the Euphrates.

The whole region of Lower Chaldæa abounds, in fact, in sepulchral cities of immense extent; and by far the most important of these is Warka,

where the enormous accumulation of human remains proves that it was a peculiarly sacred spot; and, unlike most of the other Chaldæan sepulchral cities, it was so esteemed for many centuries.

It is difficult (Mr. Loftus remarks) to convey anything like a correct notion of the piles upon piles of human relics which there utterly astound the beholder. Excepting only the triangular space between the three principal ruins, the whole remainder of the platform, the whole space between the walls, and an unknown extent of desert beyond them, are everywhere filled with the bones and sepulchres of the dead. There is probably no other site in the world which can compare with Warka in this respect; even the tombs of ancient Thebes do not contain such an aggregate amount of mortality. From its foundation by Uruk until finally abandoned by the Parthians—a period of probably 2400 years—Warka appears to have been a sacred burial-place! In the same manner as the Persians at the present day convey their dead from the most remote corners of the Shah's dominions, and even from India itself, to the holy shrines of Kerbella and Meshed 'Ali, so, doubtless, it was the custom of the ancient people of Babylonia to transport the bones of their deceased relatives and friends to the necropolis of Warka and other sites in the dread solitude of the Chaldæan marshes. The two great rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates, would, like the Nile in Egypt, afford an admirable means of conveying them from a distance, even from the upper plains of Assyria.

Nor is the mode of interment much less curious than the extent of the sepulchres. The invention of the potter seems to have been racked in designing new forms of coffins and sarcophagi. There were the large top-shaped vase, known as the Babylonian urn; there was the oval dish-cover, beneath which the body lay trussed, like a fowl, with cylinders, inscribed tablets, personal ornaments, jars, and other vessels around; and there were various other forms, but they all sink into insignificance when compared with the glazed earthen slipper-shaped coffins, which appear finally to have superseded all other descriptions. The piles on piles of these coffins are proofs of the successive generations by whom this mode of burial was practised; and, thanks to Mr. Loftus's ingenuity and perseverance, we have now a specimen of this characteristic mode of Chaldæan burial in the British Museum.

An infinite variety of relics are associated with these coffins either in the inside, or around them in the earth or vault. Among these are ornaments in gold. The Arabs break hundreds every year for the purpose of rifling them. Among these interesting objects were small terra-cotta figures, which were probably household divinities; tablets of unbaked clay, which had been used as a circulating medium, some issued by the king and government, others by private parties; in fact, bank-notes and notes of hand in clay, and tablets with bas-reliefs, illustrative of the public and domestic life and manners of the Chaldæans.

Tablets of the latter description were more particularly abundant at another great ruin, called Sin Kara, where were the remains of a temple of the Sun, rebuilt, according to the inscriptions, by Nebuchadnezzar, after that monarch had dug in vain amid the ruins of the older temple to recover the ancient idol. Another ruin, called Tel Sifr, where the names of two Chaldæan kings, Khammurabi and Shamsu-Iluna, were first met with, was remarkable for the numerous copper articles (whence its name) found there by the Arabs, as also by Mr. Loftus. These included large chaldrons, vases, small dishes, dice-boxes, (?) hammers, chisels, adzes, and hatchets; a large assortment of knives and daggers of various sizes

and shapes, rings, fetters, links of a chain, and other objects, all well and skilfully wrought. The conclusion arrived at was, that they were the stock-in-trade of a coppersmith; but the explanation of their connexion with a temple or public edifice near which they were discovered, is by no means clear; and it appears more probable that some deity was worshipped at that spot who was supposed to be propitiated by offerings of copper and copper utensils and instruments, as other divinities may have been propitiated by offerings of emblematic cones and vases.

It is to be remarked, that while Warka has been long ago identified with Erech and the great mound of Mukaiyir, or Mugeyer, "the place of bitumen," excavated by Mr. Taylor, with the Urchoe, or Orchoe of the Greeks and Romans, Sir Henry Rawlinson identified Warka with the Ur of the Chaldæa till he detected the word Hur on an inscription from Mukaiyir. Mr. Loftus, however, with Mr. Fraser, considers Orchoe to have been more probably a modification of Erech than of Ur. If so, we have no grounds but the newly-discovered inscription of "Hur" for belief in an Ur in Lower Chaldæa at all. For such belief was mainly founded upon the reading of Urchoe and Orchoe.

But granting even that there was an Ur in Lower Chaldæa, all the links of existing traditions are in favour of the Ur of Abraham being in the north. We have, at the Urhoi of the Syrians, Urfah in the present day, the mosque sacred to the patriarch, and the supposed descendants of the fish beloved by Ibrahim-al-Khalil, or a remnant of the worship recorded by Xenophon to have been paid to fish and to the fish god in Syria. We have Abraham's house at Harran, where he tarried on his first migration. We have Serug—a tradition of another patriarch of the same family in the neighbourhood; we have the spot where he crossed the river on his way to Chanaan, and a tradition of his sojourn at Aram Zohab, or Aleppo, as he travelled onwards to the south. But had the patriarch started, in obedience to his call, from Mukaiyir, there would have been no river to cross, nor would his journey to Chanaan have laid to the south, as it is so expressly stated in the Holy Writ.

This is only one out of a hundred difficulties—as more especially the supplanting of an aboriginal Semitic race by one of Hamitic descent; the supposition, because there is a Sythic character in certain cuneiform inscriptions, that these were of African origin; that the Western Ethiopians of Africa had anything at all to do, except in name, with the Eastern Ethiopians of Asia; that the Akkudim were negroes; Erech, Accad, and Calneh, regions, not cities, and Nimrod a people or an expression, and not an individual—which force themselves upon the mind on perusing these suggestive records. They involve many of the most interesting questions that are connected with the history of the human race. It is not, indeed, too much to say, that nothing like the facts that are to be gleaned from the united researches of Mr. Loftus and Mr. Taylor, illustrated by the readings of Sir Henry Rawlinson, has appeared since the first exhumation of Assyrian relics by Botta and Layard; and if not equal in interest, in an artistic point of view, to the Assyrian sculptures, they certainly exceed them in their early historical importance.

## A VICTIM TO "TIC."

BY MATERFAMILIAS.

THROB! throb!—shoot! shoot!—there it goes, running the gamut of every nerve in one's face, and playing the very mischief with all one's teeth. They have got loose altogether, refusing mastication, and giving forth fresh shoots of pain at every new mouthful of air drawn through them. Paterfamilias is a victim to King "Tic" at this very moment. There he sits, with a red silk handkerchief bound tightly over his manly features—a flushed face, and an irritable temperament. Who ever yet was good-humoured during an attack of "Tic?" Paterfamilias is trying to drive out the enemy by means of fire—literally making it too hot to hold him. That is a bottle of creosote on the table beside him; and this a preparation of the infallible Dr. Watersons, which cures the neuralgia, toothache, rheumatism, sprains, bruises, strains, muscular affections, cramp, heartburn, and what not, all in the space of five minutes and at one trial—as witness the hundreds of testimonials received, including the Earl of Amberhill and Lady Georgina Dashwood, who of themselves testify infallibility more than a thousand Robinsons, with all the family of Smiths included. Alas! that Dr. Watersons has failed with Paterfamilias. He has only added fire to the fuel set going by a liberal application of creosote, and King "Tic" is now asserting himself more vigorously than ever, under the train siege of inflammatory symptoms that has been laid down for him. Paterfamilias has never suffered in this way from "Tic" before, and he is determined not to be beaten; he resorts now to anodynes, chloroformed ether, fomentations of poppy-heads, laurel-leaves, and what not. Alas! they only lull and deaden the pain temporarily, producing a splitting headache, and a sense of languor, sickness, and oppression. King "Tic" reigns still supremely above, in, and throughout it all.

It is an epidemic going through the house; Materfamilias is trying to live it down in the next room, by talking to the olive-branches, arranging domesticities with the nursemaid, and persuading herself that, by striving not to think about it, she will conquer the enemy. Alas! that we have to record her utter failure. The pretty restlessness of even Clara works her poor brain almost to distraction—and the inquiring mind of Cecil Vane, which always expresses itself in a deluge of questions, without ever waiting for answers—prey upon her like the jarring strings of a fiddle going through and through her poor head, till she can no longer master the irritability.

Everybody, it seems to her, is leagued to leave doors open and make draughts all through the house. Everybody has become so unaccountably selfish; they seem to think nothing of her pain, and never to have felt it themselves, or surely Aunt Bessie would not go on in that silly way all the evening, regretting that people *will* suffer when they might so easily summon up a little moral courage, and go to the dentist and have their teeth extracted. Aunt Bessie has never had the "Tic," Materfamilias is quite sure of *that*! She only wishes she could bear a little of *her* pain just now.

After all, though, Aunt Bessie is not half so aggravating as Uncle John, who will sit reading his newspaper cosily in the arm-chair by the fire, looking up smilingly, and rubbing his hands occasionally, while remarking, "He is very sorry to see his niece suffer so much, but he doesn't know what else she could expect, when she would go out yesterday in all that east wind and, of course, catch her death of cold. If people *will* be wilful," says Uncle John, "why, of course, they must suffer for it." He is never surprised at anything; he could have told her this would happen yesterday, and it would be worse still if she didn't take care. Oh! if people only knew how much they bring upon themselves by their own folly—Uncle John being one of Job's comforters!

Materfamilias at last bethinks her of bed. For this purpose she has her bed warmed, her face wrapped up in flannel, and a concoction of laudanum and camphor placed in a little bottle beside her. But it is quite in vain that she attempts to sleep. "Tired nature's sweet restorer" has no chance against King "Tic." Shoot! shoot!—throb! throb! throb!—natter! natter! natter!—her whole face gets flushed and heated; the hot flannel seems only to make the pain worse; and the bed itself gets tumbled, uncomfortable, and painful, like her own restless spirit—there is not a cool place in it, and wherever she moves the discomfort follows her. Now she sits up, nursing her face—now she lies down again, coiling the bedclothes round her, and refusing to be disturbed, like a sulky, irritable badger. Click! goes the last bedroom door, closing for the night. Everybody is comfortable and happy except herself; and yet people say, "Oh, nothing the matter, only an attack of neuralgia!"

Tic! tic! tic! goes the clock on the stairs, keeping up a sympathetic accompaniment to the throb! throb!—shoot! shoot! that is going on in her face. She has got the whole night now before her, and nobody to come near her. She can do just what she likes—sit up and nurse her pain in her hands, and cry if she wishes it—no one will see her; or complain a little, if it eases her—no one will hear her. She can look at the rush-light, flaring through the holes of the tin shade that contains it, and fancy them eyes of fire mocking at her misery; or she can listen to the wind wailing and shrieking round the house, and the rain beating and pattering against the windows, till, if she likes to write an ode to misery, she will find the music accompaniment ready-made to hand. If the pain is unendurable, she can get out of bed and pace up and down the boards to try and get rid of it, though this is rather a rash experiment when the fire has gone out, and the room has begun its usual nocturnal airings by the draught that *will* come in under the door, meeting the accompanying breeze that *will* waft itself from the window!

At last she falls asleep. Suddenly she finds herself in the dentist's hands, with Aunt Bessie assuring her it only wants a little moral courage, and Uncle John chuckling and laughing as he tells her she has nobody but herself to thank for this, and if she had followed his directions she need never have come here. In the dentist's hands, however, she is assuredly; and he has got hold of the identical tooth that has caused her all her suffering. How he pulls and tugs at it, and yet it will not come out. She beseeches him to give her a little breathing time; but he is unmerciful, and will keep tug, tug, tug—pull, pull,

though the tooth still shows no sign of allowing itself to be extracted. At last there comes a wrench that nearly takes her head off. She shrieks out, and wakes up—to find it is only a fresh access of the pain that has come upon her in her sleep.

Tic ! tic ! still goes the clock. Longfellow's rhyme, with its time-beating measure, comes across her, and distracts her mind, till somehow she herself becomes the embodied personification of his clock-case on the stairs, and the tic-pain that is raging and maddening within her is the "Ever, Never, Never, for Ever" voice of which the poet makes such harmonious mention ; but which she turns into discord unendurable.

All things come, however, to an end at last ; and a wet, grey, dull morning dawns in even upon Materfamilias. A housemaid, sulky at being rung up so early, fills her room with smoke, by attempting to light wood that has never been properly dried ; and at last goes out, leaving the door open, and letting in a gust of cold wind on her inflamed face. She is too ill to get out and shut it, and so she lies in a sort of stupor till she is roused by the entrance of Cecil Vane and Eva Clara, who, having stolen subtly from the nursery, rejoice mightily at finding mamma's room open to them, and proceed instantly to investigate and disarrange all the books and ornaments about the place, finishing up their playful researches by climbing upon mamma's bed, making a footstool of her head, and jumping up and down upon it by way of a little exercise.

Materfamilias groans in spirit, but does not oppose them ; a little more or less pain has become now indifferent to her. Even when the indignant nurse comes in and carries them off, slamming the nursery door after her with a reverberation that shakes the house, she doesn't seem much to mind it.

She dresses mechanically, ties her face up again in a silk handkerchief, but with no real idea of its curing her, and descends the stairs to the breakfast-room, haggard, worn-out, miserable.

There she finds Paterfamilias established before her in the arm-chair, his feet on the fender, his face bound up tightly in another red silk handkerchief, and a rug over his shoulders, to keep off all draughts that still may be. He is far too ill himself to notice her miseries. He kindly hopes she has rested well ; but as for himself, he has never had a wink of sleep all night ; never closed his eyes. No one would believe what he has suffered ; talk of women's ailments, not all of them put together could make out one-tenth of the miseries Paterfamilias went through during the night past. And so he goes on. He speaks feelingly, because he has suffered sensibly. And so it is with most of us.

And now, gentle reader, if you are a sufferer from King "Tic," I have only a word of advice to give you. Do not try to drive him out by fire, or, worse still, by cold water. Do not think to frighten him away by irritability, or get over him by anodynes ; but give him a good fling as long as he chooses to torment you ; and, meanwhile, keep your own temper : "grin, but bear him !"

## THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A NEEDLEY.

## V.

DREAD OF DEATH (CONTINUED):—STOICAL INDIFFERENCE—DRYFESDALE THE FATALIST—COWPER'S MISAGATHUS—SHAKESPEARE'S TYBALT—"MAXIMS" FROM LA ROCHEFOUCAULD AND FROM VAUVENARGUES—JOHN BALLANTYNE—DEATH AS AN AGONY, AND DEATH AS A MYSTERY, DISCRIMINATED—DR QUINCY—"JANE EYRE"—DR. JOHNSON.

Qui a vécu un seul jour, a vécu un siècle: même soleil, même terre, même monde, mêmes sensations . . . . Il y auroit quelque curiosité à mourir, c'est-à-dire, à n'être plus un corps, mais à être seulement esprit: l'homme cependant, impatient de la nouveauté, n'est point curieux sur ce seul article: né inquiet, et qui s'ennuie de tout, il ne s'ennuie point de vivre, il consentiroit peut-être à vivre toujours. Ce qu'il voit de la mort le frappe plus violemment que ce qu'il en sait: la maladie, la douleur, le cadavre le dégoûtent de la connoissance d'un autre monde: il faut tout le sérieux de la religion pour le réduire.—LA BRUYÈRE: *Les Caractères*.

THE "stoical indifference" with which certain rugged, not to say brutal natures, await a seemingly inevitable death—the stoicism of deferred but ultimate and resolved despair—is represented in the case of the Bohemian vagrants, in common with whom young *Quentin Durward* is given over to the executioners: "He [Quentin] looked around him in agony, and was surprised, even in that moment, to see the stoical indifference of his fellow-prisoners. They had previously testified every sign of fear, and made every effort to escape; but now, when secured, and destined apparently to inevitable death, they awaited its arrival with the utmost composure. The scene of fate before them, gave, perhaps, a more yellow tinge to their swarthy cheeks; but it neither agitated their features, nor quenched the stubborn haughtiness of their eye. They seemed like foxes, which, after all their wiles and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit."

The contempt, again, expressed for death, by certain abnormal natures, under certain exceptional circumstances, is exemplified by the same author in the character of the stern old predestinarian *Dryfesdale*, in "The Abbot," when foiled in his scheme of taking off Queen Mary by poison: "Holdest thou thy own life so lightly?" asks the Lady of Lochleven. "Else I had recked more that of others," is the predestinarian's reply: "What is death?—it is but a ceasing to live. And what is living?—a weary return of light and darkness, sleeping and waking, being hungered and eating. Your dead man needs neither candle nor can, neither fire nor feather-bed; and the joiner's chest serves him for an eternal frieze-jerkin." Or take the case of Cowper's "young *Misagathus*," who answers the gentle counsel of *Evander* by spurring his steed, defiant of death, to take that "dreadful leap" from the "green summit of the rocks whose base beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high:"

"And dost thou dream," the impenetrable man  
Exclaimed, "that me, the lullabies of age,  
And fantasies of dotards such as thou,  
Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?  
Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave

Need no such aids as superstition lends,  
To steel their hearts against the dread of death."  
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand  
Pushed with a madman's fury—

braving that "dreadful leap," and professing therewithal to leap the world to come.

*Tybalt*, in "*Romeo and Juliet*," is accounted by Coleridge a specimen of a certain demonstrative indifference to death, not uncommon in certain common-place personages. "*Tybalt* is a man abandoned to his passions—with all the pride of family, only because he thought it belonged to him as a member of that family, and valuing himself highly, simply because he does not care for death. This indifference to death is perhaps more common than any other feeling: men are apt to flatter themselves extravagantly, merely because they possess a quality which it is a disgrace not to have, but which a wise man never puts forward, but when it is necessary."

It is one of the Maxims of La Rochefoucauld, that those who are condemned to death, sometimes affect a constancy and a contempt of death, which are but, in reality, the dread of facing it; so that, in fact, you might say that this constancy and this contempt are to their mind what the bandage is to their eyes.

In another place the same noble duke and ignoble philosopher discriminates at some length and with considerable pains between suffering death with "constancy" and despising it. The former, he says, is common enough, but he doubts the genuineness of the latter under *any* circumstances: "*mais je crois que l'autre n'est jamais sincère.*" A great deal has been written, he goes on to say, with a view to prove death no evil; and men of the frailest type, as well as heroes, have furnished examples by thousands of the validity of this opinion. "Yet I question," he continues, "whether any person of good sense has ever believed it; indeed the trouble that is taken to persuade oneself and others of it, sufficiently proves the difficulty of the endeavour. We may have various occasions for disgust in life; but we never have cause to despise death. Those even who wilfully inflict it on themselves by no means reckon it a light matter, and are in consternation and reject it like other men when it approaches them in another form than that of their own choosing." And he accounts for the inequality observable in the courage of an infinite number of valiant men, by the variety of aspects which death assumes to their imaginations individually, and its more vividly-felt presence at one time than another: so it happens that after having despised that which they know not, they at last fear that which they know.

It is one of the Maxims, too, of Vauvenargues—a French "classic" of another age, school, and fortune—that the pretence of "braving death" is observable in men who are all restlessness and timidity about the veriest trifles: "*Des hommes inquiets et tremblants pour les plus petits intérêts affectent de braver la mort.*"

No. Man's dread of death is instinctive and deeply-planted. Chalmers, in his "*Natural Theology*," lays stress on the love of life as an instinct, and not the fruit of any previous calculation on the worth of the commodity; an instinct—involving, he contends, a great deal more of horror at the pains of that awful and unknown transition by which we are conducted away from it, than of regret at the privation of any or all put



together of its affirmative joys. And he demands attention to the fact, as "quite palpable," that by far the most noticeable, and therefore the most vivid and powerful of those emotions which are connected with this view of death, is the recoil wherewith nature shrinks from its imagined agonies and terrors; and that all without exception who belong to the family of man have to bear upon their spirits the burden of so dread a perspective, their life being exposed at every turn to the damping visitation of such a thought, insomuch that (religion apart) the progress of their existence through the world only becomes easy and tolerable by the steeping of all their senses in the utter forgetfulness of its sore and affecting termination.

When poor John Ballantyne was seized with his last illness, he wrote to his brother—and that brother forwarded the message, with a touching comment, to their old partner and patron, Sir Walter Scott—"A spitting of blood has commenced, and you may guess the situation into which I am plunged. We are all accustomed to consider death as certainly inevitable; but his obvious approach is assuredly the most detestable and abhorrent feeling to which human nature can be subject." (A few days, and they were smoothing the turf over John's remains in the Canongate churchyard, and Scott was standing there with the surviving brother, and said, as the sun suddenly broke out, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth." And there was less: the presentiment was too true.)

The question is put in one of Barry Cornwall's Dramatic Fragments,

— Who, save Man,  
E'er reckons on to-morrow? or dreads death?

And the answer—or, if answer it be none, the rejoinder, the reply, the response by a new string of questionings—is:

Death! what is death,—at whose pale picture men  
Shake, and the blood grows cold? Is he *one* thing?  
Dream? Substance? Shadow? or is Death more vague,—  
Made up of many fears, which band together  
And overthrow the soul?—Give me reply!  
Is Death so terrible? Why, we do know  
Philosophy, Religion, Fame, Revenge,  
Despair, Ambition, Shame, all conquer it.  
The soldier who doth face it every day,—  
The feathered savage, and the sailor, tossing  
All night upon the loose uncertain deep,  
Laugh it to scorn. The fish, the bird, the brute  
(Though each doth apprehend the sense of pain),  
Never dread death. It is a weakness bred  
Only in man. Methinks, if we build up  
Our proud distinction, sole supremacy,  
Upon so slight a foundation as our fears,  
Our fame may totter.

Yet, where the brute's ignorance is bliss, who shall call it man's folly to be wise? "Man's Unhappiness, I take it," somewhere says Carlyle, "comes of his Greatness." The fear of death is an appurtenance thereof.

Cases there are in which the fear of death happens to act as a disturbing force of an anomalous kind—to which allusion is made by La Roche-

foucauld in a passage already indicated. The English Opium-eater has discussed this anomalous force, in several of its aspects—particularly that of, what he calls, the imaginative and shadowy terror with which different minds recoil from death—not considered as an agony or torment, but considered as a mystery, and, next after God, as the most infinite of mysteries. In a brave man, he remarks, this terror may happen to be strong; in a pusillanimous man, simply through inertness and original feebleness of imagination, may happen to be scarcely developed. “This oscillation of horror, alternating between death as an agony and death as a mystery, not only exists with a corresponding set of consequences accordingly as one or other prevails, but is sometimes consciously contemplated and put into the scales of comparison and counter-valuation.” One of the early Cæsars is instanced, who reviewed the case thus: *Emori nolo; me esse mortuum nihil æstumo*. (From death as the act and process of dying, I revolt; but as to death viewed as a permanent state or condition, I don’t value it at a straw.) What this particular Cæsar detested, Mr. de Quincey continues, “and viewed with burning malice, was death the agony—death the physical torment. As to death the mystery, want of sensibility to the infinite and the shadowy had disarmed *that* of its terrors for him. Yet, on the contrary, how many are there who face the mere physical anguish of dying with stern indifference. But death the mystery—death that, not satisfied with changing our objective, may attack even the roots of our subjective—*there* lies the mute, ineffable, voiceless horror before which all human courage is abashed, even as all human resistance becomes childish when measuring itself against gravitation.”

It was a beautiful September day, and Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell, “although [says the latter] we did not approve of travelling on Sunday,” had a “most pleasant sail between Rasay and Sky,” and discoursed of lively topics beseeeming the sunshine, but also of things pertaining to sadness and to shade. “We spoke of death. Dr. Johnson on this subject observed, that the boastings of some men as to dying easily were idle talk, proceeding from partial views. I mentioned Hawthornden’s ‘Cypress-grove,’ where it is said that the world is a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the show-room after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators.—JOHNSON: ‘Yes, sir, if he is sure to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see anything again, or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room.’” Ay, but to die, and go we know not where! Ay, there’s the rub.

Throughout his long life, Johnson was disquieted by foreshadowings of death as the mystery. What meditative mind is not, at various intervals of time, and with various degrees of agitation? Early childhood is not exempt from this hour and power of darkness—darkness that may be felt—darkness that may *not* be seen through. *Jane Eyre* shall be our example. When typhus had attacked so many of her schoolfellows, and *Jane* was allowed, in consequence, to wander out of bounds, she came back late one evening from the wood, with a handful of roots she had dug up there, and stayed a few minutes to plant them in her little garden, by calm moonlight,—fearing they would wither if she left them till the morning. “This done, I lingered yet a little longer: the flowers smelt

so sweet as the dew fell ; it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm ; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow ; the moon rose with such majesty in the grave east. I was noting these things and enjoying them as a child might, when it entered my head as it had never done before :

“ How sad to be lying now on a sick-bed, and to be in danger of dying ! This world is pleasant—it would be dreary to be called from it, and to have to go who knows where ? ”

“ And then my mind made its first earnest effort to comprehend what had been infused into it concerning heaven and hell : and for the first time it recoiled, baffled ; and for the first time glancing behind, on each side, and before it, it saw all around an unfathomed gulf : it felt the one point where it stood—the present ; all the rest was formless eloud and vacant depth : and it shuddered at the thought of tottering, and plunging amid that chaos.”

The feelings with which Johnson, from threescore and ten years and onwards, regarded that dim advent Mystery, whereof he discoursed with Boswell, during that pleasant sail across Hebridean waters, are every way too interesting and instructive not to be further illustrated. Writing of a dinner at Mr. Dilly's, in the April of 1778, Boswell mentions *inter plurima alia* : “ I expressed a horror at the thought of death. Mrs. KNOWLES [‘ the ingenious Quaker lady,’ whose needlework Johnson once eulogised to Mrs. Thrale ] : ‘ Nay, thou shouldst not have a horror for what is the gate of life.’ JOHNSON (*standing upon the hearth, rolling about with a serious, solemn, and somewhat gloomy air*) : ‘ No rational man can die without uneasy apprehension.’ ” After a while Boswell interposes : “ Then, sir, we must be contented to acknowledge that death is a terrible thing.” “ Yes, sir,” Johnson replies : “ I have made no approaches to a state which can look on it as not terrible.” And later in the same discussion, Boswell proffers the remark, that although in prospect death is dreadful, yet, in fact, it is found that people die easy—which elicits from Johnson this rejoinder : “ Why, sir, most people have not *thought* much of the matter, so cannot *say* much, and it is supposed they die easy. Few believe it certain they are then to die ; and those who do, set themselves to behave with resolution, as a man does who is going to be hanged :—he is not the less unwilling to be hanged.”

On another occasion, Johnson expressed himself as “ much pleased ” with a remark once made by Paoli to Boswell, and by the latter repeated to the approving Doctor—viz., that it is impossible not to be afraid of death ; and that those who at the time of dying are not afraid, are not thinking of death, but of applause, or something else which keeps death out of their sight : so that all men are equally afraid of death when they see it ; only some have the power of turning their sight away from it better than others.

Within a few months of his decease, the following passage occurs in a letter of Johnson's to Dr. Taylor : “ O my friend ! the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid.”

His presumed sensitiveness on the subject is illustrated again in a paragraph from Boswell, some five weeks later. “ On Wednesday, May 19, I sat a part of the evening with him, by ourselves. I observed, that the death of our friends might be a consolation against the fear of

our own dissolution, because we might have more friends in the other world than in this. He perhaps felt this as a reflection upon his apprehension as to death; and said, with heat, 'How can a man know where his departed friends are, or whether they will be his friends in the other world,' &c.

Some time previously occurs this entry in the Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay: "Tuesday, Dec. 30.—I went to Dr. Johnson, and spent the evening with him. He was very indifferent, indeed. There were some very disagreeable people with him; and he once affected me very much, by turning suddenly to me, and grasping my hand, and saying, 'The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens; but I will not terrify myself by talking of them: ah, *priez Dieu pour moi!*'—You may believe I promised that I would! Good and excellent as he is, how can he so fear death?—Alas, my Susy, how awful is that idea!"

The *priez Dieu*, in French, is a good deal more à la Fanny Burney, writing to her dear Susy, than like so *totus atque rotundus* an Englishman as was old Samuel Johnson. But the English of it was like him, and solemnly in earnest.

Two months later, Mrs. Thrale writes to Fanny from Bath: "Johnson is in a sad way, doubtless; yet he may still with care last another twelvemonth [and so he did, or nearly so], and every week's existence is gain to him, who, like good Hezekiah, wears Heaven with entreaties for life." (The lively lady adds: "I wrote him a very serious letter the other day.")

Now are we within a month of Johnson's departure, weary and heavy-laden, yet casting so many more than

—one longing, lingering look behind.

Fanny Burney goes once and again to see him, but he is too ill to admit her. "I am told," she says, "by Mr. Hoole, that he [Johnson] inquired of Dr. Broeklesby if he thought it likely he might live six weeks? and the doctor's hesitation answering No, he has been more deeply depressed than ever. Fearing death as he does, no one can wonder. Why he should fear it, all may wonder."

But this depression lightened, if not wholly dispersed, when it came to the last scene of all. Boswell records with thankfulness, genuine and creditable, honest man! the comparative calm which tranquillised his great master's closing hours. One more excerpt from Madame d'Arblay may complete our "study" of the moribund moralist: "I hear from every one that he is now perfectly resigned to his approaching fate, and no longer in terror of death. I am thankfully happy in hearing that he speaks himself now of the change his mind has undergone, from its dark horror, and says—'he feels the irradiation of hope.' Good, and pious, and excellent Christian—who shall feel it if not he?" Not until almost *in articulo mortis* did he "feel the irradiation of hope." Then first began the day to dawn, and the shadows to flee away. It was in some sort a reverse of the established saying, *Dum spiro, spero*. Not until his *breath* grew short and irregular in the final conflict, knew he anything of *hope* as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Not until *spiritus* was ebbing, gasping, ready to vanish away, arose *Spes*, with something of an angel light, and healing in her wings.

## THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED-COURT FARM."

THE inhabitants of a somewhat primitive fishing village on the coast of England were aroused from their slumbers one morning by the news that a shocking murder had been committed in the night. Hastening down to its alleged scene, they found it was too true. The murdered man lay on a strip of beach land, and was a shocking sight to look upon. He had been shot in the face, right between the eyes, and, in falling from the heights above, the jagged edges of the rocks had also mangled that poor face, till not a trace of its humanity remained.

"Here comes Justice Thornycroft," cried one of the crowd, as a tall, portly, handsome man of sixty, was seen advancing towards them.

"What's all this hullabaloo about a murder?" cried out the Justice. "How d'ye do, Kyne?—How d'ye do? How d'ye do, all? When Martha brought up my shaving-water just now, she burst into my room, her hair and mouth all awry, with a story of a man having been murdered in the night, at the Half-moon. Some poor drowned fellow, I suppose, cast on the banks by the tide. What brings him so high up?"

"I wish it was drowning, and nothing worse, for that's not such an uncivilised death, if it's your fate to meet it," returned Captain Copp, a retired officer in the merchant navy, whose right leg had been lost in an encounter with pirates. "It's a horrible land murder, and nothing less; upon a friend of yours, Justice."

"A friend of mine!" was the somewhat incredulous remark of Mr. Thornycroft. "Why, good Heaven!" he added, in an accent of horror, as the crowd parted and he caught sight of the body, "it is my late guest, Robert Hunter!"

It was indeed. The face, as we have said, was destroyed beyond possibility of recognition, but the appearance and dress were not to be mistaken. He was buttoned up in his fur coat—as it was somewhat wrongly called, for the coat was of white cloth, and the trimmings only of fur. The hat was nowhere to be found: it never was found: but the natural supposition was, that in the fall it had rolled down to the sea, and been carried away by the tide.

Mr. Thornycroft stooped, and touched one of the cold hands, stooped to hide the tears which filled his eyes, unusual visitors to those of the Justice. "Poor, poor fellow! how could it have happened? How could he have come here?"

"He must have been shot on the heights, and the shot hurled him over, there's no doubt of that," said Captain Copp. "Must have been standing at the edge of the plateau."

"But what should bring him on the plateau at night?" urged a spectator.

"What indeed!" returned the captain, "I don't know. A bare, bleak place even in daylight, with as good as no expanse of sea-view."

"I cannot understand this," said Justice Thornycroft. "Young Hunter took leave of us last night, and left for London. He missed the

omnibus to Jutpoint and set off to walk. One of my boys saw him safe on his way. What brought him back on the plateau?"

"Yes," interrupted Supervisor Kyne, who, however, what with the wine and the brandy he had consumed, had a very confused and imperfect recollection of the events of the previous evening, but did not choose to let people know that. "Mr. Hunter shook hands with me in the dining-room at the Red Court, and I wished him a pleasant journey. That must have been—what time, Mr. Justice?"

"Getting on for nine."

"It's odd what could have spirited him back again," exclaimed Captain Copp. "Which of your sons steered him off?"

"I forget which," returned the Justice; "I heard Isaac say that one of them did. To tell you the truth, captain, I got jolly last night, and my head's none of the clearest this morning. How do you find yours, Kyne?"

"Oh, mine's all right, sir," answered the supervisor, hastily. "A man in office is obliged to be cautious."

"Ah, there's no coming over you, Kyne," cried the Justice, with a side wink to Captain Copp.

"There's Mr. Isaac himself, a coming round the point," exclaimed a fisherman.

The crowd turned and saw him. He was approaching with a rapid step.

"They say Hunter is murdered!" he called out. "It cannot be."

"He is lying here, stiff and cold, Isaac, with a bullet in his head," was the sad reply of the Justice. "Shot down from the heights above."

Isaac Thornycroft stooped over him in silence. His fair complexion and rosy colour, heightened by the morning air, were something bright to look upon. But as he gazed at that shockingly disfigured mass, a paleness as of the grave overspread his face, and a shudder, which shook him from head to foot, passed through his frame. "What brought him here—or on the plateau?" he asked. Almost the same words his father had used.

"What indeed!" repeated Mr. Thornycroft. "Did you tell me you saw him off? Or was it Richard?"

"It was Cyril. I did not see him at all after I left the dining-room. But Richard, when he joined me, later in the evening, said he had been—had been," repeated Isaac, having rather hesitated at these words, "saying good-by to Hunter, and that Cyril was walking part of the road with him."

"I wonder where Cyril left him," cried the Justice. "We will go up and ask him."

"What is to be done with this here, your honour?" inquired one of the fishermen, pointing to what lay there.

"It must be taken to the Mermaid," replied Mr. Thornycroft, as he walked away, followed by his son Isaac and three or four friends. "Go and tell them to prepare for it, and bring a shutter to carry it on. Don't be all the morning about it, or you will have the tide over the path."

Anything for excitement in a moment like the present. Away raced  
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the whole lot of hearers to the Mermaid, leaving Captain Copp, who could not race, and the customs officer, who seemed in a brown study, standing guard over the body.

"There's more in this than meets the eye, captain," began the latter, rousing himself. "If this has not been the work of smugglers, my name's not John Kyne."

"Smugglers be shivered!" cried the seaman, who, it was pretty well suspected in the village, obtained his spirits and tobacco without any trouble to her Majesty's revenue, "there's no smugglers here, Mr. Officer. And if there were, what should they want with murdering Robert Hunter?"

"I have been on the work and watch for weeks, captain, and I know that there is smuggling carried on, and to a deuced pretty extent."

"We are rich enough to buy our brandy and pay duty on it, Mr. Supervisor," wrathfully retorted the offended captain.

"Oh, psha! I am not looking after the paltry dabs of brandy they bring ashore. One may as well try to wash a blackamoor white, as to stop that. I look after booty of more consequence. There are cargoes of dry goods run here; foreign lace at a guinea a yard."

"My eye!" ejaculated Captain Copp, in amazement, who was willing enough to hear the suspicions, now he found they did not point to anything likely to affect his comfort, "where do they run them to?"

"They run them here, on the Half-moon; and they have got a hiding-place somewhere in these rocks. I could swear to it. I was telling my suspicions to this poor fellow"—looking down at his feet—"and he offered to help me ferret out the matter. He came down with me here, examined the rocks, sounded them (he was an engineer, you know), and appointed a further hunt for the next day. I never saw a man more interested, or more eager to pounce on the offenders. But when the next day arrived, he came to me, and said he must apologise for not keeping his promise, but he preferred not to interfere further. When I pressed him for his reason, he only hemmed and ha-ad, and said that, being a stranger, the neighbourhood might deem his doing so an impertinence. Now, captain, it is my firm belief that this sudden change, and his constrained manner, were caused by his having received some private hint from the smugglers themselves not to aid me in my search, and that it is nobody but they who have put it out of his power to do so."

"Whew!" whistled the staggered captain, "I could make more of a sinking ship than of what you say. Who are the smugglers? How did they find out he was going to interfere—unless he or you sent 'em word?"

"I don't know how they found it out. The affair is a mystery from beginning to end. Nobody was present at the conversation except Miss Mary Anne Thornycroft—and she cannot be suspected of holding communication with smugglers."

"This young fellow was a sweetheart of Miss Mary Anne's, eh?"

"I don't know. They seemed very intimate. I could almost swear Old Nick has to do with this smuggling business," added the supervisor, earnestly. "This day fortnight there was a dinner at the Red Court—you were there, by-the-way."

"A jolly spread the old Justice gave us, prime drink and cigars!" chimed in the salt tar.

"Well—I was there, and one can't be in two places at once. That very evening they managed to run their cargo, ran it on to this identical spot, sir," cried the disconcerted officer, warming with his grievance. "Vexed enough I was, and never once have I been off the watch since. Every night have I took up my station on that cursed damp plateau overhead, my stomach stretched on the ground, to keep myself dark, and just half an eye cocked out over the cliff—and all to no purpose. Last night, Sunday, I went in again to dine with the hospitable Justice, and I'll be—I'll be shivered, sir, as you sometimes say, if they did not take advantage of it, and run another cargo!"

"Bless and save my wooden leg!" uttered the captain, an aspiration he was wont to utter in moments of amazement, "it's unbelievable! How do you know they ran it?"

"I know it, and that's enough," replied Mr. Kyne, too much annoyed to stand upon politeness. "But, here's the devil of the thing—how did *they* know I was off the watch those two particular nights? If it got wind the first night, that I should be engaged at the Red Court—though I don't believe it did, for I can keep my own counsel, and did then—it could not have got wind the second. Five minutes before I went in there last night, I had no notion of it myself. Mr. Isaac looked into my rooms just before six, to borrow a newspaper, and *would* walk me off with him. I had had my chop at one o'clock, and was going to think about tea. Now how could the wretches have known last night that I was there?"

"It's of no good appealing to me, bow. I never was 'cute at breaking up marvels. Once, in the Pacific, there was a great big thing harnessed the ship, bigger than the biggest sea-serpent, and——"

"Depend upon it we have traitors in the camp," unceremoniously interrupted the supervisor, for he knew by experience that when once Captain Copp was fairly launched upon that old marvel of the Pacific Ocean, there was no stopping him. "Traitors round about us at our very elbows and hearths, if we only knew in which direction to look for them."

"Well, I ain't one," said the captain, "so you need not look after me. A pretty figure my wooden standard would cut, running smuggled goods. Why didn't you tell all this to Justice Thornycroft?"

"Because if I introduce a word about smugglers, he throws ridicule and cold water on it directly. And I did not choose to speak of it before all the fishermen who were gaping round, or I might defeat my chance of discovery. I cannot suspect any of the superior people in the neighbourhood. I do not know much of those Connaughts—but they don't seem like smugglers either."

"The Connaughts!" roared out the captain, "as well think my niece smuggles as they! The old Connaught is bedridden half his time, and the son has got his eyes strained on books all day, learning to be a parson."

"That's true," grumbled the officer. "All I know is, I can't fathom it, worry over it as I will."

"Here comes the plank," interrupted the captain. "I shan't stop to see *that* moved: so good morning to ye."

Meanwhile Mr. Thornycroft, and those who accompanied him, ascended through the village to the heights, and reached his residence, the Red Court Farm. At the substantial breakfast-table sat Richard Thornycroft,



the eldest son. But he had not yet begun to eat: he was meditating; and letting the things grow cold before him.

"Is Cyril up yet?" inquired Mr. Thornycroft.

Richard took out his watch. "Sure not to be. It is only half-past eight. Cyril never leaves his roost before nine."

"Have you heard the news, Richard?"

"Yes," was Richard's laconic answer.

"What do you think of it? How do you suppose it could have happened?"

"I don't think about it," returned Richard. "I conclude that if he did not shoot himself, he must have got into some quarrelling fray. He drank enough wine last evening to heat his brain, and we had proof that he was fond of meddling in what did not concern him. The extraordinary part of the business is, what brought him back on the plateau, after he had once started on his journey."

"I'll go up and arouse Cyril, and know where he left him. Gentlemen, if you will sit down and take some breakfast, we shall be glad of your company. That's a capital round of beef. Hallo, you wenches!" called out the Justice, in the direction of the kitchen, "some of you come in here and attend. Sinnett, let some more ham and eggs be sent in."

Nothing loath, they sat down, whilst Mr. Thornycroft ascended to Cyril's bed-chamber. Presently his voice was heard on the landing. "Hay! hi! Cyril! Are you anywhere about the house? Cyril!"

His voice died away in the echoes of the large house, but there was no answer. Mr. Thornycroft walked forward and knocked at his daughter's bedroom.

"What do you want, papa?" responded a faint voice from within.

"I want you, Mary Anne. Open the door."

He was not immediately obeyed.

"Open the door, I say," cried the impatient old gentleman, shaking its handle with his strong hand. "What, girl! are you afraid of me?"

Miss Thornycroft slowly opened the door, and presented herself. A fine girl, tall and fair, with the well-formed features of her brother Isaac. She was in a handsome silk dress, but its flounces looked tumbled, as if she had lain down in it, and her hair was rough and disarranged. It was the gown she had worn the previous evening, and it would almost seem as if she had done nothing to herself since going up-stairs to bed. The signs caught her father's eye, and he spoke in astonishment.

"Why—what in the world, girl? You have never undressed yourself! Surely, you did not pay too much respect to the wine, as we did!"

"You know better than that, sir. I was very tired, and threw myself on the bed when I came up: I suppose sleep overtook me. Do not allude to it, papa, down stairs. I will soon change my dress."

"Sleeping in your clothes does not seem to agree with you, Mary Anne: you look as if you had swallowed a doctor's shop. Do you know anything of Cyril? that's what I wanted to ask you."

"No," she replied, "I have neither seen nor heard him."

Mr. Thornycroft returned to the breakfast-room. "I cannot find Cyril," he announced. "He is early out this morning."

"Mr. Cyril did not sleep at home last night, sir," interposed the housekeeper, Sinnett: at least she used to be housekeeper before Miss Thornycroft returned home from school.

"Not sleep at home!" responded the Justice, in amazement. "You must be mistaken, Sinnett. Cyril is not a night-bird," he added, turning with a wink to the company, "like his rollicking brothers."

"Mr. Cyril did not sleep at home, sir," persisted Sinnett. "When Martha took up his hot water just now, and knocked, there was no answer, so she went in, and saw that the room had not been slept in."

"Very strange," repeated Mr. Thornycroft. "Richard, did you ever know Cyril stop out before?"

"Never," answered Richard.

"When did you see him last?"

"When he was going off last night with Hunter. I have not seen him since."

"He will turn up by-and-by," said Isaac. "If a fellow never has stopped out to make a night of it, that's no reason why he never may. Perhaps he came to an anchor at the Mermaid."

Sinnett, seeing that nothing more was wanted at present in the breakfast-room, went up to Miss Thornycroft. The young lady then had her hair down and her dress off, apparently in the legitimate process of dressing.

"My goodness me, Miss Mary Anne, how white you look!" was the involuntary exclamation of the servant. "It is a dreadful thing, miss, but you must not take it too much to heart. It is worse for the poor young man himself than it is for you. What a precious old gaby master must have been to tell her in such haste!" added the woman to herself.

"Don't talk of it," wailed Mary Anne, "I cannot bear it. Is he found?"

"Poor wretch, yes! with no look of a human face about him. It's a mass of horror, they say."

"Shot down on to the Half-moon!" shuddered Miss Thornycroft.

"In the fur corner of it. I'll go and bring you up a cup of tea, miss. You are shaking all over."

Before Miss Thornycroft could stop her, she had darted off, and going into the breakfast-room asked for a cup of tea.

"What a pity it is, sir, that you told Miss Thornycroft so soon, before she was well out of her bed!" she said, in an under tone to her master, as she stood waiting for the tea. "Time enough for her to have heard such a horrid thing, sir, when she came down stairs. There she is, a shaking like a child, not able to dress herself."

"I did not tell her," returned Mr. Thornycroft aloud. "What are you talking of?"

"You must have told her, sir," persisted Sinnett. "The first thing she asked me was, whether the body was found on the Half-moon, and said it was shot down on to it. Nobody else has been into the room but yourself."

"Take up the tea to your mistress, and don't stand cavilling here," interposed Mr. Richard, in a tone of command.

Justice Thornycroft brooked not contradiction from a servant. He rose from table and strode up-stairs after Sinnett, following her into his daughter's room.

"Mary Anne"—in a sharp tone—"did you tell that woman I disclosed to you what had happened to Hunter?"

"No," was the reply.

"Did I tell you that anything had happened to him?"

"No, papa, you did not."

"Do you hear what Miss Thornycroft says?" continued the magistrate, turning to the servant. "I advise you not to presume to contradict me again. If the house were in less excitement, you should come in before them all, and beg my pardon."

A ghastly look of fear had started to the features of Miss Thornycroft. "I—I heard them talking of it outside," she murmured, looking at Sinnett.

The woman arranged the waiter by the side of Miss Thornycroft, and went down stairs ruminating. "She *could not* have heard anything outside: her windows look on to the side garden, and nobody has had the key of it this morning. What is it all?"

That some dreadful mystery existed, something that would not bear the light of day, and in which Miss Thornycroft was in some way mixed up, she felt certain. And, woman like, she spoke out her thoughts too freely.

When the party down stairs had concluded their breakfast, which they did not spare, in spite of the sight presented to their eyes that morning, they departed in a body, leaving the Justice writing to the coroner. The day wore on, and no Cyril appeared. He was not at the Mermaid; he seemed not to be anywhere else; nobody had seen him since the previous night when he started to walk a little way with Robert Hunter.

"Richard," observed the Justice, to his eldest son, "I don't like this absence of your brother's. It is making me uneasy."

"No occasion for that," returned Richard. "I dare say he will make his appearance by night, all right. Sir," he added, abruptly, "this affair of Hunter's must be kept dark."

"Kept dark! When a man's found murdered, one can't keep it dark. What do you mean, Dick?"

"I mean, kept as dark as the legal proceedings will allow. Don't make more stir in it, sir, than is absolutely necessary. Hush it up as much as you can. You'll be at the coroner's right hand. It is essential advice, father."

"What the deuce!" burst forth the magistrate, staring at his son; "you do not fear Cyril was the murderer of Hunter?"

"No, thank God!" fervently answered Richard. "But, don't you see, sir—too minute inquiries may set them on the track of something else that was done on the Half-moon last night, and it would not do. That confounded Kyne has got his eyes and ears open enough, as it is."

"By George! there's something in that," deliberated the old gentleman. "My sympathy for Hunter put that out of my mind. All right, Dick, now I have the cue."

## II.

THE coroner's inquest on the body of Robert Hunter was held on the Wednesday. It took place in the club-room of the Mermaid, the coroner taking his seat at the head of its long table covered with green baize, while the jury ranged themselves round it. Justice Thornycroft was seated at the right hand of the coroner. The witnesses principally consisted of Mr. Thornycroft's family, Supervisor Kyne, who had found

the body, and the surgeon who had examined it. Strange to say, summonses had been delivered to Miss Thornycroft, and to the niece and maid-servant of Captain Copp; a fact which had got spread abroad, and was exciting the most intense curiosity in the village.

The supervisor and doctor were first examined, then Justice Thornycroft. The latter spoke to the fact of the young man's having been his guest for the previous fortnight, at the Red Court: that he had intended to leave on the Sunday night, by the half-past eight omnibus for Jutpoint, to catch the train; but had missed it. He then said he would walk it, wished them good-by, and left with that intention. He knew no more. Isaac Thornycroft deposed to the same; as did Richard, with this addition: That he had said farewell to Hunter outside the Red Court, when the latter was starting for Jutpoint, and that he saw him depart with his brother Cyril, who said he would see him a few yards on his way.

"Call Cyril Thornycroft," said the coroner.

The calling Cyril Thornycroft was a mere form, and the coroner had been made aware that it would be so. More singular still to relate, he had not been at home since that hour, to the perplexity of his family and astonishment of the village. His mysterious absence had given rise to an unpleasant suspicion, more implied than expressed, for none liked to give voice to it, that Cyril Thornycroft had been the guilty man, and had flown from the consequences.

"Call Sarah Ford," said the coroner.

Sarah Ford appeared, and Captain Copp struck his wooden leg irascibly on the floor of the room: for the captain was indignant that any women-folk belonging to him should be compelled to give public evidence on a murder. The evidence proceeded, in spite of the captain.

"You are servant in the family of Captain Copp?"

"Servant of all work," responded Sarah Ford.

"How long have you lived there?"

"Going on of two years. Afore that, I lived in London."

"We do not want to know where you lived before. Do you recollect last Sunday night?"

"What should ail me?" retorted Sarah, who was a clever woman in her vocation, but possessing a sharp and ready tongue, "it ain't so far back."

"Where did you go to that night, late in the evening?"

"I went nowhere but to Justice Thornycroft's."

"For what purpose did you go there?"

"To fetch Miss Annie. She was to have come home at eight o'clock, and when it went on almost to the stroke of nine and she did not come, missis and master told me to go for her."

"Which you did?"

"Which I did, and without stopping to put anything on. Just as I turned off the waste land, on to the Red-Court path, I met young Mr. Hunter and young Cyril Thornycroft."

"Walking together, towards the village?" interposed the coroner.

"Walking on, that way."

"Did they seem angry with each other?"

"No, sir, they were talking pleasantly. Mr. Cyril was saying to the other that if he stepped out, he would be at Jutpoint by half-past ten."

That was before they came close, but the air was clear, and brought out the sound of their voices."

"Did they speak to you?"

"I spoke to them. I asked Mr. Hunter if he had lost the omnibus, for, you must understand, Miss Annie had told me in the morning that he was going by it—and he said yes he had, and had got to tramp it. So I wished him a good journey."

"Was that all?"

"All that he said. Mr. Cyril asked me was I going to the Court, and I said yes I was, to fetch Miss Annie, and that master was in a tantrum with her for stopping so late, and with Miss Thornycroft for keeping her. With that, they went their way, and I went mine."

"After that, you reached the Red Court?"

"Of course I reached it, and went into the kitchen, where they gave me some mulled wine, while Miss Annie was getting ready. When she came into the hall, Miss Thornycroft, in a sort of freak (I didn't think she meant it) said she would come out with her. Miss Annie asked her how she would get back again, and she answered, laughing, that she'd run back to be sure, nobody was about to see her. Well, she clapped on her garden-bonnet, which hung there, and a shawl, and we came away, all three of us. As we got close to the plateau, by the waste land, they was somewhat afore me, and I saw 'em both stop and stare on to it, as if they saw something; and I wished they'd just stare at our home instead, for I weren't over warm, a lagging there. Presently one on 'em says, 'Sarah, just look, is not that Robert Hunter up there, a walking about?' 'My eyes is too chilled to see so far, young ladies,' says I; 'what should bring Robert Hunter there, when I met him as I come along, a speeding on his journey to Jutpoint?' 'I can see that it is Robert Hunter,' returns Miss Thornycroft; 'I can see him quite distinct on that high ground against the sky.' And with that they told me to wait there, and they'd just run up and frighten him. Precious cross I was, and I took off my apron, and throwed it over my head, shawl fashion, thinking what a fool I was to come out on a cold night without——"

"Confine yourself to the evidence," sternly interrupted the coroner.

"Well," proceeded Sarah, who was as cool and equable before the coroner and jury as she would have been in her own kitchen, "I doubled my apron over my head, and down I sat on that red stone, which rises out of the ground there, like a low milestone. In a minute or two, somebody comes running on to the plateau, as if a following the young ladies——"

"From what direction, witness?"

"He came from that of the Red Court."

"Did you recognise him?"

"No, I didn't try to. I saw it was a man, through the slit I had left in my apron. He was going fast, but stealthily, hardly letting his shoes touch the ground, as if he was up to no good. And I warn't sorry to see him go there, for, thinks I, he'll hurry back my young ladies."

"Witness—pay attention—were there no signs by which you could recognise that man? How was he dressed? As a gentleman?—as a sailor?—as a——"

"As a gentleman, for all I saw to the contrary," replied the witness,

unceremoniously interrupting the coroner's question. "If I had known he was a going on to the plateau to murder young Mr. Hunter, you may be sure I'd have looked at him sharp enough."

"What sized man was he? Tall or short?"

"Very tall."

"Taller than—Mr. Cyril Thornycroft, for instance?"

"A great deal taller."

"You are sure of this?"

"I am sure and certain. Why else should I say so?"

"Go on with your evidence."

"A minute or two afterwards, I heard a gun go off behind me, as I was sitting with my back to the plateau——"

"Did that startle you?"

"No. I ain't nervous. If I had thought it was let off on the plateau, it might have bothered me, because of the two young ladies being there, but I believed it was only from some passing vessel."

"It is singular you should have thought so lightly of it. It is not common to hear a gun fired on a Sunday night."

"You'd find it common enough if you lived here, sir. What with rabbit and other game shooters, and signals from boats, it is nothing, in this neighbourhood, to hear a gun go off, and it's what nobody pays any attention to."

"Therefore you did not?"

"Therefore I did not. And the apron I had got muffled over my ears made the sound appear further off than it really was. But, close upon the noise, came an awful yell, and then a shrill scream, as if from a woman. That startled me if you like, and I jumped up, and threw off my apron, and looked on to the plateau. I could not see anything; neither the man, nor the young ladies; so I thought it time to go and search after them. I had got nearly up to the Round Tower, that ruined wall, breast high, which is on the plateau——"

"You need not explain," said the coroner, "we know the place."

"When a man darted out from the shade of it," continued the witness, "cut across to the side of the plateau next the village, and disappeared down that dangerous steep path, which nobody afore, I guess, ever ventured down but in broad daylight."

"Was it the same man you saw just before, running on to the plateau?"

"Of course it was."

"By what marks did you know him again?"

"By no marks at all. I should not know the man from Adam. My own senses told me it was the same, because there was no other man on the plateau."

"Your own senses will not do to speak from. Remember, witness, you are on your oath."

"Whether I am on my oath or whether I ain't, I should speak the truth," was the response of the imperturbable witness.

"What next?"

"I stood a looking at the man; that is, at where he had disappeared; expecting he was a pitching down head foremost and getting half killed, at the pace he was a going, when Miss Thornycroft appears from the

Round Tower, shaking and crying and laying hold of me, a'most beside herself with terror. Then I went inside the wall, and found Miss Annie had fainted dead away, and was a lying on the grass."

"What account did they give of this?"

"They didn't give none to me. Miss Annie, when she came to herself, was too much shook to do it, and Miss Thornycroft was no better. I thought they had been startled by the man; I never thought no worse; and I did not hear about the murder till the next morning. They told me not to say anything about it at home, or that they had been on to the plateau. So Miss Thornycroft ran back to the Red Court, and I took home Miss Annie."

"What else do you know about the matter?"

"I don't know any more myself. I have heard plenty."

The witness's "hearing" was dispensed with, and Captain Copp was called.

"What account did your niece give you of this transaction?" demanded the coroner.

"What account did she give me!" spluttered Captain Copp, "she gave me none. This is the first time my ears have heard it. I only wish I had been behind them with a cat-o'-nine-tails"—shaking his stick in a menacing manner—"I'd have taught them to go gampering on to the plateau at night, after sweethearts! I'll send my niece home to her father, and let him punish her: he's a clergyman, Mr. Coroner, a vicar of a parish, and will know how to do it. And that vile bumboat woman, Sarah, with her apron over her head, shall file out of my quarters this day; a she-pirate, a——"

The coroner interposed. But what with Captain Copp's irascibility and his real ignorance of the whole transaction, nothing satisfactory could be obtained from him, and the next witness called was his niece. She was a lady-like, interesting girl, but gave her evidence in a sad state of excitement, trembling as if with terror.

Her account of their going on to the plateau was the same as Sarah's. It was "done in the impulse of the moment," to "frighten," or "speak to" Robert Hunter. (A groan from Captain Copp.) That they halted for a moment at the Round Tower, and then found that a man was following them on to the plateau, so they ran inside to hide themselves.

"Who was that man?" asked the coroner.

"I don't know," was the faint reply. "I am near-sighted."

"Did you look at him?"

"We peeped out, round the wall."

"Proceed, witness, if you please."

"He came close, and—then——"

"Then what?" said the coroner, looking searchingly at the witness, who seemed unable to continue. "You must speak up, young lady."

"Then I saw him with a pistol—and he fired it off—and I was so terrified that I fainted, and remembered no more."

"A good thing if he had shot off your two figure-heads!" burst forth Captain Copp, who was immediately silenced.

"Was he tall or short, this man?"

"Tall." The young lady's agitation was increasing.

"Did you know him?" proceeded the coroner.

"Oh no, no!" was the witness's shrieking answer, as she fell back in a violent hysterical fit.

When the hubbub, caused by her being taken from the room, had subsided, the coroner resumed his business.

"Call Mary Anne Thornycroft."

Miss Thornycroft appeared, led into the room by her brother Richard. Her face was of a deadly white, and her lips were compressed; but she delivered her evidence with composure, in a low, determined tone. In the course of her examination the coroner inquired if she had recognised Robert Hunter.

"Yes," was the reply. "I saw the outline of his face and figure distinctly, and knew him. I recognised him first by the coat he had on; it was quite conspicuous in the starlight."

"You saw the man who then came running on to the plateau?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

Mary Anne Thornycroft laid her hand upon her heart, as if pressing down its emotion before she answered.

"I cannot tell."

"Did you not know him?"

"No."

"Upon your oath?"

Miss Thornycroft again pressed her hands, both hands, upon her bosom, and a convulsive twitching was perceptible in her throat: but she replied in a low tone, "Upon my oath."

"Then, he was a stranger?"

She bowed her rigid face in reply, for the white, strained lips refused to answer. Motions are no answer for coroners, and this one spoke again.

"I ask you whether he was a stranger?"

"Yes."

"You saw him draw the pistol, and fire?"

"Yes."

"Now, young lady, I am going to ask you a painful question, but the ends of justice demand that you should answer it. Was that man your brother, Cyril Thornycroft?"

"No," she answered, in the sharp tone of earnest truth, "I swear it was not. I swear it before Heaven. The man was at least a head taller."

"Did he aim at Robert Hunter?"

"I cannot say. Robert Hunter was standing with his face towards us then, and I saw him fall back, over the precipice."

"With a yell, did he not?"

"Yes, with a yell."

"What then?"

"I cannot tell what. I believe I shrieked—I cannot remember. I next saw the man running away across the plateau."

"The witness, Sarah Ford's evidence would seem to say that he lingered a few moments after firing the pistol—before escaping," interposed the coroner.

"It is possible. I was too terrified to retain a clear recollection. I remember seeing him run away, and then Sarah Ford came up."

"Should you recognise that man again?"



Miss Thornycroft hesitated. The room waited in breathless silence for her answer. "I believe not," she said: "it was only starlight. I am sure not."

At this moment, a jurymen spoke up. He wished to know how it was that Miss Thornycroft, and the other young lady, had never mentioned these facts till to-day, when they had been drawn from them, as it were, by their oath.

Because, Miss Thornycroft replied, with, if possible, a deeper shade of paleness arising to her face—because they did not care that their foolish freak of going on to the plateau should come to the knowledge of their friends.

"Glad they have some sense of shame in 'em!" muttered Captain Copp.

The jurymen wished the maid-servant recalled, and put the same question to her.

Why didn't she tell! was the independent reply. Did the gentleman think she was a going to bleat it out that the young ladies saw the murder committed, when they didn't choose to tell of it themselves, and so bring 'em here to be browbeat and questioned, as they had all been this day? Not she. She was only sorry other folks had ferreted it out, and told.

Very little more evidence was given; none of consequence to the general reader. Supervisor Kyne volunteered a statement about smuggling, which nobody understood, and Justice Thornycroft ridiculed. The coroner cut it short, and proceeded to charge the jury: If they thought a wicked, deliberate act of murder had been committed, they were to bring in a verdict to that effect; and if they thought it had not, they were not to bring it in so: and grateful for this luminous advice, the jury proceeded to deliberate.

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown." Such was the verdict.

But though the mystery was not cleared up to the public, we will clear it up to the reader.

When Mary Anne Thornycroft and her friend gained the Round Tower that night and found a man was running on to the plateau after them, they shrank within its wall for shelter, occasionally peeping out. Who was it? Annie was near-sighted, but Mary Anne soon saw it was her brother Richard. What did he want on the plateau at that time of night? She looked round the opening and watched him come nearer: she could see him distinctly, even the direction of his eyes. They were strained on Robert Hunter. When close to the Round Tower, he stopped, apparently in dismay.

"What!" he uttered, and the words came distinct to Mary Anne's ear, "*Hunter there!* The double-dyed felon! Such a false villain does not deserve to live. And I warned him!"

At that moment Robert Hunter, who had been stooping over the precipice, apparently looking down, drew himself upright, and turned his face towards Richard: the ugly fur on his coat was then very conspicuous. Richard Thornycroft, with a hissing oath, drew a pistol from his breast-pocket, pointed it, and fired, and with a fearful yell the ill-fated man disappeared over the cliff. Another shriek, more shrill, arose at Richard's elbow from the shade of the Round Tower.

"Some cursed sea-bird," he muttered. "*He* has got his deserts. I would be served so myself, if I could thus have turned traitor!"

But what was it seized Richard's arm? Not a sea-bird. It was his sister Mary Anne. "*You here!*" he cried, with a fearful oath. "What the fury—have you all turned mad to-night?"

"You have murdered him!" she cried, in a dread whisper—for how could she know that Annie had fallen senseless and could not hear her?—"you have murdered Robert Hunter!"

"I have," he hissed. "He is dead, and more than dead. If the shot did not take effect, the fall would."

"Oh, say it was an accident!" she moaned. "What came over you?"

"He earned it of his own accord; earned it deliberately. I had my pistol to his head before, this night, within an inch of it, and I spared him. I had him on his knees to me, and he took an oath to be away from this place instantly, and to be silent. I told him if he broke it, if he lingered here but for a moment, I would put the bullet into him. I saw him off; I sent Cyril with him to speed him on his road; and—see!—the fool came back again, and I have done it."

"I will denounce you," she fiercely uttered, "ay, though you are my brother, Richard Thornycroft; I will raise the hue and cry upon you."

"You had better think twice of that," he answered, shaking her in his passion. "If you do, you must raise it against your father and all your brothers."

"What do you mean?" she asked, quailing, for there was a savage earnestness in his words which told of startling truth.

"Girl! see you no mystery? You would have aided Hunter in discovering the smugglers: see you not that *we* are the smugglers? We are running a cargo now—now"—and his voice rose to a hoarse shriek as he pointed towards the Half-moon, "and he would have turned Judas to us! He was on the watch there, on the plateau's edge, doing traitor's work for Kyne."

"He did not know it was you he would have denounced," she faintly uttered.

"He did know it: the knowledge came to him to-night. He was abject enough before me, the coward, and swore he would be dark, and be gone from hence there and then. But his traitor's nature prevailed, and he has got his deserts. Now go and raise the hue and cry upon us! Bring your father to a felon's bar."

Mary Anne Thornycroft, with a despairing cry, sank down on the grass at her brother's feet. He was about to raise her, rudely enough, when his eye caught the form of some one advancing. It proved to be Sarah Ford, and Richard darted off, across the plateau.

Mary Anne Thornycroft went home. Sounds of revelry proceeded from the dining-room as she passed it, and she dragged her shaking limbs up-stairs to her chamber, and shut herself in with her dreadful secret.

So Robert Hunter was buried in the little churchyard of Coast-down, within sight of the spot where he was shot down from, Justice Thornycroft bearing the expenses. No friend arrived to inquire after him, and, for all that could be seen, he seemed likely to lie buried there for ever, and the name of his murderer with him.

## BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

## "SIR EDMUNDBURY GODFREY."

It is remarkable how difficult is the correction of an historical misnomer, or blunder of a name, if it has once been given or patronised by some respectable or popular sponsor. Basil Hall illustrates this by the case of a prize taken during the late French war, a line-of-battle ship, named the "*Ville de Milan*," the name of which the jolly tars, its captors, having caught up as the "*Wheel him Along!*" not all the authority of the Admiralty could restore the original and correct nomenclature. The name of "*Masaniello*" originated in some hasty pronunciation of "*Thomasso Anello*," but it would be very hard now to bring readers or writers of history back to the orthography of this well-known Neapolitan tribune of the people. Our great Duke wrote "*Hougoumont*" in his "Waterloo despatch," in mistake for "*Château Goumont*," and to the end of time "*Hougoumont*" will be read\* as the name of the memorable post where the British Guards held the key of the British position against all the power of France through that day of decisive conflict. And, to come to the matter before us, while "*Sir Edmundbury Godfrey*" stands forward as an historic character, on a dark and doubtful page of England's history, it would be vain for any one to attempt to convince the reading public that "*Sir Edmundbury*" is a misnomer, and that *Edmund Berrie Godfrey* was the real appellation of this hero of a mysterious tragedy, a fruitful source of terror and suspicion in its day, not likely to be clearly unravelled in our own.

A proof of this occurred in my own discovery of this mistake. One day, after service at Westminster Abbey, I had sauntered into the cloisters, which are full of curious and quaint epitaphs. I was attracted to one, and, having deciphered, was fully engaged in copying it, when a gentleman passing by, paused for a moment, and seeing at a hasty glance more than one cross (+) in the inscription, said :

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting, but allow me to ask, is that a *Popish monument*?"

"You never made a worse guess in your life, sir," was my reply. "This is a monument to one long-looked on as a great Protestant champion and martyr. Of course you have heard of Sir Edmund Godfrey?"

"Sir Edmund Godfrey, sir? *never*, sir! who was *he*, sir?" Then, after a pause of recollection, he said, "I remember reading of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey in 'Goldsmith's History' at school, but I never heard of *this other man*."

"Well," I said, "it is the very same person, only you have run two names into one. Look there, you perceive that his name was '*Edmundus*;' *Berrie* was an additional and distinct name."

"May be so, sir," he said, turning away, "but I have always called him Sir Edmundbury, and it is too late in the day for me to learn to call him anything else."

The gentleman walked away, speaking, as I believe, "for self and

\* Even Byron, who was pedantically fastidious in his desire to be correct in his nomenclature, has written "*Hougoumont*" in the notes of his *Childe Harold*.

fellows" on behalf of the public at large. Sir Edmundsbury will go down to the end of time as the Protestant martyr of the celebrated plot in the days of the second Charles, and I know a case in our own generation in which the appellation has been lately given at the font to an infant Godfrey, as "*an old family name!*" So much for the stereotyping of historical error.

I am not going to depart so far from the original intention of these papers as to discuss the public career of a character lying so much in the highway of history as to have obtained a place in "Goldsmith's England!" but there are some "by-way" particulars of the case not known as they ought to be, while errors, both vulgar and subtle, concerning him, seem to be edging themselves into a place in history, from which they must be dislodged, if we wish to allow ourselves a clear and dispassionate view of the perplexed question of Sir E. B. Godfrey's death, a matter which, says Sir J. Bramston, in a contemporary autobiography, "*is mystical still, tho' three men have binn tried for the murther and hanged!*" "Mistical" it was at the time, and mystical it will ever continue, though pleaders and partisans for the party upon whom the odium originally fell are daily assuming a more confident tone in asserting that Sir E. B. Godfrey either fell a victim to hereditary melancholy and died by his own hand! or else that the Protestants murdered him, in order to cast the odium of the deed upon the Papist Court party. One\* of the assumptions by which this view of the case is sustained presents a remarkable instance of how a rumour, a guess, a conjecture, can, as it passes from one practised hand to another, grow into the shape and solidity of an ascertained and unquestionable fact. "*He*

\* Another assumption no less noticable, is to be found in the "disparaging" circumstances alleged against Oates's credibility as a witness; one of the tests relied on for proving his mendacity is a "mistake" in his testimony before the Privy Council respecting "Don John of Austria"—Miss Strickland, copying Dr. Lingard, and both echoing "The Memoirs of James II.," and the gossip of Burnet, state that Oates affirmed "he had seen Don John of Austria at Madrid;" and that when asked to describe his person, he had described him as a "tall, lean man," at which both the king and Duke of York smiled, knowing him to be "short and fat." Such is the dressed-up story of modern apologists. Now let us see how it really tells in the record of Lord Stafford's trial. That unfortunate old nobleman (obviously the original of Scott's stout Sir Geoffrey Peveril) was advised on his trial to refer to this blunder in disparagement of Oates's testimony against him, when the following dialogue occurred:

*Lord Stafford.*—I say, my lords, 'tis entered on your lordships' books that he did swear at council that he was at *Madrid* with *Don John of Austria*; I would know of him whether he did so?

*Dr. Oates.*—My lords, I refer me to the council book.

*Lord Stafford.*—I beseech your lordships I may have that book.

*Lord High Steward.*—I believe it is in "The Narrative." (Oates's "Narrative of the Plot," to which the clerk turned, but it could not be found.)

After a while the "Council Book" was brought, but nothing being found therein, and some question arising whether it was the right book, Lord Stafford proceeded:

"I have proof enough without the book; the use I should have made of it is this: I do appeal to some of your lordships (you that were of the council), I do appeal to which of you that were by, whether Dr. Oates did not say at the council-table he had been at Madrid; he went from Valladolid to Madrid, and there did preach something at the Jesuits' college at Madrid (what it was I cannot tell), when Don John of Austria was by.

*Lord High Steward.*—If any of my lords of the council do remember, they may testify.

was a melancholy man," wrote old Peter de Neve; "*He was suspected by several circumstances, very probable ones, to design the making himself away,*" wrote the Duke of York (James II.) to his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, a few days after the death; "*He was found with no papers of any sort, though he seldom went without some of great concern about him,*" is the statement of a contemporary MS. letter; "On Thursday, Oct. 17, 1678, he was found in a ditch near Primrose Hill, with his sword run through him, his gloves and scabbard lying not far on the bank, gold and silver in his pocket, *nothing missing but his band and papers,*" is the summary of another contemporaneous narrative. These are mere hints and casual circumstances, as they stand in the hearsay reports of the day, but when we look to these same circumstances, after having undergone the manipulation and amplification of the adroit Dr. Lingard, and of that *thorough-paced Jacobite*, Miss Strickland, we find them grown to an importance and point-blank boldness of assertion in which we can scarce recognise them.

Lingard boldly says, "Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, having a constitutional melancholy, which he inherited from his father, burned a large

*Lord Priy Seal (Anglesey).*—My lords, I shall tell your lordships as much as I remember of it. Dr. Oates was examined about his journey into Spain, and (amongst the rest) some question happened to be asked whether he had seen Don John of Austria; he said he had seen one *that was called so; that he knew him not*, but he was pointed to one that they said was Don John of Austria; that I heard.

*Lord Stafford.*—My lord, I thank you.

*Lord High Steward.*—You hear what is said, Dr. Oates.

*Dr. Oates.*—My lords, I suppose I did say so, I suppose there is no crime in it.

*Lord High Steward.*—It is not objected against you as a crime, but a mistake in your oath; there was no such man there.

*Lord Priy Seal.*—My lords, I would not be misunderstood in the evidence I give. I did not say Dr. Oates said he knew him, but that he knew him not, and only was told such a man was he.

*Dr. Oates.*—It was made apparent I did not know him, because I mistook his person.

*Lord Stafford.*—I do stand upon it, that upon his oath (and I have reason to believe that he did so, because I am so informed) he said it was Don John of Austria.

*Lord Priy Seal.*—No, my lord, Dr. Oates said he was a tall, lean man, and it seems he was a little, fat man.

*Lord Stafford.*—If any man would show him a man to counterfeit Don John of Austria, he would not show him a lean man for a fat.

*Lord High Steward.*—Go on, my lord—

Coupling this examination with the subsequent publication of James's memoirs, it is not hard to conclude that it was James himself, *if not the king!* who furnished the unhappy nobleman with this circumstance, which, *as far as this evidence goes*, certainly fails to convict Oates of a palpable contradiction. In examining this extraordinary case, it should never be forgotten, that to prove Oates, Bedloe, Dangerfield, and Co. villains and bloodsuckers, by no means disproves the reality of a plot; the evidence may not be strong enough to "hang a dog," and the witnesses may come under all the tainting circumstances ever attached to informers and spies, but there may no less have been a plot for all that; it may be that, as Mr. Hallam pithily states it, "*a plot there was, though not Oates's!*" While upon the case of Lord Stafford's trial, I may remark, that of all the points most clearly established by the evidence is this startling fact, that Sir E. B. Godfrey having disappeared on Saturday, the 12th of October, 1678, his *murder* was spoken of, and the rumour of it rife at *Tixal* and *Hegwood*, in Staffordshire, on the Monday and Tuesday following. This fact, established by unimpeachable witnesses, seems utterly inexplicable, except on the ground confessed by Dugdale, namely, that it had been communicated in a letter to his confessor, Ewers, the priest at Tixal Court, which letter Dugdale opened, and then tattled the contents at an ale-house.

mass of papers and *settled his affairs!* before he left home *that morning*" (of his disappearance); thus obviously insinuating that Sir E. Godfrey had "set his house in order" with a view to make away with himself, while Miss Strickland, with the easy feminine *nonchalance* of one stating a fact admitting of no question, says: "The death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey has *generally* been attributed to his own act, from constitutional and hereditary melancholy, *his father having destroyed himself during a fit of mental despondency!*" and though, without reference to a single authority, this dogmatic lady gives this as the "*general opinion,*" she evinces at once her own acuteness and capacity for impartial judgment, by advancing, as a *deduction of her own*, that "there is reason to suspect that the murder was committed by *themselves*" (the Protestants!), "for the purpose of charging it on those who were marked for their victims." So, that when her object is to shift over the crime from the glorified Stuarts to the obnoxious Protestants, this thorough-going lady will not pin *her own* faith upon the general opinion of "suicide," even though rendered probable by the *foregone* corroborating circumstance of the "suicide of his father!" For a choice, she prefers the probable surmise that the Protestants got up a grievance for themselves, by immolating their popular magistrate!

First, to dispose of this asserted suicide of the father, we must invite our readers to accompany us in a "by-way stroll" to the little village church of "Sellinge, near Feversham," in Kent, where we shall find a record of Thomas Godfrey, Sir Edmund Berrie Godfrey's father, strangely inconsistent with that fiction of a desperate and melancholic end, which party spirit, to serve its own purposes, has invented for him, —this gentleman, some time member of parliament for New Romney, having, as his epitaph expresses, "*served his generation eminently and faithfully in several capacities,*" "*and with Christian courage overcome many infirmities of his life,*" died lamented on the 10th day of October, 1664, being in the 79th year of his age, to whose memory his sorrowful widow erected this monument of her lasting affection. Now, independent of the difficulty of obtaining Christian burial for a suicide in those days at all, surely *these are not the terms* in which the death of a melancholic self-destroyer would have been recorded, nor is there any probability that one who for *seventy-nine years* had courageously "*overcome the infirmities of life,*" would have desperately shortened the few remaining years of his mortal pilgrimage by self-murder! But when did party spirit ever pause to weigh probabilities, or to examine proofs, before libelling the living or the dead? This seems to be specially one of those cases in which Thomas Godfrey's epitaph might be underwritten with a stanza of Tennyson's exquisite dirge:

Thee nor carketh care nor slander,  
     Let them rave!  
 Light and shadow ever wander  
 O'er the green that folds thy grave—  
     Let them rave!

Nor is his epitaph the only record by which old Thomas Godfrey, the father of Sir Edmund, "being dead yet speaketh." Among the

"Harleian MSS." is preserved his Journal, or Diary, one of those minute and quaint note-books in which the men of his generation were wont to journalise every incident of life with an exactitude the more interesting doubtless to us, as contrasted with that headlong, busy haste of existence, which would incline the men of our own day to deem all time spent in making such notes to be "time thrown away." Thomas Godfrey's Diary, exact in all things, is minutely particular in setting down the birth and baptism of his eighth son and tenth child, who grew, lived, and died, so as to become an historic celebrity.

The following is the record of the Diary :

"My wife was delivered of another son the 23rd of December, 1621, between three and four of the clock in the morning, being Sunday, which was christened the 13th of January, being Sunday. His godfathers were my cousin, *John Berrie*, Esq., Captain of the Foote Company of the Town of Lidd, who was godfather to my sister Elizabeth at the font, and to me at my *bishoping*, or confirmation, by the Most Reverend Archbishop John Whitgift, when he was at Lidd, who lay at my *uncle Berrie's*. His other godfather was my faithful, loving friend, and my neighbour some time in Grab-street, *Mr. Edmund Harrison*, the kinges embroiderer. His godmother was *Margaret Shipley*, daughter of Mr. John Shipley, the Prince his embroiderer, which Margaret was then sojourning with me in my house. *They named my son Edmund Berrie, the one's name and the other's Christian name.*"

Here is proof, which can be neither mistaken or gainsaid, of Sir Edmund's real nomenclature, and yet "*Sir Edmundbury*" will hold its ground in spite of all.

A remarkable fact, which we do not remember to have seen noticed in the investigation of this curious case, is the coincidence that one of the supposed assassins, executed for Godfrey's murder, was named "*Berrie*;" and, could the clue be followed up, it would now be matter for interesting inquiry whether this Berrie might not have been a relative to the murdered man, and that thus *private* quarrel or *family* feud might have had as much to do with the death of Godfrey as political or religious hate. It has often been advanced, in disproof of the probability of the murder being committed on *religious* grounds, that "*Berry was a Protestant.*" Miss Strickland, following Lingard, puts this assertion prominently and confidently forward; but an old and elaborate treatise\* on the case refutes this. *Berrie* was in the queen's service at Somerset House, not a very likely position for a Protestant, and had seemingly been received thereto as an apostate from the Church of England, for the treatise in question says: "Whereas, it is given out that Berrie was always, or at least dyed a Protestant, *the same is notoriously false*, for he had many years been a Papist, chiefly led thereto for *love*, and to get employment, as he owned to Mr. Smith, the ordinary of Newgate, yet the said *Berrie*, neither in prison nor yet at the gallows, would ever disown the Romish Church, nor in the least declare himself a Protestant." It is worth consideration whether, supposing Sir Edmund B. Godfrey's Protestant zeal to have been the cause of his death, the instigators thereof might not have employed the *convert Berrie* as a ready agent in his remo-

\* "The Observer (R. L'Estrange) proved a Trimmer." Second edition, folio. London: 1685.

val, impelled thereto as well by private malice, as that it was an act whereby to "do God service," it being a well-known rule, deduced from experience, that quarrels of relatives are, of all others, most bitter and deadly, and that a neophyte is generally more forward to go extreme lengths in zeal for his new faith, than those who have been longer and quieter professors of the same.

But this leads us to as perplexing a question as any other in this "ecclesiastical" case. It is very generally asserted that Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was rather friendly to the Papists than otherwise, living on the best terms with many of them, and, in especial manner, an intimate of Coleman,\* the Duke of York's secretary, and first victim of Oates's "Plot," or "Discovery," call it which you will. The usual inference drawn from these circumstances is, the utter improbability that the Papists should have murdered their own friend for doing a mere act of official duty as a magistrate; but then an inference on the other side is no less pressing and obvious, namely, the great improbability that Oates, the impostor (supposing him an impostor), or Doctor Tonge, his duped and zealot patron, would have selected a known favourer of Papists as the depository of their momentous discovery? Here is a choice of difficulties, besetting any conclusion on either view of the case, and we must make another "by-way" excursion, into some former passages of Godfrey's life, to look for a clue out of the dilemma.

Fifteen years before the explosion of Oates's Popish Plot, Godfrey, whose business appears to have been that of a "woodmonger," would seem to have been a notable and stirring citizen of London, making a name and repute for himself by those acts of public spirit which in our own day gradually advance men from the parish vestry to the Common Council, thence to Aldermanic gowns, Shrievalties, Mayoralties, Knight-hoods, Baronetcies. There is at this moment, preserved among the corporation plate of the ancient borough of Sudbury, a curious tankard, originally a royal gift, presented to Godfrey on the occasion of his being made a baronet, in 1666, and recording, both by designs and letter-press,

\* A small book, entitled "The Secret History of the Reigns of King Charles II. and James II., printed in the year 1690," gives a peculiar version of this part of the case. According to this narrative, Godfrey "*finding, in Oates's information, something that reflected upon Mr. COLEMAN, with whom he had an intimate acquaintance, took upon him to let him understand what information he had received, whereupon Coleman not only avowed the plot against our laws, liberty, and religion, but also that so many and great people in the nation and government were engaged in it, that 'it was a matter which could neither be left nor disappointed.'*" This little book goes on to state, that when Coleman was arrested, and reflected in prison that by this boast to Sir Edmund B. Godfrey he had "*enabled a second witness to come in against him*" (as the law of treason required), "*he informed the Duke of York of the danger in which he had placed both himself and others, and that he received his royal highness's answer, 'that he should not be apprehensive of danger from Sir Edmund, in regard there would be found a way to prevent his hurting Coleman or any one else'*"——

It is but fair to say that while Miss Strickland, as might be expected, denounces this little book as a vile libel, the very volume itself, in a preface, acknowledges that it was written in a kind of retaliation, and "in opposition" to one of the "*French king's most infamous libels and bitter invectives against our present sovereign,*" entitled "*The True Portraiture of William Henry of Nassau.*" It is probable that a dispassionate reviewer would send both to "pair off" together, as a "*par nobis*" of exaggerated incredible compilations.



his public services\* in those two terrible London visitations, "The Plague of 1665," and the "Great Fire" of the following year, while his general merit and activity as a magistrate and man are gracefully summed up in the brief conclusion, "*Cætera loquuntur pauperes et trivæ.*"

Such was the state of Godfrey's court favour in 1666, when King and Council combined to force honours and favours upon him. A few years pass, however, and the sun of royal approval is somewhat overclouded, and a storm of royal indignation threatens the new-made but not obsequious baronet. From "Pepys's Diary" we extract the following :

"May 6, 1669.—One Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey, a woodmonger and justice of the peace in Westminster, having two days since arrested Sir Alexander Frazer (one of the royal household) for about 30*l.* in firing, the bailiffs were apprehended, committed to the porter's lodge, and there, by the king's command, the last night, severely whipped, *from which the justice himself hardly escaped!* (to such an unusual degree was the king moved therein); but he lies now in the lodge, justifying his act as grounded upon the opinion of several of the judges, and, among others, my Lord Chief Justice (Sir John Keeling), which makes the king very angry with the Chief Justice, as they say; and the justice *do lie and justify his act, and says he will suffer in the cause of the people,* and do

\* The Sudbury tankard occasions some perplexity, inasmuch as it leaves a doubt whether it be the tankard originally given to Sir E. B. Godfrey by King Charles, or one made and engraved after the same pattern and fashion, and bestowed by Sir E. Godfrey, to extend the fame of the royal favour and donation. It is possible that it is the original, to which, on some after occasion, the first inscription copied below was added; but why, or to whom, Sir Edmund should give away a memorial of the kind, or how it came into the hands of the Sudbury corporators, we have no means of knowing.

On front, the tankard has the royal arms, with those of Godfrey underneath. On one side, in chief, is the following :

Ex dono E. B. G. Militis,  
Irenarchæ seduli integerrimi.  
Quem

Post egregiam in fuganda peste præstitam operam  
Carolus Secundus semper Augustus  
Assensu procerum a secretis Consilii  
In perpetuam tantæ pietatis memoriam  
Argenteo donavit œnophoro et vere Regio  
Hoc ampliore modo insignito.

[Here is a representation of Plague burial.]

Gratiâ Dei et Regis Caroli Secundi  
Pestis Aliis, sibi salus  
E. B. G. 1665.

On the other side the tankard has as follows :

*Vir reverè Republicæ natus*  
Cum urbem Imanis vastabat ignis  
Dei providentiâ, et virtute suâ  
Flammarum medio tutus et illustris.

[A plate of city in flames.]

Deinde cogente Rege  
(Ac merito) emicuit Eques Auratus  
E. B. G., 7<sup>bris.</sup> 1666.  
*Cætera loquuntur pauperes et trivæ.*

refuse to receive almost any nutriment. *The effects of it may be bad to the court."*

These incidental notices of Godfrey's antecedents seem to give us much insight into his character and social position. A public-spirited, probably a busy, public man, firm, not to say obstinate of purpose, discontent with the court, and who had already proved on more than one occasion\* that he was not afraid to encounter or defy it—his naturally saturnine disposition doubtless still more soured by the course and tendencies of public affairs,†—all these are probable causes why he was selected to take Oates's depositions. A letter written the very week of his death speaks of that event as a subject of general concern, "the public having lost an *active magistrate*, the parish a *good parishioner*, his acquaintance a *good friend*." Putting together the various slight descriptions of his person, I think a good idea may be formed of "what manner of man he was." *A tall, dark man, "and, in person, very like Sir Edmundbury Godfrey,"* is the description of a "Captain Spence," who, according to his own account, had like to have been murdered at Somerset House in mistake for Sir Edmund, a few nights before his disappearance. "*His face, as you may remember, always palish, or rather sallow,*" writes another, when mentioning, in proof of his having been strangled, that his body had been found "*with all the blood settled in the face;*" while a description of a "not badly-painted" portrait of him, preserved as of a parish magnate and martyr, in the vestry of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, speaks of his "*wretched, discontented features*." So that, on the whole, and looking to evidence and probabilities, now, after the lapse of two centuries, when we can see the subject and its circumstances divested of much of the passion and prejudice which then surrounded it, I incline to confirm the original verdict of coroner and juries, and, with Mr. Macaulay,‡ to set Godfrey's death down as a murder, committed in furtherance of the dark intrigues which characterised that period, which, like many similar acts, was no less a blunder than a crime, and, in the end, brought darker suspicions and more terrible destruction upon those who hoped thereby to stifle inquiry or elude discovery. I own I am led to this conclusion scarcely more by the direct evidence and probabilities of the transaction, than by the growing and uncandid assumptions of those modern Jacobites, who

\* One more trait of Godfrey's course as a public man, from the innumerable depositions taken on the subject in investigating the motives which were likely to have engaged *Miles Prance*, the Queen's goldsmith, in the affair. "We collect this as one of the probable moving causes to his fate—that he (Prance) did consent to engage in the murder, and the rather for some malice which he bore to the said Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, who, *about two years before, when he was troubled at Hickles Hall about parish duties, did not consent to his discharge as another justice did*, but said, 'THE QUEEN HAD NOT POWER OF PROTECTING HER SERVANTS.'"

† "*Esquire Robinson*, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, a gentleman of unquestionable reputation, deposes positively that, on the 7th of October, five days before the murder, Godfrey, discoursing with him about the plot and the examinations by him taken, said *he should have very little thanks for the same, and that he was afraid the depth of the matter was not found out*; and then added these observable words, *Upon my conscience, I believe I shall be the first martyr*."—*Observer Proved a Trimmer*, p. 23.

‡ Mr. Macaulay's conclusion, if it may be called so, leans to the opinion that the murder was the act of some hot-headed Roman Catholic, goaded by Oates's lies to an act which damaged his cause and Church more than all Oates's discoveries and inventions put together—he dismisses, as "*least possible*," the surmise that Godfrey's murder was the act of Protestants to give colour to "*the plot*."

endeavour to palm upon us party pamphlets and apologies under pretence of—writing history!

Sir E. B. Godfrey was a parishioner of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; there he lived—there he was buried; and there Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, preached that remarkable funeral sermon, on October 31st,\* when England was startled by the prodigy of “three bouncing priests” in the same pulpit; one to hold forth, and the other two as would seem, to guard him from Papist assault. This being the fact, it at first might seem strange that an epitaph on Sir Edmund should be found in Westminster cloisters. The explanation, however, is contained in the epitaph itself. Sir Edmund himself had been a Westminster scholar, and a younger brother of his had died many years before (1640) a scholar at Westminster School (having had Busby for his “*Archi-didasculus*”). A monument had been erected to the boy’s memory, which in lapse of time had fallen into decay; and in 1696, the youngest and only surviving brother of the family repaired and augmented the memorial into a kind of family record, with some curious particulars of family history, including a notice of Sir Edmund, which, after a lapse of eight years, expresses the unabated conviction of his relatives that he had “died a nefarious and atrocious death.” The subjoined is a fac-simile of the inscription, including those crosses which, while I was copying it, induced the passing query, “*Whether it was not a Popish monument?*”—

\* Burnet tells us that “he and Doctor Lloyd went to view the body,” and, in his own style of gossip and insinuation, says, “there were many drops of *white wax-lights* on his breeches, which he never used himself; and since only persons of quality or priests use those lights, this made all people conclude in whose hands he had been.” Lloyd, in his funeral sermon, has this passage:

“You cannot but remember the dust that was raised in the week when the search should have been made. The calumnies and various reports that went about it were on purpose to *hinder the discovery*. One while, he had withdrawn himself for debt; another while, he was *married*, and not very decently; another while, he was run away with a harlot—even what the father of lies put in their heads. At last, when they knew what they intended to do with him, they prepared you to expect it by giving out that HE HAD KILLED HIMSELF. You know how impatient they were to have this believed. I WAS TOLD IT SOME HOURS BEFORE THE DISCOVERY, THAT HE WAS FOUND WITH HIS OWN SWORD THROUGH HIS BODY; others could tell that he had TWO WOUNDS about him. *These things were found to be true some hours after.*”

From the way in which Burnet tells these same facts, it is very probable he and Lloyd were together when this report was made to the latter, or very soon after. He says, “On Thursday one came into a bookseller’s shop, *after dinner!* (at about noon), and said he was thrust through with a sword. This was presently brought as news to me, *but the reporter was not known.* That night, late! his body was found,” &c.—*Burnet’s Own Times.*

Arms of Thomas Godfrey, and  
Margarita Lambard, his first  
wife, impaled.

Motto:

"CHRISTUS PELICAN ET AGNUS."

Arms of Thomas Godfrey, and  
Sarah Isles, his second wife,  
impaled.

Motto:

"RARA EST UT LILIA NIGRA."

Godfrey Arms quartered.

LAMBARDUS.  
THOMAS.

"Sable, a chevron between three pelicans'  
heads erased, or, and vulning them-  
selves Pr. chevron differenced by a  
crescent and mallet."

PETER GODFREY  
Jana.  
Thomas.

P. M. S.

Edwardi Godfrey, qui patri suo,  
Thomæ Godfrey de Hoddesford  
In Sellinge, in Agro Cantiano  
Ar: filius erat 18<sup>us</sup> prolis vero  
15<sup>us</sup> Matri autem 11<sup>us</sup> et 13<sup>us</sup> quem  
Primum ex 16, natus, mater lactabat  
Qui licet plus triennio  
Lactebat, felici tamen evasit  
Ingenuo. Puer optimæ spei et  
Indolia. Dux et decus, 5<sup>a</sup> Classis  
Hujus Scholæ.

Obiit 8<sup>o</sup> die Junii } *Ætat* xii.  
Anno Salutis, 1640. }

Honoratissimo, Reverendissimo in xpō Patre Johē  
Domino Ep̄co Winton: Decano.

Ri Busby Archidiaconus

— subnotat mortuos  
+ Adnotat Electos in Regii Alumnos  
Edmundus Berry Godfrey equestri dignitate  
Ob merita sua in Regem et patriam  
Ornatus, Justitiarii singulari fide et diligentia  
Functus. Demum ab oculis suorum ereptus  
IV. Idus Octobris MDCLXXVIII.  
Post quintum diem repertus est  
Morte affectus nefaria et atroci  
Cetera Historia loquetur.

Hoc monumentum vetustate attritum, reparavit  
Addito Fratris Edmundi Elogio  
Benjamin ex filiis Thomæ Godfrey, prædicti,  
Natu minimus, at nunc solus superstes,  
IV. Nonas Aprilis MDCXCVI.

} Pa. 127.  
} Ecce possessio Jovis sunt illi  
} merces est fructus ventris.

Petrus.  
Riccus.  
+ Johes.  
+ Edmundus B.  
Eliza.  
Michael.  
+ Thomas.  
+ Edrus.  
Catherine.  
Benjamin.  
Sara.

The curious and peculiar family details in the foregoing inscription, recorded as they are in quaint and correct Latin, would make this a noticeable monument, even if it did not refer to a personage of Sir E. B. Godfrey's notoriety. There is doubtless some popular prejudice (though I am not aware of it) against a triennial nursling *escaping* with an average share of "mother wit" from his mother's breast, else it would not have been deemed noteworthy that Edward Godfrey possessed a fair measure of intellect; and the minute accuracy with which the only survivor of the whole family tells us that the thirteenth of her sixteen children was the first that Mistress Godfrey suckled! chronicled as the fact also is, in the paternal

Diary\* before referred to, leaves an impression that the whole family, if not melancholic, were at least of the category of "eccentrics."

One more notice of the Godfreys and we have done. Among the striking episodes with which Mr. Macaulay has embellished his last historic *livraison*, he narrates in his usual sparkling way, as illustrative of William III.'s dislike to see "civilians" meddling or thrusting themselves into the details and dangers of warfare, the death of Michael Godfrey, whom he had already mentioned (vol. iv. p. 498) as the "brother of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey," and eulogised as among the founders of the Bank of England, and "one of the ablest, most upright, and most opulent of the merchant-princes of London." This gentleman, in 1695, filling the office of "Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England," had gone out on some important financial and monetary mission to the camp of William III., then set down before Namur. On the day of the first and great assault, Mr. Macaulay tells us that "while the conflict was raging, William, who was giving his orders under a shower of bullets, saw, with surprise and anger, among the officers of his staff, Michael Godfrey, the Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England. Such curiosity as his William could not endure. 'Mr. Godfrey,' he said, 'you ought not to run these hazards; you are not a soldier—you can be of no use to us here.'—'Sir,' answered Godfrey, 'I run no more hazard than your majesty.'—'Not so,' said William; 'I am where it is my duty to be, and I may, without presumption, commit my life to God's keeping; but you——' While they were talking, a cannon-ball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the king's feet. It was not found, however, that the fear of being *Godfreyed* (such was, during some time, the cant phrase), sufficed to prevent idle gazers from coming to the trenches."

There is but one inaccuracy in this story. Michael Godfrey (son of a father of the same name) was not the *brother*, but the *nephew* of Sir Edmund Berry. He was buried in the church of St. Swithin, Coleman-street, near his father, as the following inscription testifies:

P. M. S.

Near this place lies interred  
the body of Michael Godfrey, merchant,  
late of this parish, son of  
Mr. Michael Godfrey, merchant,  
and Anne Mary, his wife.

He was born the 22nd of February, 1658. Being elected  
the first deputy-governor of the Bank of England, he went to

\* "My wife was delivered of another son, being her *thirteenth* child and my *fifteenth*—her *eleventh* son and my *thirteenth*—the 16th July, 1627, being Monday, between eight and nine of the clock in the night. He was christened at home in the round silver bason, and named Edward, it being a foul day, in the great parlour of the new building of that which was Hatche's house, on Thursday, the 26th Julii. His godfathers, Sir Edward Scott of Scott's Hall, Knight of the Bath, and Edward Chute of Bethenden, Esq.; the Lady Mary Hayman, wife of Sir Peter Hayman of Sellinge, Knight, his godmother. This child my wife nursed, being the first that ever she gave suck to, being her thirteenth child.

"My son Edward was elected a king's scholar into Westminster Scholl, into the third place, in May, 1640, and died there the 8th Junii, that very day his godfather, Mr. Chute, was buried. Ned was buried in the east cloister, towards the upper end of it, not far from the library doore."—*Godfrey's Diary—Harleian MSS.*

Flanders on some important business relating to the service of his majesty, where, attending his royal person, then encamped before Namur, he was slain by a cannon-ball from the works, July 17th, 1695. He died a batchelor, much lamented by his friends, relations, and acquaintance. For his integrity, his knowledge, and the sweetness of his manners, his body was brought over, and lies buried near his father. His sorrowful mother caus'd this monument to be erected to the pious memory of her beloved son.

The God of Battle found in foreign parts  
The son of Hermes, formed for peaceful arts,  
And thought it lawful prize to take his blood  
Because so near a warrior king he stood.

A younger brother of this Michael's will be found one of the representatives of the City of London in the parliaments of 1715 and 1724, in which last year he died. Whether Sir E. B. Godfrey was or was not as favourable to the Papists as some represent him, it is certain that from his death all the survivors of his family appear to have been staunch adherents of the Revolution and Hanoverian succession.

## HOW I SOLD MY REVERSION.

SOME people are apt to give themselves airs because they happen to have had a grandfather, and talk largely about those unhappy members of society who are the authors of their own fortune, and owe their family tree to the kind assistance of the Heralds' College. Now, though I have not only a coat of arms of several quarterings, but also once upon a time possessed a grandfather, I cannot find on reflection that either of them has been of any great service to me. It is true the latter left me the sum of six thousand pounds, but, on the other hand, he made his own will, and we all know the old proverb as to what sort of client he had. But I had better tell you all about it *ab ovo*.

You must know, then, that I had, and still have, an uncle (in addition to the one round the corner, who takes care of my watch and boots now and then), and he has behaved towards me much like the cruel uncle of the Haymarket pantomime. Now my grandpapa, having made his own money, had strong objections to the idea of its migrating into the hands of the Jews at his death, which would be very probable, for his eldest hope had issued *post obits* to a marvellous amount. On the other hand, it was not advisable that the representative of the family honours should pass through life a beggar, so the old gentleman very cleverly thought he could kill two birds with one stone, by leaving me, an infant of two years of age, the six thousand pounds, and my uncle the interest for life.

Now, I put it to you, reader, if my uncle has not behaved disgracefully; instead of fulfilling the predictions of the doctors, and dying within a year, he has been guilty of the base ingratitude of living until now. I could have allowed him to enjoy the interest during my minority—though that would have made a very nice addition to my capital; but to go on living obstinately, when he knew my anxiety to hear the last of him, was very unkind on his part. The first words I was taught to articulate were SIX THOUSAND POUNDS! and I was the pride of a large family, as the representative of money in the funds. My education was carried on at a rate befitting my expectations, and, of course, those poor devils of brothers and sisters who hadn't any prospects were proportionately neglected. My whims were indulged to an absurd degree, and all our friends prophesied me a rising man, perhaps a chancellor—for should I not have six thousand pounds?

Well, things went on pleasantly enough, until that *mauvais quart d'heure* when the governor discovered that he must have been building on the six thousand pounds too. The repeated flattering accounts received of my uncle's ill health raised pleasing visions of a ward in Chancery, and subsistence allowances. Unfortunately, things did not turn out in the anticipated manner, and he found himself at the end of his patrimony, while my uncle appeared to have assumed the functions of the "Wandering Jew," as far as his longevity was concerned. However, my father's fortune lasted long enough to secure me a college education, and then, of course, the governor having no money left, as a dutiful son I was bound to seek my own living, for I never could bear poor relations. To tell you the truth, I had made a discovery that money could always be procured by a talented youth, possessing such prospects as mine, and I had no inclination to share the proceeds with others. There is nothing like being prudent betimes.

At length the eventful period of my majority arrived, and my uncle still evincing his ungrateful propensities for living, while my Hebrew friends became affectionately anxious about the money they had advanced, I had no other resource but to go into the money market and effect a loan. Of course there could be no difficulty in managing that, with my prospects; so, as I am fond of good living, I took up my quarters at a fashionable hotel, *en attendant* the result. Somehow or other the respectable solicitors to whom I applied in turn would not assist me, but were even so impertinent as to offer me what they called "good advice," at the cost of 6s. 8d. As I wanted their money, and not their counsel, I very soon grew sick of apartments redolent of parchment, and walls covered with japanned boxes; so I took refuge in the columns of *Bell's Life*. Here I found any number of disinterested individuals willing to advance money to heirs to entailed estates, &c., while even those embarrassed were not overlooked. Regarding myself as contained in both categories, I very soon applied to these gentlemen, and with marvellous rapidity I received answers from all. The promises they made me were flattering in the extreme; they would procure me any quantity of money I required, and in the shortest space of time. To estimate their commercial value from their externals, I should not have imagined one of them in possession of five shillings; but, of course, I must be mistaken, for

thousands dropped most trippingly from their tongues. It was quite an *embarras de richesses*, as far as I was concerned; but at last I fixed on a man who was an attorney as well as money-lender, and who, I thought, would suit my purpose best. Somehow, though, my friend's capital was locked up; and after numerous consultations, charged to my account, he told me he had succeeded in getting me the money from a most respectable insurance office, which lent money to any amount, and on the most moderate terms.

As my hotel bill was growing far beyond the estimated value of my pertmanteau, and the landlord was forced to make up a heavy bill next week, I could not hesitate before accepting this offer; so I agreed to visit the highly respectable, &c., and see the manager. He might have been a gentleman, but, if so, he was a violent rebel against the Queen's English, and horrified my unaccustomed ears by the use of language which sounded strangely enough from the manager of a highly respectable, &c. However, my position did not allow me to be critical, and I swallowed the "h's" as they were dropped, as well as the promises of speedy help. Some six weeks elapsed before I was again summoned to a conference, and then I was introduced to an elderly lady, who was so partial to young men, that she delighted to lend them money at 7 per cent. per annum. I found, however, that my anticipations were rather lowered on this interview, for I was told that the office could not advance more than twelve hundred on the six thousand. Beggars not having the faculty of being choosers, the deeds were soon drawn up, and I received—but first I had better state what I had to pay.

	£	s.	d.
Costs to the highly respectable, &c. ....	87	10	0
Ditto, as between attorney and client .....	25	9	0
Five per cent. to ditto for procuring loan .....	60	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£172	19	0

Rather an alarming deduction from the original sum. One special piece of sharp practice I must not omit to mention. I had pressing occasion for one hundred pounds, on the Saturday prior to the Monday on which the deeds would be signed. The manager of the highly respectable, &c., agreed to advance me the money, and only charged me 5*l.* for the service. What the rate of interest was, I cannot calculate; it would require Biddler to work out such a gigantic sum.

Before proceeding with my simple tale, I may as well introduce here a few facts for the benefit of my youthful readers who have prospects. All the advertisements inserted in the papers emanate from one office: the advertisers are crimps, who hang about London hotels, as paid agents of the highly, &c., and pick up green youths; they pay themselves by the per-centage, and a certain sum allowed by the office. In point of fact, they are about as respectable as the bonnets of a gambling-table. Many of them frequent races, and sport a flash trap; indeed, one of them with whom I became afterwards acquainted assured me that there was no trade going so good, and that I was a great donkey if I did not follow their example. Fortunately for myself, I withstood the tempta-



tion; for I fancy that the race of my day has disappeared in the shady recesses of Pentonville, or is now breaking stones at Dartmoor.

How I knocked down the few hundreds I received, need not here be revealed. I enjoyed life, as it is called, in the gaslight glare of Paris frivolity, and dissipated what was left at the gambling-tables of that renowned capital. By the time three months had expired, the money was all gone, and I wanted more. It is only the first step that counts, and I soon resolved on selling my reversion out-and-out. For this purpose my presence was necessary in London, and I bade adieu to the gaieties of Paris. On arriving, I discovered how careful the attorney money-lender had been of my interests, by being arrested for 1221*l.* on a *capias*: a clause had been inserted in the deed that, on the non-payment of the interest, I was liable for the whole amount borrowed. The highly respectable, &c., tried to bully me, and thought it could get hold of my reversion on its own terms. However, I managed to foil them by giving good bail, and leaving them the alternative of process by common law; but, as they had no inclination to disclose the secrets of their prison-house, they left me at peace to find a purchaser for my reversion. With this object in view, I thought I had better make trial of the City.

I soon found a really valuable man: the essence of honesty and straightforwardness. On telling him the narrative of my past experiences, he was indignant in the extreme at the villany of those who had so scandalously treated me, and begged me to indict them all for conspiracy. Of course, I felt myself in safe hands, and gave my new friend full authority to find me a purchaser. He was a very different sort of man from those who had preceded him, for in twenty-four hours he procured me a purchaser, in the shape of a Jew, who offered me 2200*l.*, and that was the most, "S'help him Moshish," that he could afford to give. On the principle of ready-money transactions, I closed and signed the necessary deeds which made my reversion his. All that was left to do was handing over the money; but, unfortunately, that was the hitch. My Hebrew friend was expecting returns from Australia, and when they came in he would pay. In the mean while, however, he could get me some money from a friend, which he did by introducing me to a gentleman of his persuasion, who lent me 400*l.* at the trifling interest of forty per cent., which magnificent operation put exactly 240*l.* into my pocket.

Before going any further, I must let you into a secret. My Hebrew gent was a "dummy"—he never had any money; but he and the pious attorney, who quoted Scripture like a Concordance, thought they could make a good thing of me, by selling my reversion and pocketing the difference between what they received and what they agreed to give me. At last a company nibbled, and they were to receive 2500*l.* All was arranged, and the papers were drawn up for signature, when some very clever person discovered a flaw in my grandfather's will. At the time he died, or made his will, his money was bringing in five per cent., and he had left my uncle 300*l.* per annum for life; by the course of government repudiation, my money was only producing 210*l.* per annum, and the question arose, whether my uncle could not claim to have the deficiency made up out of the estate. Dire was the battle among the lawyers, on this curious nut to crack; they arrayed themselves most impartially on either side, the costs proceeding out of my pocket; till, at

last, every chamber counsel in London had been consulted, and the "great Smith query" threatened to become a precedent for ages. The company, the original *causa teterrima belli*, had backed out long before; but my title had to be proved, or else my reversion was worth nothing. After endless discussions, and any amount of five guineas, a compromise was effected among the lawyers, and they unanimously decided that the justice of the case might be met by my giving a guarantee to make up the deficiency, in the event of the claim being urged and proved to be valid.

During these proceedings I got rather sick of law and England, and determined on emigration to Australia. In this operation my kind lawyer was of the greatest possible assistance, for he procured me some first-rate investments which would make my fortune at Sydney. Inprimis, a bargain dirt-cheap was fifty dozens of champagne in bond, at the absurd price of three pounds a dozen; and secondly, 100 gross of cedar pencils, at 12s. per gross. I may as well wind up this account at once by stating that, on selling my dock-warrant, I was very glad to take 15s. a dozen for the champagne, which was not quite so good as gooseberry; while the pencils were disposed of as firewood, for the maker had unaccountably neglected to put in the black-lead, usually a vital element in the composition of a pencil. But that is neither here nor there.

But there is an end to all things, and that must include the sale of a reversion; so my lawyer actually succeeded at last in inducing a respectable office to buy my reversion at all hazards; but there seemed some fatality attaching to me, for I was continually throwing obstacles in the way of a successful result. Thus, for instance, my godfathers and godmothers had taken charge of my spiritual welfare under the designation of JABEZ EBENEZER FITZOSBORNE SMITH. Now I disliked my first two names, and preferred sinking them in private life. Very naturally, then, in affixing my signature to the documents, I dropped them. Dire was the confusion this simple act occasioned. Counsel had to be consulted again as to whether the sundry sheets of parchment had been invalidated by this act of mine; but after the outlay of several pounds (taken from the estate, of course), I was graciously granted permission to write my name in full under the original signature, and the reversion was irrevocably sold, along with its original possessor.

In these days of commercial integrity nothing can be effected without a balance-sheet, so I cannot do better than subjoin mine as it stood at the termination of the affair:

Dr.	£	Cr.	£
To original loan, with three quarters' interest . . . . .	1263	By amount of reversion . . . . .	2200
Costs between attorney and client . . . . .	280		
Money borrowed . . . . .	400		
Fifty dozen champagne at 3 <i>l</i> . . . . .	150		
100 gross of pencils at 12 <i>s</i> . . . . .	60		
	<hr/> 2153		
To balance . . . . .	47		
	<hr/> 22200		
			<hr/> 22200

Certainly a very satisfactory result for the time I had expended in settling the business. But forty-seven pounds were not sufficient to carry me out to Australia, so after various attempts to sell my berth, I was glad to forfeit the passage-money, and settle down in Old England. Eventually I did not regret this step, for my honest lawyer found himself compelled to emigrate, owing to unpleasant occurrences relative to some trust-money, which he thought he could employ to better advantage by fleecing his own sheep in Australia than performing that operation on possible clients in the City. As for my Hebrew friend, the last time I saw him he was engaged at a thimbling-table at Brighton races, where he was bonneted and then lugged off to the police-station—a decided case of adding insult to injury.

Now, although I have succeeded in the rough passage of life, or else I should not now be narrating my experiences in *Bentley*, I think a few words of advice may not be thrown away on those who, being born with prospects, wish to realise them before the appointed time. My youthful readers, let me give you one honest piece of advice, which you may trust, although you pay nothing for it. Never believe that any man is willing to lend you money without obtaining a *quid pro quo*. No one in the present hard-hearted age is inclined to part with his money unless he thinks that he can procure good interest for it; and distrust, above all, any gentlemen you meet at billiard-rooms and cafés, who hold out flattering baits, at which you are apt to nibble too eagerly. Remember, money is a god just at present, and the man who scrapes together the most is the most respected. Unfortunately, in this race up the ladder of gold there are many persons who adhere to the rule *quæcumque modo rem*, and who care not what misery they may entail as long as they can secure a handsome per-centage for themselves. But example is better than precept, they say; and so I had better tell you a story which will impress these facts on your mind, even if my own experience is of no service to you.

I once knew a man of honourable lineage whose father had involved his estate by lawsuits of the most expensive nature, because he had right on his side. When the father died, his successor came into an impoverished estate and a title. He speculated, and lost the little left to him. Work he could not, but he could do worse: he lent his honoured name to crafty speculators, and for awhile all went on too well. But the final crash arrived; the debts of the company to which he had foolishly lent his name fell upon him, and his name was degraded by contact with the insolvent court. For years I missed him, until at length I received a pressing note from him under a feigned name, requesting me to visit him in some wretched court out of Drury-lane. I found him in the last stage of destitution; he had sunk gradually through every phase of London life, till fortunately death released him from his sufferings in my presence. Fortunate in his death, though utterly miserable in his life, one false step had hurled misery upon him, and the contact with evil advisers in the hour of need had consummated his ruin.

It may be that in these pages I have touched lightly on my follies—*for, hang it!* no man likes to write himself down an ass if he can possibly avoid it—but still the loss of that six thousand pounds sticks in my

gizzard. I am growing grey-haired and decidedly respectable; and though my uncle has not died yet, it is wonderful the equanimity with which I bear his existence—he can live for ever, as he please, for I am no loser by it. But for all that, when I regard my children, and then think that my fortune hangs on my pen, and any sudden dispensation might cut off all my resources and leave myself and family beggars, I do yearn after the money that is gone, and wish my time were to come over again. And when I reflect on that dreadful income-tax, which is as certain as death, and taxes me so unequally, while my next-door neighbour, an animal with no two ideas in his head beyond beef and beer, is living on the interest of his funded capital, I earnestly wish that the meetings through the country may attain success, and free us from a tax which war might demand as a favour, but which in peace can only be regarded as an imposition.

But what is the use of complaining? As you make your bed, so you must lie on it; and though mine may be rough and tumbled, I have no cause to repine when I call to mind the hundreds who have been ruined by the sale of their reversion, or by contact with the Jews. Young men of the present enlightened age are suffering from the worst fault—that of self-esteem, and in their cleverness they are caught in pitfalls which, by a little circumspection, they could avoid. The race of crimps, who deluded me in my hot youth, is still in full vigour, and the highly respectable offices, like the one which took me in, have increased and multiplied. Temptations are held out in every quarter, and the wonder is that any young men with prospects escape at all. If they do, it must be attributed to the plethora of the offices, and not to the sagacity of the victims.

Accommodation bills are also a great feature of London swindling. If you are careless in lending your name, you are careless into whose hands it falls, until dire experience teaches you that the worse crime of social life is lending in any shape. Hence you grow misanthropical with your losses, and vow that you will not help any poor fellow to a shilling, however much he may want it; and I don't blame you.

But I am growing sadly prosy—it is the common effect of any reflection on the loss of my six thousand pounds; and if my respected editor finds this paper more than usually dull, he has only himself to blame, because he begged me to hold up a light to unwary youth. For their sake, I only wish it had been brighter; but it always begins to burn dim when I think of that melancholy hour in which I discovered how I had sold my reversion and myself.

## ENTIRE CORRESPONDENCE OF HORACE WALPOLE.\*

THE leading features of this edition, as the ably qualified Editor himself defines them, consist in the publication for the first time of the Entire Correspondence of Walpole in a chronological and uniform order, and in the publication equally for the first time of many letters either now first collected or first made public. These amount to about a hundred, and some of them "will be found to reveal much curious matter illustrative of the family quarrels of Horace with his brother Sir Edward"—an editorial promise amply kept, thus far, in the present volume, as we shall presently see—"and with his uncle, old Horace, whom he hated so heartily; while the letters first collected in this edition, and addressed to men like Hume, Robertson, and Joseph Warton, will be found to contain the best qualities of his style on other subjects than masquerades and mariages." As for his correspondence with his deputies in the Exchequer, Grosvenor and Charles Bedford (the former the uncle of Southey's deaf, amiable, vivacious, and most philo-feline correspondent, of the same name), Mr. Cunningham, at whose disposal it is placed by Mrs. Bedford of Kensington, states that it is not unfrequently highly characteristic of the writer, though often turning on matters of official detail. "It reveals to us (as the reader will find) what Walpole revealed to no other person, his unostentatious charity and his active sympathy with persons incarcerated for debt. The same correspondence supplies other and frequent glimpses of his working behind the scenes as an anonymous correspondent of newspapers, and fully supports what indeed his own 'Short Notes' of his life have sufficiently told us, that he was not 'Junius.'"

Whether we regard quantity, quality, or both, this edition, to judge from the opening volume, is a thing to be desired to make one wise, in the days and ways of the first three Georges. Nearly six hundred octavo pages, imprinted by Bradbury and Evans, and adorned with portraits of Horace Walpole at two distinct stages of his boyhood, and at one of his young manhood—of General Conway (by Eckardt), and of Sir Horace Mann (by Astley), together with a vignette of the Entrance of Strawberry Hill—such are some of the outward and visible attractions of the work. Then, to intimate the completeness of the literary adjuncts, we may mention the various *prolegomena* which, in processional order, usher in the Entire Correspondence itself. There is first Mr. Peter Cunningham's advertisement proper. Then Walpole's advertisement to the Horace Mann collection. Mr. Croker's preface to the Hertford collection follows next, succeeded by Lord Dover's preface, and that by Mr. John Wright. Miss Berry's ably-written advertisement, with its spirited though ever kindly and lady-like remonstrance against Macaulay, is given at length. Add to these Mr. Vernon Smith's preface to the Ossory letters, and those by Mr. Bentley and the Rev. John Mitford; after which we come to Walpole's "Short Notes of my Life" (1717-1779), followed by his Memoir

\* The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. In Eight Volumes. Vol. I. Richard Bentley. 1857.

respecting his Income, and that by his piquant Reminiscences of the Courts of George the First and Second, with an appendix of extracts from the letters of "Old Sarah" of Marlborough, illustrative of the Reminiscences in question.

Of the letters now for the first time published, the most remarkable are those relating to an unbrotherly misunderstanding between Horace and Sir Edward, wherein, to all appearance, the latter is in the wrong, and, beyond all question, has the worst of it. Family differences were rife among the Walpoles, trunk line and branch lines included. Sir Edward was restlessly anxious, it seems, to fasten a very pretty quarrel, of his own picking, on his younger brother—*younger by a full decade*—about a piece of election business, as election business was conducted in those days. The matter stood thus: A few weeks after the death of Sir Robert, his old friend, General Churchill, also departed this life, thereby causing a vacancy for the representation in Parliament of Castle Rising, in Norfolk; whereupon Horace, who was then sitting for Calington, in Cornwall, interested himself, with provoking promptitude and still more provoking success, in getting a new member, John Rigby by name, returned for the family borough. Sir Edward, who was M.P. for Yarmouth, boiled over with wrath at this presumptuous meddling with what, however indirectly, concerned him. So he wrote a letter of the stiffest and stateliest tone, compatible with intense indignation and petulant dudgeon, in which he addresses Horace as "Sir"—informs him that Castle Rising is a family borough—that their nephew, Lord Orford's son, ought to be brought in there preferably to anybody, next to him Sir Edward, and failing Sir Edward then Horace himself, and failing Horace himself, then "my uncle and his children," "then the Townshends, and the Hammonds, who altogether make so large a number, that I did not imagine there was a possibility," the deeply-wounded Sir Edward protests, "there was a possibility of a recommendation of mine taking place; otherwise, as I have frequently wished it, I should have spoken to my lord long ago; but I always thought he was bound to offer it to some of them, whether they applied or not." The letter goes on to chide Horace's officious interference, and his failing to consult Sir Edward in "an affair of this consequence, where birth and seniority give me so just and natural a pretension." Sir Edward cannot forget so contemptuous and arrogant a treatment. But it is all of a piece with Horace's habitual behaviour to him. Horace's conduct has always been of the same kind, and has made it the most painful thing in the world for the elder brother to have any commerce with the younger. Granted, that Horace has at all times shown "a great disposition to" Sir Edward and family quite in accordance with his undeniable "good nature;" but then Horace had spoilt all by an unbearable "confidence and presumption of some kind of superiority," assuming to himself a pre-eminence, from an imaginary disparity in point of abilities and character. In fine, although Horace is "a very great man," Sir Edward cannot submit to him, and begs as a favour that all kindness may henceforth cease between them. To this strange missive Horace wrote at least two answers, only one of which he sent. He seems to have thought better, on second thoughts, as to the original draft, which is caustic enough, and enters into a minute dissection, sentence by sentence, of his

brother's angry and reproachful letter : this, on reconsideration, he resolved not to send, but substituted for it a very brief note, evidently meant to be that soft answer which turneth away wrath. A comparison of the two responses, and some reflection on the choice made by Horace when the post-time came for the one to be taken and the other left, may be commended to all who sweepingly deny him heart, bowels of compassion, feeling, moral sense, or any such thing.

An extract or two from the cancelled answer, No. I., will show the Horatian tactics in meeting Sir Edward's ponderous assault. The italicised lines are quotations from the elder brother's remonstrance :

*"Castle Rising is a Family Borough.* This is your first proposition, but not very definite. It is a borough in *our* family, but I never heard that it was parliamentarily entailed upon every branch of our family. If it was, how came Mr. Churchill to be always chosen there? However, before I ever undertake anything again, I will certainly examine our genealogical table, and be sure that Lord Walpole, yourself, and all our eleven first cousins, have no mind to the same thing. . . .

*"Or how you happened to imagine I was not to be consulted.* I will ask you another question, how you happen to imagine it was necessary for me to consult you? Have you ever given me any encouragement to consult you in anything? How must I consult you? By letter? you never would see me either at your own house or here! The authority you affect over me is ridiculous; and for consulting you, good God! do you think you ever judge so dispassionately, as that any man living would consult you!

*"Whose birth and seniority give me so just and natural a pretension.* To my father's estate before me, to nothing else that I know of. . . .

*"The most painful thing in the world to have any commerce with you.* I believe it, for I have always seen it, and in vain endeavoured to make it more tolerable to you.

*"You have, I must confess, showed a great disposition to me and to my children at all times.* Thank you.

*"Good nature, which I think and say you possess in a great degree.* Dear brother, I wish I could think the same of you. . . .

*"A confidence and presumption of some kind of superiority.* This I must answer a little fuller, as being the only thing in your letter which you have not confuted yourself. I won't appeal to everybody that has ever seen me with you, but to yourself. Lay your hand on your heart, and say, if I have not all my lifetime to this very instant, treated you with a respect, a deference, an awe, a submission, beyond what, I say to my shame, I ever showed my father; and you ought to be ashamed too, who made it necessary for his peace and for my own, that I should treat you so; I never disputed your opinion, I never gave my own till you had yours : this was confidence and presumption!"

Further on in the letter, Horace refers also to the implication of their mother in these miserable differences. "In my mother's lifetime, you accused me of fomenting her anger against you. The instant she died, did I not bring you all my letters to her which she had kept; in never in any one of which was your name mentioned, but to persuade her to continue that love to you, which your behaviour has always laboured to extinguish in the hearts of all your relations. As to my father," he then proceeds to reiterate, "I well knew how ill you always used him on my

account. . . Know, brother, that you never came where my father was, that I did not beg and beseech him never to take notice of me before you. This I have living witnesses to prove." Then, touching on certain personal jealousies, Horace continues: "Oh! brother, so far from having that self-conceit you attribute to me, all my family and acquaintance know, that no man has a greater opinion of your parts; no man has commended you more. I have always said, all the world would love you if you would let them; but for your love to your father, I have always declared, that of all his children I was convinced you loved him the best. What have you said of *me* behind my back?"

This un-sent letter addresses Sir Edward, who had freezingly *Sir'd* Horace, as "Brother; I am sorry you won't let me say Dear Brother;" and its closing terms are, "Yours or not, as you please, Hor. Walpole." Surely, now, of some significance, and to be placed to Horace Walpole's credit account, when we audit the balance-sheet of his life-doings, is the fact, that he suppressed this long self-vindictory epistle, and despatched in its stead the following little billet, a vastly nearer approximation to the billet-doux:

"DEAR BROTHER,—You have used me very ill without any provocation or any pretence. I have always made it my study to deserve your friendship, as you yourself own, and by a submission which I did not owe you. For consulting you in what you had nothing to do, I certainly did not, nor ever will, while you profess so much aversion for me. I am still ready to live with you upon any terms of friendship and equality; but I don't mind your anger, which can only hurt yourself, when you come to reflect with what strange passion you have treated me, who have always loved you, have always tried to please you, have always spoken of you with regard, and who will yet be, if you will let me,

"Your affectionate brother and humble servant,

"HOR. WALPOLE."

A quasi-reconciliation ultimately took place between the brothers. But there was always something or another to keep the old sore open, and it never healed kindly.

Among the novelties in the present volume must also be mentioned a letter to the Rev. Joseph Spence, dated from Florence, in 1741, expressing Walpole's hope of renewing in England the acquaintance they had formed in Italy, where Pope's friend (and ours, for Pope's sake and his own) had been of great service to Horace, while laid up with a quinsy at Reggio. Also, a hearty epistle to Harry Conway, Marshal and Minister that should be, which is full of abuse of the new government (1744), and flings at the British Fleet, and high-flying panegyrics on Ranelagh, which has totally beat Vauxhall, and where everybody goes, and of which Lord Chesterfield is so fond that he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither, and of which the floor is all of beaten princes, for you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or a Duke of Cumberland,—to forego enumeration of less distinguished and "universal" company, from his Grace of Grafton down to children out of the Foundling Hospital, from my Lady Townshend to the kitten, from my Lord Sandys to the letter-writer himself, *the letter-writer par excellence* of the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole.



## GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell me of the players.—SHAKESPEARE.

## III.—WILLIAM DOWTON.

WE frequently hear that London has of late taken such strides in its peregrinations, that our pleasant suburbs are becoming encircled in its giant grasp, and that it is with difficulty we now catch even a glimpse of the country. Much of this assertion we cannot venture to dispute; but there is still left us, we rejoice to know, a few sunny spots in the vicinity of the mighty Babel, where the fields look green, and the trees exultingly wave their branches. One of these spots is the little village of Dulwich, pretty and rural still, as though forgotten by its all-powerful neighbour, having its elm-shaded lanes, a prospect of hill and dale, with the Palace glistening in the dark foliage of the adjoining wood. Apart from its rural beauty, Dulwich is endeared to us from having in its sacred keeping the remains of "Ned" Alleyn, as he was familiarly called in the days of the old dramatists, when the homely terms of friendship were so rife amongst them.

Marlowe, renowned for his rare art and wit,  
 Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit;  
 Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill  
 Commanded mirth and passion, was but Will.

Alleyn was a successful representative of many of the heroes of Shakspeare, and was intimately acquainted with the bard. They were neighbours together hard by the Clink, by the Bankside, each being assessed to the poor-rates in the sum of sixpence per week—three other persons only in that part of London paying so high a rate. Realising a considerable fortune, Alleyn accomplished many good works, the principal of which is the College at Dulwich, known as "God's Gift." We have here—as well as the remains of the fine-hearted actor—a small "Gallery of Theatrical Portraits," in which we see the pictured semblance of Burbage, Nat Field, and others, not forgetting the generous founder himself, clothed in a sober, fur-trimmed gown, his hand resting on his genial heart. To this retired nook would he occasionally come in his later days, by pleasant paths and green meadows, dining with the poor brothers as a loving friend, and chatting with the boys on the mysteries of the theatre. The meadows are still there, clothed in their original greenness, and may sometimes listen to a benison offered to the memory of "Sweet Ned Alleyn."

In an early day of the prosperity of Edmund Kean, Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" was revived for him at Drury Lane, to which was appended a prologue containing the line—

Nor mourn an Alleyn whilst we boast a Kean.

Some aspersions were cast upon the modern actor for suffering such a line

to be spoken, and he willingly confessed to the error. On the same subject, moreover, Kean remarked: "Alleyn was at least as good an actor, and certainly a better man—he acted better than me at Dulwich."

Passing from this pleasant suburb, a gentle walk brings us to the Cemetery at Norwood, tastefully arranged by the shady groves where sybils once practised their mystic arts. Here are white stones carved with names, to which flowers offer a grateful incense. Beneath one lies Talfourd, he who gave to the stage, in "Ion," some features of its early classic models; here, too, is resting Sir Lumley Skeffington, the "dandy of his day," who wrote farces for our grandfathers, and is favoured with notice in Byron's celebrated satire. Here, moreover, rest the rival transpontine managers, Davidge and Osbaldiston—their scenic battles all forgotten—and William Dunn, associated for more than half a century with Drury Lane. What memories of the old house passed into the grave of him we have mentioned last! But there is one tomb which has led us into this introductory strain, on which is inscribed—

WILLIAM DOWTON (OF EXETER), WHO DIED 19TH  
APRIL, 1851, AGED EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS.

The occupant of this quiet retreat was one of the old beacon-lights of the dramatic stream. He has not his resting-place adorned, like Alleyn at Dulwich, with his pictured self, in his habit as he lived; but in honour of the natural talent of the hearty comedian, we would fain see preserved some traces of the old features, though the portrait have no more enduring home than our own Gallery.

William Dowton was born in the goodly city mentioned in his epitaph, in the year 1763, if we may trust the figures carved upon his gravestone, though 1766 has been mentioned as his natal year. We have nothing to relate of his days of hoops and happiness. As the son of a respectable tradesman, he was in due time sent to a seminary of high repute in the neighbourhood, where he continued for some time, engaged in liberal studies, when he was articulated to an architect. In this new phase of his career, however, there soon began to glimmer, although faintly at first, the dawning of a dramatic genius.

Our young cit of Exeter was not the only architect who in early days imbibed the disease of stage-playing. Christopher Wren, about 1652, diverted himself with Thespian sports; Vanbrugh, again, was not only the architect of the original Opera House in the Haymarket, but was for a time its joint manager with Congreve, and furnished the stage with some half-dozen comedies; John Nash, who supplied the present exterior of that lyric temple, was an actor in his younger days, and delighted country audiences with his performance of *Lord Ogleby*. Daniel Terry was for five years with Wyatt, and even after a few trials on the stage he returned for a while to his architectural pursuits. Terry, in fact, is said to have furnished his friend Sir Walter Scott with the original outlines of *Abbotsford*, that "romance in brick

and stone." Richard Jones, the late admirable light comedian, was in his youth of the same profession; and the present Charles Mathews studied the art under the elder Pugin, and for a time drew different houses than those which now greet him with so much favour.

Becoming enamoured of the Thespian art, young Dowton thought more of the plays of Otway and Rowe than he did of the cherished lore of Palladio and Vitruvius. Like one of Marryat's heroes, he would so rant his tragic speeches that the windows rattled with affright, whilst the china mandarins nodded their heads upon the mantelpiece; and like Charles Mathews No. 1, he would at night recite *Lear* up three pair of stairs to a four-legged bedstead. He had not then, however, tasted the theatrical fruit, being simply anxious to pluck it, having an unshakable faith in its delectable flavour. The golden opportunity was not long in presenting itself, for some young gentlemen at Exeter joined together their purses and their abilities in the establishment of a private theatre, and here the juvenile architect occasionally displayed his talents. One of his favourite characters was *Carlos*, in "The Revenge," which he played to the *Zanga* of John Davy, the composer of the "Bay of Biscay" and other songs. In this part young Dowton gained so much applause that his ambition became fixed; and one eventful morning the office of the architect was desolate, for the pupil, who had so often enlivened it with his passionate bursts, was far on his way with a band of strollers. Fifty years later, when that young stroller had himself become a veteran upon the metropolitan boards, and was being examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, he was asked where he first acted publicly, and replied, "In a barn at Ashburton, in Devonshire, or a cowhouse; it was not so good as a barn."

William Dowton selected his favourite part of *Carlos* for impersonation before the *dilettanti* of Ashburton, in which he received the plaudits of an overflowing barn, brilliantly illuminated with six mould candles. Elated by this glimmering of success, his love for his new profession became unbounded. The refuse of the golden grain was swept from other barns, and other audiences gave their plaudits to the band of strollers; our hero, however, though thirsting after fame, found himself too material to feed alone on applause, and his riches did not make a corresponding advance with his reputation. Supported by his high spirit, he waged for a time an unequal warfare with starvation, but at length gave up the fight, and returned, like the prodigal son, to the home of his parent. The comforts of the parental roof, however, soon erased from his mind the remembrance of past vicissitudes, and, determining to toil for theatrical fame, he again resumed his peregrinations. Once more with the strollers, he renewed his acquaintance with their difficulties, but yet enjoyed the "quips and cranks and lively sallies" of the brotherhood. Securing at length an engagement at the Weymouth Theatre, he considered himself at the top of the wave; and, continuing to rise in reputation, he revisited his native city, where, upon the boards of the Theatre Royal, he boldly held forth as *Romeo*, *Macbeth*, and other tragic heroes, which he is said successfully to have embodied.

Tragedy, we have seen, won from William Dowton his earliest approval, the laughing sister having at first been slighted by the majority

of our best comic actors, including John Bannister, Lewis, Fawcett, Liston, Jones, and others. From the goodly town of Exeter, his next step was into the Kent circuit, at that time conducted by Mrs. Baker, a lady who had been left a widow without any resources save her own stock of industry, but who realised some considerable property. Her circuit included Canterbury, Rochester, Tunbridge Wells, Maidstone, and other theatres in the district. She was an indefatigable priestess of Thalia and Melpomene. Every morning she might have been seen on her road to market, and in addition filled the office of box-book keeper. She likewise manufactured the daily playbill, by the help of scissors, needle, thread, and a collection of old bills: cutting a play from one, an interlude from another, and a farce from a third, she would sew them neatly together, thus precluding the necessity of pen and ink, except when the name of a former actor had to make way for a successor, and then a blank was left for the first performer who happened to call in, and who could write, to fill up. She was the mother of a son and two daughters—one of the young ladies being the Siddons and the Jordan, and the other the Crouch and Billington of the company. Mrs. Baker would herself beat the drum behind the scenes in "Richard" and other martial plays, and was occasionally her own prompter, or rather that of her actors. Her practice in reading, however, had not been very extensive. One evening, as a member of her company, a Mr. Gardner, was playing *Gradus*, in the farce of "Who's the Dupe?" and imposing on *Old Doiley* by affecting to speak Greek, his memory unfortunately failed him, and he cast an anxious eye towards the industrious promptress for assistance. Now Mrs. Baker had never met with so many syllables combined in one word, or so many such words as the fictitious Greek afforded. She was consequently puzzled, and for a moment hesitated. By this delay the distress of Gardner was increased, and he whispered loudly, and somewhat angrily, "Give me the word, madam." "It's a hard one," replied the lady. "Then give me the next." "That's harder." "The next." "Harder still." Gardner now became furious; when the manageress, no less so, threw the book on the stage, exclaiming, "There now, you have 'em all, and may take your choice."

Mrs. Baker's forces were joined, in September, 1806, by another dramatic hero, Edmund Kean, who was principally engaged for comic singing and recitations, for which he received the remuneration of eighteen shillings per week. We have seen the bills issued during his six months' stay at Tunbridge Wells, in which his name is appended to characters which contrast curiously with those now associated with his memory. "Richard the Third," for instance, was announced by Mrs. Baker, and the little man, to whom she might have awarded the tyrant, was content for the time to do duty as the *Lieutenant of the Tower*; but then, as a slight atonement, the same bill gave him the part of *Mungo*, in the farce of "The Padlock." Said we not right, in a preceding sketch, that the fortunes of actors are capricious? Edmund Kean at Tunbridge Wells received but eighteen shillings per week, whilst seven years later his first benefit at Drury Lane produced him two thousand pounds!

We must now return to William Dowton, whom we simply introduced into the circuit of Mrs. Baker. It was in September, 1791, that he joined that industrious lady, whose company was then enacting at

Tunbridge Wells. The character in which he first gave the loungers at this mineral spring a touch of his qualities was that of *Rover*, in "Wild Oats;" and having secured their good opinion, he appeared before them in a variety of characters, in almost every department of the drama. It was during his stay in this circuit that our comedian was caught in the matrimonial net, and duly transferred to the cage of wedlock. Miss Baker, the fair daughter of the manageress, was the witching fowler, whose call-bird notes were no doubt occasionally heard in the pleasant walks of Kent—a second Eden—where

Soft did fall the whisper'd tale,  
\*Soft the double shadow.

Cumberland, the dramatist, resided much at Tunbridge Wells, and there witnessed the performances of Dowton, and, deeming him unrivalled in *Sheva*—the hero of his own comedy of "The Jew"—recommended him strongly to the managers of Drury Lane, both on account of his general merits, as well as his qualifications for that particular character. This recommendation was not to be slighted, and the hero of Mrs. Baker's company was soon transferred to the lordlier boards of Drury Lane, upon which he first appeared on the 11th of October, 1796—the year in which the mercurial Elliston became known to the metropolis, and in which Braham first established his fame (the town having previously listened to the warblings of his boyhood). Dowton's opening character was that of *Sheva*, originally played by John Bannister. A portion of the press was at first opposed to the style of the new actor, and the critics favoured him occasionally with some interesting "pellets of the brain." Time, however, softened these asperities, and Dowton continued for more than forty years a distinguished adherent of the legitimate school of comedy.

At the commencement of the present century—when the subject of our portrait was comfortably installed in his new position—discordant sounds of war were heard from over the Channel, and some of the players of the day became amateur soldiers, enrolling themselves in the ranks of the militia. In this heroic proceeding they did but emulate the military ardour of their predecessors of the days of the Civil Wars, when the monarchy and the theatre were alike overthrown. Many of the players then took up arms in the cause of Royalty; Mohun, for instance, became a captain, and whilst serving in Flanders received the pay of a major; Hart was a lieutenant in Prince Rupert's regiment; Burt was a cornet in the same troop, and Shatterell a quartermaster; whilst Allen of the Cockpit became a major and quartermaster-general at Oxford. In the more recent times—although the theatres enjoyed their rights and privileges, and George III. sat quietly in his chair—Incedon and others belonged to the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters, who not only exercised their rifles, but also their knives and forks at some excellent regimental dinners at the Bedford, where they practised military manœuvres, and were considered very expert at quick firing. Incedon, for one, outgrew the service, and became so bulky that both he and Cooke, in their skirmishes, were generally to be found at the tag-end of the performance. Upon one occasion, when the duke reviewed the corps at Chalk Farm, the usual manœuvres being over, a sham

fight took place, and pursued through the fields of Hampstead and Highgate. On ascending a pretty sharp hill, Incledon was so much "blown" that he sat down on a rail to recruit his breath. Partially recovering, he at length made a start, and was soon after overtaken by a butcher-boy. "Here, you boy," said he, "carry this infernal gun, and I'll give you a shilling." The bargain was struck, and the vocal-soldier was enabled to proceed at an improved pace. Finding, however, that his sword was continually intruding between his legs, he gave a little girl another shilling to carry it for him. At the halt he made his appearance with his two aides-de-camp—his rifle and sword bearer—and was received with great applause by a numerous audience, who hailed him with "See the conquering hero comes!"

In the summer of 1805, Dowton was engaged at the Haymarket, and announced for his benefit a revival of the burlesque of "The Tailors; or, A Tragedy for Warm Weather"—since occasionally played under the name of "The Quadrupeds." Prior to the eventful night (August 15), our comedian received some menacing letters, informing him that seventeen thousand tailors would attend to oppose the performance. Now, dividing that number by the customary nine, Dowton calculated that it gave an aggregate of one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight men, and eight odd tailors, which at the Haymarket would tolerably well fill his benches. At an early hour on the evening in question, about seven hundred persons, principally tailors, divided themselves into the pit and galleries, and soon began their riotous work, during which there was a general cry of "Dowton!" Our comedian presented himself, and endeavoured to address his noisy auditors, when a pair of shears was thrown from the gallery upon the stage. The insulted actor offered a reward of twenty pounds for the discovery of the depredator, and likewise offered to substitute the "Village Lawyer" for the offensive piece. The storm, however, was fairly up, and expressed itself in discordant cries of "No Dowton! no Dowton!" The knights of the shears had been insulted, and would listen to no surrender, being determined to take their own measure. Elliston was next offered as a substitute for Dowton, but without appeasing the malcontents. The management then decided upon playing the piece at first announced; and as the doorkeepers stated that the remainder of the seventeen thousand were fast arriving and threatening to burst in, Mr. Graham, the magistrate, was sent for, who immediately attended with the officers from Bow-street. A few stout men connected with the theatre were sworn in as special constables, and a message was despatched to the commanding officer of the Life Guards, who attended in a few minutes with a full guard, when the threatened thousands effected a retreat from the Haymarket. The most conspicuous of the internal agitators were arrested, but were subsequently held to bail; and thus ended the "Tragedy for Warm Weather."

During the season of 1806, a play in which our comedian was concerned was advertised, but for some reason was postponed. The theatrical critic of one of the daily papers, however, prepared a copious and laboured review of a performance which had never taken place! This of itself was bad enough; but the critical reverie, when published, was found to be so bitter, unjust, and scurrilous, that Dowton, Bannister, Elliston, and Barrymore were advised to commence legal proceedings against the

proprietors of the journal in which it appeared, who were glad to purchase peace by a payment of fifty pounds, which sum was immediately handed over to the treasurer of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

On the subject of dramatic criticism, we may here note that a century since, and for some years after, no notice of the theatres was given in newspapers, except of a new piece or a new performer. The plays for the evening were then published exclusively in the *Public Advertiser* and the *Gazetteer*, and it was understood that each of those papers paid seventy pounds a year to each of the patent theatres for the right so to publish. Upon the establishment of the *Morning Chronicle* in 1768, daily, or at least frequent criticisms were commenced by William Woodfall, the editor. At this time it was the custom at the theatre to announce the play for the following evening, but not the farce, unless the latter was a new one. A member of the Drury Lane orchestra was paid by the *Morning Chronicle* to watch for the announcement of the play and run to the printing-office with the same; and often would this functionary exercise his wits to get some friend to fish out from Hopkins, the prompter, the name of the farce for him.

Dowton, in 1809, was at the Lyceum, where the comedy of "The Hypocrite" was revived after a slumber of thirty years. In this piece our sterling actor added much to his reputation by his finished portraiture of *Dr. Cantwell*. Mathews was the *Mauworm* on the occasion of this revival, Mrs. Edwin the *Charlotte*, and Mrs. Orger the *Young Lady Lambert*—the excellence of the acting rendering the performance of the comedy almost perfect. Dowton continued for some time at the same theatre, which at this period was partially occupied by the Drury Lane comedians, who had been driven from their own domicile by fire. With them he returned to their new house, upon its opening in October, 1812—their forces being augmented, two years later, by Edmund Kean, who, like our own actor, had received some portion of his drilling in the camp of Mrs. Baker. During Kean's third season in London, Dowton tried, upon the same boards, the part of *Shylock*, the stepping-stone of Kean's great fame. In the earlier scenes of this character he infused a great deal of comedy, and chuckled over the merry bond in a way likely to deceive *Bassanio* and *Antonio* into the belief of his kindness being real. He made, too, a great point in the last scene; when *Antonio* offers him mercy on condition that "he presently become a Christian," Dowton fainted in the arms of *Tubal*. The management had no desire that our actor should be successful in the part, Kean being then the rage; the excellence of many parts of the performance was acknowledged, but the actor's best friends did not deem it a hit.

About 1816 the gossips of London got up a little interlude on their own account, the principal characters in which they assigned to Lord Byron and Mrs. Mardyn—the former being at the time a member of the Committee of Management of Drury Lane Theatre, and the latter a popular actress upon the same boards. The plot of the piece was duly given in some of the newspapers, the chief incidents being the elopement of the noble poet with the fair *comédienne*. His lordship at this time resided in Piccadilly, where he was one morning waited upon by our hearty old actor. Duly introduced into the drawing-room, and received with great kindness, Dowton, with some little excitement, ex-

plained the object of his visit. "I beg," said he, "with your lordship's permission, to relate a little anecdote, and read you a letter, in which I am, as well as your lordship, a little concerned, and which I am proud to say will enable me, most clearly, to demonstrate to the world the falsity of those reports in circulation respecting your lordship and Mrs. Mardyn; for, by Heavens! my son Harry has been the gallant, and not your lordship, and he is at this moment on a speculation with her round the Kentish coast."

Dowton here seemed in breathless anxiety to open a letter which he drew from his pocket in a most animated manner. Scarcely able to contain his feelings, he thus continued: "His grandmother writes me here, that my son Harry sends her word from Dover that he is going to Folkestone, Hastings, and so on, to visit his father in London, in company with a friend; but that she had discovered that friend to be Mrs. Mardyn, who had been acting at Canterbury during the previous week." Here Dowton paused for a moment, giving his lordship one of his peculiar good-humoured looks, exclaiming, with great archness, "There, my lord, what think you of my Harry? There's a young dog—his father's son—a chip of the old block." He then, almost in the same breath, thus continued: "But what adds to the horror his grandmother feels at the occurrence is, that he has obtained from her fifty pounds, under some specious pretence, which doubtless is to defray the cost of this hopeful adventure; and she hopes I will fetch him back and lecture him severely—not forgetting her fifty pounds."

"Well, Dowton," remarked his lordship, highly amused at this honest narration, "what would you have me do in this affair?" "Why, my lord," returned our comedian, "use this adventure in any way you please, as a contradiction to the calumnies heaped on yourself." In the concluding sentence, Dowton appeared very indignant, pacing the room, and drawing his hand across his forehead by way of cooling his rage.

During this interview, Byron listened most attentively to Dowton's animated frankness, and was entertained and even delighted with the zeal he evinced in his own cause. He assured his friend that he received the offer kindly, but that he should suffer the world to indulge in its favourite theme, as slander would eventually find its level.

"Though my boy"—resumed Dowton, in conclusion—"is only eighteen, and has begun his vagaries rather early, I confess, it is, after all, only a boyish folly. As to his grandmother, she may lecture him herself; I'll be bound she'll not forget her fifty pounds. For my part, I shall not notice the affair—he has only done what I have done before him. It's my way—it's all our ways—it runs in the blood of the Absolutes!"

On the 28th of April, 1816, for his benefit at Drury Lane, Dowton appeared as *Mrs. Malaprop*, in "The Rivals," having effected an exchange of character with Mrs. Sparks, who appeared on the occasion as *Ser Anthony Absolute*. This was almost the only occasion on which an actor was enabled to "draw a house;" in fact, so little were his talents in this respect appreciated, that he did not, subsequently to that night, solicit the suffrages of the town for a score of years.

Dowton, during his long connexion with the metropolitan boards,



continued faithful to Old Drury, the house to which he first plighted his troth. His vacations were frequently passed at the Haymarket—without fear of the thousands of tailors that once threatened to assail that favoured temple—whilst occasionally he would spend his summer months in the country, blending a little profit with his recreations. During the time that the theatre at Brighton was managed by his old friend Russell—of *Jerry Sneak* celebrity—we frequently enjoyed, in that town, a daylight peep at the round, honest-looking face of Dowton. More than once have we seen him enter that fashionable retreat on the box of the London stage-coach—there were no panting locomotives then to whisk you down in an hour—looking as happy and as jovial as his neighbour, the hero of the whip.

In 1829, Tunbridge Wells was chosen by Dowton for his country trip, and right heartily was he received, many of his very old friends exhibiting a genuine feeling of welcome. Tragedy, it would seem, had not been wholly banished from his thoughts, even at this late period of his career, for *Shylock*, on the occasion of his benefit, was selected by him for personation.

Whilst at the Wells, a few years since, we found ourselves upon the Parade, the promenaders upon which were listening to a little band of musicians. Sitting apart from the busy throng, we thought of the celebrities of former days, who had paced that self-same pavement, the company hooped and brocaded, exhibiting the square-cut and full-flowing costume of the olden time. Wycherley was brought before us, as well as Richardson, with a fair Pamela leaning upon his arm. Johnson and Garrick were in conversation, the subject probably being their having entered London together—fortune awaiting one at the very gate, whilst the other for a time was to endure neglect and want. Colley Cibber, likewise, appeared upon the diminutive Parade, as well as Cumberland, his brother dramatist—Beau Nash, who had not then been recognised as the King of Bath, presiding over the “ceremonies” of the place. The cessation of the music, upon the occasion in question, recalled us from our fancies, and we crossed over to a building to which we were directed upon inquiring for the theatre. Thinking of Mrs. Baker and her little pay-place, of Dowton, Kean, and others once enrolled in her service, we scarcely noticed the exterior; on entering, however, the illusion was soon destroyed. The actors had all vanished, probably through their own trap-doors, and in their place we found men offering samples of golden grain—the theatre had been converted into a corn market!

On one occasion our comedian found his way to Stratford-upon-Avon, and in Henley-street sought the room which tradition has marked as the birthplace of Shakspeare, the massive joists and plastered walls of which are covered with the names of innumerable pilgrims. To the old lady who had charge of the house, Dowton appeared to be somewhat delirious. He desired to be left alone. “There, go,” said he, “I cannot have witnesses; I shall cry; and so—eh? What! the divine Billy was born here, eh? The pride of all nations has been in this room! I must kneel. Leave me; I don’t like people to see me cry.”

Some such feeling of reverence and tears must have crept over another comedian, Robert Keeley, on viewing for the first time the falls

of Niagara. "I had scrupulously turned my head from the scene of wonders"—our little friend has related—"until our host gave me the word to drink in at my eyes a sight that seemed to condense a whole existence into that minute. Thank Heaven, nobody spoke to me. The tears ran down my cheeks; and I am quite sure, if I had been alone, I should have thrown myself upon my knees and wept aloud."

William Dowton himself, in 1836, ventured upon a trip to the United States. He was too far advanced, however, in years to attract much of the attention of our transatlantic cousins, and consequently failed to enrich himself with their dollars. He was never, in fact, in the days of his strength, a "star" actor, being one of those whom the many admit to possess great merit, but yet are not sufficiently attractive to affect the receipts of a house. Genius and talent are not always to be measured by the standard of success; and thus the subject of our sketch, with Fanny Kelly and some other sterling performers of their time, failed to attract the crowd, whilst a dramatic charlatan, without possessing a tithe of their talent, would be followed as the lion of the day. As the gilded idol is being worshipped, patient merit shrugs its shoulder,

And Wisdom stares, while Folly claps her hands.

Dowton's salary at Drury Lane, in the season of 1801-02, was eight pounds per week; he subsequently received twelve pounds, but never more than twenty.

It is curious to mark the difference in the salaries paid to dramatic performers during the last hundred years. In the better days of the drama these salaries appear to be small; but there can scarcely be a doubt that a healthy action was then enjoyed, which the "star" system tended to impair. If we look into Garrick's theatre, we find the Roscius himself at the head, with a stipend of 2*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* per night; Barry and his wife, 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; John Palmer and his wife, 2*l.*; King, the unrivalled *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Lord Ogleby*, 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Parsons, 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Mrs. Pritchard, 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Mrs. Cibber, 2*l.* 10*s.* Miss Pope, 13*s.* 4*d.*; and Signor Gustinelli, the principal singer, 1*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Succeeding the days of Garrick came a host of distinguished performers, including Lewis, Quick, Bannister, Munden, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Farren, *cum multis aliis*, not one of whom ever received "star" salaries. John Kemble, as actor and manager, was content with 56*l.* 14*s.* per week; George Frederick Cooke received 25*l.*; and Mrs. Jordan, in her zenith, an average of 31*l.* 10*s.* Drury Lane, in season 1812-13, boasted of an excellent company, including John Johnstone, who was retained at 16*l.* per week, and Dowton, who received 16*l.* Covent Garden, at the same period, numbered among its members Emery (whose highest salary during his career was but 14*l.* per week), Mathews, Fawcett, Blanchard, Liston, and Simmons, and their united receipts from the treasury were less than has since been paid to one actor at a metropolitan minor theatre! Edmund Kean's first engagement at Drury Lane, in 1814, was for three years, ranging from 8*l.* to 10*l.* per week. This was subsequently converted into a contract at 50*l.* per night. Eight years prior to this great change in the fortunes of Kean—in the year 1806—he was playing at the Haymarket, unnoticed and unknown, his salary at that time

being two pounds per week. Twenty years later, when wrung in heart and fame, physically and mentally weak, he received at the same house fifty pounds per night. Who will say that he was a better actor than he was in 1806?

As a contrast to the sums paid during the past century, we may state that at Drury Lane, when under the management of the late Stephen Price, the nightly salary of Edmund Kean was 60*l.*, and that of Madame Vestris and Liston 25*l.* each; whilst Farren received 35*l.* weekly, Jones, 35*l.*, James Wallack 35*l.*, and Harley 30*l.* In 1838, Tyroise Power was receiving 96*l.* weekly from the Adelphi, and Farren 40*l.* from the Olympic. It was once remarked, in reference to the enormous sums lavished upon "stars," that the President of America was not so highly paid as Ellen Tree; whilst the Premier of Great Britain had a less salary than Mr. Macready. Madame Malibran was said by the same writer to draw five times as much money as the Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Farren nearly twice as much as the representative of the Home Office.

There can be no question that this extravagance of salaries has been one of the means of the depreciation of the dramatic art, alike fatal to the interests of managers and the prospects of the profession. An individual is hoisted on the back of public opinion by some enterprising speculator, whilst real merit is placed upon the shelf. A false impetus is thus given to the public taste; and to meet the drains upon the treasury arising from the extortion of those who have been flattered into colossal opinions of their own merits, the payment of the less attractive, though more permanently useful members of a theatrical corps, are necessarily economised. From these causes, histrionic distinction has been less sought for by those who had received a fair degree of educational preparation; and we need not wonder that our actors have changed since the days when their salaries were upon a liberal scale, and their relative positions nicely balanced—when people thronged to the theatre to see a play equally represented, and not a character alone. Whilst ruinous sums were being paid to favoured artistes, the dramatic author participated in the neglect assigned to the less fortunate members of the profession. Sheridan Knowles, for instance, may have received for one of his works—the result of many months' labour—some three or four hundred pounds, but this sum a popular performer could put in his purse in a week or so. Liston, again, lived and died in the fulness of wealth, much of which may have been derived from "Paul Pry;" yet Poole received only three hundred pounds for that production.

Closing these remarks upon the "star" system, we must express our ignorance of the extent to which dramatic talent has been advanced by the enormous increase of salary, or whether, as in duty bound, the recipients suited, not the "action to the word," but the "acting to the pay." Some such thought once possessed a little thin actor of the name of Hamilton, connected with the theatre in Crow-street, Dublin, when under the management of Spranger Barry. To this performer his chieftain one morning remarked—"Hamilton, you might have thrown a little more spirit into your part last night." "To be sure I might, sir, and could," replied Hamilton; "but, with my salary of forty shillings per week, do you think I ought to act with a bit more spirit or a bit better? Your Mr. Woodward there has a matter of a thousand a year for his acting. Give me half a thousand, and see how I'll act; but for a salary of two pounds

a week, Mr. Barry, I cannot afford to give you my best acting, and I will not."

Turning from the digression into which we were led through stargazing, we repeat that William Dowton was not one of those luminaries who, with half the nightly receipts in their pocket, trip away with a silken heel. When compelled to bow to Time—Nature, the best of prompters, giving him the "cue"—it was known that the profession to which his life had been devoted had failed in much of its reward. There was no harvest garnered up against a season of want, and the old man passed from the stage-door—like Wordsworth's philosophic pedlar—

With no appendage but a staff,  
The prized memorial of relinquished toils.

The "embers around his hearth, however, were not suffered entirely to fail. Friends stood forward to save his later days from want, and arrangements were made for a benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre on the 8th of June, 1840, when the home of the lyric drama received its full quantum of visitors. The "*Poor Gentleman*" was the comedy selected—in which Dowton played *Sir Robert Bramble*—followed by other entertainments, the characters in the respective pieces being supported by members of the different theatres, including Farren, Bartley, Harley, Cooper, Webster, Ellen Tree, and the cherished mother of the profession, Mrs. Glover. Sheridan Knowles delivered an address, with a hearty and manly warmth; and Dowton himself, in a later part of the evening, stood before the vast auditory for his final leave-taking. It was with a faint voice that he commenced his tale, though gathering power as he proceeded. The last word trembled on his lips, and the veteran actor—with the broken crown and the withered laurel at his feet—pressing his heart, bowed for the last time to the London public.

Dowton subsequently paid a final visit to his friends at Tunbridge Wells, appearing before them in the "*Poor Gentleman*" and "*Who's the Dupe?*" The proceeds of these performances made the downhill of his life comparatively easy; and having passed eleven years in quiet retirement, and reached a green old age, he found an abiding rest on the pleasant heights of Norwood.

Apart from his merits as an actor, William Dowton possessed many estimable qualities. His kindness of heart frequently prompted him to "help young merit into fame," and many a good word for others was whispered by him into managerial ears. He could likewise estimate aright the talent possessed by his contemporaries, of which we give an instance. Conversing once with Little Knight, the conversation turned upon the merits of Emery, who had just been hastily snatched from the scene. "His *Tyke* was certainly great," said Knight, "but he was not a good general low comedian." "Was he not, indeed," rejoined Dowton, with some of his usual passion; "renounce me then but I'll tell you the difference between you and him: he was a *low* comedian, and you, you are a *small* comedian."

Our friend had many virtues, but patience and equability of temper could not be reckoned amongst the number. Annoyed at dinner, he was known to snatch his wig from his head and throw it into the fire; and many of the passions exhibited by him in *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Restive*, and similar characters, were the occasional accompaniments of his private

life. He was consequently happy in the illustration of such an impetuous temper as that possessed by Fletcher of Saltoun, whose footman once desired he might be dismissed. "Why do you leave me?" said his master. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure," said Fletcher, "I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," replied the servant, "but then it is no sooner off than it is on."

As a comedian, Dowton possessed superior powers, blending exquisite propriety with justness of perception. In his happier characters he caught the feelings rather than the habits of men. At the time of his first acquaintance with the metropolitan stage, Quick, the favourite of George the Third, was the old man of his day, but his style of acting those parts had more of noise and extravagance than nature and humour. Dowton wrought a great improvement upon the style of Quick. Rounding off the square corners of that actor's old men, he brought them much nearer to the standard of truth. Quick left the stage in 1798, but hovered about Islington for thirty years subsequently. His favourite attire was a blue coat with basket buttons, snow-white waistcoat, black knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes, and buckles, the latter, on a Sabbath, both at knee and instep, being of diamond—or paste.

In the expression of simple passions, Dowton was chaste and correct, being unequalled in the mixed emotions of kindness and anger, of joy and sorrow, and in the peevishness breaking through the good-nature of age. His transition from one passion to another was not so sudden as to appear unconnected; the shading, from the darkest to the faintest, was effected in quick succession, but in the union of various feelings the features of each were preserved. His passionate old men were deemed faultless. They were so, and true to nature—it was the actor's own nature.

Humour has its peculiar phases: Liston's, for instance, was easy; Emery's, sturdy; Knight's, rustic; Charles Kemble's, buoyant and sarcastic; Munden's, broad; Wrench's, familiar; whilst the character of Dowton's was that of earnestness. Excelling in the delineation of mixed feeling, he with great accuracy exhibited the quick succession of rising passion. One of his most perfect performances was that of *Sir Anthony Absolute*, an inimitable portraiture of a mind naturally good, indulging itself in bursts of extravagant rage. Here were seen the approaches, the changes, and the effects of rage, with its great feature, impatience; and when the feelings of the baronet were won upon by his son, and the highest of passion was exchanged for the softer emotion of pleasantry, there was exhibited the perfection of social enjoyment.

Our sterling actor has now played out his part, and has no more passions to portray. Old memories, however, cling to many of his complete impersonations, and exhibit him still, as in bygone days, in the hypocrite *Cantwell*, the testy yet kind *Sir Anthony*, the affectionate *Abednego*, the heart-sore *Job Thornberry*, the valorous *Major Sturgeon*, the irritable *Jobson*, and the fat, chuckling *Falstaff*, so rich in drollery and excellent pleasantry. Standing by his resting-place on a recent visit to Norwood—with no companion save the white stone and the little tree—those old memories seemed to give vitality to forms and features which we have here endeavoured to portray.

# THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

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## CHAPTER X.

### CLARIBEL.

It was a saying of Dean Swift's, that if you wanted to find the representatives of the oldest families of Ireland, you must look for them on the quays of Dublin; and the same remark holds good everywhere. Take all the pains you may to hedge in nobility, the fence must one day be broken down, and the illustrious seed be scattered. Lay the foundations never so wide and deep, raise the tower never so high, write "*Esto Perpetua*" on each broad front, and at the end of a hundred years—look for the edifice in vain! Countless causes lead to this result, defeating human pride and human precaution; but Time alone is a sufficient agent.

Ralph, Lord Basset of Drayton, was one of the noblest and most renowned of the band of knights who fought under the Black Prince. Of the thousands who read the name of Basset over the door of a small watchmaker's shop in Brompton, how many suspected that its owner was a lineal descendant of one of the heroes of Crecy? And yet such was the fact, though plain John Basset knew nothing at all about it, nor would have been any the better for it if he had. He remembered his grandfather—which is more than a great many can say—but his dreams of ancestry never ascended beyond the old grey-headed cooper, who always gave his grandchild a new hoop when the boy was taken to see him. If the Basset family were proud of anything, it was not of an emblazoned surcoat or a Norman war-cry, but of the day when John, the husband of Harriet Fellowes, set up for himself in business, in the line in which he had served an honest apprenticeship; nor was it esteemed a derogation from his ancient lineage—of which nobody had ever heard—when he brought home a very pretty wife, after a holiday visit in Hampshire. Something more of pride might, perhaps, have accrued had children graced this union, but so legitimate a source of exultation was denied, and it was only from a natural cause that regret arose—not from the knowledge that in John Basset, watchmaker, a noble name would at last be extinct.

I have said that this name awakened no historical recollections in the minds of the multitude who carelessly read it—neither would any association with the days of chivalry have been suggested by the personal appearance or behaviour of John Basset himself. He was what is commonly called "a quiet, inoffensive man," of fragile figure and uncertain health, ingenious in the exercise of his calling, and unsparing of the

labour he devoted to it, with a kind word and a kind thought for everybody, and the willing slave of a somewhat exacting if not imperious wife. She, also—though she lorded it a thought too much over the descendant of Black Edward's companion in arms—was not without good points in her character, uniting an affectionate disposition with a quick temper, and a desire to act rightly with a credulous and over-facile nature. A little more thrift would have been better adapted to her husband's slender gains; and had she cared less for amusement, she might have made him a more comfortable home.

There was a good deal of natural feeling in the impulse which prompted Harriet Basset to offer an asylum to her younger sister, when their father and mother died, but the irksomeness of being, as she said, "so everlastingly alone," had something to do with it: the increased expense never entered into her head. Nor need the latter consideration have proved a very serious one, if more prudent housewifery had been hers; but she had no notion of making retrenchments in things superfluous, to enable her with more ease to encounter things necessary. She was also under another influence. Greatly struck by the promise of Claribel's beauty, the idea of making "a lady" of her pretty niece at once took possession of her mind. Her proposition, framed to that effect, met with no opposition from Claribel's mother, and, indeed, it would have been of little use, for Harriet was as prone to govern as her sister to obey. Claribel was, therefore, sent at once, as a day-scholar, to "the first establishment" in the neighbourhood. It proved, in some respects, a good one, for certain accomplishments were really taught, where the money was paid for the teaching, and Claribel was so happily endowed by nature that no attempted improvement was wasted upon her. There was, however, a moment at which all her pursuits became a blank, when her first great sorrow—the loss of her mother—swept over her. The delight of repeating to the one gone for ever the daily acquirement which that one as delightedly listened to, was suddenly at an end. With what heart could Claribel learn more, when the exulting glance no longer shone, when the tender word which so fully rewarded every exertion was no longer spoken? This was her first thought; but then came the reflection that the kindness of her aunt deserved requital, for though at times her speech was sharp and hasty, affection, after her manner of displaying it, was at the bottom. What future, besides, had Claribel, save that which was shaped out for her by her mother's sister? To neglect her studies, even if she felt them a labour, would be ungrateful, and gradually she applied herself to them again, if not with as much love, at least with as much perseverance, and at sixteen years of age the lady who conducted the "establishment" admitted that Miss Claribel Page was her most accomplished pupil.

Here was another thing to be proud of, if its achievement had been without alloy; but hard as the little watchmaker worked, ungrudgingly as he gave the produce of his industrious hours, the money which he earned melted more rapidly in his wife's hands than it was made by him. Not that he ever uttered a syllable of remonstrance or reproach when asked for what he began to find, on each occasion, a greater difficulty in supplying. At most he sighed or shook his head, but the demand was always met by his finding the money in some way or other.

One day he happened, by accident, to say as much, and his words were not suffered to fall to the ground unheeded.

"Some way or other, Mr. Basset!" exclaimed his irascible wife; "what other way is there than your going to the till for what I want?"

"I would go there with all my heart, Harriet," replied the meek husband, "only I am afraid there is nothing in it."

"Nothing in the till, Mr. Basset! Nonsense!"

"It may be so, my dear, but it's very true."

"Then go to your banker: he has plenty, I hope."

"I hope so too, Harriet, but—but—my account is overdrawn."

"If that's the case you must sell out some stock."

"I never told you before, but I have been obliged to do that more than once already."

"You astonish me, Mr. Basset. What on earth have you done with your money?"

"I, Harriet?"

"Yes, you, Mr. Basset. I repeat—what have you done with your money?"

"Done!" returned the poor man, very innocently; "I have given it all to you!"

"Then I suppose, Mr. Basset, you mean to tell me that I have been making away with your property—though, for that matter, what's yours is mine, if the marriage vow means anything at all—I, who never spend a single shilling that I'm not literally obliged to lay out! There are the house expenses, as close as I'm sure they can be kept—your living, your tailor's bills"—(you should have seen Mr. Basset's best coat—he was married in it)—"and I don't know what besides—the few things I want to make me and Claribel appear decent—merely decent, Mr. Basset—that poor girl's schooling—you wouldn't have her brought up in perfect ignorance, I hope, Mr. Basset—and when I *do* go out anywhere, which is seldom enough, God knows, and *always with orders if it's to the play*, don't I invariably take an omnibus as far as I can, or walk to the nearest cab-stand in order to avoid back-fare? And all the reward I get for my economy and forbearance and hourly sacrifices—yes, hourly—indeed I might say half-hourly—is a series of reproaches and accusations for wasting money! It's not to be borne, Mr. Basset, and I tell you plainly I won't bear it!"

"My dear Harriet!" exclaimed the self-denying husband, as soon as he could get in a word, "don't distress yourself in this way; I really didn't mean to say anything of the kind—I'm sure I *couldn't* have said it."

"More words are nothing," retorted the lady; "it signifies not a straw what you said or did *not* say—you looked what you meant, and that's quite sufficient. I can understand a look, Mr. Basset, as well as any one."

Mr. Basset cast his eyes on the ground and was silent.

"If there's anything I detest more than another," resumed the lady, after a brief pause, "it's a sullen temper. There you stand and never utter a syllable. If you won't speak, you might at least do something!"

"I am thinking, Harriet, what it is I *can* do. The little stock we have left——"



"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Basset, don't go over that ground again! I'm sick and tired of this subject. Sell it out, and don't let me hear any more about it. What on earth is the use of having money if you can't get it when you want it?"

"Very well, Harriet, I suppose I must do as you wish."

"Oh, don't put it on me, Mr. Basset. It's not my advice. Please yourself. If you like to be a dog in the manger, *be one*. I can starve, and so can——"

The tears in her husband's eyes, and a quick sense of her own injustice, stopped Mrs. Basset in mid career.

"Well, well, my dear John, I didn't mean *that*. But you have such provoking ways, you force me to say more than I intend. Come, be a good man, and forget all about it, and then go and do what you have to do. There, I've quite forgiven you."

This pecuniary discussion—if that can be called discussion where the *animus* was all on one side—was the precursor of many like it, which all ended in the money being—"somehow or other"—raised. But the process was exhaustive. Mrs. Basset could not see how she was extravagant, did not diminish her expenditure—though she made a great flourish with cheese-parings—the watchmaker's supplies were gradually drained to their very source, and the worst thing happened that can befall a tradesman—or, indeed, anybody:—he got into debt.

An altered state of affairs necessarily arose, of which Claribel, who had now been withdrawn from the "establishment," could not long remain ignorant, even had her aunt practised any concealments, which she never did, priding herself upon her openness. To feel that her education had been too costly, to know that on her account expenses had been incurred which might otherwise have been avoided, caused Claribel the deepest pain. Was it not, however, in her power to remedy the evil to a certain extent? If she could not repay her aunt the money that had been laid out upon her schooling, the talents for which credit was given her, the accomplishments which she knew she had acquired, might be exercised in such a manner as to enable her not only to support herself, but, in her turn, to assist her relations. It was but to reverse the situation and go out to teach, instead of going out to be taught; there was more freedom, she thought, in such a life—more pleasure, she imagined, in such an occupation. If the fact of being a governess had at all corresponded with Claribel's abstract idea, nothing could have been more charming.

As it happened, however, she was not called upon to submit her pleasing theory to the disenchanting test of practice. Her aunt would listen to nothing of the kind. What! were four years' attendance at "the first establishment" in Brompton—equal to any in the kingdom—to end in nothing but making Claribel a teacher! Was she to throw away upon children all those qualifications for "the best society"—Mrs. Basset's dream without a chance of realisation—her French, her German, her Italian, her drawing, her music, the charm of that sweetest voice whether in speaking or singing! No! If the worst came to the worst—a favourite phrase with Mrs. Basset, as if she really were in the habit of considering *de longue main*—Claribel might become "professional,"—but a governess! Never!

In thus repudiating the more obvious mode of gaining a livelihood,

Mrs. Basset had touched upon a chord which, almost unconsciously to herself, harmonised with her own predilections. A fondness for play-going—with or without orders—was at the head of the amusements by indulging in which she had helped to lighten her husband's purse. Her estimate of a lady's position—and here, by chance, she was perfectly right—did not exclude that vocation which reaches fame by cultivating the most refined art in alliance with the highest genius, though the world only condescendingly admits the claims of its followers to stand on equal ground with others far less gifted. The idea of Claribel as an actress, if such a suggestion had been directly made, would not, therefore, have startled her, for the notion was shaping itself in her own mind long before she was aware of it.

An accidental circumstance caused its full development.

Although the little watchmaker was the last male descendant of the once illustrious house of Basset, it did not follow that he was altogether without kindred.

An old aunt, Mrs. Meggot, the last surviving sister of his grandfather the cooper, had lingered, like a winter apple on a leafless tree, long after all the rest of her family had departed. She possessed a little property, and, like all who have only a little, she magnified its importance in an excessive degree. Half-crazed on many points, though sane on the subject of money—the true test of sanity in the opinion of lawyers and others—she devised and bequeathed her *modicum* fifty times over. At one time she left it to a patient friend who had borne her cross-grained humours quite long enough to deserve it; at another, she named as her heir some cousin by her mother's side, whose ticket in the lottery of her regard was an occasional stubble-goose or sack of potatoes; then half a dozen public charities became, in their turns, the object of her posthumous solicitude; then hints were thrown out to tea-table gossips that they need not be surprised if, by-and-by, something were to happen to their advantage; and, finally, she wrote to her nephew John Basset to say that he would find she had not forgotten him when it pleased the Lord to take her.

Neither had she forgotten him nor anybody else whom she had ever spoken to or spoken of.

She fulfilled all her promises, by making so many wills that, during the last few years of her life, it must have been her every day's amusement—"her custom always of the afternoon." If she had possessed as many thousands as she left hundreds, the division would barely have paid the legacy duty, but fortunately for the majority they were saved the trouble of fighting for their shares, by the absence of a date to the respective documents in which they were interested.

This was not, however, the case with every one.

The day before she died—being then, to all appearance, as durable and tough as a certain octogenarian dame concerning whom I, myself, have had expectations for the last twenty years—Mrs. Meggot paid a visit to the Treasurer of St. Trephine's Hospital, where she had once been laid up for thirteen weeks with a broken leg, and then and there, in the presence of two most respectable witnesses, a nurse and a dresser, bequeathed all her property to the aforesaid Treasurer, in trust for the Hospital, over which he had luck to preside, the blessings of that gentle-

man attending her—as far as the cab in which she drove away. From St. Trephe's Mrs. Meggot proceeded direct to her evening tea, at four o'clock, in the parlour of her best friend, Mrs. Hornybeak, and after a long and confidential talk with the estimable lady who bore that rather hard-sounding name—in the course of which three waters successively soaked the flabby tea-leaves—she summoned “the maid” who was hearth-stoning the scullery, sent her for “the greengrocer” at the next door but one, and in the presence of these two parties signed and delivered, in favour of Mrs. Hornybeak, a second will, similar in all other respects to that which she had executed at St. Trephe's. Nor was this all: the will-making mania being slightly in the ascendency on that day with Mrs. Meggot—it is impossible to say whether the glass of hot gin-and-water, pressed upon her the last thing by Mrs. Hornybeak, acted as a stimulus or not—no sooner had she returned to her own lodgings in Prad-street, Islington, than she quietly and deliberately sat down, and, skilled by daily practice in the preparation of such documents, drew out a third will, constituting John Basset, her brother's son's only child and her own dearly-beloved grand-nephew, her sole and universal legatee, to which paper she attached her signature, with the necessary date, Jane Growler, charwoman, and Peter Holiday, who dragged her about in a wheel-chair when her leg troubled her, being the attesting witnesses.

With a calm and satisfied mind, having doubtless removed a great weight from it, Mrs. Meggot retired to rest that night, and never got up again, being found dead in her bed on the following morning.

With an expanding countenance and a simulated sigh, the Treasurer of Saint Trephe's duly announced to the Board, at the next day of meeting, the pleasurable but melancholy—of course melancholy—fact, that a grateful patient had remembered the Hospital in her will, and that he, as in duty bound, should take immediate steps to prove it.

With grim exultation, undiminished by the suddenness of “the blow,” as soon as the news reached her that her dear friend, Mrs. Meggot, was defunct, Mrs. Hornybeak posted off to her lawyer to put herself in the same proving position.

With no great sorrow, certainly, but with a manner even more subdued than usual, Mr. John Basset communicated to his wife, on his return from Prad-street, Islington—whither he had been sent for to make the necessary arrangements for his aunt's funeral—that the paper which he placed in her hands would, he trusted, be the means of releasing them from all their present embarrassments, and—and—he hoped (could he help it if he spoke doubtingly?)—hoped—his dear Harriet would manage for the future to keep them clear when once they were so.

Mrs. Basset was too much overjoyed at beholding the confirmation of a statement which she had always disbelieved, to take exception to anything in her husband's observations.

“We must let the Doctor know immediately,” she exclaimed. “But stay, he is coming here to dine to-day, as he wants to have a long evening to hear Claribel read. He has a very great idea—but it's of no use telling you about plays, you don't understand anything about them. You're a very good creature, John, but the drama is not exactly in your line. If you haven't anything particular to do—indeed, I know you haven't—I wish you'd order in some Santerne, and a few bottles of claret

—the Doctor can't drink any other wine;—I will look after the dinner and dessert myself.”

John Basset quietly obeyed his wife's instructions, while she, in an almost unprecedented state of good temper, busied herself for the reception of her guest.

Who was this critical “Doctor” with the delicate palate?

We shall see in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A DOCTOR OF LAWS.

WILLIAM BROCAS was the only son of a distinguished crown lawyer, a man of good family and estate in Hampshire. Designed for his father's profession, he went from Winchester to Oxford, where, notwithstanding tendencies adverse to study, he gained the reputation of an accomplished scholar, and eventually secured a fellowship. With a liberal allowance he then proceeded to the Continent, passing three or four years there, chiefly in France and Italy, and superadding to his classical attainments a profound knowledge of men and manners, on the one hand, and of Art and Science, on the other, which made him—when he pleased—as finished a gentleman as the grand tour of that day was capable of producing.

But the graces of scholarship, the polish of the courtier, and the refinement of the *connoisseur*, were not “unmix'd with baser matter.” The intellect which had mastered so much learning could find pleasure in the company of the most illiterate; the fastidiousness acquired in high society could be exchanged, at times, for unmitigated coarseness; the taste which should have exalted all his pursuits could be altogether forgotten in commerce with the meanest things.

It was not so much inclination, perhaps, that led him to exhibit these contraries of character, as a kind of perverse delight which he took in astonishing those who expected to find in him an entirely different person. To assume that any quality, whether good or bad, were a fixed principle of his nature, was a sure way of making him display its opposite. He was proud of his versatility, and would enact a part to the life, for the sole purpose of conveying a false impression: he cared nothing about the opinion you formed of him, in consequence, trusting always to the readiness of his wit and the speciousness of his arguments to redeem his position. He was not insincere withal, nor by any means devoid of kindness of heart, and about appearances—especially as they related to young women—he was a very prude: he could be careful of the reputation of others, but to all that concerned his own he was supremely indifferent. It was difficult to say whether he were naturally grave or gay, for he would pass without effort from the most serious subject to the lightest, from the exuberance of mirth to a frame of mind repulsively morose: one day you found him all cheerfulness—the next, all gloom—a humanameleon without the discoverable cause.

To one thing, however, he was constant: at no period of his life was he able to restrain his boundless extravagance. This fatal propensity had marked him amongst many while at the University; it had accom-

panied him wherever he travelled ; and it failed to quit him when he returned to England to follow the profession for which he was destined.

It was a peculiarity in the character of William Brocas that the pleasures which he had so eagerly sought while abroad, did not give him a distaste for the studies which awaited him at home. On the contrary, they seemed to have inspired him with a keener sense of enjoyment in his revived pursuit, and he threw himself upon his books with as much avidity as ever he had manifested for an Italian *capo d'opera*, whether of music or painting. Within as brief a period as the "terms" of the law allowed he was called to the bar, and deciding for the ecclesiastical courts, was soon afterwards admitted an advocate there, concurrently taking his degree as a Doctor of Laws.

It was fully expected by all who witnessed the ardour with which he embraced the study of Civil Law, that Dr. William Brocas would soon become one of the shining lights of that branch of the legal profession which he had adopted, creating a name for ability second to none ; and for a time it appeared almost certain that their expectations would be justified by the result. It depended, indeed, wholly upon himself what position he desired to occupy, for speedily the most intricate cases were confided to his judgment, and the honours of the profession came showering down upon him in the shape of Chancellors', Officials', and Commissioners' Appointments !

But while the current of his fortunes was thus setting towards the flood, the inconstancy of his disposition, and the irresistible attraction of living after his heart's desire, dragged him into an ebb from which there was no extrication. To be laborious was not a creed he was willing to adopt : he would work—while it suited him—as hard as any man, but was he at the same time to forego the habits that were with him a second nature ? Had he not an inextinguishable love of art ? were not poetry, and music, and painting necessary to his existence ? what reward but that which they gave did he hope for in the completion of his toil ? had he not money at his command, and even when that was gone—for his father still lived, a hale old man—did not unlimited credit open her arms to receive him ? Besides, he had already done enough, as he thought, for fame ; the world had acknowledged his capacity, and if the world wanted his services it must wait upon his leisure. He who had never denied himself a gratification, who had youth and health in possession, and a long vista before him for their enjoyment, could not submit to the more than cloistral confinement of a life expended solely on the interests of others. Away, then, with the trammels that kept him a slave when his soul panted to be free ; welcome pleasure, welcome love !

He found them both, with their concomitants, satiety and disappointment—the last when his means were exhausted, his prospects irretrievably gone.

It was the old, old story, told of all who forsake a right principle and seek to place themselves above the conditions on which existence is granted. The end came, as might have been foreseen, perhaps as he foresaw it himself, for in acuteness he was never wanting, but, in the wilfulness of his heart, he did not hesitate to dare the worst.

The ruin of William Brocas was not, however, rapid ; chiefly for the reason that he did not at once succeed to his inheritance. If the old

man did not outlive his son's affections, he survived too long for his necessities, and, in the mean time, after spending all his own gains, William Brocas became a borrower wherever he could raise a guinea: his pen was in all the lenders' books, his name a byword for need and extravagance. In this manner the time wore on, and when at last the paternal estate fell to him by natural succession, it passed at once into the hands of his creditors, and all that was left him to live on, besides the waifs and strays that came by occasional bequests, was the income arising from his college fellowship. It was a miracle, almost, that he had not deprived himself of that, for marriage had more than once tempted him, and however lucrative the temptation might have proved, the money acquired that way would assuredly have gone the same road as the rest.

But he was saved from marriage by love: in what manner no one exactly knew, for the subject was involved in mystery. He would sigh, when the fit was on him, and speak of Her;—but who she was, and under what circumstances he had formed the connexion, he never by any chance revealed. She might have been a wife, who had left all for him—she might have been a maiden, who gave him her first and last affection: in either case he remained true to her memory—for death had parted them—and the only property of which he steadfastly refused to dispossess himself—it was not intrinsically of much value—was the cottage in which latterly she had lived and died. It was a place fashioned after his own taste, a sort of Paradise of dainty devices, and she had bequeathed it to him with all her books, her household ornaments, her harp, her drawings, everything her hand had touched, and all of which remained sacred from the touch of others. Perhaps amongst the varying moods of William Brocas, this recollection alone excited him to genuine feeling: there was no room for doubting the seriousness of his thoughts when Her image was conjured up before them, and on occasions of this kind he would shut himself up for days, and give way to agonies of un-repressed sorrow.

Such accesses of grief were not, however, frequent. In general he wore the air of a laughing philosopher,—laughing at times somewhat bitterly at the shrewd turns of fortune, but for the most part bearing her buffets, or seeming to bear them, with an unruffled mind. His was a temperament which would not suffer his faculties to lie dormant, and the legitimate application of his talents being debarred him (he had relinquished the law for all practical purposes, and she never wooed him back again), he was driven to exercise them in scheming for his daily bread.

But the daily bread of such a man as William Brocas implied every description of attainable luxury, and he employed more ingenuity in endeavouring to live *en grand seigneur*, than would have sufficed to build up a dozen fortunes on a basis of simple respectability. A difficulty with Dr. Brocas was only a comparative evil, as he always contrived to get out of it; if not by a skill that was really marvellous, at all events—and as a *dernier ressort*—by the bold expedient of getting into a difficulty still greater. To rob Peter in order to pay Paul might have been the motto of his adoption but for one slight circumstance: rob Peter as he would, Paul never got paid.

You were, therefore, never quite certain, for any length of time, of the "whereabout" of Dr. Brocas. You looked for him in Camden Town

when he had been living for six months at Brixton; you heard that he had taken a house at Holloway, but you failed to find him there, for the simple reason that he had removed to Kensington. He called this ubiquitous tendency a passion for taking houses; he would have spoken more truly had he described it as a passion for taking in householders. As a matter of course, his domestics found that service with Dr. Brocas was no inheritance. The master who was continually moving was also always changing. In one particular only did he exhibit any steadfastness: wherever he went he was accompanied by the same housekeeper. For this he had two reasons: in the first place, it was respectable, and cast a reflected ray of respectability on his establishment; in the next, Mrs. Turner had been the favourite servant of Her whom he mourned. A strong tie of attachment united Dr. Brocas and Mrs. Turner, and this kept them together, for she was a plain-spoken woman, correct and honest in her personal character, who often quarrelled with and reproached her master for proceedings she could not but condemn. Dr. Brocas, conscious of her rectitude, bore with her reproofs; and she, subdued by his penitence and promises of amendment, and attracted, moreover, by his good humour and careless generosity, never fulfilled her oft-repeated threat of leaving him altogether.

At the period when Mrs. Basset was expecting the promised visit of Dr. Brocas, he was living in a pretty villa on the banks of the Thames at Fulham. Their acquaintance had originated accidentally, through one of the erratic proceedings of the learned civilian. Going into London on business one day, he passed John Basset's house, and looking up by chance from his Horace or his Tasso, without which he never entered his carriage, he saw Claribel at one of the windows. A pretty face was always an attraction for Dr. Brocas, and that of Claribel was strikingly beautiful. It haunted him all the morning, occupying his thoughts the whole time he was engaged with his lawyer, who inwardly remarked that he had never seen his client so *distracted*; and when he turned his horses' heads westward, he was far less intent on the project for raising money which had taken him into the City, than on the newer one of learning who Claribel was, and what her condition.

After considering one or two schemes for gaining admission to the private part of John Basset's dwelling, he decided on his plan. Taking out his watch, he over-wound it so sharply as to break the main-spring, and then pulling up suddenly when opposite the watchmaker's door, got out of his carriage and walked in. John Basset, with his magnifying-glass screwed into his eye, condoled with his customer about the accident to the old family repeater, and this led to a dissertation on the part of its owner, which he soon improved into a familiar conversation. Suddenly he stopped short—he was taken ill—he felt faint—could he have a glass of water? The unsuspecting watchmaker was all alacrity; he assisted the gentleman into the dining-room behind the shop, he looked about for water, he rummaged for the keys, he called to Mrs. Basset to come down. The lady made her appearance, the Doctor, recovered by restoratives, was profuse of thanks; but, although considerably better, he did not attempt to go away. To interest Mrs. Basset was his object, and he was too accomplished a courtier to fail. It was wonderful with what ease he glided into her way of thinking, how adroitly he discovered her

*penchants*, how subtly he ministered unto and encouraged them. In one brief hour Dr. Brocas and Mrs. Basset became as intimate as if they had known each other all their lives: she told him all that related to her family history, and he told her—all he thought proper to reveal. Of Claribel he never said a word, though her name was several times mentioned by her aunt, with repeated aspirations for “the sphere” which Mrs. Basset’s imagination—mingling with vague recollections of Claribel’s father—pictured as her niece’s proper one.

What was the object of Dr. Brocas in making this acquaintance?

Even he could scarcely have answered the question beyond acknowledging “a romantic interest in the welfare of an unknown girl.” He repeated this over a hundred times to himself, for with all the experience he had gained he was still accessible to romance, and believed what he said. It must be told to his credit that nothing base or unworthy, with Claribel for their object, entered his thoughts, either then or afterwards, when he came to see her aunt as a frequent guest, or to ask her to visit him. In telling Dr. Brocas what she knew of her sister Mary’s marriage, Mrs. Basset had excited his curiosity, and this feeling, as he grew to know the beautiful girl, deepened into one of interest. Had he really possessed the fortune which had once been his, and of which he always talked as if it were one day to return, he would without hesitation have adopted her as his heir; as it was, he busied himself in constant plans for her advantage, and in more than one particular he rendered her essential service. However admirable the education imparted at “the first establishment” in Brompton, there were many deficiencies which shocked his sensitive taste, and these he laboured assiduously and successfully to remove. With a perfect pronunciation of French and of Italian, with a critical knowledge of the best works in both languages, and with a decided talent for declamation, nothing delighted him more than the task of teaching Claribel the arts in which he himself excelled. Towards her his manner was always frank and kind—even when he sometimes scolded. If he indulged in *persiflage* with her aunt, or chose—as was often the case—to make her the victim of some impromptu mystification, he never practised on Claribel. Upon her he turned only the bright side of his nature, and it was little wonder, therefore, that she listened to him with attention, and repaid his care with affection.

An open-mouthed woman like Mrs. Basset could not be long with such a companion as Dr. Brocas without revealing her domestic troubles—the troubles, she forgot to say, which were chiefly caused by her own mismanagement. There was no need to enlighten one so shrewd as he on this point, but it was not his cue to play the reformer even had his vocation lain that way—which it did not. In Mrs. Basset’s extravagance he recognised, in a small way, something akin to his own, and, *poco curante* as he was, allowed her to swim with the stream of her own inclination.

But he was ready enough to assist. With all his faults, good-nature was one of his attributes, and perceiving the straits into which the little watchmaker was driven, would have helped him with money, but that was a thing impossible—so impossible, that he had not yet been able to pay the bill for mending the damaged repeater. Pondering over Claribel’s position, impressed by her beauty and talents, and fully alive to the *écart*



attendant upon a great success, he came to the conclusion that all the gifts which graced her would be wasted, unless she went upon the stage.

He sounded Claribel about it. Young, ardent, enthusiastic, and eager to repay—as far as she could—the benefits she had received, she was fascinated by the poetical aspect of the subject, and entered into it with heart and soul. Nor was any objection raised by Mrs. Basset; on the contrary, the idea pleased her, and she gave it full encouragement.

Hence the dramatic readings, the first of which, in a formal shape, came off on the day when Mrs. Basset set herself so assiduously about the preparation of dinner;—when, complacently sipping his claret, with balanced hands and approving nods, with a judicious suggestion here and an earnest commendation there, Dr. Brocas delightedly listened to the eloquent accents of his beautiful pupil. Mrs. Basset was proud of the result; the little watchmaker was awe-stricken; he had never suspected before that Claribel, of whom he was so fond, was a genius—and he hardly knew what to make of it. But his wife and Dr. Brocas did. Claribel read on: she mastered several parts; Mr. Wimple, the manager of Covent Garden, was induced by the persuasion of Dr. Brocas to go to Brompton to hear her; he approved, and Claribel came out. No false prediction had prejudged the issue—every voice was loud in her praise, and Claribel was proclaimed the actress of her day, with something, it is true, to learn, but with nothing to overcome that was not within the reach of her ability.

Besides Dr. Brocas and Mrs. Basset, another person came forward to share in Claribel's triumph.

A few months before she became the public theme, and while yet in her studious apprenticeship, Mrs. Basset's elder sister, Kate, transformed during her long absence abroad into Mrs. Cutts, reappeared on the scene—none knew from whence. But she had means at her command, and though she would not have given a sou in aid of any other object, she freely opened her purse for dress and decoration when she learnt her niece's destination.

Long-sighted Mrs. Cutts!

That at least may be said of her, if she deserves no other praise.

## XII.

### A MERCANTILE MOVE.

It was high noon in the City, and, for a brief space, the external signs of business-operations were suspended, to admit of that recruitment of the physical forces which even City-nature—eager though it be in the pursuit of gain—cannot entirely do without.

It was high noon within the Royal Exchange, and the statue of Queen Victoria, with the black patch on its cheek, was left alone in grimy majesty, the arcades hung with advertisements being untenanted save by a curious few who took advantage of the emptiness of the place to peep, with pockets unpicked, at the stereoscopes which liberal-minded photographers have affixed to the pillars there.

It was high noon at "The Baltic," and its frequenters, the most adventurous of all the London speculators, had ceased for the moment to

muster in the dark catacomb which they call their mart: the iron wicket was unguarded—the shipping-lists were neglected—watchful eyes no longer peered into the patches of looking-glass which cover the walls, to draw conclusions from bright or gloomy countenances reflected across the room—the waiter's cry had superseded the usual hubbub of voices which daily make themselves heard in all the languages of Europe—and a pause had taken place in the transactions that make or mar so many. Ah, if every bargain concluded at "The Baltic"—to say nothing of those that take place in its Capel-court rival—could see the light, we might then, perhaps, learn the reason why Fungus, who began life upon nothing, now lives in splendour; why Bloater, once "good for a hundred thousand," hung himself one evening—behind the door—after a heavy fall in tallows. If that bust so conceitedly perched beneath the lantern could open its jaws, like Friar Bacon's head, its revelations might make the subscribers distrust each other still more than they are already disposed to do.

But besides the time of day at the places named, it was high noon at "The North and South," where the brazen Cock tops the house front with as much audacity as if he, too, had just made a fortune next door. But mid-day at "The North and South" means business of a different kind from that which goes on at "The Baltic," and mercantile haunts of that description. There men meet to devour each other; at "The North and South" they congregate to devour turtle-soup and ox-tail, chops, steaks, salmon, Stilton,—all the fat of the land, as City men interpret it,—or more parsimoniously to mumble biscuit and swallow sherry, tossing up sovereigns afterwards to see who shall pay; some of them chance customers only, others so regular that at last they become part and parcel of the locality.

The most constant among this class of visitors was Mr. Julius Browser, of the firm of Temple Travers. He had used the house as a refectory for the last five-and-thirty years, and he hoped—though at sixty, with an apoplectic tendency, the thing was not likely—he hoped to do the same for five-and-thirty years to come. Habit had made Mr. Julius Browser so wondrously expert in getting through his meal, that his fellow-clerks scarcely missed him when, to use his own phrase, he "took his hat for a minute;" but brief as the interval might be which he devoted to his stomach, he not only contrived to fill that somewhat ample receptacle during his absence, but was able at the same time to pick up the news of the day, or impart his own to the cronies he fell in with. It is scarcely necessary to say that what Mr. Browser and his friends called "news," would not have fetched a very high premium at the clubs in Pall Mall; but as a set-off to that fact it may be stated that—unless it bore upon "business"—the Pall Mall clubs might all of them have ceased to exist, for anything that Mr. Browser and his friends—who passed for being tolerably humane—cared about the matter.

At the hour in question and in the accustomed corner, Mr. Browser—who always went in for his dinner, that he might sup by-and-by with the better grace, having despatched his second plate of roast mutton, his "brockiloes," two of his "breads," and half his pint of stout—was waiting, somewhat impatiently, for his marrow-pudding, before he wound up with his cheese and his celery—on which vegetable, in season or out of

season, he every day made the same joke—when hungry-looking Mr. Grimes, of the firm of Bull and Blackshaw, whose appetite by no means belied his aspect, entered the same box.

"How do, Grimes?" said the *habitué*, with a sparkle in his eye, the marrow-pudding having arrived with the new comer—"how do, Grimes?"

"How do, Browser? Biled and greens!" The last remark was addressed to the waiter as Mr. Grimes sat down to dine with his hat on, following therein his friend's example.

"Anything stirring?" asked Mr. Browser, endeavouring to cool a spoonful of smoking pudding by blowing on it.

"Catt and Carver gone," replied Mr. Grimes, rubbing his hands as if the news was pleasant.

"Heavy?"

"Sixty-five thousand, they say."

"Overdone it, I suppose?"

"Yes,—in linseeds. Bought largely at seventy-seven."

"What are they at now?"

"Fifty-one."

Mr. Browser blew again: it was in lieu of an exclamation this time, for the marrow-pudding had all disappeared.

"Couldn't stand that, of course," pursued Mr. Grimes, with his mouth full, his portion being now before him.

"I should think not," returned Mr. Browser. "Hello! waiter, where's my salary? Can't get any over the way, Grimes,—house can't stand it any longer!"

This was Mr. Browser's diurnal joke. When Grimes was not there, he executed it upon the waiter, or upon any stranger within earshot, and it always made Mr. Browser laugh till his face was as red as beetroot.

"Have you any news?" inquired Grimes, who was case-hardened, and with good reason, against his friend's facetiousness.

"I believe I have," answered Mr. Browser, wiping his eyes. "You've not heard of it?"

"Heard of what?"

"About us?"

"Come, Browser, don't come that twice a day. I can't stand it."

"I ain't a going to. I'm in earnest this time."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, our Mr. Brunton is going into business on his own account!"

"What! leaving your firm! I thought, from what you told me, he was more likely to be taken into the concern. He must be mad, Browser!"

"I should say so too, Grimes, of anybody else. But that young man has a head, and a long one. If you'd seen him work as I've done, and heard him talk as I've done, you'd be of my opinion."

"Work and talk, Browser?"

"Ay, Grimes. 'Talk,' after work's over. Such views, Grimes! Such ideas! When he comes out with me sometimes of an evening to my little place at Camberwell, I can listen to him by the hour."

"What does he talk about?"

"Everything. There isn't a subject, home or foreign, that he's not familiar with. Our Mr. Velters, though he keeps his thoughts to him-

self as close as our strongest safe, will be sorry enough to part with him, I can tell you."

"What makes him go, then?"

"As I said before, Grimes, he wants to set up for himself. There's Napoleons in all businesses. Some *will* be masters. He's one. Why, it's not two years since they put him under *me*, to teach him! He pretty soon learnt all I knew, and a doosid deal besides. No, Grimes, Mr. Richard Brunton wasn't born for a life of servitude,—not that I should call it servitude being a junior partner,—on the contrary,—but *he* does."

"What line is he going into?" asked Mr. Grimes.

"The produce line."

"How about capital?"

"Oh," returned Mr. Browser, in a tone rather less firm and decided than he had previously employed in speaking of his admired pupil, and having, no doubt, some cause for hesitation,—“he's got—some; quite enough, he says, to begin with; and then, you know, he has the good word of our house, which is no trifle.”

"As good as money in the City,—and that means everywhere," said Mr. Grimes.

In this manner,—*entre poire et fromage*,—Mr. Browser related the change in Richard Brunton's mercantile position, and the wiser few to whom Mr. Grimes repeated the news wondered, like him, why he should give up such a situation as that which he held in the house of Temple Travers for, at best, an uncertainty: the many, however, including all the gentlemen who made fortunes at “The Baltic,” or lost them there, declared he was perfectly right, and applauded him for a man of spirit.

In the abstract, the step he had taken, or was about to take, seemed hazardous, if not imprudent. Standing high in the opinion of his employers, extensively trusted with a knowledge of their affairs, and the road to his advancement opened, a more than ordinary motive must have influenced him in determining on a separate career. Was it owing to the advice of Mr. Ashley, who might, perchance, have become anxious to realise the ten thousand pounds for which Brunton had given his bond by a quicker process than waiting for its accumulation by careful saving? Hardly so;—for had Brunton been unwilling to leave the firm of Temple Travers, that sum, large as it was, might probably have been advanced by them to keep him there, after a full explanation of all the circumstances which rendered that loan necessary. Perhaps that was where the shoe pinched! *Could* Brunton have explained to the satisfaction of Mr. Velters? Was his indebtedness to Mr. Ashley a subject for explanation to any one? Was it perfectly clear, besides, that Richard Brunton had the disposition to save for the purpose of repayment? And, after all, did Mr. Ashley press him for money, or urge him to the course he proposed to take?

These were questions which none but himself and Mr. Ashley, who alone was in the secret, could answer.

What he chose to tell Mr. Velters was, that he desired to found a house of his own, that he knew himself possessed of an aptitude for a particular line of business distinct from that of the firm of Temple

Travers; and in saying this he did not depart from the truth, for, whatever might be under the cards, ambition was busy within him, and that eagerness in the pursuit of wealth which seeks the shortest cut to fortune. In the service of the great City firm he had learned much that would hereafter prove of the greatest use, and issuing thence, he started with a *prestige* which under no other circumstances could have been acquired. He treated, too, that—morally—there would be no severance from those towards whom he entertained, as he said, a veneration, which would endure to the close of his existence. Mr. Velters, inaccessible on the side of mere sympathy, listened with complacency to the respectful words of Richard Brunton, and gave him to understand that the light of his countenance would not be withheld,—a gracious condescension which was acknowledged with the profoundest demonstrations of humility.

Nor was his withdrawal unnoticed by the elder Mr. Travers, who was not ignorant of the zeal and ability which the young clerk had displayed. When he heard of the object he had in view he sent for Brunton, and, after a few words of commendation, presented him with a cheque for a thousand pounds, and added to the value of the gift by the assurance of his friendship. "I am," he said, "an old man, Mr. Brunton, and you are a young one; it is not probable, therefore, that I shall live to witness your full career, for time is the only test by which success in affairs can be measured; but, as long as it is given me to stay, I shall mark your progress with satisfaction, and be happy on all occasions to see you here, to offer advice if necessary, assistance if it should be required."

Why should these words of kindness have excited a feeling of compunction in the breast of Richard Brunton? Surely it ought to have been one of gratitude alone.

But if such a feeling arose it faded as it came, and when Richard Brunton took leave of Mr. Travers, "his heart within him was not changed."

A month after this interview the names of "Brunton and Co., Colonial Brokers," figured conspicuously on the door-post of one of the principal houses in Mincing-lane.

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## DUMAS THE YOUNGER.

FOR many years French literature has been suffering from the worst form of epidemic—that sickly sentimentality which seeks to create interest in social wrong-doing. No heroine could hope to enthral the sympathies of her audience unless she commenced by deliberately breaking the seventh commandment. The long struggles between legitimate and illegitimate affection were sure to evoke a sensation, and if the poor husband were eventually deceived, the public felt all the better pleased with the result. The misfortune was that these details were so mellifluously described, and the worse was made the better argument with such artistic skill, that the readers gradually forgot the viciousness of the system inculcated in admiration of the talent displayed. Even the stage, which has assumed to itself the right to teach morality, pandered to this horrid feeling of false excitement, and for years no piece obtained success which was not established on the fundamental rule of proving that illicit love was the sole object of life. So warped became the public judgment, that husbands unblushingly took their young wives to receive lessons in this modern school of morality, and the natural result was, that they profited far too greatly by the doctrines they inculcated, and held up for their imitation by their natural protectors. Hence French society became rotten at its core: the wife thought it her duty to follow out to the fullest extent the example which, though wrong, she found extremely pleasant; and that picture drawn by Balzac, of “*La Physiologie du Mariage*,” of the disgust excited by the aspect of a husband in his *bonnet de nuit*, was accepted as a perfect apology for all conjugal aberrations.

The ground being thus prepared, it is not surprising that, some twelve years ago, the *bonnes* assumed their position as a state institution. Hector Roqueplan wittily christened them *les Lorettes*, and their influence daily spread. In every civilised nation the same race of beings exists, but usually they are ignored, and at most allowed to lead a crepuscular life: society tolerates them on the understanding that they do not outrage society. In a word, the family tie is a sufficient guarantee that they will remain harmless. Unfortunately, French manners became gradually so corrupted that the Lorette assumed a position which we can only regard with pity, that the French should have degenerated so far as to hold up such things as the objects of worship. So strongly did the virus spread, and to such an extent, that eventually the women of the “honest and proper world,” as they call themselves, were compelled in self-defence to imitate the language, voice, and even dress of these creatures. When a great lady aspired to be taken for a Lorette, it was natural that the latter should desire in her turn to be taken for a great lady; and hence the breed began to ape a respectability and deference to the external laws of society which rendered them only the more dangerous.

For a time, then, the Lorettes reigned supreme in Paris: they were the leaders of fashion, and authors rushed to pay their allegiance to them.

Among others was a young writer, possessing an historic name in the annals of literature; for, beyond all question, the novels of Alexandre Dumas père are amongst the best and healthiest that modern French literature has to boast. His son, burning to distinguish himself, set about writing the apotheosis of the Lorette, and the result was "*La Dame aux Camélias*." As a story, it is poor and clumsy in the extreme. The introductory portion labours under a feeling of unreality, and the revolting incident of the lover exhuming his beloved mistress is very calmly borrowed, without acknowledgment, from Alphonse Karr's "*Sous les Tilleuls*." We dare not attempt to prove that the story, as a story, is uninteresting, as it is only intended to cast a very thin veil over the most immoral doctrines; for our ladies, who shed briny tears over "*La Traviata*," when she bewailed her woes in a tongue not generally understood of the people, and wedded to the stunning music of Verdi, would regard us as Goths for enunciating such an opinion. Nor, on the other hand, can we revenge ourselves by recommending them to judge for themselves; for, though they may read the libretto of the opera without a blush, we doubt whether their natural feelings of modesty would not induce them to cast the book behind the fire after the first page or two. But, stripped of romance, what interest can be excited in a rightly-constituted mind by reading the story of a Lorette, who is dying of consumption, and yet pursuing her old career of reckless depravity? She then falls a victim to what we presume M. Dumas fils would call a virtuous attachment, and suffers agonies of remorse at being compelled to break it off at the will of a stern father, who is naturally anxious for his son's future well-being, and appeals to her better feelings to aid him. On this one point of virtuous resignation Dumas builds up the whole airy scaffolding of his romance, and bids us admire the wonderful abnegation of a woman whom stern moralists regard as utterly fallen. But it seems to us that this is rather begging the question: few would be disposed to admit that such women are so vitiated that they cannot do one good action, but it does not follow that, by doing it, all their past offences are condoned. London criminals are frequently shown to have done acts deserving the highest praise; but, unfortunately, their punishment in the cruel eye of the law is not lessened a bit in consequence. But we will go further, and assert that the suggestions Marguerite Gauthier makes to her lover are utterly incompatible with even the slightest spark of virtue. By the author's own showing, she is thoroughly infected with the taint of corruption, and in actual life she would not have given up her lover, except on the reasonable supposition that he had no money left to support her extravagance. An anecdote we once heard of a celebrated London actress will best explain our meaning. A gentleman who had ruined himself for her, after emerging from prison, where he had suffered for her extravagance, called at her house to try whether she had any feeling left, and would take compassion on his sufferings. She ordered the servant to take him into the kitchen, and "give the poor devil some cold meat and bread." And such must inevitably be the conduct of the real Lorette: she feels a bitter detestation for that society which regards her with such cool contempt, and she determines on revenging herself to the best of her ability. Her beauty is sure to attract fools, and the Cynthia

of the minute makes them pay bitterly. Poor moths! they come out of the blaze with their wings most terribly crippled.

It is fortunate, then, that Dumas fils has overreached himself in his much-lauded romance, by displaying the utter worthlessness of the woman he selected as his heroine; or was it that, while pandering to the popular taste, he was prudently paving the way for that fiercer onslaught on the Lorettes, which he commenced at a later date? We would gladly credit him with the latter object, but, at the same time, we are bound to protest against the false halo which he has shed round Marguerite, to render her attractive to the indiscriminating reader. An extract may be allowed us, as a proof that we are justified in the opinion we draw of "*La Dame aux Camélias*." On the second interview Armand has with her, he professes his feelings, and, like a true Frenchman, explains that he is suffering from an attack of love at first sight. The lady prudently objects (just after she has been spitting blood, be it remembered):

"Mais, malheureux que vous êtes, je vous dirai ce que disait Madame D.: 'Vous êtes donc bien riche?' Mais vous ne savez pas que je dépense six ou sept mille francs par mois, et que cette dépense est devenue nécessaire à ma vie; vous ne savez donc pas, mon pauvre ami, que je vous ruinerai en un rien de temps, et que votre famille vous ferait interdire pour vous apprendre à vivre avec une créature comme moi. Aimez-moi bien, comme un bon ami, mais pas autrement. Venez me voir, nous rirons, nous causerons, mais ne vous exagerez pas ce que je vau, car je ne vau pas grand'chose. Vous avez un bon cœur, vous avez besoin d'être aimé, vous êtes trop jeune et trop sensible pour vivre dans notre monde. Prenez une femme mariée. Vous voyez que je suis une bonne fille, et que je vous parle franchement."

And this good creature, who thus boldly pronounces her own utter worthlessness, M. Dumas holds up for our admiration. It is simply absurd: the woman who did homage to such feelings was incapable of any true attachment, if we may use such an expression in connexion with her; and although we may admire the "*Dame aux Camélias*" as a work of art, we are not yet disposed to accept it as reality. It is not necessary that we should pursue this life-drama further, for all the world knows its catastrophe; we have only attempted to show that the sympathy which has been so lovingly bestowed on a fallen sister by the ladies of England has been utterly thrown away.

Encouraged by his success in this branch of literature, Dumas fils produced another work, much of the same nature and tendency, the scenery being merely changed. "*La Dame aux Perles*" was gazetted *vice* the "*Dame aux Camélias*," transferred to the stage. The same sentiments pervade this book: the lady with the pearls is a duchess, who falls in love with an artist, and dies at the end of a thick volume, in order to excite that sympathy which the reader would otherwise be inclined to refuse her. We have had many stories in England written about wives plagued with bad husbands; but among us the virtue of the wife is exemplified in the patient endurance of wrong; in France, on the other hand, it is her bounden duty to revenge herself in the way most repugnant to husbands. The lady of the pearls is no exception to the universal rule; she commits every sin of which a wife can be guilty, from the earliest period of mar-



riage (for the young artist is not the first avenger of her wrongs, by two or three); and yet we are calmly invited to sympathise with her, and vent all our indignation on the brute of a husband, because he happens to be ill-looking—for all he is a duke. He treats his wife very badly, it must be confessed; but an Englishman can hardly blame him for so doing, regard being had to her conduct. And though it is very deplorable that there are such things as bad husbands in the world, we can hardly regard that as a sufficient reason for the wives making themselves equally bad. And this is the great fault we have to find with all French novelists; they first begin by establishing a wrong, and work on the principle that two wrongs must infallibly make a right. Hence, then, regarding the "*Dame aux Perles*" from a bigoted point of view, we can only say that the story is just as unsatisfactory as that of her sister Lorette.

"*La Jeunesse à Vingt Ans*" can be passed over simply as a failure, of which M. Dumas fils ought to feel profoundly ashamed—that is, always supposing he is still affected by that troublesome feeling. A series of stories relating to the illicit loves of Parisian students cannot possess any great amount of attraction, except to the young and thoughtless; and it was probably for that class this book was written. To us it is strongly suggestive of that sealed packet, of which Charles Reade makes such a capital point in his "*Never too Late to Mend*." Apart from this horrid immorality, however, some of the stories possess considerable piquancy for a certain class of readers; and we may specially refer to the young student at the Polytechnic, and his *bonne fortune* at the Bal de l'Opéra, who turns out to be an elderly lady anxious to obtain a privilege to sell tobacco. Her husband, the old soldier, is very true to nature, as, indeed, are most of young Dumas's men; his experience of the other sex, however, is not yet sufficiently ripened. He has only mixed, apparently, with one class; and we trust that ere long his style may be chastened by contact with a very different style of feminality.

However, while young Dumas was doing his best to confirm the empire of the Lorettes in Paris, another author was preparing their downfall; and with the appearance of "*Les Filles de Marbre*," they began to totter on their throne. In this celebrated piece, the greatest success of modern times, the Lorettes were held up to public execration, and displayed in all their hideous cynicism. The impetus was thus given, and Dumas thought it advisable to follow the current of public opinion. His "*Diane de Lys*" showed in very striking colours the dangers of improper affection. The blow was followed up by M. Emile Augier, with his "*Mariage d'Olympe*," and Dumas put the crown on the whole by his remarkable "*Demi Monde*." This threw down the glove to the Lorette class, and the public appreciated the bitter satire which was cast upon them. They never recovered, but abdicated their throne at once, we trust, seriously, never to be reinstated.

The plot of the "*Demi Monde*" is simple enough; and the play is only remarkable as the first effective protest against all that offended the decencies and respectability of society. A French officer is just on the point of falling a victim to a Lorette, and allying his unsullied name to infamy, when a friend unmasks her character, and saves him, while consoling the lover's regret for his lost illusions by the phrase, which has since happily become stereotyped in France, "Remember, my dear boy,

that an honest woman is only worthy to be the wife and the companion of an honest man." Another famous hit was that about the two baskets of peaches at Chevet's, as illustrative of two types of female society: the thirty sous peaches and those at fifteen sous were precisely similar to the casual observer; but, on closer inspection, the latter had a speck. We wonder, now that a voice has been heard echoing through the corridors of the Palais Royal, "The great Chevet is dead!" from whom young Dumas will draw his future illustrations.

The fact that the Parisian public welcomed with such delight and appreciation these violent attacks on the Lorettes, proves that a healthier state of things is gradually arising in France; but, on the other hand, it shows that they must have possessed immense powers, when such a combination of attacks was required in order to dislodge them. But we are bound to give credit, at the same time, to the courage of those authors who thus boldly dared the fury of the Lorettes, and the venom of their numerous partisans in the press. A few onslaughts were made on Dumas, but the general opinion was so strongly on his side, that his discomfited assailants were glad to quit the field and recognise their defeat. Whether Parisian society has been entirely purified of these "pestilences" is a moot point; they may be as powerful in secret now as they were before publicly; but, at any rate, that crying scandal which disgraced our allies has disappeared for a time, and no longer aims to gain notoriety by unblushing effrontery. On the other hand, the higher classes have profited by the example set them by the Empress Eugénie, and no longer deem it a feather in their cap to successfully imitate the manners and conversation of the most dangerous class of humanity, "the syren woman with the serpent's tongue."

The strangest thing about this mania for Loretism was, that there was no compensation for the disgrace which men achieved by their forgetfulness of all social and moral ties in their company. It was not that the days of Aspasia had returned, and that statesmen derived inspiration from the lips of an Hetera; on the contrary, these women, as a general rule, were drawn from the dregs of society, and could by no possibility afford any mental gratification. And yet, they gave way to the most extravagant expenses: Marguerite Gauthier, who may be regarded as the type of her class, required at least 4000*l.* a year to live *convenablement*, and yet could not keep free from debt. Men ruined themselves for her, and found a fitting grave in Kabylia; and the estimable heroine boldly avows that she does not feel the least gratitude towards them, but complains that she has lost money by the acquaintance. Surely it was time some one should rise in defence of society, and show the utter worthlessness of the beings for whom men plunged themselves and their families into ruin. It was a horrible condition of things, a species of moral nightmare which brooded over the metropolis of France; and if Dumas the younger has succeeded in dissipating it, he is one of the greatest benefactors to his country the age has produced. But we are afraid the ulcer has only been driven inwardly, ready to break out at the first over-excitation of public feeling; and that, in so far as the race of Traviatas is concerned, France has imitated England, and fancies itself intensely moral, because vice is now concealed from the public gaze.

At any rate, Dumas fils has flattered himself into the belief that he has been constituted *censor morum*, and having dealt the death-blow to external profligacy, he has sharpened up his weapons and made a dire attack on another great evil from which France is suffering—a tendency to speculation. And here, again, he is only an imitator; the subject was suggested by the success of Ponsard's "*L'Honneur et l'Argent*," and he has produced a play under the title of "*La Question d'Argent*." But Dumas is here out of his element, and it is not surprising, therefore, that his last effort has met with very mediocr success. The subject has been worn so threadbare in every age, that it would take a far more clever man than our author to bring forward any novel views. As it is, he has gone over the old ground, and brought together the stock platitudes, and nearly the same class of characters as fretted their brief hour in the "*Demi-Monde*." There is an honest bourgeois, bitten with the prevalent mania of making money in any manner; and the honest young noble, whose mission it is to correct abuses—in other words, Dumas fils in masquerade. The prominent character, however, is the *nouveau riche*, a M. Jean Giraud, and we will proceed to examine into those parts of the play in which he is mixed up, merely to prove that speculators are the same all over the world.

After passing the Rubicon of *parvenus*, by stating what his father was before him, M. Giraud proceeds to read to the company assembled a lecture on the merits of money, after this fashion :

Money is money, whoever may be proprietor. It is the only power about which no discussion takes place. Folk discuss virtue, beauty, courage, genius, but never money. There is not a civilised being who, on rising in the morning, does not recognise the value of money, without which he would not have a roof to shelter him, a bed to sleep on, or bread to eat. Where is that stream of population rushing, which blocks up our streets, from the porter who pants beneath his oppressive burden, to the millionaire who is carried to the Bourse by a pair of horses?—one runs after 15 sous, the other after 100,000 francs. Why do we find these shops, vessels, railways, theatres, museums, trials between brothers and sisters, fathers and sons, discoveries, divisions, and assassinations? for a few pieces more or less of a yellow or white metal which is called gold and silver. And who will find the most consideration at the end of this race for crown pieces? The man who brings back the largest quantity. At the present day a man ought to have only one object, that of becoming rich. As for myself, that was always my idea; I have succeeded, and I am very happy at having done so. Formerly, all the world considered me ugly, stupid, troublesome; at present, they consider me handsome, clever, and amiable, and the lord knows whether I possess the last two qualities. On that day, when I am foolish enough to ruin myself, and become again plain Jean, as I was before, there will not be sufficient stones in the quarries of Montmartre to throw at my head; but that day is far distant, and many a man will be ruined before my turn comes. In short, the greatest praise I can give to money is, that a company like that in which I now am has had the patience to listen so long to a gardener's son, who has no other claim to such attention save the few paltry millions he has gained.

Such is the Bourse man of the present day, according to M. Dumas's view; if so, we can only say that his parallel is to be found in every country where a Bourse exists. The *parvenu* who gains position in society from his money is a stereotyped character; and the only thing we

may add is, that we infinitely prefer M. Jeames de la Pluche, of *Punch*, to his brother of Paris. But the man who despises money is also a very old friend of ours, as witness the following extract of a speech made in reply to this defence of money :

M. Giraud's theories are only true in the world where M. Giraud has lived hitherto—a world of speculation, whose sole object is money. As for money regarded by itself, it may be the cause of some infamy, but it also produces many great and noble actions ; it is like the human language, which is an evil to some, a blessing to others, according to the use made of it ; but that obligation in which our manners place man, of having to trouble himself on rising about the necessary sum for his wants, that he may not rob his neighbour of anything, has created the greatest men of our age. To this want of daily money we are indebted for—Franklin, who began, that he might live, by being a working printer ; Shakspeare, who held horses at the door of the theatre, which he was to immortalise at a later date ; Machiavelli, who was secretary to the Florentine republic at fifteen crowns per month ; Raphael, who was son of a sign-painter at Urbino ; Jean Jacques Rousseau, who was a notary's clerk, engraver, copyist, and who, also, did not dine every day ; Fulton, who was a working engineer, and presented us with steamers ; and many others. Had all these people been born with 500,000 francs a year, it is very doubtful whether one of them would have become what he was. This race for crowns, then, of which you spoke, has its advantages. If it enriches a few noodles or scamps, if it gives them the consideration and esteem of the subalterns and inferiors—of those, in short, who have only mercenary relations with society—on the other hand, it effects much good by spurring the faculties, which would have remained stationary in a comfortable existence ;—the few mistakes it may make may be pardoned. The deeper you penetrate into that world, which is almost unknown to you, M. Giraud, you will gain proofs that men who are received in it are so for their personal value. Look around you here without going further, and you will see that money does not possess that influence with which you endow it. Here is the Countess Savilli, who has 500,000 francs a year, and who, instead of dining with the millionnaires who besiege her house daily, comes to dinner with M. and Madame Durieu simple bourgeois, who are poor in comparison with her, for the pleasure of meeting M. de Charzay, who has only a thousand crowns a year, and would not do a wrong action for millions ; M. de Roncourt, who has a situation of 1500 francs, because he gave up his entire fortune to creditors who were not his own, and whom he was unable to pay in full ; his daughter, who sacrificed her dower for the same laudable object ; Mademoiselle Durieu, who will never be the wife of any but an honest man, if all the present and future *Cresuses* were to be her rivals ; and lastly myself, who have the most profound contempt for money, in the acceptance you give to the word. And now, M. Giraud, if we have listened so long to you, it was because we are all well-bred people, and, besides, you spoke well ; but in doing so, we did not desire to flatter your millions, the best proof of which is, that they listened still longer to me, who have not, like you, a note of 1000 francs to put into each of my sentences.

Such may be regarded as the two antagonistic elements which Dumas fils proceeds, through the play, to array against each other ; and the characters are quite subordinate to the lesson he desires to inculcate. The ladies of the play are also, in their way, types of modern Parisian society, and a vehicle for the sentiments which Dumas would like to see prevalent. Thus, for instance, Eliza de Roncourt has been slighted by an artist to whom she was engaged, and, as a strong-minded woman, expresses the following views about the relations which should subsist in the artist world :

I have never married, because a girl without a fortune seldom has a chance, and thus I have reached the twenty-four years I reckon to-day. As for M. Hubert, the proof he did not love me is, that he has married a rich woman. Perhaps, if he had felt the courage to endure a few years of misery, he would have become what he promised to be—a man of genius. Instead of that, he has fallen asleep in his comfort, and has not achieved in art what he was appointed to do. According to my views, an artist should remain master of his life, the first condition of art being liberty. If he meet a woman sufficiently mad to love him, sufficiently happy to be loved by him, she ought to sacrifice her entire existence to him, without asking anything in exchange. Such, little girl, are my ideas about artists in general, and M. Hubert in particular. You are not quite old enough to comprehend them, and it would be better if you never do so. Life has not yet demanded anything from you. You are young and rich; you will marry the man of your choice, and will be a good wife and happy mother, while others will undergo the fate which God has decreed for them. How widely you open your eyes!

To us it does not seem surprising that a young girl should open her eyes to their fullest extent on being indoctrinated with such odious views as these, which, we sincerely trust, are drawn from the Bohemia of artist life, but need not be accepted as the exponents of actual life-feeling. But it is evident that M. Dumas wishes them to be regarded as truthful interpretations of society in Paris; for, only a few scenes later, he gives us the following ideas about a marriage, which the superficial observer would be disposed to regard as guaranteeing all the elements of happiness. Madame Durieu, a lady of birth, marries a bourgeois who was well off. Her father, who stood well at court, promised, on the royal authority, that the happy bridegroom should be made a prefect and a baron. The marriage ceremony was performed, and six months later the Revolution of July broke out, the very day previous to M. Durieu's nomination. The effects of the disappointment we will give in the lady's own words:

He made me feel that I was a nobody, in spite of my ancestry, but a poor girl who had the good fortune to marry a rich man. There is no contending, you know, against the superiority given by the money which one of the wedded couple brings to the other. My delicacy may probably have exaggerated my dependence, but I gradually learned to recognise the fact that my husband was in the right. Without him, should I ever have had the servants who waited on me? I should have given lessons in my youth, like Eliza, and afterwards, what should I have become? for what will become of her? My children seem to me less mine than their father's; for if I gave them life, he gives them more than I did, in affording them the means of living. For two-and-twenty years I have checked the accounts, handed them to him, and he pays them, and I have not a hundred francs to call my own, unless I sell one of the last jewels left me from my mother's legacy, as I was obliged to do lately to pay the 500 francs my son owed M. Giraud. Such, my dear child, is what is called making a good marriage.

It seems to us that this is a perfectly exceptional view to be taken of marriage life; for if such were the result of wedlock, Mr. Malthus's ideas would soon be predominant. But even allowing, for the sake of argument, that such were the case, it would hardly justify the peculiar views put forward by the heroine of the play. In fact, it is still the old story of striving to prove that two wrongs must necessarily cause a right. But Dumas's speculations go beyond the utmost strictures passed on the

matrimonial state by French writers. Even Balzac, who may be allowed to have studied the subject most thoroughly, and to have been led to very unsatisfactory conclusions, would hardly go so far as to suggest that the marriage tie should be abolished because some unions happen to prove unfortunate. And yet, if we follow Dumas's views to their fullest development, we can hardly help feeling that such is the panacea he would suggest for the possible miseries of wedlock. Let us revert to the old system of republican marriage, when husband and wife only agreed to separate: such seem to be the tenets of that modern literary school of which Dumas fils has constituted himself the head. Perhaps, before long, some new prophet will arise in Paris and preach the blessings of Mormonism. Could a better argument be desired against the partisans of the "woman's rights" question than a reference to the results which female emancipation produces in Paris? But there is another outlet for the unmarried lady, Dumas would advise us, in the following passage, extracted from a scene where the hero and heroine, among other matters, discuss matrimony under its various bearings:

*Eliza.* When I am thirty-five or forty years of age, when I have attained the time when I cannot talk of love without making myself ridiculous, I shall meet some worthy man, a widower, having children to educate, and desirous to give them a second mother, to nurse them and love them, without their feeling jealous of her. . . . I will marry that man, and end my days in the country, while doing my best to be useful to the children. This is a fine character to play, and, between ourselves, it is the only one I now desire.

*René.* It is an idea like any other; it has some good in it, and I very well understand this sort of marriage. A man and a woman, both honourable and intelligent, whom circumstances have caused to refrain from marriage during the first part of their life, and who, on arriving at a ripe age, unite calm feelings, gentle philosophy, and harmonious tastes—those people do a sensible act, which contains much promise of happiness. I, for my part, who have no idea of marrying at present, am quite inclined to enter into such a marriage later.

But the heroine is not fated to pass her life so calmly as she anticipates, for our millionaire happens to take a liking to her, and proposes marriage. The reasons for this step are philosophical enough. He does not require a wife who brings him two or three hundred thousand francs, and thus arrogates the right to throw away his millions in diamonds, lace, and cashmere shawls, he wants a wife who will be only too happy to owe everything to him, and feel grateful accordingly. M. Giraud has evidently very good ideas floating about his head, and he will certainly be immortalised by the Parisian populace for one remark. On being asked what business is, he replies, "Les affaires, c'est bien simple, c'est l'argent des autres." The scene, too, in which he proposes to M. Durieu to engage in a speculation, and entrust him with a sum of money, to be disposed of as he thinks proper, is admirable. M. Durieu has been attacked by the prevailing epidemic, and has lost thirty thousand francs, and is naturally anxious to recover them; but he does not like risking his own money in doing so. M. Giraud philosophises on the subject as follows:

You want me to put you in the way of gaining money without embarking your own capital; you did not invent that. You foresee the day when people will come and tell you that I am bankrupt, and you wish to have it in your power to reply, "I wash my hands of it; I do not lose a farthing." But, understand, if

I set about enriching you, it is because you can be of some use to me. You are one of my prospectuses, I must make something by you; without that I should be an ass. I wish it to be known that M. Durieu, the honourable M. Durieu, has an interest in my house; people will have confidence in me, and bring me money to take care of, which every banking house requires in addition to its own capital; such is my calculation. I have, therefore, greater interest in enriching you than in ruining you, and I have not the least wish to rob you of your forty thousand francs. It would not be worth the trouble; they will remain in my safe; but I insist on holding them in my possession, to attach you to me.

Unfortunately for M. Giraud he does not succeed so well in the matrimonial as in the monetary market, for the lady of his choice declines to have a million of francs settled upon her, which he wishes to put aside as a nest-egg, in the event of any untoward accident happening in his speculations. The lofty contempt expressed for money in this scene is quite refreshing and Arcadian. Pity that in real life it appears so utterly unnatural. However, the lady breaks off the match, and M. Giraud soon after disappears, as it is rumoured, with a grand smash, carrying off large sums belonging to the country and M. Durieu. He suddenly returns, however, in the last scene, and explains that he has purposely spread the report, for the sake of benefiting by it, and he hands over to the speculators the money they have entrusted to him, and a large additional profit. They have been, however, so sickened by their fright, that they determine on only accepting their own money back, without profit; and the play ends with M. Durieu writing to his broker to buy into the Three per Cents. for him.

The moral of this play is good, but unfortunately, as we said before, it is old. We require no ghost from the dead to teach us the dangers of speculation; we are all well aware that if we hope to gain fifty per cent. for our money, we cannot also expect security for it, and if we like to risk it we must put implicit faith in the probity of the person who speculates for us. Apart from the lesson taught against playing on the Bourse, M. Dumas's comedy has no special interest, nor should we have devoted so much attention to it had we not wished to show the way in which morality is driven into the Parisians. But, if M. Dumas imagines he will gain as easy a victory over the Boursiers as he did over the Lorettes, he is grievously mistaken, for the people who applaud his sarcasms most vehemently at night, will be the first on the morrow to be guilty of the very faults he points out. The passion for gambling has taken such deep root in Paris at present, that an imperial prophet could not turn the nation from its lust after gold, and years must elapse ere things revert to a healthy condition. Let M. Dumas harangue as he will he cannot alter the views of the age, and he must not anticipate that he will, be able to check the current, even if he write plays far superior to the one at present under consideration.

The investigation, however, which we have attempted to institute into the character of M. Dumas the younger's writings, shows us that he possesses great talent, and could he only tame down his propensity for impropriety, he might yet achieve great things. The momentary success of his first offensive novel appears to have caused him to diverge from the right path, and we sincerely trust that he may yet be able to see the errors of his ways, and try to benefit his fellow-countrymen by drawing

his inspiration from a purer fount. As the first step in the right direction, then, we gladly hail his new comedy; and even though it be inferior in sustained interest to others of his literary productions, it has the immeasurable advantage of being in a measure free from those *maculae* which have disfigured his previous works.

Nor can he urge in defence the plea that the mind of France is so warped, that it only finds a relish for improprieties, for we may appeal in all confidence to M. Edmond About, who has established an immense success by the pure tone of his books. "Tolla" was an event in French literary circles; and the immense number of sympathising readers he has enlisted is a sufficient proof that France is not yet utterly corrupt, but gladly welcomes a book which depends for success on pure principles of morality, instead of exciting the worst passions.

Let us, therefore, in conclusion, hope that we may see more of M. Dumas fils in future, not as the companion, or even as the assailant of worthless women, but as a man conscious of his innate faculties, willing to sacrifice some portion of his reputation, while gaining the applause and appreciation of the good and the wise among his countrymen.

### FREIDA, THE JONGLEUR.\*

WE have here a romance of the good old school—in the style of her who has been justly denominated the *Salvator Rosa* of British novelists; and which, however much superseded for a time by the domestic, the sentimental, the historical, the satirical, or the facetious schools, will always have a claim upon our admiration. Freida is a character in which Mrs. Radcliffe would have delighted: a wandering Saxon dancer, the beauty of a pagan Jongleur band, by whose fantastic performances the Red-Cross Knights are solaced during the siege of Acre. The interest created in the fortunes of this wild, yet beautiful creature, is afterwards well sustained by the witcheries of a younger beauty of mysterious origin, whom it becomes Freida's lot to cherish, and her duty to avenge. Miss Hemphill works, in part, upon a basis of history: Philip le Bel, the Count de Valois, and Guy d'Auvergne, are among her dramatic personages; and the capture of Acre by Khalil, the persecution of the Templars by Philip of France, the martyrdom of James de Molai, the execution of Martigni, and the penance of Valois, take rank among the events of her narrative. Freida, the Jongleur, is unmistakably the work of a writer destined to achieve great success in the particular walk she has chosen. She has extraordinary power in depicting romantic adventure.

\* Freida, the Jongleur. By Barbara Hemphill. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.



## HISTORICAL ANECDOTES OF THE OPERA.\*

A GREAT deal has been written upon the Opera, a great deal will still be written, and there will still remain a great deal to write. The fever of speculation has extended even there: the ladies dream in the present day of nothing but *Crédit Mobilier* and *chemins de fer*. Is that which may benefit a respectable lady calculated to enhance the successes of the Opera? We are now far removed from the time when an illustrious professor of dancing never began his lesson without addressing to his dear pupils that touching and paternal allocution: "Children," he used to say to them, "work; become celebrated if you can; make a noise by your talent. If you cannot, do otherwise, but at least do something." This was in the good old times—the times of Dr. Véron. Since M. Véron's days many have ruled at the Opera, but no one has enjoyed his sway. He did not bequeath to his successors his sceptre half of gold and half of iron. His biographers, for the most part, do not know him; they have lived for twenty years on his cravat, his Sophie, and his Pâte Regnault—themes that are now threadbare. As to his Sophie, she is an admirable *corde bleu*, who has only had one object through life, and that has been to make the economies of her Ravenswood pass for prodigalities. As to the Pâte Regnault, it brings in 36,000 francs every year to the lucky doctor; and as to his cravat, is it a talisman, or a thing that is ridiculous? One does not laugh at an enigma, even if it is in muslin.

The Opera under M. Véron—the Opera of 1832—takes precedence. There was Mademoiselle Leroux, a charming person and a good dancer, who was always on the verge of success, yet never arrived at the goal. Mademoiselle Clémence Vagon, who might have contented herself with being fair and pretty, but who would also achieve Terpsichorean triumphs, and failed. Mademoiselle Roland, the last dancer who possessed diamonds worth 50,000 francs. Mademoiselle Albertine Coquillard, for a brief time a favourite in a very high and powerful quarter. There was also the queen, the goddess of the locality—the aerial Taglioni—but, alas! there is a link of chain tied to her wing. The sylph has been before the mayor of the *deuxième arrondissement*. There are the two sisters Elsler, the pretty one and the—tall one. There is, lastly, Mademoiselle Pauline, the pearl of the Opera, the only dancer, perhaps, who had any wit, and whose career is worthy of a word or two.

Mademoiselle Pauline is a child of the Opera. This is a rare event. The army numbers more soldiers who have become marshals of France than the Opera numbers *figurantes* who have ever become *premiers sujets*. At the Opera, success is not won step by step; the sceptre is seized and carried away at one single bound. Somebody arrives from London, Naples, or Vienna with a name ready made, and in one evening the game is played, won, or lost.

Mademoiselle Pauline practised her first steps under M. Barrez, now a retired Zephyr; but she flew off to the class of M. Vestris. At a later

\* *Petits Mémoires de l'Opéra*. Par Charles de Boigne.

epoch, she decamped, baggage and arms, to *père* Taglioni, as she had gone over from Barrez to Vestris. She abandoned the latter the very day that the talent of the new professor revealed itself in the success of his daughter, his incomparable pupil. It was a sad and humiliating misfortune to Vestris to lose the flower and the glory of his class, nor did he ever recover it.

The little Pauline, as she was then called, was already the subject of conversation; she was both pretty and clever. Her witticisms were repeated from mouth to mouth. The talent of a new singer was the subject of conversation. "What a fresh voice!" said one. "What compass!" exclaimed another. "Sûre," added a third, turning round to Mademoiselle Pauline. "Oh, yes," said Pauline, "*très sûre—sûre comme du vinaigre.*" A subaltern pasha of the Opera, who preferred the taste of grapes in bottle to grapes on the vine, used to tyrannise sadly over little Pauline, who would sometimes show symptoms of rebellion.

"It is of no use," her oppressor would say, "to struggle against me; I will break you in. It is the earthen vessel against the iron one."

"The iron one!" Pauline quickly replied; "the wine-pot, you mean."

And the name stuck ever afterwards to the pasha.

In those times male dancers still held seriously by their profession. They even rivalled the female dancers on the stage in their graces, their smiles, and their frivolities. Beyond the stage they considered themselves as the priests of a great art—the first of arts. The dancer Beaupré never spoke of the learned and illustrious Arago but as his colleague. He did so in good faith; both of them were professors at the Ecole Polytechnique, and Beaupré considered dancing pre-eminently scientific. The ingratitude of Mademoiselle Pauline embittered the last days of Vestris. Every day the Alberts, the Pauls, the Ferdinands were losing ground. Perrot alone, thanks to his stupendous ugliness, still kept head against the public, who preferred female to male dancers. At length, at eighty-three years of age, an advertisement killed Vestris outright. He was ill, and had asked for the paper. His eye fell upon a horrible, a disgraceful paragraph:

"A Professor of Dancing is wanted at Calcutta. It is needless to apply unless the professor is also a Pedicure."

The last professor of the antique art took to bed and never got up again. It is as well that he did so; for had he not died of an advertisement, he would of a signboard. For at the same time there came forth in the Rue Saint Eustache an enormous tooth, suspended from a window, and below it was intimated, in gigantic letters of very irregular forms,

JEAN CONGO,

Arrache les dents et donne des leçons de danse au plus juste prix.

Mademoiselle Pauline did everything in her power to calm the jealous irritability of the old sylph. But he was not to be soothed; he never forgave her.

When M. Véron assumed the reins at the Opera, he passed the female portion of his army in review. Amidst this galaxy of beauty he distinguished Mademoiselle Pauline. She was then twenty years of age, with well-turned limbs, charming eyes, and a graceful shape. M. Véron thought there might be the stuff of another Taglioni there, with the

addition of personal beauty. The pettiest figurante had guessed that before him. He ordered a ballet from M. Cavé. M. Cavé proposed a mythological libretto, "Hercules and Omphale." M. Véron preferred "La Tentation," a ridiculous ballet, which was presented on the 21st of June, 1832. There was in it, however, a scene to which M. Véron, in his own Memoirs, attaches no small importance. In the second act, all kinds of demons and horrible-looking personages meet together to create a new instrument of perdition to humanity. Out of the caldron, when all is ripe, and amid the thunders of Halevy's orchestra, issued forth—Pauline, fresh, young, and ravishing to behold! The ballet was dull, but *Miranda* saved it. Every night, welcomed by a thousand voices, the name of Pauline became more and more popular.

A strange fancy came over Mademoiselle Pauline just at the onset of her brilliant career. She actually took herself off one fine day to a convent. But she as soon repented, and it required neither the power nor the love of a king to tear the La Vallière of the dance, who had not yet found her Louis XIV., from the rigours of the cloister. The Parisians and M. Charles de Boigne do not appear to give Pauline credit for sincerity in this act; but there is every reason to believe that the influence that prompted it, although transient, was, for the time being, real. Mademoiselle Pauline was, throughout the early part of her career, taintless in character, and when a brilliant success awaited her, and was followed by the usual results depicted by French littérateurs invariably in the one and same form of "Russian and English nabobs, czars of the green-room, who for intellect, heart, and youth have roubles, nothing but roubles, and still more roubles," Pauline not only treated them with indifference, but even sometimes amused herself at their expense.

"You love me," she said, one day, to an old lord with an *off* to his name—"you love me; but do you love me as much as you do a hundred thousand francs?"

The next morning, after her dancing lesson, she found the old lord with the *off* comfortably seated in her room. He had made himself quite at home, as if master of the stronghold after a fair capitulation: a box lay on the table by his side.

"Ma chère," he said, in a tone of indifference that would have become a marquis of the time of Louis XV., "you asked me yesterday if I loved you as well as I did a hundred thousand francs. Here is my answer." And he opened the box: it contained 100,000 francs in gold.

"Mon cher," as quickly responded Pauline, withdrawing the hand which the old lord with the *off* was endeavouring to possess himself of—"mon cher, do me the pleasure not to soil my carpet with your boots, and to take yourself off with all that *ferraille*. I was only joking, mon cher. Do you know a verse in the 'Dame Blanche,' in which it is said,

Chez les montagnards Ecossais,  
L'hospitalité se donne;  
Elle ne se vend jamais ?

Well, then, in matters of hospitality my heart is Scotch, tout ce qu'il y a de plus Ecossais, mon cher."

This little comedy would have been incomplete without a second act.

The history of the *ferraille* got abroad. A young secretary of embassy, as poor as Job, also sighed for Miranda. The overt preference given to affection over pelf, in the instance of the lord in *off*, filled him with the most sanguine hopes of success.

"It is not I," he declared in his enthusiasm, "who will offer you gold" (he had his reasons); "it is my life, my life that I shall be happy to sacrifice for you."

"If I asked for your head, you would bring it to me, would you not?" said Miranda, smiling. "I tell you what it is, you men always offer what one cannot take."

"I swear——"

"Do not swear. I should take you at your word."

"Heavens! did I hear rightly? Speak, I entreat you."

"You wish it?"

"Earnestly."

"Well, then, present me with one of your front teeth."

"I fly—I shall be back in a moment."

An hour had not elapsed before the diplomatist made his appearance, one hand holding a kerchief to his mouth, the other holding out a little box.

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed Miranda, "I asked for one of the front lower teeth, and you bring me one of the upper ones!"

The next day our diplomatist had returned to his desk; his tooth was sent back to him, and he had the good sense to have it replaced.

Miranda did not, however, remain for ever insensible. A reciprocal and sincere affection, but exposed to severe trials, did not confer upon her all the happiness that she deserved. Thinking one day that affection threatened, she attempted to poison herself with a solution of halfpence in vinegar, but she was saved by the promptitude of Dr. de Guise. Like all the other events in her life, her marriage was brought about by a strange incident. The maid of a deceased English lady had refused to enter her service. Pauline was so hurt and mortified at the refusal, that the man of heart, who is now her husband, resolved at once to remove all cause for such mortifications by making the clever Pauline his wife.

That a dancer, not thirty years ago, should have effected a revolution in the whole art, is something surprising; but that that artist should have been neither beautiful, nor even well made, nor possessed of any of those external advantages which command success, is really astounding. Yet such was Taglioni, before whose time dancing was only a trade. When she appeared, the trade became an art, and the old school vanished. Through her, dancing spoke to the soul, while the old dance did not even speak to the senses; it only gratified the eyes.

Marie Taglioni's father was a Neapolitan dancer, but her grandfather was a celebrated Swedish tragedian—Karsten by name. She made her first appearance in a mythological ballet at Vienna, in 1822, at a time when she was sixteen or seventeen years of age. The applause of the Viennese was heard at Stuttgart and at Munich; but in those days of diligences dragging through the mud, it took five years to travel to Paris. At length, in 1827, she appeared for the first time at the Opera in "*La Vestale*." As at Vienna, the revolution was complete. With

one bound she tumbled the Héberlé of Paris—Madame Montessu, who was protected by the director of the time, M. Lubert, now Lubert Bey in Egypt—from her throne. But the old system did not give way without a struggle. It had friends in town, at the court, in the army, at the Opera; it caballed, intrigued, and even danced; but it was in vain. The noble classic telegraphic dance was done for. Every year Mademoiselle Taglioni created a ballet. In 1832 she created two—"La Sylphide" and "Nathalie, ou la Laitière Suisse."

We preserve the original titles, for it is sometimes dangerous to translate. Only a few days back a contemporary literary journal announced that the Spanish government has established, at Madrid, a diplomatic school, on the model of the similar institution at *Chartres*. Now we are not aware that there is a diplomatic school at *Chartres*, but there is a renowned school of diplomatic learning at Paris, which is called "The School of Charters," and that is the one which is thus unceremoniously transferred to the provinces! What was a Swiss milkmaid in Paris, may in the same manner have become something quite different in the Haymarket; we therefore adhere to the original. The Swiss mountains were assuredly a strange region wherein to depict what our neighbours call a *chasse à courre*.

When "Nathalie" was transported to London, the indefatigable artist, weary with passing so many evenings amidst mountains of pasteboard, and under a sky of canvas, felt a wish to breathe the air of real mountains beneath a real sky; she also wanted to see what kind of a Scotchman her lover on the boards, M. Mazillier, would make. At the pretty town of Perth she was seduced into a performance which was signalised by a slight mischance. There was no *mannequin* for the second act. Her servant, Pierre, was called upon to take its place. M. Mazillier had no whiskers, so Pierre, to represent him, had to be shaved; but he took a pride in his hirsute appendages, and rebelled. So Marie had to dance away, every now and then going to the side scenes anxiously inquiring if he was ready, till she was nearly exhausted with the effort.

The "Révolte au Serail" was the greatest victory ever effected by a ballet. The first twenty-five representations brought in more money to the treasury than the first twenty-five representations of "Robert le Diable." Meyerbeer was eclipsed by a miserable patchwork, which was itself, like its predecessors from the same source, only saved from contempt by the talent of the daughter. She was always there to rescue an author and a father. The "Fille du Danube" constituted, however, a glorious termination to Mademoiselle Taglioni's reign at the Opera. For ten years she had danced from triumph to triumph! There is not another instance on record of a dancer so applauded, so flattered, so exalted!

Yet Taglioni cost M. Duponchel, who had succeeded to M. Véron, very dear. When the unfortunate director was in difficulties, Taglioni father or Taglioni daughter—rumour attributes many of these little wayward acts to the father—would not come to his aid. Marie had chilblains. When, however, the receipts of the evenings began to increase, the chilblains got better, and, "Son engelure s'est ouverte! la plaie est belle!" passed into a proverb at the Opera.

The Taglioni's chilblain had no rival. It would have blushed to be like any other common chilblain; it would sometimes be as bad in July as

in January. One thing certain was that the climate of London, where she was paid by the night, agreed much better with it than that of Paris, where she was paid by the year. Then there was the affection of the knee, as celebrated as the chilblain. Mademoiselle Taglioni was destined to be an enigma, a living puzzle to medical science. M. Véron has told the story of that mysterious affection of the knee which kept Marie confined for nine months to her room, without any redness, any swelling, anything that the most skilful surgeons could discover, and we have repeated it after him; it is needless, therefore, to return to it now. Certain it is, that when Mademoiselle Taglioni's engagement expired, M. Duponchel did not renew it. He was terrified at the idea of another sympathetic affection of the knee; he had had to pay twice the allowances of a marshal of France for nine long months that Taglioni had been incapable of dancing.

For five years she went to receive the ovations of the Russian nobility. She reappeared for a few nights in 1840 and 1844, but she soon afterwards vanished altogether from before the admiration of the public, who now remember her only in the polka. Dining one day at General Valmoden's, she was struck by a lively original air played by the military band.

"It is the polka," said the general; "the dance of our Hungarian peasants." And at the same time the doors were thrown open, and fifty Hungarian grenadiers were seen dancing the polka.

Mademoiselle Taglioni took the polka under her protection from that moment, and it has since "fait le tour de l'Europe."

The Daughter of the Danube, M. Charles de Boigne says, with a want of gallantry that is not at all *française*, "n'est plus qu'une simple bourgeoise, qu'une bonne et grosse femme de ménage." It was her intention, he tells us, to have built a cottage, on the model of English cottages, on the banks of Lake Como, near Madame Pasta. "Has she realised these projects of retreat?" he concludes by asking. M. Arsène Houssaye could have told him that she is neither a *bourgeoise* nor *grosse*, but the lady-like and hospitable tenant of one of those fine old palaces that adorn the city of the Adriatic, and mistress of several others.

The opera of "Gustave III." succeeded to Taglioni and her father's ballets. It had been written for Rossini, but he gave the preference to "Guillaume Tell." M. Duponchel had already given striking proofs of good management in bringing out "Robert le Diable," more especially in the act of the ruins. In "Gustave" he achieved still greater notoriety, and became the Cæsar of costumes. So great was the success of the new opera—M. Charles de Boigne calls it "a ballet in one act, preceded by a long singing prologue"—that several noble ladies actually took a part in the "Bal de Gustave." A strict *incognito* was preserved, but the secret of the Opera is the secret of a comedy, and the imprudence gave birth to many scandalous anecdotes. The pretorians of the *avant-scène*, to revenge themselves, dressed themselves up one Shrove Tuesday in bearskins, and treated the audience to an extemporised dance. In 1833, M. Charles de Boigne says, people amused themselves; in 1856, they smoke and speculate at the Bourse.

"Ali Baba" was less successful. Those fastidious forty thieves would have done well to have remained for ever in their jars. Véron insisted

upon its being a *chef d'œuvre*, at a loss of from 50,000 to 60,000 francs, and the public at last executed the forty thieves who had not robbed them. On the 10th of March, 1834, "Don Juan" made its appearance. It only, however, met with a "succès d'estime." Esteem is a good thing, but at the Opera it is not a current coin. Notwithstanding her acknowledged ability, Madame Damoreau never exercised any influence on the receipts at the Opera; if she sang, or Mademoiselle Jawureck sang, not a centime more or less. After ten years thus passed at the Opera, Madame Damoreau went over to the Opéra Comique, where for ten years she filled the house and enriched the directorate.

Madame Damoreau, in the words of her biographer, M. G. Benedict, "a fourni d'excellentes élèves." "No doubt," M. Ch. de Boigne intimates, "just as a grape-vine furnishes good wine, or a coal-pit good coal." What a comparison! But M. Ch. de Boigne is as difficult to please as he is rude to his clients. The same biographer having said the Abbé Jacques taught her "history, geography, et tout ce qui s'ensuit," he says, "Had I been Madame Montalant" (Madame Damoreau's mother), "I should not have liked my daughter to be taught tout ce qui s'ensuit"—vile propos de coulisses!

Véron, immersed in difficulties, went off to London, and brought back with him to Paris Fanny Elssler in triumph. She was destined in her turn to make a revolution in the art of dancing. Mademoiselle Pauline was set aside, and Nourrit was employed to get up "La Tempête." It was "La Tentation" over again, only that *Miranda* was called *Alcine*. There was a sea in it that made the Parisians sick to look at. There was an illumination in gas—a novelty at that time—and which cost M. Véron nights of sleepless supervision, before it could be brought to act. So much exertion was but feebly rewarded. As a woman, Fanny Elssler surpassed Taglioni; as a dancer, she was conquered. "She was seen," says one of her admirers, "with surprise, running upon points, si fines, si vives, si déliées et si agiles; but the public did not for a moment dream of sacrificing the wings of the sylph to the pointes d'*Alcine*."

Fanny Elssler showed that, to be an adorable dancer, it was not necessary to live in the midst of sylphs and zephyrs. Fanny Elssler never flew away, she remained on the ground; no doubt so that she might be the better admired. She was the most ravishing, the most perfect expression of the terrestrial and sensual dance, as Taglioni was the incarnation of aerial and chaste dancing. Elssler pleased the men, Taglioni the women. They did not interfere with one another: the earth could not be jealous of the air.

"La Tempête" had but a mediocre success: it was a mistake to bring out Fanny Elssler in a poetic ballad; nothing was less poetic than Fanny. She required positive characters—"Le Diable Boiteux," "La Gipsy," "La Tarentule"—steps, also, with character in them, as the Cachucha, the Cracovienne; above all, she wanted the support of her sister Theresa. The Siamese twins of dance could not be seen effectively apart. Theresa was Fanny's Cinderella; tall, thin, by no means pretty, she fairly accepted the part of her sister's set-off. With a more than sororal devotion, she also sacrificed herself to support her when her strength failed, and hence the effective groups which the two produced together.

"La Juive," by Halevy, was the last work produced under M. Véron's ad-

ministration. He had neither lost his time nor his money. In the space of four years he brought out five great operas, two little operas, an opera-ballet, and four ballets. There have been many less glorious reigns recorded in the annals of the Opera. M. Véron had realised an unexpected fortune, and he wished to keep it. There is a story told of him, that when *rédacteur* of the *Constitutionnel*, he was presented with fifty shares in the Northern Railway. Each share was worth, at that time, 400 francs premium; total, 55,000 francs. It was too late to sell out that day, yet M. Véron wished to realise at once; so he went to a capitalist's, and accepted 50,000 francs down for what was worth 55,000 francs the next morning. So at the Opera; he wished to prove to himself and to others that he not only could make money, but that he could keep it. He had been for some time on the look-out for a successor. At first he had proposed Mira, son of the actor Brunet; but M. Thiers, at that time minister, refused to ratify his nomination, as incompetent. M. Loeve-Weimar was then proposed, and equally rejected. At last, M. Duponchel was named, and the minister accepted him.

The same day that M. Véron withdrew to his house in the Rue Pinon, as Charles V. did to the monastery of St. Just, M. Duponchel went to M. Aguado's.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "I am this day sole director of the Opera. I have purchased from M. Véron the eighteen months that still remained to him for the sum of 244,000 francs. I have also the promise that my privilege shall be extended to five years. I come to make you the offer of passing over to you a portion of my privilege."

"I accept the offer, M. Duponchel—I accept it. What portion do you wish to concede to me?"

"Whatsoever you please, M. le Marquis."

"Then I will take the half."

The next day M. Aguado sent to M. Duponchel 122,000 francs.

From the year 1831 till the period of his decease, M. Aguado continued to be intimately associated with the historical annals of the Opera. This gentleman was the second son of the Count de Montelirios. He entered the Spanish service at the age of fourteen years, and attained the rank of major at Ceuta, in Africa. In the Peninsular war he took part with the French, became an aide-de-camp of Marshal Soult's, and, after the battle of Vittoria, he took refuge in Paris.

Here he renounced the profession of arms and took to commerce. He became a dealer in Spanish wines and in eau-de-Cologne, which latter he manufactured himself, and that with so much success, that already, in 1820, he had amassed 500,000 francs. M. Aguado lent money to Ferdinand VII. after that sovereign had repudiated the loans of the Cortes, and when nobody else would advance a sou. He did it, however, at an interest which was proportionate to the assumed risk. In 1828, M. Aguado was the chief banker of the Spanish government on the Continent. He was the Jacques Cœur of Spain. He was nominated to the marquisate of La Marismas, and became the patron of arts and of music. Rossini was his especial friend. Such was M. Aguado when he became joint director of the Opera with M. Duponchel. He was as generous as he was wealthy, and every year he distributed presents among all the *employés* of the Opera, great or little.



M. Aguado had an admirable manager in M. Duponchel, and no doubt he knew it when he invested his money. M. Duponchel was an eminently practical man; he had no literary pretensions, and he neither presumed to substitute one scene for another, or to impose a libretto upon either author or composer. He was not a Cato, but he also did not permit himself to fall in love with his artists. A director in love invariably finishes by ruining himself and the theatre. All artists, whether they sing, dance, or spout, are the same—a mixture of jealousy and vanity, of egotism and pettiness, which admits neither of rivalry nor of equality. Every artist deems himself a giant, and looks upon his colleagues as pigmies. But when that artist is a woman, and that woman is loved, and holds the director at her feet, anarchy begins, the public disappears, the receipts vanish, and ridicule arrives.

The first work that came out under M. Duponchel's direction was the "Huguenots." Meyerbeer had promised it to M. Véron; the latter had made an agreement for its delivery on a certain day. Meyerbeer having failed, that very day he was, mulcted in a fine of 30,000 francs by the doctor. The consequence was, that he never would give up the opera so long as M. Véron remained director, and it was not without much trouble that M. Duponchel was able to gain possession of it. M. Scribe received 10,000 out of the 30,000 francs; and as he had also the usual premium of 1000 francs per act, he realised 15,000 francs for the words alone before the opera was produced on the stage. Even then Emile Deschamps had to remodel the great scene in the fourth act.

Duprez had arrived from Italy, and not only did "Guillaume Tell" supersede the "Huguenots" the next year, but Nourrit, who, with Mademoiselle Falcon, had been its support, actually withdrew altogether from the French stage before the astounding success of his rival.

It was at this period that, notwithstanding the loss of Nourrit, the absence of Taglioni, the failure of Madame Duprez, and Mademoiselle Falcon's illness, M. Duponchel proposed to M. Aguado to obtain the privilege of the Théâtre Italien at Paris, and of the Italian Theatre at London. The negotiations failed in London, and that failure caused the combination effected in Paris to be wanting in the chief elements of success. A misfortune also happened at the onset at the Théâtre Italien. M. Viardot, the director, fell in love with his *premier sujet*, Mademoiselle Pauline Garcia, sister of Malibran. M. Viardot married his *première chanteuse*, and gave in his resignation at the same time. A successor was not to be found; M. Aguado had gone to Spain, where he died; M. Duponchel beat a hurried retreat; M. Viardot sued him at the civil court, but, losing his cause, was himself mulcted in large damages.

There was at this time in Paris a young Piedmontese refugee, who had become the subject of conversation in the highest circles of society. Not only was he clever as a singer, but there was a strange romance attached to his history. He had been in the Sardinian army, but an unfortunate amour and an obstinate father had driven him into exile. Circumstances now compelled him to earn his bread by his own talents, and De Candia accepted an engagement under M. Duponchel. He is the same who afterwards became so celebrated under the name of Mario. He made his first appearance in the character of *Robert le Diable*. His success was perfect. On going out, every one said, "What a delicious voice! But he will not remain at the Opera. Mario will take Rubini's place."

It was the highest praise that could be conferred on the young artist, and the future witnessed the fulfilment of the prophecy.

It had cost Mario many struggles to sacrifice his name and fair reputation on a public stage, but he luckily did not lose his friends. At a later period of his life he returned to Piedmont, and his parents received the prodigal son with open arms. He was not only metamorphosed into a great artist, but also "en millionnaire; ce qui ne gâte rien."

Years pass by, but do not resemble one another. One year at the Opera is all glory and gold, another sometimes the reverse. Madame Dorus Gras succeeded to Mademoiselle Falcon without attaining her popularity. The "lions" roared at having three G's forced upon them at once; *Guido*, *Ginevra*, and *Gras*. Madame Gras was said to be passionately fond of veal. "Not a *guignon*," said the Parisians, "was wanting to *Guido*." Yes, there was one; the Opera had to be lighted up with a real fire, and this is precisely what happened. By M. Duponchel's presence of mind the occurrence was kept secret. The *figurantes* were obliged to remain on the stage while the fire-engines were at work, and they got *five francs* for not flinching under the impromptu shower-bath. The accident and its suppression were announced to the audience at the same time. The *pompiers* were not, however, to be let off so easily. A severe inquiry was instituted. It was proved that the one whose turn it was to watch was asleep. He pleaded that they were performing "*Guido*," and the judge at once determined that this plea was a most valid and sufficient one!

Mademoiselle Dorus had a pretty name till she became Madame Gras. She was a native of Valenciennes, the municipality of which town voted 1500 francs a year for her education at the Conservatoire de Paris. Since that, Versailles did the same thing for Mademoiselle Dobrée. Both did honour to their native towns; both carried away the first prize at the Conservatoire; but neither carried it away at the Opera. Madame Gras, however, has done better; she has sung for twenty years without a word being breathed against her fair fame, and she has retired—if not adored, what is much better—rich and respected.

M. Duponchel was, while administrator, the victim of an infinite variety of practical jokes. His head (in pasteboard) was only saved from being thrown at the feet of Taglioni by the Queen Marie Amélie, who interceded to prevent so lugubrious a demonstration. The walls of Paris were placarded with the ominous words, "Feu Duponchel!" Another time funeral letters were despatched to the artists and *employés*; the undertakers arrived and decorated the gateways of the Opera with more than usual pomp. They then penetrated into the interior, when they met a person issuing forth hurriedly.

"Monsieur," said the man in black, "would you be kind enough to tell us where we shall find the body?"

"What body?"

"The body of M. Duponchel."

"The body of M. Duponchel! I am M. Duponchel."

A moment after, whilst explanations were being made, friends came hurrying in to the funeral. The director had the good sense to take the thing as a joke; and the day which was to have been passed at Père Lachaise, was spent at a restaurant's high in renown.

The best part of the joke, however, was, that all the newspapers were

taken in, and even those which had been long inimical to him appeared on the morning of the supposed funeral with long panegyrics, such as are only given to the dead. When they found out their mistake, there was no going back. They had been unanimous in expressing their deep sense of the loss which Paris had sustained in the death of so able, so effective, so distinguished a director, they could not be otherwise than delighted when they heard that he was alive and well, and as efficient as ever.

Still success did not come. "Notre Dame de Paris," words by Victor Hugo, music by Mademoiselle Bertin, was a failure. The composer had the misfortune to be the daughter of Armand Bertin, of the *Débats*. Contemporary journalists never could afford to speak well of one another, or of aught that is connected with the other. M. de Saint Georges's ballet, "La Gipsy," was more lucky. This M. de Saint Georges must not be confounded with the celebrated duellist of the same name; he was, on the contrary, renowned as the most amiable, the best dressed, and the most perfumed poet of his time. He is said never to have taken a bath at Dieppe until six bottles of eau-de-Cologne had been poured into the Atlantic.

When Nourrit committed suicide by throwing himself out of a window at Naples, after a representation in which he had been received with transports of enthusiasm, Duponchel was denounced as having opened the window, and Duprez as having pushed him by the shoulders! The same year appeared Mademoiselle Augusta Maywood, a young American, who danced with a spirit that positively terrified the well-trained class of M. Mazillier. She had the misfortune to wed a morose, selfish dancer, who trafficked her talent and her beauty about from town to town.

In 1839, M. Duponchel having associated Edouard Monnaie, whose chief celebrity lay in a coat the colour of "flames of punch," a bal Musard was attempted at the Opera, but it only ended in a battle general. Balls were at that time in vogue with *tombolas*; lotteries, and even *divertissements par les plus jolis "rats" de l'Opera*, were advertised. Musard was carried round the saloons in triumph. He had just introduced the firing of mortars as a musical accompaniment, and the infernal "galop," danced, gesticulated, and howled by four thousand feet, arms, and mouths. The old balls at the Opera, dull, phlegmatic, full of pretensions, but where one had not to defend oneself against the too pressing solicitations of certain *débardeurs*, are gone by—defunct. The new balls are now placed upon a firm and established basis. Mira is dead, but existing Paris has not to dread that his balls will go with him. A society of four speculators have engaged to pay to the direction of the Opera the sum of 40,000 francs annually, for five years, to be allowed to keep up the Parisian saturnalia.

Pillet succeeded to Duponchel, and he replaced Mario by Marié; but the Parisian public soon found that Marié was not Mario. Duponchel, assisted by M. Roqueplan, once more resumed the *bâton* of Opera marshals. Roqueplan next carried on the administration for a time unaided, and he was succeeded by M. Crosnier, who has been lately supplanted by M. Alphonse Rozar, of the Odéon. But between these different epochs there have occurred many great events, interspersed by minor, yet not less interesting, incidents, to which we may possibly return at some future opportunity.

## JUDAS THE APOSTATE.

FROM THE DANISH OF ADAM OEHLENSCHLÆGER.

By MRS. BUSBY.

JUDAS.

To such a chief what do I owe?  
 No loyalty can he deserve—  
 Nor wealth nor power can he bestow—  
 What profit longer him to serve?

His wild chimeras shall no more  
 As sacred truths regarded be;  
 Enthusiasm's dream is o'er,  
 It shall no longer fetter me.

Words! what are they but empty sounds?  
 And what is virtue but a name?  
 The wealth with which this world abounds,  
*That* forms the heaven which I would claim.

SATAN (*amidst a rising tempest*).

Hail! hail, my son! Seek thou for gold—  
 It shines within the earth's rich mould.

JUDAS.

What voice was that? It called me "son"—  
 What flitting form before me passed?  
 My blood runs cold—would it were done,  
 And every doubt behind me cast!

Why tremble thus? Dark fears, farewell!  
 It cannot be the crime it seems—  
 The rich reward will soon dispel,  
 With brighter thoughts, these fever-dreams.

Abashed before *his* chiding look,  
 I stand convicted and dismayed;  
 Such shame I can no longer brook—  
 He *shall* be to his foes betrayed!

SATAN (*with wild mocking laughter*).

The air is darkening round yon blooming world,  
 From whence a guilty soul shall soon be hurled.  
 Proceed, my son; heaven hath no joys so great  
 As those on gratified revenge, that wait!

JUDAS.

A storm seems rising—how the wild winds sigh,  
 And with the sound of distant thunders blend!  
 The stars gleam redly in the lurid sky,  
 While to the high priest's house my steps I bend.

SATAN.

Angels of darkness! ye who soar  
 Over the earth at midnight's hour;  
 When the pale traitor's task is o'er,  
 Make his apostate spirit cower!

JUDAS.

Conflicting doubts are passed—*his* fate  
 Is fixed; the deed—the deed is done!  
 And lo! this purse of goodly weight,  
 Is the rich guerdon I have won.

## THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

Woe to thee! woe to thee! Whom hast thou sold  
Him thou didst follow, and vow to obey.  
Urged by base hatred, and craving for gold,  
Thy master himself thou hast dared to betray.

## JUDAS.

How fearfully the tempest rages round—  
The vivid lightnings flash—the thunders roar!  
Methought I heard some strange mysterious sound—  
Come, let me hasten from the high priest's door.

## THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

A sword is flashing o'er thee 'midst the storm  
Such as thine earliest ancestor beheld—  
Adam—the while his weak and sinful form  
Was from his beauteous Paradise expelled.

## JUDAS.

Alas! sharp thorns seem piercing me, a dart,  
As from some arrow sped, has struck my heart.

## THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

Like the mysterious hand of doom  
Belshazzar saw, his pleasures blighting,  
Thy passport to the loathsome tomb  
Yon blood-red stars above are writing.

## JUDAS.

The tomb! Away! I *will* not die,  
Fiends! from your grasp I still can fly!

## THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

Yes! yes! as Cain, the murd'rer, fled  
When he beheld his brother dead!

## JUDAS.

Hush, mocking sounds! To God I still can pray.  
He knows sin is the heritage of clay.

## THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS.

Rememberest thou the rich man's pray'r?  
In hell 'twas uttered 'midst despair.

## JUDAS.

The wealth, too dearly bought, I will not keep,  
But cast this fatal purse into the deep.

THE ANGELS OF DARKNESS (*with peals of derisive laughter*).

Judas! canst thou also cast away  
The crime that stains thy guilty spirit—say?

## JUDAS.

The furious tempest round me raves,  
Madly the troubled waters roar;  
The dead scoff at me from their graves—  
For me there is no refuge more!

The gale increases with the gloom of night;  
The loftiest trees are bent beneath its might;  
And Nature seems convulsed above, around.  
But ONE no longer hears the raging storm,  
Hell hath its reckless victim claimed, and found;  
And yonder hangs his pallid, lifeless form!

## BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

## "CROMWELL AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS."

MORE than a century ago there appeared in print, in tall, gawky, *pamphletto-folio* guise, "A Collection of Original Letters and Papers of State, addressed to Oliver Cromwell." Although these *excerpta* belong to what Carlyle, in his own forcibly contemptuous language, calls "the tone and square miles of mouldering wreck, aggregated into continents of shot-rubbish, lying unsorted, unedited, unindexed—seen dimly through lurid haze, obscure, trackless—in the ocean of our public records," still they come to us in a shape sufficiently real and authentic. They were obtained from the collections of "*Mr. John Milton*," from whom they passed to "*Thomas Elwood*," the reader and amanuensis of the poet's days of old age and blindness, in Jewin-street. From Elwood they came to "*Joseph Wyeth*, citizen and merchant of London," who was Elwood's close friend and biographer; and from Wyeth's widow they arrived at the hands of "*Mr. John Nichols*, of the Society of Antiquaries," who gave them to the world in that unattractive, "*Dryasdust*" guise which, as Carlyle so vehemently complains, is "for ever burying" the transacted heroisms "of our bygone history" under the "avalanches of human stupidity!"

In about one hundred years after this *livraison* from the Miltonic archives, was given to the world a long-lost theological treatise of Milton's own, of more than doubtful orthodoxy, and affirmed to have been unearthed from the penetralia of the "State Paper-office," where it had long lain in adust cerements of official correspondence. Whether it had been better for Milton's reputation that his crude theologic speculation had still lain undisturbed to "feed the moth," is a question we do not mean now to discuss. Apart from the excitement caused by its first discovery, the treatise seems to have obtained but little notice; and even with all the prestige of its author's now established fame, the publication created scarce more sensation than did that first literary essay of his, the "*Paradise Lost*," purchased by the bibliopole for a trifle, and then put aside by the sapient critics of the day as a "long, tedious poem by *one Milton*!"

I mention Milton's heterodox and slightly cared-for treatise now, because of the marked contrast it presents to the effusions of honest fanaticism, which its author seems to have thought so much more worthy of his care, as to have abstracted them from their proper official "*habitat*" to preserve in his own keeping, while he abandoned his own production to a century's obscurity, and a chance discovery in a public office. Might it have been that Milton played the grim trick of designedly substituting, for the perplexity or amusement of posterity, his own daring speculations in lieu of the puritanic matter of that Cromwell correspondence, which a "Church Militant" and "Army Predicant" carried on with their foremost man and chosen head? Could these thorough zealots but have divined what manner of man the Protector was entertaining for Latin secretary—had they even suspected the fact—how sternly and speedily would they have demanded the dismissal, if not the *immolation*, of the "cursed Achan;" and the destruction of his elaborate Arian argument

would have been called for as the "putting away" an "accursed thing," calculated to bring a ban, instead of a blessing, on the commonweal, so long as it lay even unread within the tents of their Israel.

The tide of disparagement was still in full flow against the name and character of Cromwell when Mr. Nickols put forth this thin *antiquarian* venture. It was, in fact, but as an antiquarian speculation that, in those days, one could dare to "edge in" even a morsel of raw material for forming a dispassionate judgment of this great man. In those days, so far from there being room for the question lately agitated, "Shall the Lord Protector have a statue among the rulers of England?" there was a universal approval of that *indecent* of royalist revenge, which, scattering his aged mother's ashes to the winds, had denied him or his, a quiet grave! But the tide has turned since then somewhat. The question of the great seventeenth century revolt has been removed from the "*petty sessions*" court of party hate and prejudice to the calmer and more dispassionate tribunal of historico-philosophic inquiry. We may now deplore the fate of luckless Charles Stuart without deifying a faithless and ill-advised king; and we may admire one who was emphatically great among the great men of England, without approving the terrible concurrence of causes which made him a regicide. Cromwell has been subject to more varied and contradictory opinion than even that celebrated shield, with its contrasted sides of silver and sable, concerning the colour of which two men, both alike right and both alike wrong, combated to the death. The thorough royalist imbibes with his mother's milk a conviction, confirmed by the calumnies of "Carrion Heath," and such like, that the "Huntingdon brewer" was an unredeemable monster of cruelty and hypocrisy, who had waded through rebellion and parricide to his "bad eminence," and who attained all his objects in an equal and ruthless disregard of morals and mercy. On the other hand, they who inherit even a modicum of the deep convictions in which the stern Puritan of the seventeenth century rose and mastered the assumptions of "right divine to govern wrong," and broke and baffled alike the meshes of "kingcraft," and that chivalrous array of "gallants who fought for the crown," these, again, see in Cromwell no less than an instrument specially raised and fitted for a work out of ordinary course—the man for the day—the doer for the task, under the weight of which his spirit sometimes swayed and shook in that strange emotion, which sciolists have pertly set down as hypocrisy,—these see in Cromwell not the rebel hungering for the empty chair from which his own hand pushed "discrowned royalty:" but the recipient of a greatness thrust upon him by an overruling destiny in a rush of events which he could no more have stayed than he could have rolled back the earth on its axis, or the ocean from the shores of Britain. And Cromwell, in their estimation, was but the "front-rank Ironside" in that inevitable conflict between "liberty and prerogative," which was waged with varied fortune, from the first "Petition of Rights" to its final issue in the "Bill of Rights."

As to Cromwell's personal character, between the eulogy of Macaulay, the "hero-worship" of Carlyle, and the execrations of every Royalist writer from Clarendon downwards, I prefer to abide by the slight but effective *aesthetic* sketch, struck off with the hand of genius by the pen of Scott, who, painting neither demigod nor devil, shows us, in his "Woodstock," a man of mood and temperament alike unequal; at one

time hiding deep purpose and lynx-eyed observation behind that mask of drawing, obscure, conventicle slang, which he could at will lay by, and in a moment change for that brief, sharp tone of decision which went straight to its mark without word-wasting. Cromwell was well known to have been subject to "the mood of a *dark hour*," and to paroxysms of "plentiful weeping," which the unreasoning abuse of the Royalist has called "his crocodile tears,"\* and his foretaste of the endless "gnashing of teeth;" but Scott (thorough Cavalier as he was in all his prejudices), with truer philosophy and nicer discrimination, puts these fitful moods before us, as phases of that morbid temperament often found in great men, in which, without hypocrisy, affectation, or indeed volition, they interchange sternness, and tenderness, an impassive demeanour, and the "melting mood of woman," a ruthless resolve and tenacity of purpose, with a devotional frame of mind merging into superstition. Scott's may be a slight sketch, but it is highly characteristic; it belongs to the "Romance of History," and yet I hold it to be probably as true and lifelike a portrait of Cromwell as we possess.

Let the judgment we may pass on the "inner man" of the Lord Protector be what it may, whether we look at him as "spirit of health" or "goblin damned," all who have waded through these letters will easily agree that most, if not all the papers which make up this folio, must have been intolerably tedious and wearying to a master-spirit like his. Hotspur—a mere man of action—when "pestered by a popinjay," answered "neglectingly, he knew not what." Cromwell, whether hypocrite or enthusiast, was a man of thought and action, both; and if a hypocrite, the necessity for receiving with composed countenance, and acknowledging with measured cant, those boilings-over of heated zeal which flowed in upon him from every fanatic in England who deemed himself commissioned to deliver a message from the Lord, must have put a scarce endurable constraint upon a spirit like his. On the other hand, if we hold Cromwell to have been really and sincerely imbued with the deep enthusiasm of the time, still, his strong English sense, his far-seeing grasp of the very marrow and reality of the great matters with which he was dealing, and, above all, the sense that he was sustaining almost alone the weight of the "*tot et tanta negotia*," crowding daily and hourly upon his reserved and earnest spirit, all this must have tasked his whole power of endurance how to satisfy, how to answer, claimants and correspondents whose name was legion, and many of whose outpourings showed them to be possessed by the very chief devil of nonsense. It has

\* How differently this tendency to weeping was estimated by the Protector's own partisans, appears in a remarkable letter in the collection before us, written A.D. 1656, wherein "Mr. William Bradford, writing with all the familiar confidence of an old Ironside," who "had gone along with him from Edgehill to Dunbar," boldly advises him against taking the "voted kingship" in the following quaint fashion:

"MR LORD,—When we were in our lowest condition, your *teares* and prayers satisfied many (I was of that number), nay, *I am confident many of your teares was bottled by God himself!* I desire your present businesse, against oathes and engagements (the kingship, to wit), may not provoke the vials of God's wrath to break the glasses, where your teares yet are, and I hope will be, if you provoke him not further."

The taste and judgment with which the dealings of the Almighty are thus imaged forth in the jangling and breakage of glass bottles in a cupboard, cannot be too much appreciated; but it was the style of the time.



been set down as one of the evidences of his hypocritical duplicity, that on an occasion when one of his *coups d'état* was pending, he coaxed a number of godly ministers, waiting for audience in his ante-room, into a kind of prayer-meeting, in which he desired them to "seek the Lord on his behalf," and thus occupied them in taking the kingdom of heaven by force until he had accomplished his object on earth. Assuming this to be a story not "*ben trovato*," but "*vero*," is it so certain that this was not a device of necessity, to obtain some respite for a burdened and o'ertasked mind? Let any one, with worn and overpressed faculties, with mighty interests at stake and in issue, call to mind what he may have endured under the pressings, the solemn nothings, the flat truisms, of some worthy neighbour, quite unconscious of the torture he is inflicting,—let such a one recollect the difficulty he has found in trying to maintain a decent show of attention and civility through the visitation, and then, possibly, he may select somewhat a lighter stone to cast at Cromwell for this act of what has been called "abominable hypocrisy."

Sense inopportune, and wise council out of season, are things which press on the burdened mind, but the inconceivable follies, and unseasonable applications, for which the Lord Protector's attention was occasionally demanded, must have taxed his mind in no common measure. Good Mr. Shadrach Simpson (whoever *he* was) selects the very crisis of the Lord-General's difficulties in Scotland, before the battle of Dunbar, to deliver himself of "the sudden workings and motions of his heart!" to the extent of a folio page and a half of heavy lucubration. Oliver St. John, the dark-browed and sullen, does the same, at even greater length, upon the themes of "Barak and Sisera" and "Agrippa and Paul;" but some touch of grace appears in the conclusion of his lengthy delivery, for he ends it with a "truly I have bin too long!" Truly we think so, "dark-browed Oliver," and so, doubtless, did your "pestered" contemporary and namesake, —

Presently after these we find a brief and oracular appeal, "From those who follow the Lamb in his will, way, and work, in the county of \*\*\*" (*sic*), "humbly propounding to the Lord-General and his council of officers"—"whether the children of Zion must not be satisfied with spiritual, special, speedy, actings?"—and "the children of Succoth taught by thorns and briars;" but as to what those alliterative "actings," "spiritual," "speedy," and "special" were to be, or who those "children of Succoth" indicated, for "examination by scourging"—these are parables which the addressers leave to the Lord-General and his council of officers to expound for themselves. Cromwell was scholar enough, if he dared, to have replied to this enigma, "*Davus sum, non Œdipus*."

A little further on, we light on an hyperbolical epistle, a compound of simplicity and extravagance, addressed by "Mr. Enoch Gray, Minister at Bishop's Wickham, in Essex," to "His Excellency, clothed (as the Lord's elect!) with bowels of compassion," "with justice as with a robe," and "judgment as a crowne." The epistle further assures him that he (Enoch Gray, to wit) is but "a poore worme at his honour's feete, unworthy to be registered among the saints, much less to be owned by his excellency;" still, "if he (Cromwell, to wit) will have the kindness to become a father to his children, who may be in a moment fatherless, that then the blessing of him that is ready to perish shall come upon him, and it will be no grief of heart to him when he appears before

the King of Saintes, to have repaired the breaches of a desolate and solitary family." This unsophisticated request to turn Whitehall into an Orphanage, would seem to have been more suited to "The Brothers Cherryble" than to the grim Protector, and must doubtless have seemed to him an unseasonable and vexatious request; and yet we greatly doubt if such petitions vexed his soul half so sorely as the remonstrances in which this volume abounds, which were showered on him by churches and individuals pressing on his conscience "as Christians speaking to a Christian," what "holy ends" he could propose to himself in taking the "voted kingship?"

That Cromwell in his secret heart had longed to clutch and assume that crown, which he knew himself competent to wear, with at least as much dignity and efficiency as any who had borne it before him, is, we believe, an ascertained fact. There is on record a remarkable conference with Whitelock ("heavy Bulstrode"), which puts this point beyond all doubt; but, in the end, shrewd sagacity mastered the goadings of ambition, and after great searchings of heart (co-operating with strong army remonstrances waiting without), this "representative man" rested satisfied to be "monarch in all but name," with more of substantive and uncontrolled authority than if he wore a diadem.

The letters of "the Churches," collectively—and of their ministers individually—contained in this collection, are weighty, lengthy, many, and curious. No doubt there was not a writer among them who did not consider himself to be a very "Daniel" come to sit as "assessor in judgment" with the Lord Protector. But the richest specimen of the "exquisite foolery" which these wise men offered to Cromwell, as counsel, seems to be that found in a letter of July 19, 1652:

"FROM MR. WILLIAM ERBERRY\* TO THE LORD-GENERAL CROMWELL.

"Grete thinges God hath done by you in warre, and good thinges men expect from you in peace: to breake in pieces the oppressor, to ease the oppressed of their burdens, to release the prisoners of their bandes, to relieve poore families with brede, by raising a publique stocke out of the estates of the unrighteous riche ones—or parliamentary delinquents—and from the ruines of most unjust courtes, judicatures, and judges brought in by the Conqueror, and embondaging the Commonwealth, as also the tythes of the priestes, the fees of the lawyers, whom the whole

\* Among the frantic followers of James Naylor, from Exeter to Bristol, we find one "*Dorcas Erberry*," who gave as her convincing sign of Naylor's divinity, that "she had been two days dead in Exeter gaol when James Naylor laid his hands upon her and lifted her up." There was, possibly, a close relationship, as there was undoubtedly a strong "family likeness" between her and the writer of the letter in the text. What became of Dorcas Erberry and her crazed companions we know not; they were long kept in custody, and their case, under debate of the parliament, occasioned, in spite of the common-sense suggestions of members, to "*rid their hands of these women, a daily expense to the Commonwealth.*" The last glimpse we catch of Dorcas Erberry is when sitting with her fellow-enthusiasts so far within the bounds of common sense as to listen "civilly and attentively" to the sermons of Mr. John Rowe, an Independent (to whom a section of the Abbey Church at Westminster had been allotted as a meeting-house), on February 22nd, 1656-7.

"Mr. Rowe's spiritual doctrine so far wrought on them," reports the *Mercurius Politicus* of the day, "that they intend to hear him again, which gives hopes that they may be restified in their judgment." Let us hope that they were so "rec-tified."

land has longe cried out and complained against, besides the many unnecessary clerks offices, with the attendants to lawe, who are more oppressive and numerous than the prelates, and their clerigical cathedral companie whom (from the highest to the lowest and least querister) God in judgement has rooted out: by whose fall as some have been raysed, and many enriched, so nowe the poor of the nation are waiting at your gates, beseeching your excellency to move our present governours, to hasten a public treasury for them, for those, that there be noe beggar in Israel, nor base covetousness among Christians, but that it may be punished as double idolatry by the magistrate as the primitive minister of Christ did excommunicate the covetous (among the worste of menne) out of the churches. If this virgin Commonwealth could be preserved chaste and pure, if the opprest, the prisoner, and the poore might be speedily heard and helped, how would the most highe God be praised, and men praye for you, and your most unworthy servant professe himself in truthe, sir,

"Yours ever in the Lord, and in alle Christian service,

"WILLIAM ERBERRY.

"P.S.—If your excellency judge this petition *fit* and *feasible*! 'tis humbly desired that your honour would please to present it to the Parliament in the behaf of the inhabitants of *Cardiffe*! whose loynes shall blesse you and yours, *tho' they know not of this*, nor minde their owne goode, nor anie of their governours move once for the prosperitie of that poore nation.

"Sir, I cannot waite longer, to attende and prosecute this petition, because I am called by God and menne to return speedilie to Wales, where my countrymenne and many Christiane friendes in Cardiffe, and thereabout, long for my service to them in the Lord Christ.

"For his Excellency, the Lord General Cromwell.

"These!"

This remarkable letter, including the candid confession of its postscript, that the writer had *improvised* this whole expression of "public opinion" on behalf of a town and community who "*neither knew of it, nor minded their own good*," is certainly the gem of the collection. The quiet ease with which Mister William Erberry suggests "the raising of a *public stock to relieve poor families with bread*," proves that, however much our Gallic neighbours may plume themselves on their quickness of inventive faculty, yet that neither the "*communisme*" nor "*ateliers nationaux*" of their *last* revolution are original ideas of their promoters Fourier or Louis Blanc. Mr. Erberry's fine conception anticipates the French idea by at least two centuries, and excels it in a happy suggestion peculiarly its own, namely, that while his poor were to stand waiting their periodic distributions of that stock, aggregated of "unrighteous rich men's estates," "court-charges," "judicial salaries," "tythes of priests," "fees of lawyers," and "fines of delinquents," of course these learned professions were all to maintain this fund in its perennial entirety, by continuing to labour pro bono publico, *gratis*,—the lawyer pleading, the clerk copying, the judge presiding, with the same heart and earnestness, when fee or salary went to the national stock, as when they had found their way to private use and benefit. The magnificent simplicity in which this Cardiff leveller proposes to sweep away the venerable and

complex structure of British law as "embondaging judicatures dating from the Conqueror," must have impressed the Lord-General amazingly. While the happy self-importance with which the deviser of this "fit and feasible" plan leaves the Lord-General to carry out its details, because "God and man alike recalled him to Cardiffe," must, if ever he yielded to such impulse, have relaxed the cordage of Cromwell's iron face in "grim laughter." To us, standing at a safe distance from the terrible stimulants under which even secluded and simple-minded men were thus excited to the formation of plans and projects for upheaving society from its very foundations, this case, but one among many, may suggest deep and serious thought of the fearful responsibility which rests on those who either excite or oppress a nation until it "o'erleaps restraint, and rushes into social chaos."

We have in vain sought in "Peunant" and other "London Hand-books" of the olden time to discover what were the "*corsed monstres*," set up as ornaments in the Lord Protector's very *penetralia* "in Privy-garden," which stirred the spirit of single-minded Mrs. Mary Netheway, to address the Lord-General in the following letter. In our day there stands in "Privy-garden" but one abomination to the soul of the good Puritan, or ultra Protestant, namely, the only "counterfeit presentment" in sculpture extant in England of the "second *James I*," which skulks from notice behind the banqueting-house of Whitehall, just as its original did from the rude men of Feversham when they arrested his flight from the ruin he had brought on himself and dynasty. In Cromwell's day, however, probably the Privy-garden was ornamented with some sculpture of Pagan design and fashion, such as a well-known Irish song chronicles in singing the "glories of Blarney Castle:"

Julius Cæsar and Nebuchadnezzar  
Standing all naked in the open air!

It is all but certain that the engaged and "whelmed" soul of Cromwell took but slight note of these *vayneties*. Within his pleasure he doubtless pursued his great searchings of heart in utter unconsciousness of their existence, but they seem to have pressed heavily on the spirits of those who saw in these "untaken-away monstres" a cause of the "routh of God continued against Israel," and who felt pressed in spirit to call on the Lord-General to take away the idols! and yet Cromwell, with the spirit and mood that was in him, could not consign such communications to the "waste-paper department" with the polished *nonchalance* of the heartless voluptuary who came after him; he must spell through, and lay to heart, and bear with the well-meant absurdity we are about to copy; and we thoroughly credit the affirmation of his admirer Carlyle, when he says, "his life, if we knew it, has not been now, or ever, a merry thing for this man," this brave Oliver, braver in nothing than in enduring such pesterings as these:

"MRS. MARY NETHAWAY TO THE LORD-GENERAL.

"DEAR AND HONNORED SUR IN THE LORD,—Having traveled with the pepil of God in spretual labore, and haveing now bine a letel refresh'd with God's renewed power and presents amongs the golden candel sticks, I hav mad bould to rite these few lynes to you wherein I desir to blesse God for his marsy to your poore soule that was so much compast aboute with gret tentations, thought it may be you saw but letel of them, but may

more hereafter. *This one thing I desir of you to demolish thos monstres wick arr set up as ornaments in Prety-garden* for wils (whiles) they stand, thought you se no evel in them, it (yet) thar is much evel in it, for wils the grofes and altars of the idels remayn'd untaken away in Jerusalem, the routh of God continued agaynst Israel,—’Tis some presumption for me to rite to you of such things, but it’s safty for you and me to follow God’s word, and ’thes to (two) things I desir may be set on your harts and mine, wich is, that we may be earnest with the Lord Jesus, to send his Spirit to lead you in al trute, and may help as to walk humbly with our God—Truly Sur, we stand on the sea of glasse, O that we may have the harps of God in our hands, harts I meane, and may be in radynes when our Lord shall appeare, for his appearing is near, and his fane is in his hand, he wil thoroely purg his florr, and borne up the chafe with unquinchabil fire, he is coming to jugmint, and it will begin at the harts of God’s own pepel,—Blessed (blessed) is he that is sealed, and hath oyle in his vesel, Remember me to dere Mr. Cradeock, I did hope he would have endeavored to have overthrowen thoes coraed monstres before this, but it’s not to late to do it now—Thinke not I am under a temptation, one weakness of spirit, because I rite of such things—God wil I hop in time, wil shew you the vaynety of it, as wel as I, so praying God to be with you I remain your and the sayntes sarvent

“MARY NETHAWAY.

“To the honnerabell the Lord-Gemeral Cromwell.

“These present.”

Poor wrong-spelling, well-meaning Mary Nethaway, what an historic immortality is thine,—to come down to us floating on the stream of time, a potsherd among the iron-sided men of that generation, daring, “in no weakness of spirit,” but in deep, overmastering conviction, to bear thy testimony, according to the light in thee, against one of the causes of national degeneracy and judgment, and penning this letter to the man of the age in a complacent sense of wearing a mantle cut after the fashion of Deborah, a prophetess in Israel! Brave, and yet simple-hearted *Mary*, let generations yet to come forget the absurdity in admiration of the zeal which ranks thee with another, of whom it is written, “She hath done what she could.” Higher eulogy can scarce be written on a child of man.

The last extract for which we can find room from this strange “*farrago libelli*” is one interesting, not only for its matter, but date. It was written at the time when, as we learn from George Fox, “a waft of death had gone forth against stout Oliver, even as he rode at the head of his life-guard;” and it throws a parting gleam of light on the wise tolerance in which this great man would have preferred to “minister to a mind diseased,” by counsel and medical aid, instead of the whipping and branding, and tongue-boring and treadmill process, which the hot spirits of the age thought fit agencies wherewith to work conviction. Mr. Carlyle has sketched, among his illustrative episodes of the age of Oliver, the case of James Nayler—poor, crazed James Nayler; for whom a dark room and a blister had been fitter treatment, than to have been “set up as a sign,” and a theme upon which the collective wisdom of England held long, heavy, lingering, and discreditable debate, until the cruel decision of the worn-out Conscience came to be described as “the verdict of a starved jury.”

In December, 1656, sentence, as against a blasphemer, was pronounced

on this poor insane man, and promptly executed,\* both in London and Bristol, and then at intervals throughout the next year, as Carlyle well holds up the strange and shameful scene: "Four hundred gentlemen of England, with, I think, a sprinkling of lords among them, assembled from all counties and boroughs of the three nations, employ themselves in successive mud-fog debates on this phenomenon of a mad Quaker!"

When this debate had reached its acme in a sentence, the Protector, in a high and kingly way enough, interfered, and, as "intrusted in the present government on behalf of the people of these nations," did desire the House to let him know the grounds and reasons whereupon they had "wholly without him proceeded?" Thence sprouted another hydra head of this scandalous debate, in the course of which many late, but wholesome, truths were let fall, one honourable member (Mr. Downing) saying: "I am sorry we have such a person in England as James Nayler to give us all this trouble." Another (Mr. Robinson) calls it, "The most unfortunate business that ever came into this House. I was against it from the first." While a third, half jestingly, let falls the home truth that the House deserved "*to be whipped for whipping James Nayler!*" While Cromwell's question went primarily to question the right of the legislature to proceed to sentence in a case of the kind without him, it seems very obvious that a secret revolt of soul against the cruelty of the proceeding moved him no less; for a military member (Colonel Holland), who doubtless knew something of the Protector's secret mind, after relating, on the authority of a "merchant's wife," that the scourging "had left no skin between the shoulders and hips of the wretched prisoner," threw out the following hint: "I could wish the business were ended amongst you, that the remainder of the punishment were remitted; *and that would give his highness satisfaction!*"

The debate dragged its slow length along; and so did Nayler's imprisonment and sentence to the "oakum-pounding" part of it; when again, among his last acts of rule, we find his highness interposing between the sullen endurance of fanaticism gone mad and the pertinacious

\* What a sentence! and how executed!—a "spectacle truly for men and angels." Let a small taste of the horror, from Burton's Diary (which Carlyle says is not *Burton's*, but another's) suffice us:

"This day (December 16, 1656) B—— and J—— went to see Nayler's tongue bored through and him marked on the forehead. He put out his tongue very willingly, but shrieked a little when the iron came on his forehead. He was pale when he came out of the pillory—but high-coloured after tongue-boring!—(*No wonder.*) He was bound with a cord by both arms to the pillory. *Rich, the mad merchant, sat bare at Nayler's feet all the time; sometimes he sang and cried, and stroked his hair and face, and kissed his hand, and sucked the fire out of his forehead.* Nayler embraced his executioner, and behaved himself very handsomely and patiently. A great crowd of people there. The sheriff present, cum multis aliis—at the old Exchange near the Conduit."—BURTON'S *Diary*, vol. i. p. 266.

Nayler behaved very handsomely and patiently!—much more handsomely to our minds than his persecutors, and scarce less insanely; the whole scene bespeaks a nation distraught. "Rich," the mad merchant, "proved himself as thorough a Naylerite madman as his principal," in the account from the *Mercurius Politicus* of January 15, 1657. Of Nayler's further punishment at Bristol, we read, that, while "there did ride before Nayler, Michael Stampier, singing some part of the way, and several other friends, men and women, the men went bareheaded by him; and Robert Rich (late merchant of London) rode by him bareheaded, and singing, till he came to Redcliffe-gate,—and there the magistrates sent their officers, and brought him back on horseback to the Tolsey, where the magistrates were met,—all which way he rode, singing very loud." A clear case of phrenitis "*tritus insanabilis Antiquis.*"

cruelty of blind zeal acting in passion, and calling itself "Jealousy for the Lord of Hosts."

In July, 1658, Nayler had been now a year and a half in prison, when the Bridewell governors endeavoured to carry out the "hard-labour" portion of his sentence; whereupon the wretched man took to the sullens, and would neither eat nor work. This had gone on for a month, when George Fox (acting upon Oliver's homely invitation, "Come again to my house; if thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to the other") records his third and last visit to the Protector to represent "the sufferings of Friends," and doubtless James Nayler's were not omitted among the number. The probable result of his interference was the mission of Mr. William Malyn, as reported in the following letter, the last it may be Oliver's eyes ever looked on, if, indeed, "they that look out at the windows were not already darkened" when it arrived:

"MR. WILLIAM MALYN TO THE LORD PROTECTOR.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESSE,—I went this morning to Bride-well to see James Nayler; the keeper being not within, his servant told me I might no see him without leave from my Lord Packe. I forthwith went to his lordship, who told me that Nayler had been somewhat ill, and under some distemper of body, about ten or fourteen dayes; and on Friday last, the keeper of the house taking notice that his water was red, he carried it (unknown to Nayler) to Doctor Norse, the doctor to the house, who said he had fits of the stone, or a strangallion, and there-upon my Lord Packe sent to the doctor to go and treat him. My Lord Packe, hearing of it, went himself to him, and asked him if he would have Doctor Norse, or any other doctor or friende of his, to come to him, to use some means for his recovery. He answered, that God was his physitian, and that he needed no other. My Lord Packe thereupon thought fit to acquaint several of Nayler's friends how he was, that soe they might see him, and know what means had been offered him, and howe he had refused it; and since Nayler knew that the keeper had shewed his water to the doctor, he doth privately convey away his water, that he may not see it. After this discourse, my Lord Packe sent his servant with me, that so I might see him, and, coming into his roomme, I found him on his bed, and sitting up with his head on a pillow—a gentleman whom I accidentally met being with me, told Nayler who I was, and though I spake to him several times, he made no answer; I sat by him a good while, and told him upon what account I came to see how he was, and whether he desired anything to be done to him or for him. He could not speak a word, though often pressed thereunto by mysele and those that stooode by. I asked of the maide who attends him, who was his servant formerly seven or eight years, if he heard and understood what we spake to him. She said, Yes, very well; but it may be he was not free to speake. I spoke to the companye to withdraw out of the roomme, to see if he would then speake with me; but he continued silent. I also withdrew for some time, and came to him again, and asked him if he were free to have anie discourse with me, or if he had anie thing to devies that I should acquaint your highness with; but by all that I could do I could not get a word from him. The keeper told me the occasion of his destemper (as he conceives). About a month since the

gouvernours, according to the directions of the order of parliament, ordered that Nayler should be set to some worke, he having done none for a yeare and a halfe, and being well in health; at which hee seemed to be much troubled, and thereupon did refuse to eate, thinking (as it's thought) that he did fulfill the order of parliament thereby, which saith that he shall eate no meate but what is earned by his labour, and would not worke nor eate anything though offered him, but only bread and water, for sixteen days together, which is thought to be the occasion of his destemper. And it being near sermon time, I left him, and went to Paule's. After sermon I spake with my Lord Packe, my Lord Tichbourne, and my Lord Backstead being by, and gave my Lord Packe an account of what I had done; and my Lord Packe told me that he did intend to-morrow to wait on your highnesse, to give your highnesse a particular account concerning Nayler. As I came home I went again to see Nayler, thinking he might be out of that mood, when I found Osborne and other Quakers with him, and I againe told Nayler the occasion of my coming to him, and asked if he had considered of what I had said to him; but he would not answer me a word. I had some discourse with Osborne and others by his bed-side, which would be too tedious to insert. I felt his pulse, and (though I pretend to no skill) I thought it did not shew any great destemper, and he looks well in the face. And I think he has as good aire and conveniences where he is, as his friendes will provide for him.

"Truly, my lord, I looke upon him to be under a resolved sullenness, and I doubt in the heighte of pride, and I feare that his friendes (as they are called), who come to him, by their admiring thoughtes which they express of him, doe nourish his temptation. I hope I should not go about to dissuade your highnesse from a worke of tendernesse and mercy, which is pleasinge to God, which we have seasons and objects enough for, without doing that which may offend God, through want of zeale for his glory and honour, against such horrible impieties, or which may minister an occasion of offence and jealousy in those who are truly godly. Those two duties of mercy to our neighbour and zeale for God, need not, nay, where they are right cannot, interfere. Truly, my lord, in this case, I conceive there is more need of watchfulness that we do not offend on that hand—I mean, through want of zeale. As for the money, I shall endeavour to fulfill your highnesses commands, as becomes

"Your highnesses unworthy servante,

"WILL MALYN.

"For his Excellency. These."

Brave and wise old Oliver! his last act, obviously an "act of mercy," and an outgoing beyond his time in an endeavour to "bear the infirmities of a weak, nay, a crazed fellow-creature gently." His agent and almoner was evidently unable to rise to the height of his employer's views in the matter, and ventures, though with respect, to hint a "*want of zeale*" in the mission of mercy, on which he had been sent. But a few days more saw Oliver dismissed from what his eulogist calls "a life-battle nobly done," to a Presence in which he was not the less (though not *therefore*) accepted, that the very latest of the "works which followed him" seems to have been done in the spirit of him who hath said, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me."



## SCORING THE KING.

BY ONE OF THE BROWNS.

WHO of my readers has not visited Mayence the Golden? Where is the man with soul so dead who cannot to himself have said that he has drunk Rudesheimer at the fountain-head? And, of truth, Mayence deserves its name of Golden were it only for the sparkling wine which is pressed out in the vicinity beneath the clumsy boots of the peasants. Golden Mayence! What vinous visions float across my brain, as I revel over my modest pint of porter, of thy stores of liquid amber, in which I have heretofore imbibed more than my fill, and could proudly smile at all notions of matutinal headache.

It is not generally known to the cursory traveller that, if he would visit Mayence aright, he must visit it after passing through the hot water ordeal of Wiesbaden. If ever a man sincerely wishes himself at the antipodes, it must be when the cruel fates force him to a compulsory stay in that capital of Nassau during the summer months. I have read, in an interesting work called, I believe, "Sandford and Merton," that bears are taught to dance by making them hop on plates of iron gradually warmed beneath their feet. Wiesbaden should be the head-quarters of this trade, for the streets are positively boiling hot with the water running away beneath the pavement. You try every possible experiment against the disturber of your rest; you wear heavy boots and lame yourself; then you try thin ones and blister your feet; then you swear savagely that you will confine yourself to your room, and are eaten alive by mosquitoes; in despair you rush to the Kursaal and are devoured by croupiers; in short, do what you will at Wiesbaden, you are a victim to miseries of every genus.

But, given that you are the most stolid of Britons, and insist, on the Mark Tapley principle, upon being jolly under whatever circumstances may turn up, I defy you to be unhipped after a week's stay at Wiesbaden. That eternal *Platte* stares you in the face, with its whitewashed tawdry front, whenever you take your walks abroad. Before long it becomes your moral nightmare; it enters into frightful combinations in your dreams; you swallow it with your first spoonful of soup, and it reappears with your last glass of Liebfrauenmilch. Go where you will, that whitewashed sepulchre haunts you; and at last, in despair, you determine to beard the lion in his den. Of course it is the hottest of summer days when you set about your terrible resolve; you pant up the hill past the weeping oak (which looks wonderfully as if some nest-robbing boys had broken down the branches); you pass the duchess's mausoleum, all blazoned with (mock) jewels and gold; you fraternise with sundry stags, who playfully display their affection by butting at you, and forcing you to take shelter behind the nearest tree; for though you know what horse-play may be, you are dubious as to the results of staggering—unless you were a railway director in 1846. At length you reach the summit of the hill and the *Platte*. You need not expect any refreshment after your walk, for hospitality is not the forte of German princes, but you pass through a suite of rooms in which the furniture is made of staghorn,

and you scale the roof of the house to enjoy a magnificent view over the tops of the trees of nothing. Mournfully you wander homewards; you ponder as you go on the nothingness of human wishes, and the strong affinity between German princes and the Platte; very distinguished objects both, when seen at a distance, but on nearer approach proved to be lacquered shams, the poorest windbags, which deserve an annihilating prick from the point of the Carlylean Gillott. But, heavenly powers! I am talking the most arrant treason, forgetting to tell you the white all about scoring the king.

You must know, then, that in the year 18—, I won't tell you when, for I am arriving at that period of life when my age is becoming a mystery to my dearest friends, I was sent by my anxious governor to study German, after wearing out my brains at Latin and Greek. I, Brown, proceeded to Wiesbaden, because it contained a large proportion of English, and I could there display my Britannic airs without running any risk of being kicked. While residing there, I formed the acquaintance of Jones and Robinson, which soon ripened into an intimacy. After enjoying the delights of Wiesbaden, such as it has to offer, and losing a whole year's allowance at the table (which the governor repaid honourably, under the impression that the money had gone in German tutors, and several artful presents I had procured on account, and sent home as specimens of native manufacture), I began to find Wiesbaden more than slow. At the end of the week it became positively unendurable, for swarms of Frankfurt Hebrews came over to spend the Shabbos. Hence the triumvirate established it as a rule to evacuate Wiesbaden on a Friday morning, and not return till Tuesday, unless a refreshing shower of rain had washed away the Semitic taint during the night of Sunday. Ah me! youth is impertinent! Since that happy period I have been only too glad to dine with a Hebrew, especially if I had a little bill which I wanted him to discount.

Our principal refuge from the Jewish invasion was Mayence, because in those days the *Anlagen* on a Friday afternoon presented the fairest assemblage of women, and the finest music to be found anywhere on the Continent. I've journeyed over many lands, and many a clime I've seen, but never yet have I found such a combination of beauty and intellect as that presented by the public gardens of Mayence any Friday afternoon prior to the revolution. As for the women, *cetera va sans dire*, that any Chiswick meeting would display a finer growth of feminine roses and tulips than ever yet was seen in Germany; but, on the other hand, the band was sublime. Imagine one hundred and sixteen Austrian musicians, every one fit to perform the onerous duties of *maître de chapelle*, playing the finest opera music in the open air! There is a fine classical German song called "Strauss in Olympus," and which pays due honour to the German taste for music, but I fancy that orchestra at Mayence surpassed anything the *dii majorum* and *minorum* could have executed. The mere fact of the revolution of 1848 having broken up that magnificent band, was enough to convert me into the most ultra aristocrat.

To the observer, these Mayence gardens afforded much instruction and amusement. Here you might see Lord Polyanthus in his own hair (for had he not paid for it at Truefitt's), ogling the fat and rather greasy German Frauleins, and fancying he had made an impression on their susceptible hearts, when all the while they were merely smiling at the thought of the *Sauermilch*, which would form their vespertine repast.

There, too, might be noticed the Vicomte de la Cruchecassée scowling on the Prussian officers, and fancying himself engaged on the plains of Germany, defeating the *Pru-chiens* and *les autres chiens*. Or, again, the Count of Zobelwitz, a distinguished Pole, with a fatal facility for English, would accost you, and after giving a general and particular account of the wrongs of Poland, would end by asking a donation of five francs on behalf of his oppressed brethren. You gave it, feeling all the time that you were being swindled; but then how could you, as a Briton, refuse so slight a mark of esteem to the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, or the green distinguishing mark of the St. Vladimir. When you had got rid of your Pole you could afford to smile at the tightly-laced, swaggering Austrian officers, as they lounged along, striking their sabres against every chair and table, and evidently fancied that the world was too narrow for a *roturier* to come between the wind and their nobility. Then, again, you would become lost in admiration of some Mr. John Bull, out from home for the first time, and whose cup of coffee was evidently embittered by the thought whether Thomas had met the bill which was due that morning. Bless the English! no nation in the world can so perfectly carry its home with it; I verily believe that my commercial countrymen are truly unhappy when they go abroad; and yet they behave like the Spartan, who suffered the fox to gnaw his entrails sooner than betray his secret. I am only afraid that the *primum mobile* in both cases may be the fear of detection.

I have already mentioned the Vicomte de la Cruchecassée in this veritable history, and as he is the great individual of my story, I will safely lodge him at once within the comfortable walls of the Katzenellenbogen Hôtel, where we always put up. On the eventful night of my domestic drama, we had dined—that is to say, the English reason had been sapped by sundry extra bottles of wine we had drunk. Hence we condescended to talk with the vicomte, and soon found him a most agreeable companion. Nor were we averse, such was our thirst for liquor, to initiate him into the mysteries of the “odd man out” for sundry bottles of champagne. After various interludes of fortune, and the emptying of some dozen of bottles, it was found that the vicomte was let in for the whole. In our British generosity, we could not stand this; and feeling morally convinced that no Frenchman’s purse could survive the payment of fifteen or sixteen bottles of champagne, we proposed to pass it off as a joke; but to this our Frenchman would not consent. He insisted on paying the amount, and some additional compliments to ourselves, for our affability of manners and extreme courtesy, so different from the usual caste of “Angleish,” as he affectionately termed us. Of course we would not stand this, and, by some extraordinary fluke, it was proposed that we should play a quiet game of *écarté*, to give the Frenchman his revenge.

Now, the last words my respected governor addressed to me on the pier at Blackwall were, “Whatever follies you commit, never play *écarté* with a stranger—above all, with a Frenchman—or else you will come home not merely fleeced, but without your skin.” Now the governor’s advice had been bought dearly, I knew, so I set a proper value upon it, and declined the party. Jones and Robinson, rather more intoxicated than myself, if that were possible, sat down to play *poule* with the stranger, while I looked on. For a time the stakes were moderate enough, limited to five francs, and no one was a loser. At length my friends, tired of the

monotony, proposed an augmentation, to which the vicomte assented. They played on with varying success until the stakes grew alarming, reaching five louis generally, and at the same time luck veered round to the Frenchman. Jones and Robinson, let them play all they knew, could not win a single pool. The matter was becoming serious, for they had already borrowed twenty pounds of myself, and yet their luck did not appear to turn. The stakes were increased, and at length Robinson retired from the table utterly rooked, while Jones continued his game. During this time, I must not forget to mention all of us had been drinking heavily, although the want of excitement had kept me more sober than the rest. On the contrary, I began to grow misanthropical and philosophical at the same time, and during my reverie I kept my eyes unconsciously fixed on the Frenchman. The game was four to three, and the vicomte's deal. There, I thought, is a true emblem of hope. Jones fancies he will gain a vole, the Frenchman hopes he will turn up a king and end the game; and, by Jove! so he did, but from the bottom of the pack instead of the top. I could scarcely believe my eyes; and I only fancy the extra amount of wine the Frenchman had imbibed rendered him so clumsy that he was detected. At any rate, I did not dare speak, but I watched every movement closely. The next game was much the same, except that the Frenchman, confident in the drunkenness of his adversary, turned up the king twice. At length, in the third game, I had opportunity for interfering. They stood at four all, and the Frenchman deliberately drew the king from the bottom of the pack. Flesh and blood of an Englishman could stand no more of this, and I rushed forward to seize the vicomte's hand, exclaiming:

"Jones, my boy, the Frenchman's cheating you like mad!"

"Is he, by Heavens! I trust to you! Here's at him!"

With these words he seized an empty champagne bottle by the neck (he had sense enough left to choose an empty one) and hurled it at the Frenchman's head. Owing to his drunkenness, he missed his shot, but followed it up by a heavy right-hander, which floored his man, to use a classical expression, as flat as a tessellated pavement. Up sprang the Frenchman: with one glance he measured the athletic proportions of his opponent, and rushed from the room with a hideous howl. Foreseeing that there would be a tremendous row, as the quickest mode of attracting attention I flung a bottle, in my turn, through the window of the comptoir, and in rushed an agitated mob of waiters, porters, and lacqueys. In two words I explained matters, and implored them to rush for the nearest guard. The room was scarcely cleared when our Frenchman returned with a pistol in either hand. He flung one across the table to Jones.

At the same moment, he raised his own pistol to fire. But I had watched all his movements, and, at the decisive moment, I put one leg behind him, and delivered a heavy facer. Down he went, the pistol going off at the same time, and making a dismal hole in our host's favourite mirror, where it remains to the present day, for the admiration of British youth. The Frenchman being thus disarmed, I determined to render him perfectly innocuous; so I dropped on his stomach heavily with my knees, when the guard came in, and we were all marched off ignominiously.

Fortunately for us these events happened before a Crimean war had

destroyed our prestige on the Continent, as we were let off by the confiscation of our passports, and our promise to appear whenever called upon. The vicomte was not so fortunate: he possessed no passport, and this led to some unpleasant inquiries, not at all in his favour. He was proved to be an arch rogue, whom the police had been inquiring after all through the Continent, and would have been severely punished, had it not been for the fear of compromising ourselves. He was mercifully let off by extradition over the French frontier, and I believe he has since expiated his numerous offences at the Bagne.

But this proved the turning-point in my German career: I was so frightened by the events I had witnessed, that I formally cut the acquaintance of Jones and Robinson, and proceeded to Frankfurt, and thence to Heidelberg, where I studied the law. Unhappily for me, at that period the Badois University was the stronghold of the wildest Englishmen. But, for all that, I managed to learn something at my German university, which had not been the case at Oxford; and my experience at Mayence stood me in good stead when I finally migrated to Baden-Baden. There I was utterly stoical to every invitation to play *écarté*; I had had a sufficient lesson in the art of scoring the king; and if I ever went astray from the rule I had laid down, by giving a turn to the table or playing a hand at *picquet*, it was merely for amusement, or, at the most, to gain a cup of coffee.

I have already so amply dilated on the joys of Baden in this magazine, that I dare not venture here on saying another word on the subject; but I may be allowed to give my readers a word of advice: the game of *écarté* is as dangerous there with strangers as I found it at Mayence. It is true that the rooms close at eleven; but many Englishmen, who have not found sufficient excitement, are very prone to visit surreptitious places in the *faubourg Lichtenthal*, where high play is carried on through the night. All I can tell them is, not to allow themselves to be deluded by great names: as much swindling is effected in Baden by a lord as by a *monsieur de* Smith; and I would recommend none of my readers to trust to old family as a criterion of fair play. That accursed thirst for gold pervades all classes; and it can make very little difference whether you are robbed by a Smith or a *De la Cruche-cassée*, for the result is always the same—you have to draw on your circular banker; and I sincerely hope you return home a wiser and a better man.

But it is absurd to try to argue with gamblers innate. I address my remarks solely to those young men who go abroad under the impression that they will learn German at a cheap rate, and, with their strong common sense, elude the traps so sedulously laid for them. You are lamentably mistaken. You may be the most knowing dogs in England, the delight of the casino, and the darling of the *café chantant*, but you have not yet passed your apprenticeship on the Continent. You are delivered like lambs to the slaughter; and the less you are robbed of, the more fortunate you may esteem yourselves.

To you, then, youthful Oxonians and Cantabs, I address these solemn words of warning. If you trust yourselves unfledged among Continental crows, be careful of your society: if you must play, resort to the public gambling-tables; but, above all, be extra careful never to engage in the hazardous game of *écarté*, unless you feel yourself equally conversant with your adversary in SCORING THE KING.

# THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

## VI.

SHRINKING FROM DEATH, AND CLINGING TO LIFE :—JOHNSON AGAIN—CHAULIEU—  
—SOCRATIC ARGUMENT—A STANZA FROM BURNS—A SENTENCE FROM CAR-  
LYLE—LEGATUS POSTHUMUS AND THE JAILOR—LA FONTAINE'S DEATH  
AND THE WOODCUTTER—SOUTHEY'S FREDERIC THE FELON—MADAME DU  
BARRY—LOUIS XV.—"GABRIEL VARNEY"—MÆCENAS AND HIS CRITICS  
(MERRIVALE, WARBURTON, COLERIDGE, LA FONTAINE)—JEAN JACQUES—  
BACEVIELE, EARL OF DORSET—"WERTHER"—THOMAS HOOD'S "UNWELCOME  
JOB."

And though we hope for a better life, eternal happiness, after these painful  
and miserable days, yet we cannot compose ourselves willingly to die; the re-  
membrance of it is most grievous unto us, especially to such who are fortunate  
and rich: they start at the name of death, as a horse at a rotten post.—  
BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

. . . . I learnt that there was but one means to overcome the sensation of  
pain, and that was death—a state which I feared yet did not understand.—  
*Frankenstein*.

How mutable are our feelings, and how strange is that clinging love we have  
of life even in the excess of misery !—*Ibid*.

. . . . Cry back and cling,  
As we do, when God says it's time to die,  
And bids us go up higher.—*Aurora Leigh*.

When sunshine glistens around,  
And friends, as young as we are, sit beside us,  
We smile at Death . . . one rather grim indeed  
And whimsical, but not disposed to hurt us . . .  
And give and take fresh courage. But, sweet sister,  
The days are many when he is unwelcome,  
And you will think so too another time.  
'Tis chiefly in cold places, with old folks,  
His features ~~seem~~ prodigiously amiss.

LANDOR: *Giovanna of Naples*.

Le plus semblable aux morts meurt le plus à regret.

LA FONTAINE: *La Mort et le Mourant*.

THE difference between the manner of contemplating death by such a  
man, on the one hand, as we have been considering (Dr. Johnson), and  
that, on the other hand, of such a man, say, as Chaulieu—who, as a  
disciple somewhat above his master words it, *vécut dans les délices, et  
mourut avec intrépidité*—arises partly from religious, partly from constitu-  
tional and other causes, some easily assignable, others less so, and  
perhaps obscurely recondite. The difference is that between a serious  
and meditative mind, and the *insouciance*, the smirking poco-curantism,  
of epicurean frivolity. Almost we might call it the difference between  
human nature and French nature—but that France has produced so  
many as otherwise-minded men, ready to protest like Pascal against  
him that treats of death like Montaigne—and quick to endorse what we  
may express in the words of Barante, that 'tis those only who are sight-  
less to whom death, that great gulf fixed between two worlds, is a

matter of indifference: "Avoir un abîme ouvert devant soi n'est indifférent qu'à ceux qui ne regardent pas."—One passage more, relating to Johnson's *thanatophobia*—to contrast with a Chaulieu's cavalier non-chalance—ere we take leave of him. The elder Disraeli makes use of the passage in question, in an essay on The Book of Death:—When Boswell once in conversation persecuted Johnson on this subject, whether we might not fortify our mind for the approach of death, he answered in a passion, "No, sir! let it alone! It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives! The art of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." But when Boswell persisted in the conversation, Johnson was thrown into such a state of tremour, that he thundered out "Give us no more of this!" and, further, sternly told the trembling and too curious philosopher, "Don't let us meet to-morrow!" Hear now the voluptuous Norman, Chaulieu, who lived fourscore years and upwards, put forth his sentiments on the forbidden subject—*nos moriturus salutat*, after a mode of salutation all his own—

Plus j'approche du terme, et moins je le redoute;  
Sur des principes sûrs mon esprit affermi,  
Content, persuadé, ne connaît plus le doute;  
Des suites de ma fin je n'ai jamais frémi, &c.

And in another Epistle, which made "great noise" in France at the time and afterwards (Chaulieu died in 1720), the old worldling tells us how he has been taking a close view of the River of Death (what meaning was there to *him* in that ancient Hebrew query, How wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?)—that he has been placidly gazing on the horrors of what is most horrible "on yonder shore," and that really after a good stare he sees nothing in the Eumenides to be frightened at, nothing in Cerberus to alarm him:

J'ai vu de près le Styx, j'ai vu les Euménides;  
Déjà venaient frapper mes oreilles timides  
Les affreux cris du chien de l'empire des morts;  
Et les noires vapeurs, et les brûlants transports  
Allaient de ma raison offusquer la lumière;—

but notwithstanding this portentous proem, he is happy to assure his friends, on the authority of his nearly "obfuscated reason"—*ma raison m'a montré*—that all these fears are bugbears after all, quite out of place beyond the four walls of the nursery—

Que ces fantômes vains sont enfants de la peur  
Qu'une faible nourrice imprime en notre cœur, &c.,—

or, as the fugitive convict in Southey's poem calls them,

—Dreams of infancy; fit tales  
For garrulous beldames to affrighten babes,

himself, meanwhile, "affrightened" by them nearly out of his life, which he clings to with admirable instinct and admirable want of logic. It is one of the Maxims of Vauvenargues, that "Si on aime la vie, on craint la mort." But the fear of death is not always, by any means, dependent on the mere love of life. An *Isabella* may count shamed life a hateful thing; but to a *Claudio* death is a more fearful—and his

"Ay, but to die . . ." is a *dernier mot*, which is meant to sum up the whole case, and put an end to the harrowing controversy.

Men fear death, says Bacon, as children fear to go into the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. "Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak."

"The ancients," says Julius Hare, "dreaded death; the Christian can only fear dying."

The wisest of the ancients—he at least that is traditionally and consentaneously so reputed—set himself to the endeavours of arguing men out of this dread; representing, in what Montaigne calls "an artificial boldness and infantine security," the first impression and ignorance of nature; for it is to be believed, on this authority, that we have naturally a fear of pain, but not of death, by reason of itself. "'Tis a part of our being, no less essential than living. To what end should nature have begot in us a hatred and horror of it, considering that it is of so great utility to her in maintaining the succession and vicissitude of her works? and that, in this universal republic, it concludes more to augmentation, than to loss or ruin?" A question, however, more easily put than answered: a question indeed that virtually "begs" the question—nay, assumes what few are disposed or personally prepared to grant. Why *should* nature have engendered in us any such instinct? is a query implying that she has not done so. Whereas the *communis sensus* of poor "human" nature—be nature herself what she may—persistently and all but unanimously objects that she *has*. Whence the secret dread and inward horror arises, by what it is justified, what differences both in degree and kind may characterise it in different temperaments,—these are another matter. Not always is the trembler certain in his own mind of the special cause of his fears—but the reality of those fears is to him an awful truism. With Burns he may put the question to himself—

Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene?  
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?  
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:  
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:  
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?  
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?—

and the answer may vary with the man, or there may be no answer forthcoming, from sheer incapacity for self-analysis in such an inquiry; but the mere institution of the inquiry testifies to the reality and power of the aversion itself. "Frightful to all men is Death," writes Thomas Carlyle; "of Death—from of old named King of Terrors. Our little compact home of an Existence, where we dwell complaining, yet as in a home, is passing, in dark agonies, into an Unknown of Separation, Foreignness, unconditioned Possibility."

Says the *Tailor* in "Cymbeline" to his condemned prisoner, *Posthumus*, "Come, sir, are you ready for death?" And the life-weary captive answers, in bitter levity, "Over-roasted rather: ready long ago. . . . I am merrier to die, than thou art to live." "Indeed, sir," the *Tailor* rejoins, "he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would



change places with his officer: for look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

"*Post.* Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

"*Jail.* Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

"*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

"*Jail.* What an infinite meek is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness!"

The coarse keeper of the prison, and the refined gentleman are here, at some sort, at cross purposes—each regarding the Object of their dispute from his own standpoint, and so getting a one-sided view of it—a dramatic mode of representation to which Shakspeare, who would fain see every object (and shew it too) on all its sides, to satisfy his own all-sided mind, is memorably addicted. *Posthumus* had lost, as he believed, all that made life dear to him, and was reduced to a pass that made the prospect of death seem even welcome—as the lesser, namely, of two evils. Hence his welcome to his prison walls, when first immured within them—

Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,  
I think, to liberty: yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured  
By the sure physician, death; who is the key  
To unbar these locks.

Does he libel his fellows when he imputes to them, *en masse*, a preference for gout in perpetuity, to the sure physician whose treatment alone is infallible in that disease? Only in the sense, that the greater the truth the greater's the libel. Exceptions occur; but the exception proves the rule. In a paroxysm the sick man prays for death; but let it take him at his word, and—he demurs, deprecates, equivocates, would not be taken so literally, prays to be excused, at least to have his case adjourned, and himself remanded, to a more convenient season. It is the old story of *La Fontaine's* Death and the Woodcutter—the *pauvre bûcheron*, bent double with age and the load upon his back—groaning and staggering in his painful progress—hungry, footsore, heartsick—fairly beat in his struggle to reach his smoky cabin:

Enfin, n'en pouvant plus d'effort et de douleur,  
Il met bas son fagot, il songe à son malheur.  
Quel plaisir a-t-il eu depuis qu'il est au monde?  
En est-il un plus pauvre en la machine ronde?  
Point de pain quelquefois, et jamais de repos:  
Sa femme, ses enfants, les soldats, les impôts,  
Le créancier et la corvée,  
Lui font d'un malheureux la peinture achevée,  
Il appelle LA MORT.

Elle vient sans tarder,  
Lui demande ce qu'il faut faire,  
C'est, dit-il,

what is it he says?—he has called spirits from the vasty deep, and they have come when he has called for them—the Spirit which changes man's countenance, and takes him away, has been cited, and has answered the citation—has been appealed to, and forthwith responds to the appeal. Thou calledst me, and I am come without delay: and now, what is thy request?—Can there be other answer from the travelling wretch than one, to be put out of his misery so soon as may be? Indeed there can, and is. *C'est*, stammers the woodcutter, utterly changed of purpose by the apparition himself so piteously invoked—*c'est* (not the peace of the grave, ~~not~~ the rest that follows a worn-out life of toil, ~~not~~ the sleeping well after life's fitful fever: nothing of the sort, but simply, but singly, *c'est*, quoth he)

*C'est, dit-il, afin de m'aider  
A recharger ce bois; tu ne tarderas guère.*

La Fontaine's fable scarcely needed La Fontaine's moral,

Le trépas vient tout guérir;  
Mais ne bougeons d'où nous sommes :  
Plutôt souffrir que mourir—  
C'est la devise des hommes.

Southey only paraphrases the same theme when, in one of his so-called Botany Bay Eclogues, he represents a vagrant felon, "worn with toil and faint," lost in the jungle, and without remaining tie to a leathsome life, except (but then how potent the exception!) an instinctive shrinking from death:

Thou coward wretch,  
Why palpitates thy heart? why shake thy limbs  
Beneath their palmed burden? Is there aught  
So lovely in existence? wouldst thou drain  
Even to its dregs the bitter draught of life?  
Stamp'd with the brand of vice and infamy  
Why should the felon Frederic shrink from Death?

Death! Where the magic in that empty name  
That chills my inmost heart? Why at the thought  
Starts the cold dew of fear on every limb?  
There are no terrors to surround the grave  
When the calm mind collected in itself  
Surveys that narrow house: the ghastly train  
That haunt the midnight of delirious guilt  
Then vanish; in that home of endless rest  
All sorrows cease! . . . Would I might slumber there!

Why then this panting of the fearful heart?  
This miser love of life, that dreads to lose  
Its cherished torment?

Shocking it is to observe cases of that abject clinging to life, of which Madame du Barry's scaffold-scene is so painful an example. "Life! life!" she screamed, as they bore her along to the shrine of a "Saint" whom no "invocation" could move—Saint Guillotine: "Life! life! life for repentance and devotion to the Republic." When lifted on the scaffold, being unable to stand, she piteously prayed for a moment's

respite, and uttered shrieks when bound to the plank which froze every heart with horror. Her wailing, piercingly importunate entreaty, *Monsieur le bourreau, encore un instant!* is famous as the poor woman's infamy. Her royal paramour, too, how had he died? How had Louis the Fifteenth himself quitted the world? Certainly not like his son, the Dauphin, whose *mort, si courageusement chrétienne*, was of a kind that might well make the king pray inwardly, Let my last end be like *his!* Like *his* it was not; but rather it resembled that of Du Barry herself. The narrator of his last illness says: "Louis XV. ne mourut pas comme Sardanaple, il mourut comme mourra plus tard Madame du Barry, laquelle, on le sait, montée sur l'échafaud, se jetait aux pieds du bourreau, en s'écriant, les mains jointes: 'Monsieur le bourreau, encore un instant!' Louis XV. disait quelque chose de tel à toute la Faculté assemblée." The author of "Lucretia" has delineated this miserable aspect of *thanatophobia*, in the character of Gabriel Varney, when justice overtakes that hitherto all-daring villain. "It was not the despair of conscience that seized him, it was the abject clinging to life—not the remorse of the soul—that still slept within him, too noble an agency for one so debased—but the gross physical terror. As the fear of the tiger once aroused is more paralysing than that of the deer, proportioned to the savageness of a disposition to which fear is a novelty, so the very boldness of Varney, coming only from the perfection of the nervous organisation, and unsupported by one moral sentiment, once struck down, was corrupted into the vilest cowardice." It is one of those instances of psychological development in which the novelist is always painstaking and often instructive.

Of another class, indeed, but, as some contend, not far behind in cowardice and pusillanimity, is such a case as that of Mæcenas, the minister of Augustus, and patron of Augustan literature, to a degree that has made his name a personified synonym with patronage itself. His last days of sickness and infirmity, in the words of Charles Merivale, "were disgraced by an abject clinging to life, long after he had lost all reasonable enjoyment of it." Seneca, in one of his Epistles, quotes some lines ascribed to the moribund Sybarite, which express with humiliating emphasis this cleaving unto life in life's lowest and least life-like form:

Debilem facito manu,  
Debilem pede, coxa;  
Tuber adstrue gibberum,  
Lubricos quate dentes:  
Vita dum superest, bene est:  
Hanc mihi, vel acuta  
Si sedeam cruce, sustine.

Paralyse the cowering suppliant in his hands and feet—he submits, and will bless you; hamstring him, clap a hunch on his back, loosen every tooth in his head, entail upon him all the ills that flesh is heir to—and he will welcome them all if only permitted to live. Life even at that price he accounts a bargain. Life even with these costs and penalties and pains he reckons (and so it too literally seems) *dirt*-cheap. So true is *Edgar's* exclamation, in the last act and scene of "*Lear*,"

O our lives' sweetness!  
That with the pains of death we'd hourly die,  
Rather than die at once!

Bishop Warburton in his Notes to "Measure for Measure" remarks on *Claudio's* speech, already so often referred to in this Medley of ours ("Ay, but to die," &c.), that the young man's natural fear, from the antipathy we have to death, seems very little varied from, what the Bishop calls, "that infamous wish of Mæcenas, recorded in the 101st epistle of Seneca (*Debilem facito manu*, &c.)." In justice to Mæcenas, let us add what another commentator says of Warburton's comment. The *desiderium* of that fine gentleman, in Roman type, lower fount, has quite another construction put upon it by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "I cannot but think," says that deep thinker, "that this is rather an heroic resolve than an infamous wish. It appears to me to be the grandest symptom of an immortal spirit, when even that bedimmed and overwhelmed spirit recked not of its own immortality, still to seek to be,—to be a mind, a will."

La Fontaine, too, in his very different way, found something to admire in this *mot de Mécénas, qui est* (he pronounces) *si beau*. As such he appends it to his fable of "La Mort et le Malheureux," in which (as in the fable already cited, of Death and the Woodcutter) a groaning wretch invokes the Last Enemy as his best Friend—but shrinks aghast when the spectre obeys his behests, and implores the dreadful thing to vanish away again. The moral reads thus:

'Mécénas fut un galant homme;  
Il a dit quelque part : Qu'on me rende impotent,  
Cul-de-jatte, goutteux, manchot, pourvu qu'en somme  
Je vive, c'est assez, je suis plus que content.  
Ne viens jamais, ô Mort ! on t'en dit tout autant.

Age, with its one foot quite, and the other partially, in the grave, will often cling to the brink with a tenacity all its own. The old man's object of study, says Rousseau, is exclusively to learn how to die; and that is precisely what, "at my age" (we quote from *Les Réveries*, written shortly before his death), "is less than ever attended to: men think of anything, everything, but *that*. Old men, one and all, cling faster to life than children, and resign it with a worse grace than young people. This is because, all their labours having had regard to the life that now is, they see at its close that they have lost their pains. When they leave it, they leave their all—all their cares, all their goods, all the fruits of their laborious vigils. They have taken no thought for the morrow—made no provision that they can bear away with them at their death." How painfully true is the description in some of the stanzas of the "Mirrour for Magistrates," by Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, one of the eldest, and certainly not the least remembered, of our Elizabethan poets:

And next in order sad Old Age we found,  
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,  
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,  
As on the place where nature him assigned  
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined  
His vital thread, and ended with their knife  
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint  
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,  
And all for nought his wretched mind torment

With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,  
 And fresh delights of lusty youth forepast.  
 Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek !  
 And to be young again of Jove beseech.

But and the cruel fates so fixed be  
 That time forepast cannot return again,  
 This one request of Jove yet prayed he :  
 That in such withered plight, and wretched pain  
 As Eld (accompanied with loathsome train)  
 Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,  
 He might a while yet linger forth his life . . .

. . . But who had seen him, sobbing how he stood  
 Unto himself, and how he would bemoan  
 His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good  
 To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,  
 He would have mused and marvelled much whereon  
 This wretched Age should life desire so fain,  
 And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crookbackt he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,  
 Went on three feet, and sometimes crept on four,  
 With old lame bones, that rattled by his side,  
 His scalp all piled, and he with eld forelore :  
 His withered fist still knocking at Death's door,  
 Fumbling and drivelling as he draws his breath,  
 For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

Well may Goethe's Young Werther note "with what unbroken heart even the unhappy crawls along under his burden, and all are alike ardent to see the light of this sun but one instant longer." Thomas Hood purposely devised an exceptional character, subjectively as well as objectively considered, in his "Unlucky Joe," the ill-starred fatalist : "I don't mind dying," exclaims the poor baited and battered wretch, "for I'm sick of my days ; and if it pleased God Almighty to throw down a handful of sudden deaths, you'd see me scrambling after one ; ay, as hard as ever a barefoot beggar-boy for a copper out of a coach-window." But then the creator of that character—curiously compounded of humour and pathos—is careful to remark, in reference to the desponding fatalist's avowal, that seldom are the utterers of such sentiments as sincere as Unlucky Joe was, in this depreciation of existence : like a long-standing cup of tea, he Hood's-Own-like adds, life generally grows sweeter and sweeter towards the bottom, and seems to be nothing less than syrup of sugar at the very last.

## A FISHERMAN'S LETTER TO HIS CHUM IN INDIA.

YOUR last letter, my dear Harry, was written in such a melancholy strain, that I really fear the broiling sun of the East has drawn all your youthful fire from you to add to its own intensity. You made me promise, when you left England, that I would write to you an account of my sport in the fishing way every season. This I have faithfully done, as far at least as to the amount of slain. You do not, however, appear satisfied with this, and you ask me to perform a task that few—I may say none (whose works I have read)—that have written on angling have been able to do *to the life*—namely, to write you an account of the struggles of some of the best and most sporting fish that I have killed, from the moment of hooking them until the fatal gaff has decided the fight. No man can know better than you do the difficulty of the task you have imposed upon me; for few men can, or rather could—for I fear ere this you have forgotten much of your former art—throw a better line or kill a fish in a more workmanlike manner than yourself. Who that has ever seen a sporting salmon held at the end of a single strand of gut, and guided by a skilful hand through all its runs and turns, could ever hope to describe the stirring scene, or excite a lively emotion, in an old fisherman like yourself? I have, however, had a few encounters with both trout and salmon that I doubt not will, if I am able to describe them well to you, remind you of old times, and carry your memory back to some of those sweet spots in your fatherland, where we have passed many of the quietest and happiest hours of our lives together.

Your letter could not have come at a more propitious time, for it has opened a new idea to me, and will enable me to pass, very agreeably to myself, some hours of this wretched season in endeavouring to put on paper a few lively incidents which still dwell freshly on my memory. Cold, dreary Winter has wrapped himself in his snowy cloak, and I cling to the fireside when not tempted out with my gun, and can envy you the bright sun and warm, sultry winds that you so much abhor. I fancy I see you stretched on your sofa, with your nargilhe in your mouth and your favourite "Salmonia" opened in your hand, almost weeping; not like the great Alexander because there were no more worlds to conquer, but that there are no trout and salmon to slay in the tropics. I confess I very often pity you; but, why did you list?

I have already written to you an account of every season's sport since your absence, with the exception of that of this spring, therefore I need not send you a copy of my journal, but will, after looking it over, try and picture to you the death of some of those fish that I have made notes about.

My spring fishing this year, considering the busy times it was for all red coats, from the commander-in-chief to the militia drum-boy, when every thought was of the

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

and the consequent duties I had necessarily to perform, which prevented

me from following my much-loved sport so often as I could have wished, was really first-rate. I killed in the first sixteen days, many of those days being only an hour or two, forty-six salmon. None were large; my best weighed but eighteen pounds, and that was an autumn-run fish that had not spawned. Of the spring-run fish, none exceeded fifteen pounds. These sixteen days' fishing, during which time I had not one blank day, carried me into the middle of April, for there was a great deal of rain, and we had several large floods; and you know how long the Blackwater takes to clear and become in fishing order again after the smallest fresh. I had not good sport after that, but my total amounted to fifty-nine salmon. I spent many fruitless hours trying to bag the sixtieth, but we received the route before I accomplished it, as, unfortunately, the peel had not commenced running. These fish, mind, were killed with the single rod, and in streams where the cross line was dragged up and down from morning till night. There is but one thing in the world that I detest more than a cross line—that is a bag-net. I have the same feelings towards them that a master of harriers has to a greyhound, and from the same cause—they kill more with less sport. Neither, in my humble opinion, should ever be allowed where salmon exist. I don't think, on the large lakes, where the monster trout live, that a cross line can do much harm, but it ought to be prohibited on all rivers: it's a poaching, unsportsmanlike performance, and, as our major says, can only be described by comparing it to following a funeral all day. To give you some idea, also, of the breed of fishermen it is bringing up, I must tell you of one that I met with this spring. A cross line was, as usual, covering the stream I was fishing. Reposing under a tree, wrapped in a plaid, novel in hand, and cigar, of course, in mouth, was a young beardless aspirant to future military renown. His man soon hooked a salmon, and called out, "In him, captain!" (You know, in Ireland, once an *ensign* always a *captain*.)

"What is it?" asked the captain.

"A small recruit!" was the reply.

"Play him out, then, and don't bother me again unless you get hold of something good, and then *I'll show you how to kill it*."

This, mind, was addressed to an old and very good fisherman. I shortly after hooked a fine spring fish, and "my friend" honoured me by leaving his novel to see me kill it, and offered his services to gaff it for me. This, I need hardly tell you, I declined. He said,

"Really! you have more fun playing a fish with the single rod than with the cross line; and if it were not for the bore of thrashing all day with that heavy pole (which he was pleased to designate my best Chevalier rod), I think I should take to it."

How I should have liked to have made the Yankee's bet with him; but perhaps you may not know that little jest, and, as it is rather a quaint one, I would prefer running the chance of giving you a stale joke, than that you should lose it altogether. Some four or five men were standing near a narrow, deep brook. One of the party was bragging of his strength, and relating wonderful feats. At last, a little square-built pocket Hercules American of the party, who could stand it no longer, addressed him:

"You reckon yourself very strong, I guess, stranger. Now, I'll bet you a hundred dollars that I throw you across this brook."

"Done!" said braggadocio.

On which little Hercules seized him by the back of the collar with one hand, and his unmentionables with the other, and, having got him well on the swing, soused him over head and ears into the middle of the stream. Out floundered braggadocio, half drowned, and claimed the hundred dollars.

"You have not won them yet, I guess, stranger," answered Hercules, "for I never said '*the first time*.'"

I was sorely tempted to practise this on the specimen of a rising Isaac Walton, but remembered that all puppies splash much when swimming, and feared he might disturb the pool. But to our big fish.

You remember I wrote to you a few seasons back that I had been staying with my old friend G., who had a delightful residence on the banks of the Slaney. How I wish you could have been with me, as you would have then seen one of the finest streams for salmon in Ireland, and one of the most sporting rivers I know. Moreover, as there are a great many gentlemen's seats along its banks, it is better preserved than most waters. The fish, also, are both strong and lively, though not running very large, except in the autumn season, at which time the fishing is of course closed. I was most fortunate in the weather as well as in the season, for there had not for many years been seen more fish up the river at that early season than were then in it. I engaged a man of the name of Sutton to attend me in my wanderings. He was himself a very first-rate fisherman, and having been born on the banks of the river, knew every hole, stream, and rock in it. The first day (I copy from my journal) I had very little sport, killing but one small salmon, and losing another, the river being rather too high for the fly. The next day, fortune favoured me, and I killed a fish, whose struggles I will now endeavour to describe.

I had been fishing for some time, with but very little prospect of sport, having risen two fish only, neither of which I hooked, when a few yards down the stream I was fishing in I saw a very fine fish rise. I immediately went down and covered him with a dark golden olive fly, which I call Bob, and with which I had risen the two fish in the morning. As soon as the fly covered him, up he came. He almost threw himself over the line, and I feared from his style of rising that he did not mean to take. I tried him a second time with Dig, one of my new flies, a most tempting and destructive wizard, who can summon a salmon from the vasty deep, if any fly in the world can, particularly in the then state of the water. As you do not know it, I will tell you how it is tied. Tinsel silver; tail, golden pheasant topping, a small feather of yellow toocan, with some fibres of blue, green, and red macaw; first tip, green peacock herl; second tip, orange floss silk; third tip, light blue pig's-wool dubbing; body, dull orange dubbing; hackles, to be wound up together, dark fiery brown and blue; shoulder hackle, the blue feather from the jay's wing; wing, golden pheasant topping, green peacock's tail, peacock's speckled wing feather, some of the speckled brown feathers of the golden pheasant's tail, covered over all with a portion of brown mallard; feelers, green macaw; head, green peacock.



The result of my second trial was the same as the first. Sutton, as soon as he saw the second rise, advised me at all hazards to strike hard at him, should I have the luck to stir him again, "for," said he, "believe me, captain, he don't mean taking, and being ready for his next rise, you may have a chance to hook him foul if he only tries to drown your fly." I did not think it worth while to change my fly again, so covered him a second time with Dig, and again he rose in precisely the same manner; and stoutly I struck at him, for, as you well know, it's no use trying to send the hook over the barb in the body of a salmon without a good smart stroke. I found I had him somewhere, I did not care much where, so that the hold was a good one, but I little anticipated such a tussle as was before me. He first went down the river at the rate of a hunt. I found I had no power over him whatever, and was convinced he was hooked foul, for I had seen the fish quite plainly the second time he rose at me, and thought he weighed about seventeen or eighteen pounds; and I felt certain that with the force I was opposing to him, for I was fishing with an eighteen foot rod, I could have checked him had he been hooked in the mouth. I knew, should he follow his first course, that every kind of fishing difficulty was before me. There was a small wood to pass, but what I was most afraid of was a brook, which ran into the river a little below the wood, and which was so deep that I could not wade it at that part, and where, I feared, unless he changed his course, that I should inevitably lose him. Away I went, following him through low brushwood and over slippery rocks. The latter played me a slippery trick indeed. I was obliged to go into the river in order to pass a point that I could not scramble over, when my foot slid off a round stone, and I fairly dived. Fortunately, I neither dropped my rod nor broke it, an accident it was ten to one, under the circumstances, would occur; but, on getting on my legs again, I found about eighty yards of my line run out, and the brute still heading downwards with, if possible, greater velocity than before my mishap.

"Give him the butt, give him the butt!" shouted Sutton.

"All very well," said I, "but I'm blown, and he is stronger than I am." In vain I tried to stop, or even turn him. I had really almost made up my mind to pull up suddenly, bear with all my strength on him, and either stop him or have a smash, and let him carry away as little as possible. I, however, ran on, puffing and blowing like a grampus, for I had had a very severe burst of it, and fortunately the beast stopped. I don't think I could have gone for another minute, his pace was so good; it was killing me instead of him. I wound up my line as quickly as possible, and got opposite to where he was lodged. He had stopped, as they take care generally to do, in one of the most dangerous parts of the river; nothing but rocks in every direction. He stayed pretty quiet for about three minutes, and rested himself a little, and I got my second wind. He was then evidently bent on further mischief, for he made a sudden rush straight for a rock, nearly in the middle of the stream. I knew if he got round it it was all up with me, so I brought all my power to bear by slanting the rod well away from the direction he was taking, and pushing the butt at him, until the line sang again in the water. Twice he made for the rock, and twice I succeeded, literally by main force, in defeating his object. I thought he

must have smashed something, I bore so heavily on him; but, thanks to one of the best casting lines I ever possessed, I had the best of it. At last, by the direction I gave my rod, I got him to change his tactics. When he found I was rather his master he began to spring out of the water; four or five times he went up, and at the end of each somersault made a race further across the river. I was now within about sixty yards of the wood. I hoped to kill him where he then was, as he had been taking a great deal out of himself, and me too; but, alas! he would not have it so. Down he went again, his pace not diminished an iota, and I soon found myself at the much-dreaded wood. I passed the rod round the trunk of the first two or three trees easily enough, with Sutton's assistance; at last there was a beech, whose branches touched the water.

"There is nothing for it but to take to the river, captain," said Sutton.

So in I went, still dripping like a thatched roof in a thaw, from my first ducking, and floundered away after my friend, who never gave me a moment's breathing time. I dropped my hand a little, while descending the bank, which caused the line slightly to slacken. This changed the direction of the force opposed to him; he stopped, turned up the stream for a few yards, and then rested for half a minute. I have often known the slacking of the line stop a fish in his wildest course. "True!" I doubt not you remark, "but such an experiment must not be tried by inexperienced hands." This momentary halt permitted me to settle myself a little, so as to enable me to stand on my legs (for I was above my elbows in a strong stream), and have the use of both hands. I stooped down, and got one of the branches of the beech between my legs, and then closing them firmly, it gave me a strong support. I might, however, have saved myself all this trouble, for scarcely had I fixed myself comfortably—not that I can say that there was any very great comfort in my position either—than the unsettled spirit of the fellow took possession of him again, and down he plunged once more. I now sent Sutton forward to cross the brook by the stepping-stones, that he might be ready to render me some assistance, in case the fish should persist in heading down. It was very fortunate that I did so, for he had not the slightest idea of stopping for more than a minute, which he fortunately did, for I had had quite enough of it, and began to think I had caught a tartar; however, it enraged me, and made me the more determined to kill him if possible. Nothing but the excitement—and I know of none greater—could have kept me going so long. I found, on arriving at the brook, Sutton on the other side. Fortunately the salmon had chosen a lucky place for his minute's repose, being nearly opposite to where the stream ran into the river. I made Sutton throw in stones, to try and force him up stream a little; but that would not do, he was not so easily frightened, and instead of, as I hoped, running up, he started down again.

"Try if you can pass the rod to me," said Sutton.

The line, while doing so, slackened again a little, and induced the fish to stop. I pushed the rod across to Sutton; he took hold of it by the third joint, and then, carefully slipping his hand along it until he got a firm hold of the butt joint, was all right. I knew my friend was in

good hands, so away I toddled, for I could scarcely make a run of it, I was so beat, until I found a place I could wade across, and was soon with Sutton again, but he had gone some way down. He said he had not had a moment in which he could turn him, but as we were then in open water he would not play him too strongly. I took the rod again, and was determined, now that I had him at an advantage, that he should pay dearly for the hard work and ducking he had given me. For more than half an hour he had scarcely rested, except the short time in the rocky stream, and I thought he must be pretty well tired; so I got below him, and forcing my rod round, giving him plenty of the butt at the same time, I turned him over. He righted himself again very quickly, but, before he could recover himself, I gave him another topple.

"It's all over with him," said Sutton; "and time for him, too, for he has given you a long burst of it, captain."

I now felt that I was completely his master; once more his white belly was uppermost, and a few seconds after he was struggling on the gaff.

Thus ended the life of one of the gamest fish I ever hooked in my life. He did not turn sixteen pounds in the scale, was a long fish, and not in first-rate condition, having probably been some time in the river. These old residents, however, often play, as you know, much stronger than a quite fresh-run fish, which I had occasionally found very dull, probably from their being fatigued by their long run up from the sea. My friend was, as I expected, hooked foul, near the vent, which left him his full power, and that was the reason he gave me so much trouble; indeed, I never remember playing a gamer fish. I dare say you think you could have killed one of that weight in half the time, and fancy I have exaggerated the difficulties, but, on the contrary, I really think that my memory has hardly enabled me to retain all the trials he put me to.

After passing a most agreeable fortnight, I left the hospitable roof of G., and started for the Bann, to spend a week or ten days at Portna. In those days—for, remember, I am writing of scenes that took place some time since—Portna was as when we knew it, one of the finest streams in the world. I fear, however, that it may be much altered now, as I hear that they have been making a canal there. I fortunately, during that week, killed a very fine salmon, which gave me splendid sport, and, being a much larger fish than the Slaney one, was a much greater prize; the engagement, moreover, was very different from the last, as I was in a boat, or rather one of their flat-bottomed cots, which rendered his capture a very difficult task indeed. But you shall judge for yourself, as I will try and write you an account of it.

Young G. was in the cot with me: I was teaching him how to take a fish. What a lucky chance it was for him to see such a one killed! It would require the pen of Cooper, the American novelist, to describe the steady and easy manner in which Cormick and his brother managed their cot during the descent of the falls, which, you remember, are more than half a mile long, and fearfully rapid, many of the passages between the rocks being as intricate and dangerous as some of those so beautifully and graphically pictured by that author in his tales of Indian life. It is

no easy matter to make the passages in safety, taking the regular course of the current; what must it, therefore, have been when following a very game salmon, of nearly thirty pounds, through all his runs and turns, he often taking us a hundred yards (for the river is, as you remember, very wide there) from the regular course, into shallows and among narrow passes, between rocks where a cot had probably never been before, and where the slightest mistake, or a momentary loss of confidence and nerve, would inevitably have given the whole party an upset, and there would then have been a very great chance that some of us never reached the land again, unless fished up, full of eels, some fortnight after. I do not think anything would have tempted Cormick to try the course we must have taken unless obliged by force of circumstances to do so, for he acknowledged, when the strife was done, that he expected every moment we must have been upset, as he knew nothing about a great part of the river we had passed over,—sometimes at a pace that would have scared the life out of the captain of a Yankee steamer. I, of course, had so much to do that I never for a moment thought of danger, and as both Cormick and his brother appeared as cool and collected as if they were merely ferrying us across the ford above the falls, I was almost incredulous when they told me of all we had gone through; but on collecting my thoughts a little, I confess I considered myself very lucky, not only to have killed such a fish, but to be safe again on *terra firma*.

I will try and kill my fish over again for you in the best way I can, but my description will, I fear, fall very short of the reality. However, I feel that the imagination of a good fisherman like yourself can fill up many of the vacancies in the scene from the sketch I shall give you of it. You must fancy me in my cot, on the lower part of the stream, by the old distillery, which is, you know, the first stream after shooting the upper fall. Young G. had just killed a small salmon, which had brought us down from the head of the stream. I have seen a large fish rise near the spot where G. rose the fish he had just killed. I am most anxious to cover the big fellow while he is in a stirring humour, and thus begin the plan of attack:

“Punt up, punt up again as hard as you can, Cormick,” said I. “That will do; now stop. Don’t throw there again, G., for I am certain I have just seen a very large fish rise in nearly the same spot in which you hooked the one you have just killed, only a little more in the eddy. I hardly know how we shall be able to get at him, for one can’t well cover the spot he lies in from this side of the stream. I have it! Punt the cot further up still, Cormick; a little way above the rock, and towards the other side. What do you say, G., that he is up again? No; I just saw the break of that fish, and it was a small one; the fellow I saw rise was such a one as you don’t often see now-a-days, you may depend upon it, for I am not easily deceived in the curl made by a large fish, and I only hope we shall be able to prove the truth of my opinion. I think we shall about do now. Hold the cot exactly in this spot, if you can, Cormick, but be ready for a start in a hurry the moment I give the word, for all will depend on you if I chance to hook that fellow. Let me have the rod, G., for if you got hold of my friend you could not manage

him in such water as this. I will try him with Goldfinder, which, you see, is thus made : Tinsel gold; tail, golden pheasant topping; first tip, black ostrich herl; second tip, bright golden olive pig's-wool dubbing; body, bright blood-red dubbing; hackle, same colour as body; first shoulder-hackle, speckled feather from the back of the cock-pheasant's neck, dyed golden-olive; wing, gaudy; mixed wing, covered with brown mallard; head, black ostrich herl. The water is deep where he lies, and the current very strong, although from the great depth it does not appear so. I will, therefore, use rather a larger fly than the one you have been fishing with. I must throw the fly well over, and let it sink as deep as possible, for those big fellows don't like trouble, and have rather an objection to show themselves at the top of the water. Now watch, as should he rise, it will be a yard below the point of the rock, and I must take care to let the fly dwell there, by slanting the point of my rod over towards the far shore, or the current would carry it away too quickly. By George, I have him! What did you think of that for a rise, my boy? I feel as if I had hold of a post in the water, but he will not remain long in a state of quiescence in such a stream as this, or I am very much mistaken; and you may take my word for it, if he is a game fish, we have some tight work before us. He is shaking his old head. He begins to fancy something is wrong. Be ready to follow him, Cormick, for I think he is going to make a rush. Look out! Away he goes. Follow him down—he will have all my line out in about two minutes if you don't. Down, down with you! Hold on now, for he has stopped, and is coming up again, and is, I fancy, making for the spot where I hooked him. Give him plenty of room. Let the head of the cot sheer off a little, that it may not frighten him. See how the line cuts through the water, and at what a pace he shoots up this rapid stream. He must be a very large fish. A middling-sized one, even, could never face such a current against the stress the line keeps upon him. He has passed the rock. That's well. How deep he keeps; it's a good sign. I hope he is well hooked, but I cannot feel confident on that point yet, for very large fish—and this is one, depend upon it—seldom come to the surface until they are nearly beat. Now, look out, Cormick, for he is bent on mischief. Down we go. You had better remain quiet on your seat, G., or you will either be in Cormick's way, or tumble overboard, which you would neither find safe nor pleasant just here. It's neck or nothing with us. Whatever you do, keep the cot going, Cormick, for he is going five yards for our one. Get on, get on! I can't help it if you do upset us. Confound it! keep the head of the cott straight, or it must get round with you, and I can't stand on my legs if you whisk me about so. There he is! What a splendid fellow! I hope he won't treat me to many plunges like that, or I have little chance of killing him. Keep your eye on the line, Cormick, as much as you can, that you may judge a little of his different movements, and be prepared to follow him. Hold on! hold on! Don't you see he is coming up again? Slant off the cot a little, and get further from him, or I cannot wind up my line fast enough, and a yard of slack line would be fatal. Now, steady! he has stopped. You see by the eddy in the centre of the current that there is a ~~sunken~~ rock there. I dare say he has placed himself behind it.

Bother him! he has sulked; and I fear I might as well try to move the rock itself. I was in hopes, by the terrific rush that he made just now, that he intended to tire himself out. Look up the river, and see the distance he has brought us down already; we are more than half-way down to the lower fall.”—(I wish he had not stopped; though, had he not, I fear he must have carried something away, as he would probably have run out all my line if he had continued his race much longer, for, in spite of Cormick’s skill, he could not keep the cot going at the pace that he went at.)—“Take the rod for a minute, and try what you can do with him; but if you feel him move, give it me again, for we have the worst water to go over, as I don’t think he will ever head up again, and I dare not yet trust the management of such a fish as this into your hands. Strike the butt of the rod, and see if this will stir him. I have often known this move a fish that had sulked, when nothing else would. Not a bit of it! Let me have the rod again. I will try some other plan with him. At any rate, I will not cease to worry him. Mind! he is moving! I don’t know what to make of him; he is dropping gently down the stream. See! he is three or four yards lower than he was. Now he is quietly sailing up again, as if nothing was the matter, though I am bearing very heavily on him. Hang him! he does not like to leave that berth. He is come to a dead-lock again. I must have patience, and take care that he does not rub the hook out, or, what would be equally bad, get round the rock, which will probably be his next move, and which would soon end the fight. Not a bit of it; he’s a gallant fellow, and determined to show us sport, and we are in for it again. Away he shoots! We either lose him or kill him in the next quarter of an hour—at least I hope so, for I must have already had him on half an hour, or more. What a jump! He is a much larger fish than I at first thought him, though I knew he was a good one. What fearful plunges! He is as active as a peel of five pounds. You might see the splash, when he strikes the water, half a mile off! What a blow that was! If he had hit my *rod*, then he would have broken it, to say nothing of the *line*, which would have stood a very small chance. I fear he may beat me yet. He does not seem the least tired with what he has gone through, and is now using all his power against me, so I am in hopes that he may exhaust himself; but, depend upon it, he will die game, and give me plenty to do, before I can get him within reach of Cormick’s gaff. Fortunately he is a very large fish, and I can see all his turns, or in this water I should stand no chance with him.

“How he keeps boring over to the other side. I must not let him get there, for the bottom is a mass of rocks, as I know to my cost, having lost two or three casting lines with fish there at different times. Fortunately, the water being low, it’s too shallow to tempt our friend there. Look out! he’s off now in earnest, and I see the lower falls. I hope, if he is determined on going quite down, that he will go through the main gap, or we cannot follow near him, and he must smash something. Don’t keep the cot quite so straight in the line he is going, if there is water enough to let you edge off a little, for fear he might stop short and we should run over him. Did you ever see such a wicked brute? I told you that killing a large sporting fish was no child’s play.

What do you think of it now? He is shaking his old head like a bear. I wish he would stay quiet again for a minute, for my arms ache, but I see no chance of that just now. I dare not let you take the rod. He's for the fall now, I'm certain, Cormick, so I think you had better get opposite the pass between the rocks, for you can do nothing now but be prepared to shoot the fall, as he will never stop in this stream. As I thought, his mind is made up for it, and he's ours if we can keep going fast enough. Now, Cormick, for Jupiter's sake! keep us clear of the rocks, or over we go, and a ducking at the end of this chase, with every chance of being drowned, would not be agreeable. Hurrah! he's over. I just got a glimpse of him as he topped the fall, and, thank goodness, so are we. Now we are safe from a cold bath, and I think we shall be able to manage him. Hold hard! we have overshot him. I think he has laid up again under the fall, but he must be nearly beaten now, for close on three-quarters of a mile of such water would take the shine out of any fish (and man too). If the hold does not give there is no danger of losing him, as the water is deep here, and there is comparatively little current. I told you he would soon give up; there he is, fairly beaten. He rolls like a pig in the water. I will wind gently on him, and you, Cormick, punt the cot quietly across to the island. We will land there, as the water is deep enough at the edge to gaff him. Look out! you can try him now. Ah! he saw the gaff, and away with him again; but he can't last long. See, he makes but a very short run, and there is his back fin. He will sail in quietly enough now if he is not frightened again by the gaff; so mind yourself, Cormick, and don't strike this time until you are certain, for he is so heavy a fish that I fear the hold will give should he run out again, as he does not come willingly to the slaughter. Steady! go a yard or two lower down, and I will let him drop down to you. Bravo, Cormick! you gaffed him beautifully; and now bring the steelyard: twenty-seven pounds and a quarter—I could not make the half of him."

Thus, my dear Harry, died one of the most gallant fish that ever swam. His last moments caused but slight emotion, for the excitement was over as soon as we passed the falls. I have kept my promise, and sent you a description of two spirited encounters. I find many other notes, but have not time at present to write more to you. So adieu!

When you have digested my letter (which, I fear, has tantalised as much as it has pleased you), go to your dinner "with what appetite you may;" and if you don't throw the dish of curry at poor Sambo's head because he has not brought you a salmon cutlet, I'm a Dutchman!

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## THE SILVERSMITH OF ACRE.

It had been a sultry day—one of those breathless summer noons so frequent at St. Jean d'Acre during the latter part of July and beginning of August. The sea lay stagnant as an African lake, and even the tallest branches of trees gave no indication of the slightest zephyr. Silence reigned over the whole town, save where the groans of the fever-stricken found dismal echoes in death's desolated rooms.

Djezzar, the Butcher, surnamed also the *Terrible*, ruled at that time over the pashalic of Acre; and though, even to this very day, his name is a perfect nightmare to the people of that part, in some instances he displayed much acuteness and even-handedness in dispensing justice amongst the Christian rajahs under his jurisdiction.

On the day in question the pasha had felt remarkably dull and languid; what with the heat, the prevalence of disease, and the consequent paucity of defaulters, there was little or nothing stirring to excite and stimulate his active disposition. Two men had been impaled in the morning for felony,—a reviving spectacle, which had highly amused his excellency so long as the agonies of the poor wretches endured. Half a dozen Jews had even excited him to laughter by their grotesque exertions, when, as tied back to back, they were overcome by the effects of emetics previously administered. A baker or two had been nailed by the ears to the door-posts of the audience-hall for some short-comings in weights. And one houri in the harem, who was a favourite, and consequently much noticed, having refused to dance at the pasha's bidding, under the plea of a burning fever with delirium, was mildly incited thereto by being seated upon the burning floor of the "Hammam," which, by the way, produced very different results from what Djezzar anticipated, by throwing the girl into a violent perspiration, and forthwith dispelling the fever.

These summed up the catalogue of that day's diversion for the pasha, and he was seated in a discontented and frowning mood, staring out upon the hot, blood-red sun as it dipped into the cool bosom of the western horizon.

About the same hour, in another quarter of the town, wearied with a hot day's honest labour and toil, Habeeb the Silversmith slipped off the shopboard and into his red slippers, with the intention of locking up and finishing work for the day. To this intent he emptied his cash-box of the day's profits, which amounted to ten piastres, and hauling down the upper shutter and hoisting up the lower (which had served as his shopboard and seat during the day), he bolted and locked the same, affixing thereto a ponderous padlock that could be picked with a toothpick. Quite secure in his own mind, however, from burglars (although the shop contained his whole stock in trade, valued at nearly ten pounds), the silversmith adjusted his turban and moustache, and with a light heart and keen appetite walked briskly towards his house in the Christian quarter of the town, thinking the while of his handsome young wife and the capital supper she had doubtless prepared for him. Now Habeeb was a well known and highly respected tradesman, a cunning workman in his art, and on this account greatly esteemed even by the fanatical Turks of Acre. If you could only have seen the silver rings he turned out, the anklets and the waistbands, the earrings, the nose ornaments, and the toe-rings, the



astounding chains and bracelets that he made,—I say, if you could only have seen these, and how much they were prized and sought after by the female portion of the population, you must have admitted that, although the workmanship of the days of King Solomon had not quite revived, Habeeb made a good thing by his calling. You would not have been surprised that the lovely "Catoor," the belle of the Christians at Acre, should have easily consented to become his bride, and that, being his wife, he was immensely proud of her, or that she should (as she ought to have done) dote upon her loving husband.

Full of happiness, the silversmith reached his door, and knocked loudly, and was instantly admitted by the black slave girl.

"Where is your mistress?" asked the disappointed husband, who was generally admitted and welcomed by the hands and face he loved best upon earth.

"Mistress!" replied the grinning black, "why I thought she had gone up to the shop; she left here soon after the 'asser.'"\*

Here was astounding information for Habeeb! he could scarcely believe his senses. Search, however, having proved vain, he endeavoured to console himself with the idea that his wife, being young and thoughtless, had gone off to the bath to meet some lady friend, and had been prevented from returning as soon as she expected.

Somehow or other his appetite was gone, the meal appeared tasteless, and every morsel he swallowed seemed to stick in his throat. Resolved to relinquish the attempt, he proceeded at once to the public baths in search of the truant; arrived here, great was his consternation on being informed by the man that guarded the entrance that his wife had never been there during the day.

Greatly dispirited, Habeeb returned towards his now desolate home, calling in at every friend's house to make inquiries after his wife. Even the nearest neighbours had seen or heard nothing of her during the afternoon. But one old lady suggested that a gin had spirited her away. Scorning to give credence to such a report, the unhappy husband came to the desperate conclusion of repairing at once to the terrible pasha, and of there reporting the calamity that had befallen him. Arrived at the palace, Habeeb, trembling all over with awe, was ushered into the tyrant's presence just at the very moment when, as we have already seen, Djexzar was gloomily reflecting upon some alternative to banish *enewari*. He hailed the silversmith's arrival with manifest glee and evident satisfaction. In a few words Habeeb narrated his errand, which was a satisfactory one for the pasha, for it afforded him ample scope for the display of his talents and his power.

"Do you know," asked Djexzar, in a terrible voice, "any man for whom your wife has at any time evinced a partiality? or have you had any recent cause of disputation with her?"

Habeeb replied in the negative, assuring the pasha that even up to that very morning nothing had ever occurred to interrupt the harmony of their lives.

The pasha then inquired whether the woman had taken her clothes or other effects with her. To this the silversmith replied that everything, saving what she stood in, had been left behind.

\* The Mohametan day is divided into four parts—viz., "Sobh," daybreak; "Dohr," mid-day; "Asser," afternoon; "Moghrib," sunset.

"Good!" said Djessar; "go you home directly and fetch hither with you your wife's 'marriage trunk.' We shall see if we cannot trace the truant by that means."

The silversmith went home and returned with the trunk as directed, when the pasha ordered him to open it in his presence, and take out every article that it contained, enumerating one by one how such and such a thing came into his wife's possession.

Habeeb obeyed, and, in doing so, displayed to view a goodly assortment of lady's apparel, all which he was able to trace as the gift either of himself or of some near relation. The pasha's brow lowered as he fancied himself frustrated in his scheme, when, from the very bottom of the trunk, the bewildered husband produced a most costly and highly embroidered silk tunic, for which he was wholly unable to account.

"That will do," said Djessar, brightening up again; "you can go home now, and, by the beard of the Prophet! your wife shall be restored to you before a day has elapsed."

With many expressions of gratitude, and full of wonderment at the sagacity of the pasha, Habeeb retired to his home, there to puzzle his brain throughout the night as to what could have become of his wife, and how the dress could possibly effect her recovery.

Meanwhile, the pasha had sent a mandate to the "*Tirgi Bash*," "head tailor" of Acre, summoning him, with every tailor in the place, under dreadful penalty, into his immediate presence. It is needless to say that the command was instantaneously obeyed by the trembling herd of snips, who wondered what new experiments they were to form the subjects of. Arrived in the terrible presence of Djessar, the silk tunic was laid out for their inspection, and, with a horrible menace, they were one and all invited to inspect the same, and the maker to acknowledge who he had made it for, and who had paid him for the making of it. After a brief survey, one intelligent young man boldly stepped forward and declared that the dress had been made by him for the pasha's treasurer, who had duly paid for the same.

Eyeing him sternly for a while, Djessar replied,

"Young man, I read sincerity in your eyes, and believe what you say. You may therefore return to your respective homes at once."

The astonished and happy conclave thus dismissed, Djessar sent an order to the little-suspecting treasurer for the immediate release of the Christian's wife, who was concealed in his harem. The treasurer vainly denied the charge, and was at last constrained to deliver up the hapless Catoor, who was conducted into the pasha's presence to find her ill-used husband already awaiting her in the audience-hall.

"Christian," said the pasha, "take back your wife. I swore I would recover her, and I have kept my oath."

But Habeeb, whilst acknowledging his great gratitude, required of the pasha that justice should take its course.

"If," said the silversmith, "my wife was forcibly carried away, I shall be only too happy to receive her again into my house and my affections; but if she went of her own free will, then let the law take its course."

The evidence went against the woman, who was accordingly sewn up into a sack and thrown into the sea; and as for the treasurer, he not only received the "sack" with regard to the post he held, but was thrown into a dreary dungeon, where he pined over his wickedness through many a weary long day.

## GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell me of the players.—SHAKESPEARE.

## IV.—MRS. JORDAN.

WE have so much to say of this once joyous creature—whose short life presented so many alternations of clouds and sunshine, so many lights and shadows—that we must not waste our space in preliminary remarks, and so, at once, up with the easel and spread out the colours.

The correct patronymic of this Thalia of the British Stage was Dorothea Bland, the neighbourhood of Waterford, in Ireland, being her natal home. Her maternal parent—a provincial performer named Phillips—became the wife of Captain Bland, upon whose death she returned to the stage, assuming the name of Francis. Her children at this time comprised two daughters and one son, for whose education and support she resumed her earlier profession. The son became the husband of Miss Romanzini, who, as Mrs. Bland, gained the distinction of England's best ballad singer. The youngest daughter, the subject of our portrait, was a romping little being, glorying in the name of "Dolly."

On a fine summer's day in the year 1780, a little party entered Dublin, having just landed from Wales, where, for the sake of economy, they had for some time resided. There were three ladies and a youth of about fourteen, the latter carrying a handkerchief bundle. This was Mrs. Bland and her children. Favoured with a letter of introduction to Ryder, the proprietor and manager of the Theatre Royal, an arrangement was soon made for the appearance upon the stage of the eldest daughter, a very handsome girl, naturally graceful and ladylike, a proficient in English and French, in music and dancing. Cultivated by her mother for the stage, she had given strong proof of talent for personification; and during her rehearsals at the Dublin Theatre, manager and performers were highly pleased with her easy manner, whilst the public anxiously watched for the approaching *début*. The night came, and the fair aspirant was greeted with prolonged plaudits; but upon silence being obtained, it was discovered that not one word could she utter. The manager prompted and tried to encourage her, but all in vain; a nervous affection had seized on her tongue and paralysed her efforts. An apology was made, her hopeless state explained, and a young lady was accepted by the house as her substitute.

On the following day Ryder called upon the ladies, and found the mother in tears. To console her in her trouble, he at once engaged her at the same salary he was to have given her daughter, whom he recommended to practise at some smaller theatres; and as a further act of kindness, he suggested the advisability of trying the youngest daughter, Dolly.

This offer was the pivot upon which turned the after life of Dora Jordan!

The mother was penetrated with the kindness of Ryder, but was afraid it was a vain hope to expect that Dolly could study a part. A few minutes previously she had seen her practising some gymnastic feats with her brother, and in jumping down stairs had beaten him by a step or two. There she sat, flushed with her recent triumph, regardless of the discomposure of her dress, of the rude stocking which had broken from its confinement, and was wandering at its "own sweet will." The proposal of the manager, however, attracted her attention, and to the doubts of her parent she replied, "I can study a part, mother, if Mr. Ryder wishes me to do so." Springing from the room, she soon removed one of the complaints of her mother, that of untidiness in her dress, and returned quite smart in appearance. "Here, Dolly," said Ryder, "take this book and get the part of *Phæbe*; you know the play, 'As You Like It.' I will hear you when perfect, and we'll then have a rehearsal; and with some hints and directions, out you come in about a fortnight. If I should fail in my judgment now, I shall give up prognostics in dramatic pursuits." The little household brightened up at this change in their prospects, and Dolly set about her first lesson.

Manager Ryder did not fail in his second venture, but brought forth a prize. The new candidate appeared, and was received with acclamations. She performed, in succession, all the hoydens of the drama, and gave such perfect satisfaction, that no actress in the memory of the audiences of that day could be compared with her for excellence. She was at this time youthful, joyous, animated, and droll; her form was light and elastic, the juvenile but indescribable graces of her action impressing themselves indelibly upon those who witnessed even her earliest performances. She had, too, a peculiar turn for epilogue speaking, nor was she less favourably received in tragedy. Upon the production of Captain Jephson's play of the "Count of Narbonne," a heroine was required, and the author himself selected our Dorothea, after a trial of reading from several candidates. Much surprise was expressed at the choice of a hoyden for a tragic part, but she was equal to the task, and the performance stamped her as an actress of the first order.

Our young actress now stood high in the theatre and with the town. Her benefits were productive, and she not alone made happy her own family circle, but was ever relieving the wants of others. She knew not how to save, but looked around her to discover whom next she could assist, or to whom was due some reward for services previously rendered. This was probably the happiest period of her life; and often would she, in more crowded and glittering scenes, turn back her thoughts to those early Dublin hours, which fitted before her like the remembrances of childhood.

Ah, fair delights, that o'er the soul  
On Memory's wing like shadows fly!  
Ah, flowers! which Joy from Eden stole,  
While Innocence stood smiling by.

Changes at length took place in the Dublin Theatre, which passed into the hands of Daly, who became an encourager of London favourites, whom he brought over in succession. The more prominent members of his own company were thereby placed upon the shelf, and our versatile actress, among the rest, was neglected. Reversed in fortune and in

happiness, she sought an engagement in England, and was fortunate enough to obtain one from honest-hearted Tate Wilkinson, for the York circuit. Crossing the Channel, she sought out the disciple of Foote, who inquired of her what line she professed, whether tragedy, genteel comedy, opera, or farce. The laconic answer completely astonished Wilkinson—it being “ALL.” Though somewhat doubtful of such varied talents, the old patentee took her at her word, and announced her for *Calista*, in the “*Fair Penitent*,” and *Lacy* (with songs), in the “*Virgin Unmasked*.”

The first appearance of the subject of our portrait in the York circuit was at Leeds, on the 11th of July, 1782. She was then

A changeful thing, half gloom, half light;  
Child's heart and woman's form;

and after dying as *Calista*, she bounded on again in a few minutes, in a frock and little mob cap, to sing the “*Greenwood Laddie*,” pouring out some of the liquid melody that throughout her life no ear could ever resist. The audience were delighted with the versatility of the talent exhibited. During her stay with the eccentric veteran, she effected considerable improvement in her style of acting; and it was likewise to her genial old manager that she was indebted for the name by which she is distinguished. Old Tate was once questioned as to her ever having been married, and as to her patronymic of Jordan. “Why, God bless you, my boy,” said he, “I gave her that name. I was her sponsor. When she determined upon going to London, she thought *Miss* sounded insignificant, so she asked me to advise her a name. ‘Why,’ said I, ‘my dear, you have crossed the water, so I’ll call you *Jordan*,’ and by the memory of Sam! if she didn’t take my joke in earnest, and call herself *Mrs. Jordan* ever after.”

Blessed be thy memory, old Tate! for that sponsorial hint. Though *Thalia's* favourite was thus christened, even at thy wicked font, yet may we now call her by a name endeared to us. *Miss Bland* she never even called herself; *Miss Francis* was far too formal, and but little to our mind; whilst the familiar “*Dolly*” we were fearful of using, though so often had the warm-hearted creature bounded at the name, in her romping days, when the loosened robe and the transient garter were to her rich themes of mirth.

*Dora Jordan*—we are privileged now to use that name—continued four seasons with her eccentric grandfather, who had seen her genius and given it fair play. London had occasionally appeared in her visions, and her efforts at length attracted the notice of “*Gentleman Smith*”—the original *Charles Surface*—who recommended her to the managers of Drury Lane. Smith was remarkably attached to field sports, and occasionally attended the races at York. He had seen *Mrs. Jordan*, who still lingered in the train of tragedy, and concluded that such an actress would be of great service to Drury Lane, as second to *Mrs. Siddons*, who at this time had fairly seized upon celebrity. She came to town, but perceiving so formidable a rival in tragedy, she solicited a trial in comedy, and on the 18th of October, 1785, appeared as *Miss Peggy*, in the “*Country Girl*,” a comedy adapted by Garrick from Wyndham's “*Country Wife*,” purged of the licentiousness which gave it favour in a libertine age. *Peggy* is a compound of simplicity and cunning, of innocence and archness, and gave

full scope for the display of the lovely wildness, the laughing vivacity, the rich and abundant humour of Mrs. Jordan, tending to establish for her a reputation which time and experience extended, but which was never impaired or diminished. She entered a field bright with the genius of the Siddonses, the Farrenes, the Abingtons, and the Papes, but her own joyous laugh rang merrily among them all.

Mrs. Jordan's next character was *Fiebo*, in "Twelfth Night," in which she evinced so much tenderness and grace that the part became peculiarly her own. To afford scope for her playful powers, Fielding's "Virgin Unmasked" was revived, her acting giving to the trifle an unvented popularity. A childish ballad sung by her with exquisite simplicity and grace became universally a favourite. Sheridan's "Trip to Scarborough," an alteration of Vanbrugh's "Relapse," gave Mrs. Jordan another charming boyden. She had now become, in theatricals, a new delight; and in the August of 1786 she played for a brief period at Edinburgh, where, on the occasion of her benefit, she delivered an address from her own pen, in which she thus referred to the great popularity of Mrs. Siddons:

Melpomene had made such work,  
Reigning despotic like the Turk,  
I fear'd Thalia had no chance,  
Her laughing standard to advance;  
But yet her youngest ensign, I,  
Took courage, was resolved to try,  
And stand the hazard of the die.

For her benefit (May 2, 1788), Mrs. Jordan produced the "Constant Couple," in which she played *Sir Harry Wildair*, and brought back memories of the captivating *Peg Woffington*. On the occasion of another benefit (March 22, 1790), she produced an alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant," under the name of the "Greek Slave." In this piece she played *Celia*, and in the epilogue a prophetic allusion was made to her subsequent condition in life, a matter then not in the remotest degree contemplated. On a subsequent benefit night she played *Patrick*, in the "Poor Soldier," a performance which had long been celebrated in provincial towns. In April, 1796, she accepted a character in the play of "Vortigern"—Ireland's pretended Shakespearean discovery—the performance of which was limited to one night. During the same season she played *Nell*, in the "Devil to Pay," a character in which she was unapproachable. During her illness, upon a later occasion, the latter part was assumed by Miss Duncan, better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Davison. In reference to that assumption the following pleasantry appeared:

When Jordan, foremost of Thalia's train,  
Slept in the straw awhile in Drury Lane;  
Duncan, the novice, seized the chair of state;  
And played the cobbler's metamorphosed mate.  
But soon to health restored by Warren's art,  
Thalia's favourite reassumed the part;  
When lo! a gallery wag (one Andrew Page)  
Who heard the glad announcement from the stage;  
Gave the fair substitute this loud farewell—  
"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a Nell."

2 A 2

The Dr. Warren referred to in these lines was famed in the healing art. He expired saying, "There is no use in physic;" as Brutus did, exclaiming, "Virtue is no more than a name." Though there may be no use in taking physic, there is substantial use in giving it, and Dr. Warren is said to have left one hundred and fifty thousand proofs of this utility.

In April, 1797, Reynolds, the dramatist, furnished Mrs. Jordan with an original character, that of *Albina Mandeville*, in "The Will," a piece which received much aid from an epilogue delivered by her, in which Shakspeare's Seven Ages was happily parodied. In the December of the same year, Drury Lane brought forward the "Castle Spectre," a play which criticism assailed in almost every part; the rapidity of its action, however, and the skill of the performers, carried it to a successful issue, and the piece was played forty-seven times during its first season. The subordinate character of *Percy* was played by John Kemble, and the comic hero (*Motley*) by John Bannister. The part of *Angela* went a begging, until Mrs. Jordan, from motives of kindness, accepted it, and contributed much to the success of the piece. The "Castle Spectre" was the production of Matthew George Lewis, popularly known as "Monk" Lewis—a prefix derived from his novel of that name. In reference to the popularity but doubtful merits of the play an anecdote is recorded. Disputing upon some point in the green-room with Sheridan, Lewis offered, in confirmation of his argument, to wager the manager all the money which the "Castle Spectre" had brought that he was right. "No," said Sheridan, "I cannot afford to bet so much; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll bet you all it is worth."

Manager Sheridan himself, during the next season (May 24, 1798), produced "Pizarro," which riveted the attention of the town and replenished a failing treasury. In this piece, John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, in *Rolla* and *Elvira*, evinced great excellence; and admirably were they supported by Charles Kemble and Mrs. Jordan, as *Alonzo* and *Cora*. On the first performance of this play, Suett was introduced in a comic part, which at one time threatened the condemnation of the piece. The part was ill-written, and its introduction ill-timed, and most furiously did the audience hiss it. Sheridan was in a fever of excitement; but the facetious comedian, with the utmost gravity, observed to him, "This comes of putting me into a German drama. You knew, sir, I know nothing of German."

On the 6th of May, 1802, Mrs. Jordan, with her characteristic courtesy, assisted at the leave-taking of Thomas King, the *Ogleby*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, and *Touchstone* of his day. During the parting address of the veteran—who had been before the public for a period of fifty-four years—he was attended with respectful benevolence by Charles Kemble, to supply, had it been necessary, any failure of memory. Mrs. Jordan, at the conclusion of his address, then advanced, and gracefully led him into the green-room, where his affectionate companions had prepared for him a silver cup, which, filled with generous wine, was tendered to his lips by his amiable conductress. The cup was the contribution of the principal performers, and was inscribed with their names, as well as with the lines from "Henry the Fifth:"

If he be not fellow with the best King,  
You shall find him the best King of good fellows.

During the year that this attention was paid by our kind actress to the retiring comedian, her good-nature was exercised in the advancement of a stripling, whom she encountered at Margate. Engaged there for the performance of some of her principal characters, she opened in *Rosalind*, and was so much pleased with the representative of *Orlando*, that at the conclusion of one of his speeches she exclaimed "Bravo!" sufficiently loud to be heard by the audience. A few days after her departure, *Orlando* received an offer from the proprietors of Drury Lane—the kind-hearted *Rosalind* having conveyed to them a recommendation on his behalf. That young man—who accepted the offer, and continued at his post for fifty years—is now the veteran Bartley!

Nine years previously (September 9, 1793), Mrs. Jordan witnessed the first public essay of the late Charles Mathews, at the little theatre at Richmond. The character assumed was that of *Richmond*, the representative of *Richard* being also an amateur. The manager exacted fifteen guineas from these two young men before he would permit them to gratify their scenic ambition. Mathews, at this time, had a passion for fencing, in which accomplishment he had been receiving lessons. Towards the conclusion of the fourth act, *Richard*, being somewhat fatigued, requested of his friend to spare him in the fight, and let him die easy. *Richmond*, it is known, does not appear until the fifth act, and his representative, being fresh in the field, was anxious to have his full swing of carte and tierce. Determined, moreover, to have as much as possible for his seven guineas and a half, nothing could move him. The audience laughed, he heeded them not; they shouted, the more was he determined to exhibit his accomplishments. *Richard* ultimately fell from exhaustion, and died without a wound, before *Richmond* had displayed half of his intended manœuvres. Mrs. Jordan was in a convulsion of laughter at the scene, and did not easily forget the prolonged fight. Mathews himself, in a later day, related that he believed he fought almost literally "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock."

On the 7th of February, 1804, our inimitable actress contributed to the success of the "Soldier's Daughter," a comedy by Cherry, then first produced, in which she played the *Widow Cheerly*, electrifying the house by a soldier-like giving of the word "Attention," and delivering an epilogue, describing with much humour the constitution of a female army of reserve. John Bannister was the original *Frank Heartall* of this piece. Two or three years subsequently, when that admirable comedian was suffering from a severe attack of gout, his kind ally addressed to him the following note:

"DEAR SIR,—I have been prevented by constant employment from answering your obliging notes. I am sincerely sorry for your confinement, but trust it will soon end. We never know how to value a friend or great talents sufficiently till we are deprived of them; we have been long enough without *you*, to make us subscribe most heartily to this old saying. The three tragedies you sent me I have read this day; and notwithstanding there's much pretty writing in the part you mention, I do not think I could do myself or the author any service by undertaking it. I think Mrs. Siddons would do great justice to it: I find laughing



agree with me better than crying. He came out soon, and re-established my health—I mean my theatrical health, which, without you, is certainly on the decline. My best compliments to Mrs. Bannister and your fair daughters.

“Yours very sincerely,

“February 26th.”

“D. JORDAN.”

We have given but a summary of the metropolitan career of Mrs. Jordan, recording only a portion of the characters in which she delighted the town. Her list included many others, in which she exercised a gentle sway, appearing as a luminary scattering light and laughter around. Her charities, to which we have previously referred, were not less numerous than her characters. Whilst performing once at Chester, a poor woman, who had officiated as her laundress, was arrested for a debt, originally but forty shillings, though swelled by legal expenses into eight pounds. Mrs. Jordan, upon hearing of the circumstance, sent for the attorney and paid the amount. Walking out in the afternoon of the same day, she was compelled to take shelter from a shower of rain under a porch, where she was espied by the liberated widow, who fell upon her knees and blessed her—the children, distressed at the position of their mother, contributing to make up a very affecting scene. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped, but on this occasion she could not conceal the tear of feeling. Steeping to kiss the children, she slipped some money into the hands of the mother, saying, “There, there, it's all over; go, good woman, God bless you; don't say another word.” This interesting little episode was witnessed by another person, who had taken shelter near to the spot, and who now came forward, exclaiming, with a deep sigh, “Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger; but would to the Lord the world were all like thee!” The penetrating eye of Thalia's votary soon developed the profession of her new acquaintance, whose countenance and attire declared him to be a Methodist preacher. After listening to a brief sermon on the sisterly love that had been evinced, and of the fulfilled command to feed the hungry and relieve the distressed, Mrs. Jordan interrupted the discourse by observing, “Ah, you are a good old soul, I dare say; but—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like me when I tell you that I am—a player.” The preacher sighed, and, with a complacent countenance, remarked, “The Lord bless thee! whoever thou art; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraideth thee not, the Lord forbid that I should.” Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together on the way to Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. The offer of the preacher's arm was accepted, and the old streets of Chester beheld the serious disciple of Wesley walking arm-in-arm with the female Rascals of comedy.

It is not our wish to unbury bygones, nor would we, for the coloring of these our sketches, look too far behind the scenes. A poet warns us:

Where the apple reddens  
Never pry,  
Lest we lose our Edens—  
Eve and I.

Our apple, however, long since ripened, and has fallen upon the ground

of history; we may, therefore, gently examine the fruit, without endangering our Edenic happiness. Besides, our portrait would be but feebly painted were we to confine the sketch to the fancy costume of the actress, without depicting the expressive features of the woman. Let us then record that Mrs. Jordan, in 1790, formed a connexion with the Duke of Clarence (his late Majesty William IV.), which existed for twenty years. Ten children—the Fitzclarence family—were the issue of this tie, rendered almost sacred by time and the most exemplary conduct on the part of our heroine. The circumstances which led to its severance were of a political nature, the succession to the throne hanging upon a slender thread. The intention of his royal highness was communicated to Mrs. Jordan in a letter addressed to her at Cheltenham, desiring her to meet him at Maidenhead, where they were to bid each other farewell. She had concluded her engagement, but remained one night over to perform *Nell* ("Devil to Pay") for the benefit of the manager. It was in the afternoon of that day she received the fatal intelligence, and she reached the theatre dreadfully weakened by a succession of fainting fits. She struggled on, however, with the part until *Jobson* arrived at the passage, where he accuses the conjurer of making her laughing drunk. The actress here attempted to laugh, but the afflicted woman burst into tears; when *Jobson*, with great presence of mind, altered his text, and exclaimed, "Why, *Nell*, the conjurer has not only made thee drunk, he has made thee crying drunk!" After the performance, she was placed in a travelling carriage, in her stage dress, and in a state of extreme anguish, to keep her appointment with her royal lover.

It was expressly stipulated in the deed of separation—which awarded Mrs. Jordan an annual sum for the maintenance of herself and daughters—that she should not return to the stage, under certain penalties. With a laudable desire, however, to make provision for a branch of her family unconnected with the royal duke, she obtained permission, and again gladdened the theatre with her presence. Thousands of tongues now revelled in scandal, and the broadest assertions were made that she had been deserted and left to penury. Upon the illustrious duke the most scurrilous attacks were made; but the high sense of honour of his late generous companion would not permit her to countenance these rumours, and she published a reply to the attacks in these words: "I feel myself bound most publicly and unequivocally to declare that his liberality to me has been noble and generous in the highest degree."

Mrs. Jordan reappeared upon the boards, at Covent Garden, as *Vivante*, in "The Wonder;" and as a proof that she was acting no rebellious part, she was attended at the theatre by two of her sons, the late Earl of Munster and one of his brothers. Her agitation was extreme, and supported on the arm of each of her sons she was led to the wings. No sooner, however, did she appear, and the melodious voice was echoed by prolonged greetings, than her buoyancy returned, and at the luxurious joyousness of her laugh many a heart felt its warmest pulse renewed, and appeared to grow young again at her potent bidding. Mrs. Jordan continued her performances, her last appearance in London being at Covent Garden on the 1st of June, 1814, when she played *Lady Teazle*. In the months of July and August of the ensuing year she appeared for ten nights at the Margate Theatre, and then finally quitted England for the Continent.

In the ways of the world, and more particularly when those ways were viewed in a pecuniary point, Mrs. Jordan was simple as an infant. A woman of unlimited charity, no selfish feeling ever occupied her heart. Her first distress and exile from home originated in her having given blank acceptances to a near relation, in the full belief that they were for very small amounts—a proof of her ignorance of pecuniary matters, and of her unbounded confidence in those who were linked to her by kindred ties. She first visited Boulogne, then repaired to Versailles, and subsequently, in still greater secrecy, to St. Cloud, where, totally secluded, she awaited, in extreme depression, the answer to some letters, by which her future proceedings were to be guided. Her solicitude arose less from the real importance of her affairs, than from her indignation at the ingratitude displayed towards her, and which, by withdrawing the curtain from her unwilling eyes, exhibited a painful view of human nature. Estranged from those she loved, as well as from the profession which had never failed to restore her animation and amuse her fancy, the anguish of her mind so enfeebled her that a bilious complaint was generated and gradually increased. Day after day her misery augmented, and the approach of dissolution was regarded by her with placid welcome. No comforts solaced her in her latest moments. She would lie upon the small sofa in her little drawing-room, exhibiting the most restless anxiety for intelligence from England. Post after post arrived, but no answer to her letters, and her anxiety was so great that her very skin became discoloured! The morning of the 3rd of July, 1816, brought with it the closing scene. Before the accustomed hour of delivery, she sent to the post-office, and on the return of the messenger started up and held out her hands as if impatient to receive the coveted letters. On being told there were none, she stood a moment motionless, and sank back upon the sofa from which she had risen. Gazing vacantly, she sobbed as though her heart was literally bursting, and—Dora Jordan was dead! Stranger hands provided for her remains a quiet grave, distinguished by a flat stone, slightly raised, and bearing this inscription: “*M. S. Dorotheæ Jordan, quæ per multos annos Londini inque aliis Britannicæ urbibus scenam egregie ornavit, lepore comico, vocis suavitate, puellarum hilarium alteriusque sexus moribus habitu imatandis nulli secunda; ad exercendam eam qua tam feliciter versata est artem, ut res egenorum adversas sublevaret nemo promptior; evitæ exiit 3<sup>to</sup> nonas Julii, 1816, annos nata 50. Mementote! Lugete!*”

Such were the triumphs, joys, and sorrows of this votary of the laughing goddess, such her happiness and affliction. Her summer day had rainbow tints, but her night was encompassed by gloom, from which no hand from among the crowd of former adulators sought to rescue her. After days brought remembrances of her talent and worth, but esteem and regret were then alike in vain.

A son of our unequalled actress once invited to breakfast the hearty old actor, William Dowton, whose portrait we recently presented to our readers. After the discussion of the meal, the comedian was surprised at seeing the king enter the apartment. Seating himself, he conversed familiarly with his son's guest, the subject being the stage. After expatiating upon the excellence of a few old favourites, his Majesty inquired of Dowton who, in his opinion, was the best representative of *Lady*

*Teazle.* This confused the comedian, who knew that if he spoke truly he must mention the name of Mrs. Jordan. "I see, I see," said the sovereign; "I perceive who you mean. Oh! she was an actress." And then, relapsing into an abstraction, he exclaimed, "Poor Dora!"

The illustrious consort of his Majesty had likewise an offering to tender to her memory. Shortly after her marriage, some alterations were suggested at the residence at Bushy, including a new arrangement of the pleasure-grounds, the plans for which would have swept away a little harbour, once the favoured retreat of our gifted actress. The royal mistress of the grounds, on learning the circumstance, would not permit a vestige of "poor Dora's" harbour to be disturbed. Had this amiable princess been musically inclined, she might, upon the occasion in question, have sang, with Moore—

Here's the bower she lov'd so much,  
And the tree she planted;  
Here's the harp she used to touch—  
Oh! how that touch enchanted!  
Roses now unheeded sigh,  
Where's the hand to wreath them?  
Songs around neglected lie,  
Where's the lip to breathe them?

We love the reverence paid to the dead, but would not have the tokens of respect delayed till the heart be silent. Humanity, however, has too often preferred neglect, and then compensated the same by penitential and posthumous attention. From these reflections we turn to add the finishing touches to our portrait.

Mrs. Jordan was a transcendent creature. In her were combined all the qualities requisite to the formation of a comic actress in the sprightly, animated, joyous style, with full power to embody genuine feeling. Her person and gait were elegant and elastic; whilst her face, if not beautiful, was irresistibly agreeable. Her expressive features and eloquent action harmonised blandly with each other, not by skilful artifice, but by intellectual sympathy. Her voice was the very essence of music. In singing it was sweet and melodious, modulating itself with natural and winning ease. She sang without effort, and generally without instruments—her gentle, flute-like melody forming the sweetest of accompaniments. Her pronunciation was peculiarly elegant and correct, and she retained some accents of her native Ireland, which, far from impairing, enhanced the richness of her tones and the simplicity of her expression. She had no art to study, nature being her sole instructress. Joyous and animated, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tears came ingenuously from the deep spring of feeling. A distinguished critic once remarked, that "her smile had the effect of sunshine, her voice was eloquence itself—it seemed as if her heart was always at her mouth."

It was with self-development that this exquisite actress delighted. She favoured the audience with the exuberance of her own nature; her smiles and tears were genuine—they issued warm from her heart. She felt and communicated her feeling; and so insensibly did she carry you with her, that you were compelled to be glad with her gaiety, to be sad with her sorrow. The beautiful compliment once paid to the acting of her predecessor, Mrs. Oldfield, might have been applied to herself—"The deaf

might hear her in her face, and the blind see her in her accents." She did many things ill, many things wrongly, with reference to the characters personated, because she could not wholly depart from herself.

"No woman," said John Bannister, "ever uttered comedy like Mrs. Jordan." Though possessing a girlish gaiety and a bounding spirit, she had likewise an excellence in simple, unaffected pathos. Charles Lamb once picked up an old playbill of "*Twelfth Night*," played two-and-thirty years previously. There is something touching, he observed upon the occasion, in these old remembrances, which make us think how we once used to read a playbill. Our own actress figured in that preserved bill as *Viola*; and gentle Elia remarked—"Those who have only seen Mrs. Jordan within the last ten or fifteen years, can have no adequate notion of her performance of such parts as *Ophelia*, *Helena* ('*All's Well that Ends Well*'), and *Viola* in this play. Her voice in those days sank, with her steady melting eye, into the heart. Her joyous parts—in which her memory now chiefly lives—in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones."

By no comparative view can we convey to the reader an idea of her style and powers. Several actresses have followed in the same school, without precisely imitating the great original. Mrs. Mardyn, for instance, gave you a glimpse of her girlish gaiety and bounding spirit; Fanny Kelly exhibited some of her simple, unaffected pathos; another Fanny, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, some of her spirit of jollity; whilst Mrs. Nisbett caught an echo of her laugh: but there has been no second Mrs. Jordan.

She would seem to have had much delight in the stage. Passing once from Dublin to play at Liverpool, she entered the theatre exceedingly depressed in spirits, being languid and apparently reluctant. In a short time, however, her very nature appeared to undergo a change. She walked spiritedly across the stage two or three times, as if to measure its extent; and the moment her foot touched the scenic boards her spirits seemed regenerated. She stepped light and quick, and every symptom of depression vanished. That she was again in her proper element was evidenced by the comic eye and the cordial laugh returning to their enchanting mistress.

Such was this untutored child of nature, who blended with rare talents much goodness of soul. Benevolence was one of her best of characters, in which she exercised a glorious art; and enthusiastically was she beloved by those who knew her, or who were in any way dependent upon her. Following upon her happy Dublin days came varied scenes, in which she figured as the acknowledged best actress of her day and the companion of a prince, surrounded by luxury and a numerous offspring. Over the spirit of that dream there came a change, which showed her, king-crushed and child-wronged, dying literally of a broken heart. It is too late now to inquire into the why and the wherefore of this reverse; but an inward prompting compels us to ask—Ought this to have been?

Dora Jordan has no voice now to answer. The fatal fever of life is over, and she sleeps well—as peacefully in her stranger-grave as though encoined in marble in the vaults of Windsor. We would, however, have her memory cherished by the dreaming heart of love, and in this imperfect tribute have sought to hang, as it were, a garland upon her tomb.

## ROBERT HUNTER'S GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED-COURT SHARK."

It was a gusty night in spring. Two young ladies were seated over the fire in a small sitting-room of a commodious mansion, listening to the wind as it howled round the solitary house and shook the shutters and rattled the window-frames. One of them was tall and fair, looking all the fairer for her mourning dress, with handsome features, a calm blue eye, and a compressed lip. Ten or eleven weeks ago she had been a high-spirited, blooming girl: since then, her gaiety had left her and she was worn to a skeleton. It was Miss Thornycroft. Her companion, a young lady who had come in to spend the evening with her, was not pretty, but an interesting girl, with mild hazel eyes and a pleasant cast of countenance.

"I'm sure if the ghost comes abroad at all, it will be out on such a night as this," remarked the latter. "Ghosts are said to favour windy weather."

"Don't joke about it, Annie," exclaimed Miss Thornycroft, with a perceptible shudder.

"I was not exactly joking: I believe I said it half in belief. But, of course," added Annie, after a pause, "seriously speaking and thinking, there is no truth in it. You cannot possibly think there is."

"Have you seen my brother Isaac to-day, to speak to?" was the rejoinder of Miss Thornycroft.

"No."

"Or perhaps he might have told you. Though I don't know that he would. He saw it last night."

"Nonsense!" uttered Annie.

"Ah! So I have exclaimed when others have asserted that they saw it. But Isaac is so calm and cool: there's not a shade of imaginative feeling or superstition about him: he is the very last—save, perhaps, Richard—to be led away by fears or fancies. Listen, Annie. Last night I was drinking tea at Mrs. Connaught's, and I had made Isaac promise to fetch me home—for, to confess the truth, after all that has happened, and especially these last few days when these superstitious reports have been prevalent, I do not relish being abroad after nightfall with only servants. He came at ten o'clock, and I noticed he seemed absent and silent. Once Mrs. Connaught addressed him those times before he answered: a remarkable thing for Isaac, who is naturally merry. We came away. In passing the churchyard, this corner of it, near the waste land, where the graves are thick, Isaac slackened his pace, and walked with his head turned sideways. 'What are you looking for amongst the gravestones?' I asked.

"'For Hunter,' he replied. And do you know, Annie, though I was then really thinking of poor Robert and of this horrible report about his spirit, Isaac's words gave me a shock, and I held his arm tighter. 'Mary Anne,' he went on, 'I saw him to-night.'

"I squeezed closer to Isaac, closer still when I saw the grave anxiety of his face, for that told me he was not joking. He continued:

" 'If ever I saw Hunter in my life, I saw him to-night in this churchyard, close to his own grave. I saw him, Mary Anne, every feature of his face, as plainly as we see the gravestones at this moment.'

" 'How did it look?' I shuddered.

" 'It looked as he looked in life: as he must have looked when he was shot down, the hat over the brow, and that remarkable coat on: just as those describe who profess to have seen it. Now I know that I am not one to be deceived by ghostly fancies, Mary Anne, and I was staggered. I ran back to the gate and searched the churchyard all over, but I saw no more of it.'"

Miss Thornycroft ceased, and her hearer trembled. "Do you think he *could* have been deceived?" she whispered.

"No, Annie, I do not. When a cool, collected man, like my brother Isaac, dispassionately asserts such a thing, added to the terrified assertions of others, I, at least, believe that there must be some dreadful mystery abroad, supernatural or otherwise."

"How in the world shall I go home to-night with only Sarah?" exclaimed Miss Annie, in a dismayed tone. "I shall never pass that churchyard."

The two young ladies sat on, over the fire, conversing in dread and doubt. Gradually they relapsed into silence, listening to the sighing wind, and suffering their imaginations to roam on the marvellous. About half-past eight one of them spoke. It was Miss Annie.

"What can have become of Sarah? My aunt was not well, and said she should send her at eight o'clock at the latest."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when that personage entered in a most remarkable manner. A respectable maid-servant, getting on for forty. She banged to the door behind her and sat down in an arm-chair, in the presence of the young ladies.

"Sarah!" uttered her young mistress, in a reproving tone.

"Ay, you may well stare, young ladies, but I can't stand upon no forms nor respects just now. I don't know whether my senses is here or yonder. There's the ghost at this blessed moment in the churchyard!"

Annie screamed, and caught hold of Miss Thornycroft. The latter spoke, turning deadly pale.

"Your imagination has deceived you, Sarah."

"If anything has deceived me, it's my eyes," retorted Sarah, really too much flustered to stand upon forms; "but they never did yet, miss. When it struck eight, missis called out to me, from the parlour, to come after Miss Annie. I thought I'd finish my ironing first, which took me another quarter of an hour; and then I put my blanket and things away, and off I come. I was a shutting the house-door when I heard master's voice a singing after me, and back I went, into the parlour. 'Is it coals, sir?' I asked. 'No, it's not coals,' says master, and I saw by his mouth he was after a bit of nonsense, 'it's to tell you to take care of the ghost.' 'Oh bran the ghost,' says I, 'it had better not come anigh me, I'd knock it down as soon as look at it.' And so I would, young ladies," added Sarah, "if I got the chance."

"Go on, go on," eagerly interposed Mary Anne Thornycroft.

"I come right on to the churchyard," continued Sarah, "and what we had been a saying made me turn my eyes on to it as I passed. Young ladies," she added, drawing her chair near to them and dropping her voice mysteriously, "if you'll believe me, there stood Robert Hunter. He was close by that big tombstone of old Marley's, at this end of the churchyard, not three yards from his own grave."

"Oh, Sarah!" exclaimed Miss Thornycroft, "do you not think your sight—your fears—played you false? It may have been through talking of him."

"Miss, I hadn't got no fears, so they couldn't have done it. No, I saw him. And I'd take a oath of it, as solemn as I took it at the crowner's inquest. It warn't many steps away from me: you know old Marley's grave: there was nothing but the ditch and the low edge between us. There he stood, his features as plain as ever I saw 'em in my life, and that uncommon coat on, which I am sure was never made for anybody but a Guy Fawkes."

"You were frightened, then," exclaimed Annie.

"I was not exactly frightened, but I won't deny that I felt a creepishness all over me, and I'd have given half-a-crown out of my pocket if any human creature had but come up to bear me company."

"Did you speak to it?"

"I don't know but I might have had the courage, but it didn't give me no time. The minute it saw me a looking at it, it glided away among the gravestones, as if making off for the back of the church. I made off too, as fast as my legs would bring me, and I come right in here to you, instead of to the kitchen, for I knew my tongue must let it out, and I thought it might be better for you to hear it than them servants."

"Quite right," murmured Miss Thornycroft.

"I never did believe in ghosts," added Sarah, "any more than I'd believe in dreams, and such wishy-washy trash, and I never believed in Hunter's. But I'll not ridicule 'em after this night. Poor wretch! it can't rest quiet in its grave. It may want to denounce its murderer."

With the last words Miss Thornycroft was taken with a violent fit of shaking. "I cannot bear this," she wailed. "I cannot bear it. If this horror is to continue, I must leave the neighbourhood."

How were the two to go home, and pass the churchyard? Annie declared with a shudder she would not, and Sarah did not particularly urge it. Only women-servants were in the house, none of whom would feel inclined to escort them, and risk the ghost; so they remained on, waiting till one of the young Mr. Thornycrofts should come in. But between nine and ten, Captain Copp made his appearance in hot anger, shaking his stick, and stamping his wooden leg at Sarah.

"Had the vile hussy taken up her gossiping quarters at the Red Court for the night? Did she think——"

"I could not get Miss Annie away," interrupted Sarah. "The ghost's in the churchyard. I saw it as I came along."

The sailor-captain was struck dumb. One of his women-kind avow belief in a ghost! He had seen a mermaid himself, but ghosts were fabulous monsters, fit for nothing but marines, and they who said they saw 'em wanted a taste of the yard-arm.



"Do not talk so, uncle," interrupted Annie. "It is Robert Hunter's spirit. Isaac Thayercraft saw it last night."

"Shew away your ignorance, Miss Annie," commanded the captain. "A person's loss shew belief in a ghost? ho, ho, ho! I'll send you home to him to-morrow. I told the coroner I would at the inquest, but now I will. Shameful!" striking away at his wooden leg. "Get your things on. I'll teach you to see rubbishing ghosts."

"It's my opinion ghosts is rubbish and nothing better," chimed in Sarah, "for I don't see the good of 'em, but this was Robert Hunter's, for all that. I saw his face and his eyes, as sure as ever I saw my own in the glass. I don't say I saw his legs, for they was hid by the hedge and the tombstones, but I saw that precious white coat of his, and the ugly fur on it. He was buttoned up in it, like he used to be, in life. Master, you can't say as ever I believed in this tale afore to-night."

"You credulous sea-serpent!" exclaimed the captain to his servant. "And that same white coat lying now in the tub at the Mermaid, covered with blood, just as it was took off his body! Ugh! he upon you."

"If there's apparitions of bodies, there may be apparitions of coats," answered Sarah, between whom and her master there was always a struggle who should have the last word, to the exceeding consternation of the choleric but really good-hearted merchant-captain. "I'm as sure that it had got that coat on as I am that your leg's off, master."

Away pegged the captain in his rage, scarcely allowing himself to say good night to Miss Thayercraft, and Annie and her attendant flew after him, the latter clasping tight hold of him.

As they neared the churchyard—in turning off from the path, leading from the Red Court, past a piece of ground called the waste land, you came sharp upon it—Annie, in sickening terror, in spite of her uncle's mocking assurance that a person's daughter should be upon visiting terms with a churchyard ghost, clung close to him, and hid her face on his arm, trusting to him to guide her steps. The captain had a great mind (he avowed it afterwards) to guide her into the ditch, believing that a ducking would be a panacea for all ghostly terrors; but at that moment Sarah, who was a step in the rear, leaped forward, and clung violently to his coat tails.

"There!" she cried, in a shrill whisper, before the astonished gentleman could give way to his towering indignation, "there it is again, next to Massey's tomb! Now, master! is that the coat or not?"

They turned their eyes in the direction of the churchyard, even Annie, as if impelled by an irresistible fascination. It was too true. Within a few yards of them, in the dim moonlight—for the moon, watery and not long risen, gave but a feeble light—appeared the well-known form of the ill-fated Robert Hunter; the very man whose mangled body Captain Copp had helped to lay in the grave, having followed as a mourner at his funeral.

The captain was considerably taken aback: had never been half so much so before an unexpected iceberg: his wooden leg dropped submissively down and his mouth flew open. He had the keen eye of a seaman, and he saw beyond doubt that the spirit before him was indeed that of Robert Hunter. Report ran in the village afterwards that the gallant captain would have made off, but could not rid himself from the grasp of his companions.

"Hallo! you sir!" he called out presently, remembering that in that vile Sarah's presence his reputation for courage was at stake, but there was considerable deference, not to say timidity, in his tone, "what is it you want, appearing there like a figure-head?"

The ghost, however, disappeared, vanishing into air, or behind the tombstones; and the captain lost not a moment, but tore away faster than he had ever done since the acquisition of his wooden leg, Annie sobbing convulsively on his arm, and Sarah hanging on to his coat-tails. A minute afterwards they met Isaac Thornycroft, coming from the direction of the village.

"Take these screeching sea-gulls home for me," cried the sailor to Isaac. "I'll go down to the Mermaid, and with my own eyes see if the coat is there. Some land-lubber's playing a trick, and has borrowed Hunter's face and stole the coat to set it in."

"Spare yourself the trouble," rejoined young Mr. Thornycroft. "I have come straight now from the Mermaid, and the coat is there. We have been looking at it but this instant. It is under the straw in the room over the stable, doubled up and stiff, having dried in the folds."

"I should like to behold that ghost," cried the discomfited captain. "I'd rather have seen ten mermaids."

Isaac Thornycroft drew Annie away and supported her himself. The captain walked on first, and Sarah kept in close proximity to him. Isaac took care to widen the distance between himself and them, and then stole his arm round Annie's waist, and so held her up more efficiently. But, sobbing and terrified as she was, she yet shrank away from him.

"Annie," he whispered, "how is this? Why is it? Let me have an explanation this night: now, at once. For several weeks you have shunned me."

"Is there not a cause why I should shun you?" was her answer. "I think I will speak out," she added, in agitation. "I must speak out: but only to you. Isaac Thornycroft, have you no dark crime upon your conscience?"

"I a dark crime?" he echoed.

"A dark, heavy crime," she went on, "the worst and most cruel that man can commit on man, the same which stained the hand of Cain? Mind! I have been silent to the rest of the world; I will be silent: but the truth must lie between us."

"No, on my soul!" he vehemently answered. "Peccadilloes I may commit in plenty, but of such crimes my conscience is clear. Explain yourself, Annie."

"That night; that dreadful night—oh Isaac, I have never breathed it beyond my lips—I thought—that man—who—ran on to the plateau, was like—"

"Say on, child," he prompted, and but for Annie's agitation she might have noticed the sad tone, quite devoid of surprise, in which the words were spoken—"say on."

"Like you, Isaac," she shivered.

"You were mistaken," was his reply. "My hands will never be red with such a crime. It is against my nature."

"It was so like you," she resumed, in a whisper. "Though I had but a momentary look before I fainted."

"I was not there," he repeated. "I swear it to you."

"Oh, what a relief!" she murmured, "what a relief!" Then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike her, she spoke again, in a more hushed tone—"Was it Richard? You are alike in figure."

"Annie," he rejoined, in a reproving, but a solemn tone, "I cannot tell you. It is an inquiry which neither you nor I do well to dwell upon, which we have no right to pursue. Let the consciousness of our own innocence suffice for us."

"The knowledge of yours will suffice for me," she answered. "Since that night I have been most wretched."

"You need not have distressed yourself," was the reply of Mr. Thornycroft. "If my hand were stained with red, I should break with you, sooner than you could with me. Whatever else a murderer may covet, let him keep clear of wife and children."

Whatever suspicion Isaac Thornycroft may have had, it was not his place to denounce his brother Richard. He did suspect him. And he suspected also that Cyril was mixed up with it, else why keep out of the way? Isaac was not a cruel man, or one devoid of conscience. He had many estimable qualities: though it is true he cheated her Majesty's revenue, and thought it glorious fun. Richard had not made him his confidant; and put the question deliberately to him, Isaac would not; but the uncertainty had long worked painfully within him.

Thus talking, they reached the house of Captain Copp, and the captain pressed Isaac to enter, and introduced his brandy. There they sat, discussing what they had seen and heard, the captain telling his tale, and Sarah telling hers, to the intense horror of Mrs. Copp, who had the bump of marvel strongly developed, and who declared she would never go up to bed alone again.

Meanwhile, Mary Anne Thornycroft was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. She had never believed in ghosts—as children say—would have ridiculed the very idea. Yet she knew that Robert Hunter was dead and buried, and how reconcile that fact with this mysterious account of his reappearance? She had paid little attention to the first reports, that Hunter's spirit had been seen, for she knew how prone the ignorant are to supernatural tales, but the moment her brother Isaac imparted to her the fact that he had seen it with his own sensible, dispassionate eyes, a sickening conviction flashed over her that it *was* his spirit. And now was added the testimony of the matter-of-fact Sarah. Mary Anne Thornycroft had been attached to Robert Hunter; a tacit engagement had existed between them; but, stronger even than the grief and regret she had felt at his untimely fate, was the fearful dread that overpowered her for her brother Richard, lest he should be discovered, and brought to punishment—tried, condemned, executed! The words of Sarah—"Perhaps it wants to denounce its murderer"—rang in her ears like a knell. As she sat there, trembling, Richard entered. Had *he* seen the ghost? He looked as if he had. His damp hair hung about in a black mass, and his face and lips were ghastly as Hunter's. His sister gazed at him with surprise: the always self-possessed Richard!

"Have you come now from the village?" she asked.

"From that way."

"Did you look into the churchyard as you passed it?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"You know what they say: that *his* spirit appears there."

"I have seen it," was Richard's unexpected answer.

Miss Thornycroft started up. "Oh Richard! When?"

"Now: as I came by. There's no mistake about its being Hunter, or some fool made up to personate him."

"It has taken away your colour, Richard."

Richard Thornycroft did not reply. He sat with his elbow on his knee, and his chin resting on his hand, looking into the fire. Mary Anne resumed, in a low, firm tone,

"Richard, if you will accompany me for protection, I will go and see this spirit. I will ask what it wants. Let us go now."

"You!" he, somewhat contemptuously exclaimed.

"I will steel my nerves and heart to it. I have been striving to do so for the last half hour. Better for me to hold communion with it than any one else, save you. You know why, Richard."

"Tush!" he exclaimed. "Do nothing. You'd faint by the way."

"It is necessary for the honour and safety of—of—this house," she urged, not caring to speak more pointedly, "that no stranger should hear what it wants. I will go now. If I wait till to-morrow my courage may fail. You are not afraid?"

For answer, Richard rose, and they left the room. As they passed through the hall, Mary Anne threw on her woollen shawl and garden-bonnet, which were hanging there, and they started.

Not a word was spoken till they reached the corner of the churchyard. The high, thickset hedge on the side facing them, as they advanced on to it, prevented their seeing into it, but they would soon come in front, where it would be plain. "You stay here, Richard," whispered Miss Thornycroft. "I will go on alone."

"No," he began, but she peremptorily interrupted him.

"I will have it so. If I am to go on with this, I will be alone. You can keep me within sight." And Richard acquiesced, probably nothing loth, for the ghost could not have been an agreeable sight to him.

Now shall we go on mystifying the reader, or solve the secret? It may be better to solve it, for space is growing limited, as it was solved that night to Mary Anne and Richard Thornycroft. The ghost was still in the churchyard, prowling about, and *looking for her*, the object it had been looking for all along: but it was not Robert Hunter's ghost; it was Robert Hunter himself; for Robert Hunter was not dead.

He had been in London all the while they mourned him so, as much alive as any of his mourners, quite unconscious that he was looked upon as murdered, and that the county coroner had held an inquest on his body. A week since, he had come down from London to Coastdown, had come in secret, not caring to show himself in the neighbourhood, and not daring to show himself to Richard or Isaac Thornycroft. His object was to obtain an interview with Mary Anne, but he remembered and respected his oath to Richard. He knew of a lonely hut, inhabited by a superannuated fisherman, where he could hide in the day, and he came down to it, taking up his station in the churchyard at dusk, which was in the line of road to the Thornycrofts' house, and only to theirs, and he was aware that Miss Thornycroft constantly passed it at the evening hours, going or returning from visiting. Not a very brilliant scheme, but

Robert Hunter could think of no better to obtain speech with her; and it must be recollected that he had sworn in that dangerous interview with Richard, when the pistol was held to his forehead, not to write to her. The old fisherman, of dim sight and failing memory, did not recognise his guest as being the gentleman he had once seen with Miss Thornycroft. Thus, Hunter lay hid there in the day, and never dreamt he could be taken for his own ghost at night, for he knew nothing of the murder. It was not often that the churchyard was passed at night, except by those going to or coming from the Red Court; and if Robert Hunter hastened to disappear when he had once ascertained that a passer-by was not Mary Anne, it was that he might not be recognised and spoken to. His retreating place was under a shelving gravestone at the back of the church, where none would think of looking for him.

A lead was taken off the heart of Richard Thornycroft when the night air brought to his ears sufficient evidence that Robert Hunter was a living man. In the first blissful throeb of the discovery, the thought that struck him was, "If he is alive, I am no murderer." He rushed forward, gained the spot where Mary Anne and Hunter stood, grasped the latter's hands and embraced him—he, the cold, undemonstrative Richard Thornycroft! he, with all his dislike of Hunter!

"I do not understand it, Hunter," he whispered; "it is like awaking from a horrible dream. If I shot you down, how is it you are here?"

"You never shot me down. Old Joe Parker has been driving at some obscure tale, about young Hunter being shot from the heights, but I treated it as an old man's fancies. Mary Anne, too, is wearing mourning for me, she says, and came here to have speech of my ghost. I thought ghosts had gone out with the eighteenth century."

"Come this way," cried Mary Anne, who was shivering again, and caught hold of her brother's arm for support; "let us go and sit down in the church-porch."

They walked round towards it. It was on the side of the church, facing the Red Court. The brother and sister placed themselves on one bench, and Hunter opposite: the moonlight streamed upon them, but they were in no danger there of being observed by any chance passer-by.

"That night," began Richard, "after you had gone away, what brought you back again?"

"Back where?" asked Hunter.

"Back on the plateau. Watching the fellows from the basti."

"I was not there. I did not come back."

"Why do you say that, Robert?" interrupted Miss Thornycroft. "I saw you there: I and Annie. We were coming up to speak to you, and got as far as the Round Tower."

"And, what was worse, I saw you," eagerly broke in Richard. "I was shocked at your want of faith; I was saddened by your bad feeling, your obstinate determination to spy upon and betray us; and I stood by the Round House and shot you down."

"I do not know what you are talking of," cried Hunter. "I tell you I never came back, never for one moment. I got to Jutpoint by half-past ten."

"Did Cyril go there with you?"

"Cyril! Of course not. He left me directly after we passed the turning to the village here. I have been looking for Cyril, while I have

been dodging in this churchyard. I would not have minded trusting him, and I thought he would take a message to your sister. He was not so violent as you were, and I believe wished as well."

"We have never seen Cyril since that night," said Miss Thornycroft.

"Not seen Cyril?" echoed Hunter. "Where is he?"

"But we are not uneasy about him," said Richard, dropping his voice.

"We suspect he went off in the boats with the smugglers when they rowed back to the ship that night, after the cargo was run. Indeed, we feel positive of it. My father once did the same, to the terror of my mother: I believe she had him advertised. But Master Cyril is taking a tolerably long spell on the French coast."

"Still you have not explained," resumed Hunter. "What gave rise to the report that I was shot down?"

"Report!" cried Richard, vehemently, his new-found satisfaction beginning to fade, as other recollection returned to him. "Somebody was shot, if you were not. We had the coroner's inquest on him, and he lies buried in this churchyard as Robert Hunter."

"But the features could not have been mine," debated Hunter.

"The face was destroyed. It had struck against the rocks in falling. But the dress was yours: a black dinner-suit, and—— By the way," broke off Richard, "what is this mystery? This coat, which you appear now to have on, is at this moment in the stables at the Mermaid; and has been, ever since the inquest."

Does the reader notice that one word of Richard Thornycroft's? "Appear." *Appear* to have on! Was he still doubting whether the man before him was real?

"Oh, I borrowed this to come down in," was Hunter's answer. "You never sent me my own. They are exactly alike. I and a friend of mine had them made together. The weather in London is mild now, and he was not wearing it, so he lent it me. We are much of a size. Why did not mine come with the portmanteau, Mary Anne?"

"When you left, that night, you had your coat with you," she answered, more and more amazed.

"But I found it an encumbrance. I had taken more wine than usual, which made me hot, and I did not relish the prospect of carrying it on my arm for five or six miles. So I begged Cyril to take it back with him, and send it with the portmanteau the following morning."

Mary Anne Thornycroft suddenly started, gasped, and laid her face on her brother's shoulder, with a sharp, low moan of pain. He leaned forward and stared at Hunter, a pitiable expression of dread on his countenance, as the moonlight set off his ghastly face and strained-back lips.

"Cyril said he was glad of it, and put it on, for he had come out without one, and felt cold," continued Hunter, carelessly. "It fitted him capitally."

A yell, shrill and wild as that which had broken from the dying man in his fall, now broke from Richard Thornycroft. "Stop!" he shouted, in the desperation of anguish, "don't you see?"

"See what?" demanded the astonished Hunter.

"That I have murdered my brother."

It was too true. The unfortunate Cyril Thornycroft, arrayed in Hunter's coat, had been mistaken by Richard for him, and had been shot dead. There was no doubt that, in returning home after parting

with Hunter, he had gone to the heights to see whether the work, which had been planned for that night with the smugglers, was being carried on, or whether the discovery made by Hunter had checked it. Mary Anne also mistook him for Hunter. Alas! it was the coat that deceived them. It is certain the two young men were of the same height and size, and the outline of their faces was not dissimilar; but it was the conspicuous coat, like none else, which had led to the fatal mistake. In the broad light of day they might have detected Cyril's features, but it was impossible to do so amid the shades of night.

A silence of horror fell upon the three. Richard had started up, and his sister's face then sought a leaning place against the cold trellis-work. "How was it you never wrote to me?" at length asked Robert Hunter, in a low voice. "Had you done so, this mystery would have been cleared up."

"Wrote to *you*?" wailed Richard. "Do you forget we thought you were here?" stamping his foot on the sod of the churchyard.

"I can hardly understand it yet," mused Robert Hunter.

Richard Thornycroft turned and touched his sister. "Let us go home, Mary Anne. We have heard enough."

Without a word of dissent or approval, she rose and put her arm within Richard's; her face white and rigid, as it had been at the coroner's inquest. Hunter spoke then.

"But, Mary Anne—what I wanted to say to you—I have not yet said a word of it."

"I cannot talk to-night," she shuddered. "Come up to the house to-morrow."

"Yes; come to-morrow," repeated Richard Thornycroft. "No necessity for concealment now. I absolve you from your oath."

They walked out of the churchyard, Hunter standing still in the porch. His egress lay in an opposite direction, over a stile. He was preparing to leave it when he saw Miss Thornycroft returning.

"When I said you might come to the house, I spoke without reflection, Robert," she said. "It must not be. You must still be—in this neighbourhood—as dead and buried."

"Why? Far better to let them know I have not been murdered: and set their suspicions at rest."

"That you have not, but that another has," she returned, resentfully; "rake up the matter, and have a second inquest, and so set them upon my unfortunate brother Richard! His punishment, as it is, will be sufficiently dreadful and lasting."

"Mary Anne, you need not speak to me in that tone of reproach. You may be sure that I deeply sympathise and grieve with you all. I will continue to conceal myself: but how shall I see you? One more day, and business will enforce my return to London."

"I will see you here, in this place, to-morrow night."

"At what hour?"

"As soon as dusk comes on. Say seven."

"You will not fail, Mary Anne?"

"Fail!" she repeated, vehemently. Then, in a quieter tone, as she would have walked away, "No; I will be sure to come."

Robert Hunter grasped her hand, as if to draw her towards him for a loving embrace, but Miss Thornycroft wrenched her hand away, with a

half cry, and walked on to join her brother. "Good night, dear Robert," she presently called out, in a gentle voice, as if to atone for her abrupt movement: but oh! what a mine of anguish that voice betrayed!

## II.

SHE was true to her promise. The following night, before the moon was up, Robert Hunter and Miss Thornycroft sat once more in the church-porch. The night was very cold, but from a feeling of considerate delicacy, which she understood and mentally thanked him for, he was without a great-coat. He rightly judged that the only one he had with him could in her eyes be nothing but an object of horror.

What a day that had been at the Red Court! Mr. Thornycroft had sat on the magisterial bench at Jutpoint, trying petty offenders, unconscious that there was a greater offender at his own house demanding punishment. Richard Thornycroft felt inclined to proclaim the truth and deliver himself up to justice. The remorse which had taken possession of him was greater than he knew how to bear, and it seemed that to expiate his offence at the criminal bar of his country, would be more tolerable than to let it thus prey in silence on his vitals. Consideration for his father and sister, for their honourable reputation, alone withheld him. He and Cyril had been fond brothers. Cyril, of delicate health and gentle manners, had been, as it were, the pet of the robust Justice and his robust elder sons. At mid-day, Richard was in his sister's room; not sitting; he had never sat, or lain, or rested, since leaving the churchyard the previous night; but pacing about it in despair. Isaac, to whom the truth had been disclosed, was present. At this dread consultation, every word of which will linger in the remembrance of the three, during life, Richard decided on his future plans. To remain in the neighbourhood of the fatal scene, ever again to look upon the Half-moon, where the body had lain, he felt would drive him mad, and he determined to leave it. The substance of this Miss Thornycroft disclosed to Hunter.

"Isaac is driving him over to Jutpoint for the night train," she added, "and will go with him to London."

"To return when?" inquired Hunter. "I mean Richard."

"Never again," she mournfully answered; "he has taken leave of us for the last time. My poor father is broken-hearted. It was a dreadful shock to him, when he came home this afternoon, to find his eldest and favourite son waiting to bid him farewell for ever. He has always liked Richard best: perhaps because he partakes more of his own free, daring nature. They did not disclose to him the awful secret about Cyril. They said Richard had fallen into a serious scrape, which could only be kept quiet by his leaving the neighbourhood for a few years, and begged him not to inquire particulars, for that the less said about it the better. And so they parted."

"And will Richard remain in London?"

"He goes to Australia. I thought I said so. But my head is confused to-night. He will take the first ship that sails. Oh, Robert!" she added, in a tone of suffering, "what a secret this is for me and Isaac to carry with us through life!"

"It is indeed! But time will soothe it to you, for you are both innocent."



"Time will never soothe it to me. My peer brother Cyril! so kind, so inoffensive as he was to us all! I never had words with him as I had with Richard and Isaac. And to be hurled away unprepared!"

She raised her hands and concealed her face, as if she would hide its tribulation from the dark night. "And what a career is before poor Richard!" she continued to wail. "My heart bleeds for him, guilty though he is. Remorse and anguish to the end of his days! remorse and anguish!"

Robert Hunter drew her hands from her face, and, keeping them in his, sat down by her. Hitherto he had been standing.

"Time is wearing on, Mary Anne. May I say what I came down from town to say? Though it pains me to enter upon it now you are in this grief."

"What is it, Robert?"

"I have had a situation offered me abroad: in the East: and I have accepted it. It is to superintend the formation of a railway. It will keep me there for five years at least. The appointment is excellent in a pecuniary point of view, better than I thought would fall to my share for years to come, and the climate is good. In two months we shall take our departure for it."

"Yes," she answered, in a tone of the utmost apathy. "What else?"

"Is there need to tell you, Mary Anne? Can you not perceive what brought me down—why I could begin no preparations until I had obtained speech of you?"

"No," she repeated, in the same abstracted tone, as if her mind were dwelling on other things. "Make haste, Robert; I must be gone. I am beginning to shiver. I have these shivering fits often now."

"I want you to go with me, my love," he whispered, in an accent of deep tenderness. "I came down to urge it; but now that this unfortunate affair has happened, I would doubly urge it. As any wife, you will forget—"

"Be quiet, Robert!" she impatiently interrupted. "you cannot know what you are saying. You and I, of all people in the world, must live apart. Was this what you had to say?"

"I thought you loved me," he exclaimed, quite petrified at her words.

"I did love you: I do: if to know it will do any good now. But this dreadful sorrow has placed a barrier between us."

"Mary Anne Thornycroft! You surely are not so blind, so unjust, as to lay its blame to my door?"

"Listen, Robert," she returned. "I am not so unjust as to blame you for the murder, but I cannot forget that you have been the innocent cause of it: you and I."

"You!"

"Yes: I. When my father heard that I had invited you down, he came to me, and forbid me to let you come. I see now why. He did not want strangers in his house, who might see more than was expedient. He commanded me to write and stop you. I disobeyed: I thought he spoke but in compliance with a whim of Richard's: and I would not write. Had I obeyed him, all this would have been spared. Again, when you were here, when we spoke about what the supervisor said, that there were smugglers abroad; my father ordered us, you especially, not to interfere. Had you obeyed him to the letter, Cyril would have been allowed

now. These reflections haunt me continually. No, Robert, you and I must live apart. If I were to marry you, I should expect Cyril to rise reproachfully before me on our wedding-day."

"Oh, Mary Anne! Believe me you see matters in a false light. If——"

"I will not discuss it," she peremptorily interrupted, "it would be of no avail, and I shudder while I speak. Do you forgive me, Robert, if I cause you pain. Nothing in the world, or out of it, shall ever induce me to become your wife."

"Is this your fixed determination?" he asked, in a low, grating tone.

"Fixed and unalterable. Fixed as those stars above us. Fixed as Cyril's grave."

"Then nothing remains for me but to return," he gloomily said.

"And the sooner I start the better. Fare you well."

She put her hand into his, and, overcome by the dread anguish at her heart, suffered him to draw her to his breast. None can know what that anguish was, even of the pasting. He held her to him and soothed her sobs; now with a loving word, now with a gentle action; but he used no argument to induce her to retract her determination. He knew Mary Anne Thornycroft, and knew that it would be useless.

"Oh, Robert, strive to forget me," she murmured. "We have been dear to each other; but you must find another now. Perhaps we may meet again once more in after life: when you are a happy man with wife and children!"

He supported her to the churchyard gates, and watched her as she turned to her home. And so they parted. Robert Hunter retraced his steps to the churchyard, and from behind a gravestone, where he had laid them out of sight, took up his little black travelling bag, and the coat, the counterparts of which had proved so unlucky a coat for the Thornycrofts. Then he set off to walk to Jaspont, avoiding the village road by means of a by-path, as he had set off to walk that guilty night some weeks before.

There is little more to tell. Richard Thornycroft departed for Australia, and the mysteries of the Red Court were never again enacted. Long and perseveringly did Supervisor Myne look out for the smugglers; many and many a night did he exercise his eyes and his patience on the edge of that bleak plateau: but they came no more. Old Mr. Thornycroft, deprived, he hardly knew how, of his sons, lived on, at the Red Court, a disappointed man. Not that he cared to make more money; he had plenty; but he loved adventure, and his occupation was gone. His daughter remained with him, growing more grave and sad, day by day.

Isaac Thornycroft was the only one of the family whose fortunes turned out happily. He married Captain Copp's niece and settled in London, where he entered into legitimate business. While the whole neighbourhood of Costdown is, to this hour, under a clear and immutable persuasion that the ghost walks in the churchyard: and Captain Copp, while taking his glass in the parlour of the Mermaid, never fails to decant upon the marvels of that night, when he and that woman-servant of his (who, he adds in a parenthesis, is undaunted enough for a ship-pirate) saw with their own fearless eyes the spirit of Robert Hunter:

## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshead.

### RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS:

#### III.—MALHERBE.

AT last came Malherbe! *Enfin Malherbe vint!* Came, according to Boileau and the classical school—to lay the foundations of poetry in France. Came, to dispel fallacies and to establish potent truths. Came, to blot out vulgar errors, and to write in a plain, clear master's hand the laws of the new dispensation. Came, in short, to ring out the old, ring in the new.

As an iconoclast of his country's accepted idols, a reformer of her established creeds and confessions, and an expositor of another faith and practice, which should from that time forth become gradually, and at length completely, the exclusive orthodoxy of the land—the name of Malherbe is of first-rate importance. His influence was prodigious. The revolution he effected was just of a kind to aggrandise his renown, and secure for him a reputation which no poems of his, considered simply in themselves, could either have originated or sustained.

With the close of the sixteenth century, Malherbe was in his forty-sixth year. At that time the school of poetry he was destined to supplant, the school of Ronsard, was still flourishing. But about that time, there began to be a good deal of talk at Paris and the court, concerning the poetical talents of a gentleman of Norman family, who for some time past had been living in Provence, and who only came to the capital when business constrained him. Not many verses of his, indeed, were quoted; but a good number of happy *mots*, and original repartees. Du Perron praised him up to Henry the Fourth, who promised to summon him to court. Unhappily, as M. Sainte Beuve observes, the state of the royal finances no longer allowed that sort of recompense for a sonnet which Henry the Third had granted, to the tune of ten thousand *écus de rente*; and the austere Sully, who preferred coarse cloth and woollens to fine carpets and satins, was doubtless of opinion, in common with Malherbe himself, that “a poet was of no more service to the state than a skittle-player.” It was not until 1605, that the king, being apprised of Malherbe's arrival at Paris, sent for him, desired him to remain, and gave instructions to M. de Bellegarde to provide the poet with bed, board, and suitable conveniences. Seen close at hand, Malherbe improved on acquaintance. It was admitted that if he composed verses very charily, at least he made good ones; though his manner of pronouncing judgment on other people's compositions was less to the taste of the capital. Malherbe spoke of even the best established reputations with profound disdain. The only poet he esteemed was Régnier. Bertaut was just endurable at times. But Ronsard, and Des Portes, he lashed without pity, at every opportunity—to the infinite scandal of men brought up to admire the olden poesy of their country. Malherbe himself had *Ronsardised* in his earlier verses. But in his seclusion in Provence, far from the conventionalism of Paris life and criticism, he studied, and reflected, and saw good grounds

for breaking with his teachers *de Arte Poeticâ*, and was led by dint of native good sense to a better taste.\*

"But in this praiseworthy reform, all the honour of which belongs to himself, Malherbe went too far, and failed to use a becoming degree of tact and moderation. Arrived in Paris from Provence, as a critic in a passion, we see him all at once exaggerate matters and affront his fellows: his fury against Ronsard and Des Portes, and even against the Italians and Petrarch [whom he found 'detestable'], occasionally looks like sheer fanaticism; above all, his ardour in behalf of the purity of his language often degenerates into superstition." One of his friends and admirers, Balzac, who enjoys the repute of having done for the prose of French literature what Malherbe had done for its poetry, alludes to him under the title by which he was then known, the "tyrant of words and syllables,"—and expresses pity for a man who makes such a vast distinction between *pas* and *point*, and who treats the question of gerunds and participles as if it were that of two neighbouring countries, jealous about their frontier territory.

This scrupulosity as to grammatical minutiae became, in effect, a veritable religion to this old *grammairien en lunettes et en cheveux gris*, as he called himself; inasmuch that on his death-bed, nay, in the last agony, he gave vent to his irritation at the solecisms of which his nurse was guilty, and, as we are assured, scolded her right smartly, in spite of the remonstrances of his confessor. The poor confessor was only snubbed for his pains. "Sir," protested the dying man, "I will defend to my very last gasp the purity of the French language." And when the good father tried to work upon his patient by describing the bliss of the life to come, but in a somewhat prosy and unpicturesque manner,—and thereupon asked if Malherbe did not feel a great yearning after the speedy fruition of all this happiness,—the answer was, "Say nothing more about it, or your wretched style will disgust me with the place altogether!"

One is reminded of a similar outbreak, by Rameau, on *his* death-bed—the story being cited by M. Arsène Houssaye as one out of a thousand that might be adduced, to show that, under Louis XV., nothing was taken seriously, not even death itself, in spite of *récollets*, *mandements*, and extreme unction. Rameau, in his last moments, tired of the Curé of Saint Eustache's perorations, cried out in a passion: "Que diable venez-vous me chanter là, monsieur le curé? vous avez la voix fausse."

A pendant may be appended, too, in the case of the moribund Watteau. When the curé was granting the dying painter absolution, he put to his lips, to be kissed, *un christ en ivoire*. Watteau eyed the image mistrustingly, for it was too badly carved not to offend his artistic sense. "Otez-moi ce crucifix," he exclaimed, turning away his eyes with a gesture of distress; "est-il possible qu'un artiste ait si mal accommodé son maître!" And that was Watteau's *dermier mot*, while in possession of his senses.

It was Malherbe's aim to put an end to the school of the Pleiad, as Ronsard and his immediate coadjutors were called—these being Joachim Dubellay, Antoine de Baïf, Jamyn, Belleau, Jodelle, and Ponthus de

\* Sainte Beuve: *Tableau de la Poésie Française au XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle*.

Third,—all of whom are said to reflect, in divers degrees and with various modifications, the merits and defects of their leader; but of whom only the first, second, and fifth, can be said to be known, even by name, in this country. The Phœnix and their Greco-Latin innovations were the direct object of Malherbe's onsets. But going too far, he did but, in this event, consolidate the success of the Ronsard school, according to M. Demogéot, by the regulating, moderating, reactionary tendency of his opposition. In vain he made a clean erasure of Ronsard whole and entire; in the result he accomplished, in his way, the purpose of old Ronsard himself; by imparting to the vulgar idiom all the dignity of the ancient languages. Less ingenious than prudent, not so copious as judicious; all his power of invention lies in happy selection. His work is rather a code than a poem, and, like all lawgivers, he insists pre-eminently on prohibitory clauses—on what must be eschewed and avoided by the faithful. *Affectus-ecce* was his motto, as well as that of the chiefs of the stoics. He proscribed the hiatus in verse, except under extenuating circumstances; interdicted for ever *l'enjambement* or *suspension*; posted the censor at the sixth foot of the alexandrine, like an impossible sentinel; and successfully rejected rhymes of too easy a kind. To make difficult rhymes was, with him, a true sign, none more so, of the *grand poète*.\*

What Malherbe invented, as M. Demogéot judges him and his "mission," was, *taster le goût*. "Ce fut là sa création." Out of the chaotic materials heaped together by his predecessors, he formed, by means of elimination and repudiation, a language elevated and impressive to an extent of which they had but faint forebodings: "The principle which directed him in this sifting process, manifests his clear recognition of the true nature of languages; he discarded equally college and court, fashion and scholarship, and took for his guide the instinct of the people of Paris." Racan, the most remarkable of his disciples, relates that when Malherbe's opinion was asked about certain French words, it was his custom to send his questioners to the porters in the *Haymarket*, saying that *they* were the masters he consulted in the parts of speech.

He is characterized by M. Chénier as a persevering, straightforward labourer in his particular vials—one whose love was all for method, clearness, dignity—qualities which, for fifty years past, French poetry had sought for in vain. Already rich as regards *verve* and *grace*, it had continued suspended, so to speak, between *pedantry* and *commonness*, between the trivial and the emphatic. Malherbe perceived that, except by enforcing a severe choice of words and forms of expression, it would never be distinct from prose. So he made words pass the ordeal of that homely but exacting medium, the sieve; he separated them, classified them, regulated the legitimate use of them, with all the rigour of a philologist. Ronsard's pompous neologisms had no opponent more to be dreaded than this gentleman from Normandy, who may be compared, in this respect, to a prince of frugal habits and principles, whose economical reforms go to repair the mischief inflicted on the state by the profusion of his predecessors.†

A nearly forgotten French writer, who died ten years before Voltaire—Mangenot by name—sketched out in the following whimsical manner

\* Demogéot: *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, chap. xxviii.

† Philartès Chénier: *Le XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle en France*. Livre II. § xii.

his notion of the rise and progress of French poetry: "French poetry, under Ronsard and Baif, was an infant in the cradle; whether boy or girl, was not yet known. Malherbe conjectured the sex to be male, and put the child in masculine attire accordingly. Corneille turned him into a hero. Racine transformed him into a feeling and adorable woman. Quinault, into a courtesan, to be made worthy of wedlock with Lulli [who composed the music for Quinault's operas]; and so well did he paint this masqued figure, that the severe Boileau was deceived, and condemned Quinault to hell-fire, and his Muse to the prisons of St. Martin. As for Voltaire, he made of the creature an excellent rhetorician, &c." To Malherbe is attributed, we see, the masculine impress observable in the adolescence of French poetry. His admirers reiterate their praises of his "manly" tone. Certainly there is little enough of the womanly about him. He is never tender or impassioned. Even Ménage grants that. "Malherbe," says that dainty old pedant, who was once the enamoured tutor of Madame de Sévigné, "Malherbe was a great poet; to whom may be applied what Quintilian says of Stœrichorus, that he sustained with his lyre the weight of epic verse; but he was neither tender nor passionate." Not but what Malherbe made an attempt to have, what St. Marc Girardin calls a mistress in the air, to whom to dedicate his verses; whom he entitled *Nérée*, and whose name he immortalized, of course. But had *Nérée* the patience to wait while the poet polished, at leisure, in his own preposterously polishing and leisurely manner, the verses he composed for her? The poet himself condemns to oblivion, in his age, as verses of the old and effete school, his own youthful verses of an erotic cast—

Quand le sang, bouillant dans ses veines,  
Lui donnait de jeunes desirs;

and if he ever loved in his ripe manhood, when master of his genius and language,

Siérait-il bien à mes écrits,

he says,

D'ennuyer les races futures  
Des ridicules aventures  
D'un amoureux en cheveux gris.

So that, there is no love-poetry, first and last, in Malherbe; for, when he was young, he was no poet, or was so only as one of the old school; and when he had become a poet, he was no longer young.\*

Old Mr. Isaac Disraeli had some reason for fixing on Malherbe as a mortifying proof of the existence of anti-poetical poets. When a poem was shown to the veteran censor which had been highly commended, he disdainfully asked whether it would lower the price of bread. "Be it remembered," begs our Curiosity-hunter, "that Malherbe had a cynical heart, cold and unfeeling; his character may be traced in his poetry; labour, and correctness, without one ray of enthusiasm."†

Is Malherbe, in truth, a poet at all? Before we settle that in England, we must decide on our own ever-recurring question, Was Pope a

\* St. Marc Girardin: *De l'Amour dans la Poésie au XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle*. (Cours. de Lit. dram., t. III.)

† *Curiosities of Literature*.

poet? Bouterwek flatly denies the title to Malherbe. And in a certain sense, no doubt Bouterwek was right. But it may be objected with Mr. Hallam, that we narrow our definition of poetry too much, when we exclude from it the versification of good sense and select diction, which may properly be ascribed to Malherbe, though Bouhours, an acute and somewhat rigid critic, has pointed out some passages which he deems nonsensical. "Polished and elegant, his lines seldom pass the conventional tone of poetry; and while he is never original he is rarely impressive. Malherbe may stand in relation to Horace as Chiabrera does to Pindar: the analogy is not very close; but he is far from deficient in that calm philosophy which forms the charm of the Roman poet, and we are willing to believe that he sacrificed his time reluctantly to the praises of the great."\* Horace, by the way, was Malherbe's pet author, whom, as St. Chrysostom with Aristophanes, he laid on his pillow by night—and whom he studied in the fields by day, and called his breviary—a *bonâ fide vademecum*.

The world of imagination and fancy is a world outside of Malherbe's cold terraqueous ball. He is fanciful in his way, but the fancies are chilling *conceits*, of which the fewer the better. He draws largely upon mythology, though with more moderation than his forerunners. Too largely, nevertheless, for the comfort of his readers, who are for ever being haled into the company of old-world gods and goddesses, or having Hercules dragged in by the head and shoulders, for no purpose on earth, unless to be indicted for a nuisance. Is it an Ode to Marie de Médicis? Be sure we have Hercules and Busiris, the wrath of Neptune, the snaky-haired Furies, the feuds of Eteocles and Polynices, and the war of Troy. Is it an Ode to Henry the Great? As surely we are dinned with reminders of Mars in Thrace, and the taking of Memphis, and the Muses, and the Fates, and are assured that Hercules was less of a Hercules than his majesty:

Si tes labeurs, d'où la France  
A tiré sa délivrance,  
Sont écrits avecque foi,  
Qui sera si ridicule  
Qu'il ne confesse qu'Hercule  
Fut moins Hercule que toi?

Is it an Ode to the Duc de Bellegarde? Then is it stuffed in almost every stanza with faded frippery about Jason and the Argonauts, Atrides and Ilium, Phoenix and Chiron, Mars and Achilles. Is it a consolatory address to the Président de Verdun, on the death of his wife—(which address, amusingly enough, was not ready and despatched, thanks to Malherbe's extreme "costiveness" and fastidiousness of finish, until Monsieur le Président was provided with a new Madame—when, naturally, the condolence came somewhat out of season)? Then must the poet needs adorn his lines with references to Orpheus and Eurydice, and the stormy struggles of the Titans, and the affable qualities of Jove and Poseidon. So again the stanzas To Charity, said by St. Evremond to be meant for Marie de Médicis, edify us with allusions to Paris and Serpèdon, and the story of Aleyon and Ceyx à la mer Egée; while the Ode

\* Hallam's Literature of Europe. Part III., § 3.

to Louis XIII. is replete with mention of Apollo, and Tiphys the Argonautic pilot, and Briareus, and Typhen, and their pugnacious peers. In the same bad taste are the "Stanzas" for Henry IV., under the name of Alcandre, on the subject of the absence of the Princess de Condé, under that of Oranthe—a farrago wherein are mixed up together the plains of Arques and Ivry with the voyage of Jason for the Golden Fleece; or those other "Stanzas," wherein Madame Elizabeth, of Spain, represents Pallas, and a good deal of pseudo-pastoral sentiment is to be found, about Arcadia and dead and gone Pan.

The art of flattery was one in which Malherbe prided himself amazingly, and with some reason. He had made a study of that art; he had almost made a science of that art; he had taken an honorary M.A.'s degree therein, different (he "flattered" himself) as to degree, and distinct even in kind, from what any other, even fellow-wrangler or first-class man had taken or could take. Flattery of crowned heads was then (perhaps still is) a matter of course; and extravagance of encomium was not only endurable, but essential. Malherbe piqued himself on the *unique* handsomeness, delicacy, and applicability of his panegyrics. He would go, perhaps, as far as any one; but then he insisted on your observing that he never overstepped truth and reason by an inch, or belied his austere conscience a whit. Be his assurances and his self-appraisal worth what they may, his flatteries of Henri Quatre and Marie de Médicis, of Louis Treize and Cardinal Richelieu, sound hollow and common-place enough, for the most part, now. To live in the age of Marie, he protests, is, without flattery and in literal truth, to live in the Golden Age—

Que vivre au siècle de Marie,  
Sans mensonge et sans flatterie,  
Sera vivre au siècle doré.

Her praise ought to be made known, and Malherbe undertakes to make it known, to the ends of the earth, from Iberia to the Ganges. Her merits have acquired for her a name which has no bounds to its glory—enough to dim the remembrances of all queens that have lived before her, and to serve as eternal type and ideal for all that shall follow after. "Without flattery," always keep that in mind, Marie is Minerva and nothing less—

Sans fard et sans flatterie,  
C'est Pallas que cette Marie  
Par qui nous sommes gouvernés.

The laurels of war are glorious, and France is top-heavy with them: but, "all flattery apart," what are even French warriors, ever so thickly laurelled, to Marie and her miracles wrought for the French lily?

Nos fastes sont pleins de lauriers  
De toute sorte de guerriers:  
Mais, hors de toute flatterie,  
Furent-ils jamais embellis  
Des miracles que fait Marie  
Pour le salut des fleurs de lis?

As with Marie, so with her dashing husband. Henry possesses merits and virtues such as never were, never. He is a beautiful star, truly



adorable. He is an everlasting example for all good kings. He is the guardian angel of the state, its only safety, its infallible refuge and assured success. He is the miracle of kings, and Malherbe tells him so, and has told the world so, in verses that ensure a renown limited neither by high mountain, nor broad ocean, nor any such thing.

But Malherbe left ugly testimony against himself, as touching the sagged sincerity he affected, and that superiority to flattering insincerities in which he so loftily insisted, when he resigned to posterity certain inconsistencies hard to reconcile with such pretensions. He could glorify Henry the Third, living, as a delightful prince whose eyes and whose sacred image

Fait un visage d'or à cette âge ferrée :

but let Henry the Third be some years in his grave, and the poet protests it is quite a pleasure to survive such a worthless voluptuary :

Quand un roi fainéant, la vergogne des princes,  
Laisse à ses flatteurs le soin de ses provinces,  
Entre les voluptés indignement s'endors,  
Quoique l'on dissimule, on en fait peu d'estime;  
Et si la vérité se peut dire sans crime,  
C'est avecque plaisir qu'on survit à sa mort.

Similarly, the Marshal d'Ancre, while in power, is the "Pan" who sagely counsels "notre bergère," the Queen-mother. But the Marshal, disgraced, is hooted off with frantic

Va-t'en à la malheure, excrément de la terre !

It is pleasant to find Richelieu declining to go into raptures over a certain unfinished Ode to him, when he learnt that Malherbe had originally composed it for another person.

In one kind of flattery, nevertheless, our bard was thoroughly sincere—in his compliments to himself. His Ode to Marie de Médicis, in 1610, on the blissful success of her reign, winds up with a specimen to the purpose. Apollo, he says, after the Greek proverb, keeps his doors open for all that list, and allows all that will or can, to gather evergreen leaves, and so secure for themselves a name of some duration in this changeful world. But, continues Malherbe, the art of making crowns of these leaves is not revealed to all; not more than three or four, including Myself, can bestow a compliment that shall last for ever :

Mais l'art d'en faire des couronnes  
N'est pas su de toutes personnes;  
Et trois ou quatre seulement,  
Au nombre desquels on me range,  
Peuvent donner une louange  
Qui demeure éternellement.

The poet's self-assertion is still more emphatic in the Ode to Louis XIII., on that monarch's departure to put down the rebellion of the Rochellois, and to *chasser* the English, who had made a descent, in the rebels' favour, upon the isle of Ré (1627). Malherbe was then upwards of threescore and ten, and confesses himself the worse for time's wear and tear, at least so far as his physical frame is concerned. But as for his *esprit*?

Bah ! it is as vigorous as ever, and all France knows what that means. He was honoured from his very cradle with the most potent favours Parnassus can give : he enjoys them still, unstaled, unwithered, untarnished. He congratulates Louis on having such a poet to praise him as never king had before. Whether my lyre, he exclaims, is devoted to the laurels your majesty acquires, or the benefits you bestow, what rival is conceited enough to dream that *this* lyre can produce anything to equal mine ? That famous Amphion, whose unmatched voice built up a city, and thereby ascended the universe—what of him ? He was all very well in his way, and for the times he lived in. In fact, he made a good deal of noise in his day. But whatever noise Amphion made, he never did wonders that nay, Malherbe's, verses cannot equal : verses which shall fill the earth with the tale of Louis's feats, so that the denizens of old Nile, just as much as the dwellers on the Seine, shall load with incense the altars of Louis of France.

Tu verras mon adresse ; et ton front cette fois  
Sera ceint de rayons qu'on ne vit jamais luire  
Sur la tête des rois.

Soit que de tes lauriers ma lyre s'entretienne,  
Soit que de tes bontés je la fasse parler,  
Quel rival assez vain prétendra que la sienne  
Ait de quoi m'égalier ?

Le fameux Amphion, dont la voix nonpareille  
Bâtissait une ville éternelle à l'univers,  
Quelque bruit qu'il ait eu, n'a point fait de merveille  
Que ne fassent mes vers.

Par eux de tes beaux faits la terre sera pleine ;  
Et les peuples du Nil qui les auront ouïs  
Donneront de l'encens comme ceux de la Seine  
Aux autels de Louis.

So again when Malherbe indites a complimentary Ode to M. de la Garde, on the subject of that learned person's *Histoire sainte*—an ode composed in the year of the poet's death, 1628—he follows up his “candid opinion” of the History by expressing his complacent assurance that what he, Malherbe (or in effect Sir Oracle), has now said on the subject, will have the entire acquiescence of every person of merit : Enough that Malherbe has said it : *Ipse dixit* : Since he has said it, let no one—indeed no one *can* in such a case—gainsay it.

Pour moi, dans ce que j'en ai veu,  
J'assure qu'elle aura l'avou  
De tout excellent personnage :  
Et puisque Malherbe le dit,  
Cela sera sans contredit ;  
Car c'est un très-juste présage.

At the close of another (fragmentary) Ode to the King, Malherbe is willing to recognise the existence of swans upon the Seine, laboriously attuning their swan-songs to his majesty's praise : but what of them ? Only think, your majesty, of the overwhelming effect of any hymn of victory known to be composed by Malherbe !

Mais, vu le nom que me donne  
 Tout ce que ma lyre sonne,  
 Quelle sera la hauteur  
 De l'hymne de ta victoire,  
 Quand elle aura cette gloire  
 Que Malherbe en soit l'auteur!

One example more. In a Sonnet to his Majesty in 1624, Malherbe begins by hailing the prowess of the king, and magnifying the glorious achievements of his royal army in putting down the hydra of rebellion, and securing peace for his dominions on sea and land. So far so good. But better waits behind. The glory hitherto recorded hath no glory, by reason of the glory which excelleth. And that? *That is the possession of a poet like Malherbe: what else could it be?* To have Malherbe is the *comble*, the crowning grace, the sovereign triumph, of Louis's blessings from on high.

Mais qu'en de si beaux faits vous m'ayez pour témoin,  
 Connaissez-le, mon roi, c'est le comble du soin  
 Que de vous obliger ont eu les destinées.

Tous vous savent louer, mais non également:  
 Les ouvrages communs vivent quelques années;  
 Ce que Malherbe écrit dure éternellement.

But let us not be so blind of eye, or hard of heart, as to leave Malherbe and his works without acknowledging that sometimes he is graceful, impressive, and, in the French phrase, *noble*. Some of his lines are familiar in his countrymen's mouths as household words: indeed it is by a line here and there, by a stanza now and then, that he survives and is still had in honour. There is an enduring charm, an engaging melancholy in the thought,

Tout le plaisir des jours est en leurs matinées;  
 La nuit est déjà proche à qui passe midi.

Very different would be our estimate of the old bard were this an average specimen of the bulk of his verses. We should then think less exclusively of him *as* an old bard, and should give him more credit than he will let us for believing him to have once been young. Be we sensible, nevertheless, to what he has left us that is elegant, or lofty, or otherwise worthy of respect—occasionally a landscape bit, perhaps, in the manner of the Georgics (some such there are, for which André Chénier claims all the grace and sweetness of Virgil himself)—or the description of Herod's slaughter of the Innocents, in the "Tears of Saint Peter"—or the harmonious rhythm of the Stanzas of Consolation addressed to M. Dupérier—or the antithesis shadowed between Henry of Valois and his successor of Bourbon, in the poet's Prayer for the latter on his departure for Limosin.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

OUR annual visit to the studios of the principal exhibitors at the Royal Academy has, this year, well repaid us for our labour in striving to bring both ends of the town together, so as to include the greatest number of pictures within the very limited period that is allowed for private view.

This labour would be greatly lessened if the artists in London had a *quartier* exclusively their own, but the distance that separates the Old World of Art from the New, the miles which must be traversed between Fitzroy-square and Kensington, to say nothing of the outlying abodes of genius at Hampstead or Blackheath, sadly interfere with the attempt to give anything like a complete *résumé* of the works intended for exhibition, and oblige us to depend more upon accident than intention in preparing our preliminary notice.

A well-known incident in the life of a very remarkable man, has supplied Mr. Maclise with the subject of a noble picture. Bent upon the acquirement of all kinds of knowledge, but especially anxious to make himself master of the practice as well as of the theory of ship-building, that he might create for his own country the navy it stood so much in need of, Peter the Great left Russia in the year 1697, being then at the age of twenty-five, and, accompanied by a limited suite, went direct to Holland, and after working for several months as a common shipwright in the dockyard at Saardam, continued his journey to England, and established himself at Deptford with the view of perfecting himself in his self-elected profession. In a passage from Evelyn's Diary (January 30, 1697-8) his arrival in this country is thus noted: "The Czar of Muscovy being come to England, and having a mind to see the building of ships, hir'd my house at Saye's Court, and made it his Court and Palace, new furnish'd for him by the King." It was a great honour, no doubt, to lodge so great a man, but it cost Evelyn rather dear, notwithstanding the allowance which he received from the Treasury in consideration of the Czar's havoc of his house and property. Of Peter's mode of living while there, a servant of Evelyn's, who was left on the premises, writes as follows: "There is a house full of people, and right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often at King's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected there this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has." William III., indeed, took the greatest interest in his guest's proceedings. He had made personal acquaintance with Peter in Holland, had sent an English fleet thither to convey him to London, and, while the Czar was engaged in his daily toil in Deptford Dockyard, used frequently to go to visit him there, as well as at Saye's Court. It is one of these visits that Mr. Maclise has chosen to represent; and with most consummate skill are the two principal personages in his picture contrasted: the Czar in all the vigour of youth and health,—his strong will, his energetic nature, the

passions instinct within him looking out from his eager eyes and stamped upon his resolute features; the pale, grave, thoughtful King, calm and concentrated under every circumstance of his life, the man upon whose serious countenance no trace of emotion—for the public eye—has ever been suffered to appear. On the one side is force of mind combined with physical strength,—on the other, fragility of form with a deeper development of mental power. The scene where the interview takes place is full of animation. The Czar, in the act of sawing a huge piece of timber, with Menzikoff, Golownin, Galitsin, and others of his attendant nobles occupied, like their master, in learning the ship-builder's craft, suspends his labour to greet the arrival of the King, who, followed by three or four courtiers, scans with a quiet eye the manual toil of his brother sovereign. Strewn around in all directions lie models of vessels, mathematical instruments, half-finished designs, plans for constructions, and implements of all kinds. Nor these alone, for on a capstan at the Czar's elbow stand flacons and glasses, which sufficiently indicate that Peter, who was a noted toper, did not neglect the creature comforts, however hard he might labour. Another *penchant* of the imperial workman is also revealed in the presence of three pretty women, whom we may set down as Mistress Cross and two sister actresses, and who stand ready, apparently, to minister to his wants by supplying him with refreshment. Yet, again, the custom of Peter's semi-oriental court and his personal tastes are shown in the richly-dressed negro, and the still more richly-attired dwarfs who sit in front of the workmen, and in the different animals that occupy the foreground, conspicuous amongst which are an inquisitive raven and the monkey that one day frightened William III. by climbing upon his shoulder. More closely, also, to connect the facts in relation to Peter's residence at Saye's Court, Mr. Maclise has introduced a wheelbarrow, to which some broken branches of holly are still clinging,—the same wheelbarrow which the Czar, as Evelyn pathetically tells us, was in the habit of driving every day through the splendid holly hedge which the author of the *Silva* so much delighted in. Evelyn describes that hedge, which was about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, as "impregnable," but its impregnability was not proof against Peter's resolve to make a short cut through the garden, as the scattered holly, "glistening with its armed and varnished leaves," most cruelly declares. The wealth of materials which is made accessory to the scene is such as only Mr. Maclise's hand could lavish without detriment to the general design,—and amongst these subsidiary accompaniments, the building-sheds, erected about five years before the Czar's visit, and still in existence, must not be forgotten. In treatment as well as in composition this picture of "Peter the Great at work in Deptford Dockyard" will, in every way, sustain Mr. Maclise's high reputation. His invincible love of art has also enabled him to add to the attractions of the forthcoming exhibition a series of drawings, forty-seven in number, representing the principal events in connexion with The Conquest. From the nature of the subject these drawings bear an obvious relation to the celebrated chronicle in worsted wrought by the hands of Queen Matilda and her ladies, and known as "The Bayeux Tapestry;" but when we have said that some three or four of the leading incidents are all they have in common, we need scarcely remark that all further resemblance between

the works of Queen Matilda and Mr. Macisee ceases, as a matter of course. A theme like this, in which all that is susceptible in the history of the time of being treated pictorially is appealed to, affords admirable scope in the hands of Mr. Macisee for those powers of composition, that unrivalled skill in drawing, and that accuracy of antiquarian knowledge for which he is so justly celebrated.

Mr. Stanfield never touches the canvas without infusing poetry into his subject. A visit to Ireland last autumn has given birth to a magnificent picture, which will occupy a foremost place amongst the countless masterpieces already produced by him. Left to Nature alone, the scene he has selected for his principal work would have been one of surpassing beauty and grandeur, but to the sublimity of Nature Mr. Stanfield has super-added a human interest. About a mile from the world-fam'd Giant's Causeway, the lofty basaltic cliffs which wall the northern coast of Antrim are indented by a deep, circular bay, where, in the year 1588, two of the ships of the great Armada, mistaking the castellated promontory for Dunluce Castle, were wrecked. Since that day the place has borne the name of Spanish Bay, and this historical fact has been made a leading feature in Mr. Stanfield's fine picture. At the first glance the mistake of the Spaniards seems scarcely a mistake, so closely does the mass of rock which crowns the promontory resemble a feudal stronghold; but on a closer inspection the perpendicular lines of the columns of basalt appear on the surface, and the freak of Nature is detected. Westward of this apparent castle the bay sweeps back in a curve as regular as is the outline of one of those vast Oales in the Pyrenees, to the most perfect of which—the Circus of Gavarnie—it bears a great likeness; and in the centre of this magnificent area, half obscured by the boiling mists, which rise “like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,” welters the hull of one of the proud vessels of Philip of Spain, her officers and crew endeavouring to escape on a raft, while fragments of wreck, dashed to and fro, bespeak the terrible character of that stern and sombre shore, where the black rocks sink sheer into the depths below, and leave no footing at their base.

Mr. Stanfield has painted no grander scene than this of “Spanish Bay;” but wherever the waves roll his art is potent. Witness the buoyant swell on which the fishing-boats ride in one of his smaller pictures—“Off Calais”—or the tumbling sea that rushes up to the walls of “Fort Soco,” which guards the entrance to the harbour of St. Jean de Luz. And if we seek repose, after gazing on the tumult of ocean, whether in the Irish Channel, the Downs, or the Bay of Biscay, we find it in the calm still waters of the Gulf of Salerno, where all is soft and clear.

These four pictures make an exhibition of themselves, but the great artist's studio cannot be quitted without recording the claims of Mr. George Stanfield upon public attention. The banks of the Moselle, that loveliest of European rivers, have chiefly furnished the charming landscapes which have occupied his pencil; but the picturesque old town of Sarrebourg, a place little known to tourists, and scarcely mentioned by Murray, has supplied a most striking subject. A cascade in the midst of a city is a novelty, and here, at Sarrebourg, is a rapid torrent that throws itself headlong into the ravine which divides the town, breaking into several falls and turning numerous mill-wheels, the value of so much

water-power being carefully kept in view by the thrifty inhabitants; the scene is painted with great truth and effect. Of equal merit are the better known localities which represent the Calvary in the market-place at Berncastel—the towers of Beilstein above the shining river—and the massive buildings that flank the bridge over the Moselle at Coblenz.

Mr. Roberts, as is his wont, transports us to Italy, pausing for a moment in Belgium, on the way. "For a moment" is not exactly the right phrase, as we could linger for hours amid the serene beauties of the noble church of Saint Gomar, in the small, unfrequented town of Leirre, which lies a short distance from the railway between Mechlin and Antwerp. Tradition invests the site of Saint Gomar with interest, in relation to its founder; but history attaches us to the fane in remembrance of the marriage of Philip of Austria with Joanna of Castile and Arragon, the parents of the Emperor Charles V. The chastened repose which rests upon the aisles of Saint Gomar is strongly contrasted by the gorgeous splendour of the "Interior of the Duomo at Milan," which is Mr. Roberts's largest and—we doubt not, with most people—his most effective picture in this year's exhibition. Except the place itself, nothing can give so forcible a conception of the majesty and glory of Catholic worship as this elaborate and masterly work. As in the original, you feel, while gazing on Mr. Roberts's transcript, that it is impossible all at once to reduce your perceptions to order, and fairly analyse the parts which form the stupendous whole; but when the effect of embellishment on the grandest scale has in a degree subsided, unqualified admiration mingles with your profound astonishment. Page after page might be written on the interior of Milan Cathedral, and still fall short of conveying an idea of its beauties; a shorter and better way is to stand for half an hour before Mr. Roberts's picture. The same busy hand has also given a striking and faithful delineation of Roman every-day life in the Great Piazza Navona, in front of the church of Saint Agnese. The obelisk, the fountains, the crowds that throng to the Piazza Navona—the rag-fair of Rome—will at once be recognised by all who have sojourned in the Eternal City.

We could have wished that a subject, too great for present completion, had not prevented us from learning now the full value and extent of Mr. Hart's labours, destined to adorn the next year's exhibition; but in the absence of what we have been assured will prove his *capo d'opera*, we must accept—and accept we do with great contentment—a charming group of two lovely girls, whose occupation is told in "Sacred Song." It is not possible to imagine two more radiant creatures, or look upon faces whose fair exterior is so true a type of purity of soul. If these seraphs should be engraved, we predict for them an eternity of mundane popularity. Mr. Hart has also a portrait of Dr. Adler, the High-Priest of modern Israel: it is painted with great breadth and firmness, and represents the Rabbi in his favourite, characteristic attitude. Mr. Hart's last subject is an architectural *délasement*,—the interior of the subterranean church of Saint Francis, at Assisi, "the sanctuary of early Italian art, and the scene of those triumphs of Giotto to which Dante has given immortality." These frescoes of the great Florentine master, the sepulchral monuments of the Dukes of Spoleto and of the Cerchi family, with others

of the underground treasures of Saint Francis, are all admirably rendered in Mr. Hart's bright and well-defined picture.

While ranging along the ranks of the Royal Academicians we must notice one or two absentees, as well as some who have minimised their contributions. Mr. Lee, who passed the winter in Egypt, has returned with a portfolio of drawings, the *nuclei*, we trust, of works that will give him a new hold on Fame; Mr. Webster sends—nothing, save the loan of a figure to one of Mr. Hardy's compositions; Mr. Ward is still more reticent; Sir Edwin Landseer's "Flood" is not destined for the walls of the Royal Academy, though he forwards a large deer-picture and two others; Mr. Mulready exhibits, but it is a repetition, we believe on a larger scale, of a well-known picture in the Sheepshanks' collection; and Mr. Leslie—if he has conquered inexorable Time—will gladden the eyes of the public by one of those exquisite subjects which he has made so entirely his own—the story, as it is told in the "Spectator," of how Sir Roger de Coverley sent a servant during church-time to awaken the snoring boy, oblivious of pulpit-doctrine, and dreaming, perchance, of swinging on gates and eating rashers of bacon; Mr. Cope has happily finished his "Pilgrim Fathers," a work of great power and originality; we wish we could have said the same of Mr. Frith's "Epsom on the Derby Day," but the odds will be laid on younger horses before that picture leaves his easel: we must put up, meantime, with two novel-heroines, one of whom is Kate Nickleby.

But if there are defaulters amongst "The Forty," few of the Associates have been idle.

For the perception of feminine beauty allied to expression, we turn to the genial artist whom the world refuses to name with formality, but calls him plain Frank Stone. Many and many a sweet picture has he painted, as the printsellers' shops abundantly testify—but never has he fixed on his canvas a more fascinating group than the cart-load of girls returning from Boulogne market to Portel and other adjacent villages on the coast. The public will know the picture in the catalogue by the epigraph, "Bon jour, Messieurs!" and singling out the subject, the male part of it will imitate that gentleman whose shadow in the foreground shows that he has taken off his hat at the sudden apparition of so much beauty. If the bewitching faces of the smiling Portellaise girl and her lovely companions did not rivet our attention, we might wander delightedly to a thousand details, to numberless attributes of this effective picture: we might pity the heavily-laden old grey horse—save for the quality of his burden—we might laugh at the characteristic face and figure of the driver perched on the shoulders of his beast, with one foot on the animal's neck and the other on the shaft of the cart—we might envy him, at the same time, on account of the charming young *matelotte* who sits behind him—we might marvel at the stowage of the vehicle, into which every conceivable kind of object has been thrown, a mountain of goods compressed by this bevy of market-girls—or we might speculate on the probability, rather hoping it might prove a fact, of the urchin who is kicking up his heels on the tilt of the cart, being tilted off into the road before he has travelled much farther. "Bon jour, Messieurs!" is essentially a picture to make its possessor feel happy: care vanishes at once before its influence. But



Frank Stone is no less a master of deep pathos. Look at the sorrowful face of "Margaret at her spinning-wheel" as she sadly breathes her mournful song! It is the true ideal of Goethe's hapless heroine, with her broken peace and wounded heart. Sorrow may dim, but cannot mar her exquisite beauty,—an artistic triumph achieved by very few.

On the stormy billows of the British Channel, as among the still waters of the Adriatic, Mr. Cooke is equally at home. His principal picture this year is a record of one of those heroic deeds which have made the calling of the Channel-boatman a type of the loftiest courage and most exalted humanity. The exploits of the most adventurous warfare pale and grow tame before the noble daring and religious charity of the man who peril hope itself to save the lives of the tempest-tor'd. In all the annals of British history—replete as it is with the memories of great actions—there shines nothing brighter than the conduct of those brave Broadstairs boatmen who went out last winter to succour the crew of *The Northern Belle*. Danger of a similar kind, yet not so imminent as that which they faced, is the theme of Mr. Cooke, in the picture of which we speak. Avoiding the extreme horror of shipwreck—though there is enough for the mind to conjure up—he shows us a water-logged Indian, bedded on the Goodwin Sands and fast breaking up, with only one man on board, her captain, who (as happened but a few months since) resolutely refused to leave his ship when the passengers and crew departed: they were lost with their boat in the attempt, while he alone remained—to be saved. It is morning, and the weather, after a terrific gale, is moderating: signal-guns from the Goodwin floating-light vessel have been heard on shore, and a Ramsgate pilot-boat and a life-boat, well manned, have just communicated with the beacon; the pilot-boat is paying off before the wind, and the crew of the life-boat are straining every nerve to reach the wreck which lies in the distance,—a shattered framework, telling the story of the lost venture from the Indiaman. Such are the moving incidents of the picture,—its details are handled with the knowledge of a seaman and the skill of an artist who is thoroughly master of his craft. The agitated masses of the sweeping sea, the distress-signals fluttering in the breeze, the double-reef in the pilot-boat's mainsail, the attitudes of the several crews, the wheeling gulls and the broken clouds,—are features in this picture which compel the beholder to acknowledge its wondrous reality. Nor is the drawing less perfect than the spirit by which the whole scene is animated. But there are other aspects of nature that find favour with Mr. Cooke. "A Crab and Lobster Shore" at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, is a daguerreotype of truthful delineation, with its weather-beaten breakwater, its fragments of stone and sand-stains of every hue, its drifts of broken wood, its darkly-tinted rocks, its lobster-pots, its slippery steps that lead up the beach, and more than we can enumerate of sea-side attributes. No less truthful is "A Bit of English Coast," in the same locality, where the fleecy sky, the far-spread transparent water, the cliffs of greyish-white and the patch of green above them, recall one of the pleasantest and prettiest shores in England. Mr. Cooke has a fourth picture, in which "A Thundercloud passing over the Dutch Coast, with the tide at the turn," exhibits remarkable power of observation and the utmost felicity of execution: the great merit of this work is the fast

that, in spite of very admirable accessories, the thundercloud only fills the painter's mind.

Daylight, the most charming scenery, and natural groups that tell each respective story, are qualities in Mr. Hook's three pictures which none can fail to recognise. Two of these scenes are at Clovelly, that picturesque village on the coast of North Devon, where "all save the spirit of man is divine,"—the man in question being not the simple, open-hearted inhabitant, but the churlish landlord, who prohibits access to the beauties which Nature has scattered here with so profuse a hand. The niggard landlord cannot, however, prevent the breeze from blowing, the sun from shining, the verdure of the woods from glowing, and where these may be felt and seen the pencil of Mr. Hook reaches. His "Pilot on the Look-out" is one of his happiest illustrations,—and there is great vigour combined with much tender feeling in his "Widow's Son going to Sea." In a third picture also, amidst the young oaks and old hollies of the Surrey slopes, "A Cabin-boy's Letter," read by a mother in the open air to her husband who is no "scollard," though a very sensible-looking man, gives us an opportunity of admiring the best forms of out-of-door nature.

It is a new occupation for Mr. Horsley to plant himself in one of the Devonshire lanes and transfer to his canvas, not the figures of old and young, which he paints so well, but the lights and shades which stream beneath the sun and are cast by overhanging banks and thick foliage. Yet this he has done, and most effectively, in a picture called "Youth and Age," where the very still life repeats the moral of his purpose. The former is represented by childhood in all its phases, by climbing plants, by growing shrubs, by opening flowers,—the latter by a decrepit old woman gathering firewood in summer, by the tangled brake of withered reeds, by the gnarled roots and rough bark of lofty trees. Perfect harmony pervades the composition, and a truthful appreciation of nature which cannot be surpassed attends upon the treatment. "Hide and Seek," where a lover concealed behind a tree is found out by a favourite dog belonging to his mistress, affords additional evidence of Mr. Horsley's capacity as a landscape-painter. "A Novice entering the Choir of a Church," and a *modiste* at work *sous les toits*, with her *bouquet* at her elbow, suggesting the title of "Garret Flowers," bring back Mr. Horsley to a domain in which he need fear no rivals. A calm and holy beauty is the prevailing quality of the first of these pictures, a lively *espérance*, from which beauty is not absent, that of the second: the *modiste* is modelling a very gay cap on the head of a milliner's doll, and the contrast between its pasteboard face and that of the animated girl is as amusing as it is effective.

Mr. Egg has not been so diligent as others of his fellow-Associates, but he makes up in quality for the absence of number. He has taken that scene from Mr. Thackeray's novel of "Esmond" where Beatrix decorates her lover with the scarf and sword-knot which her fair hands have wrought for him while he was absent at the war in Flanders. The group consists of four persons: Esmond, who stands to receive the reward of his *valeur*, Beatrix kneeling while she fastens the sword-knot, her grandmother seated to enjoy the ceremony, and Lady Esmond, who looks

on apart from the rest. A peculiarity in this picture is its departure from the conventional rule which makes the centre the culminating point. Mr. Egg has reversed this principle, the upright figures of Esmond and his stepmother being at the extremities, and the centre, occupied by Beatrix and her grandmother, the angle of depression. As a consequence of this mode of composition, one is led to make a closer examination than if the pyramidal form had been observed, and if this were the artist's intention he may congratulate himself upon the result, for the picture well repays the scrutiny: the more it is studied the more its merits are appreciated. Mr. Thackeray may esteem himself fortunate in finding so able an illustrator as Mr. Egg. Of Mr. Poole's chief work for the exhibition we have only hearsay to repeat, but that is in the highest degree favourable. The subject is an out-of-door Conventicle in the Highlands, and it is distinguished by all that warmth and richness of colour for which Mr. Poole is so celebrated.

We know not whether the Academic initials will be appended to the names of Mr. Philip and Mr. Ansdell before they return from Spain to witness the enthusiastic greeting which the works they have executed there will meet with on Monday next, but one thing is almost certain, that at the next election they will be enrolled amongst the associates. Could it happen otherwise, the Forty might parody the inscription beneath the bust of Molière, and say with the French Academy: "*Rien ne manque à leur gloire: ils manquaient à la nôtre*;"—for, in truth, they have well deserved of the artistic brotherhood.

Mr. Philip is again in Seville. "Charity,"—which might bear the motto of "*Lucus a non lucendo*,"—represents a young gipsy mother, with an infant, asking alms of a priest. This picture is amazingly powerful in expression, and admirably coloured. The great burly priest, with his hands tightly clasped across his stomach, and unmoved by the slightest touch of sentiment, is a type of ignorant sensuality: the world has nothing for him but the coarseness of animal enjoyment. "*Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die*," is the only scriptural phrase with which he charges his memory. The supplicant, on the other hand, heathen though she be, has a soul that beams through her lustrous eyes, and in her sad, expressive features we discern the immortality which we might be disposed to doubt of in looking upon the Christian. The costume of both these figures is as much opposed as are their respective natures. Solemn black, relieved by the gorgeous crimson of his umbrella, are the colours of the priest;—the gipsy is arrayed in a large blanket, which folds her child and herself in the same embrace, its sober hues of grey and brown touched here and there with brighter tints. The scene takes place in the open street, and all the accessories of Spanish city life are well introduced. "Comfort in Sorrow"—as we may term Mr. Philip's second picture—is of even a higher class than the preceding, the sentiment being more elevated. It is the visiting-day at one of the prisons of Seville, and again a young mother appears with her infant child. She stands before the grated window, against the bars of which her husband's face is pressed to kiss the babe which the sorrowful mother, with one hand clasped by the prisoner, raises to his lips. You sympathise with their situation at once, for in the manly expression of the husband's countenance no trace of felon crime can be detected: it can

only be a political offence or a false accusation that has consigned him to a dungeon. That the danger in which he stands is, nevertheless, great, appears but too plainly in the agony of grief which is depicted on the sweet features of his beauteous wife: the heavy lids, surcharged with weeping, the nostril flushed and swollen, and the tear that still courses down the cheek, are painful tokens of all she suffers. Anything more natural and touching it is difficult to imagine. But if indifference to the woes of others be sought for, we have not far to look. At the prison-door are two other figures: one of them, an elderly woman, is urgently pleading the cause of some prisoner — of him, probably, who is now embracing his child; her companion is one of the sentinels of the gaol, and the apathy with which he hears the tale of alleged innocence is perfect. In each of these pictures nothing is more remarkable than their local truth.

Mr. Ansdell has made a marvellous advance in his art. The air of Spain has inspired him with a fresher and more poetic feeling. Independently of four street scenes in Seville, all of which are characteristic and good, he has produced two works which must place him in the very foremost rank of animal painters. The first of these is a yoke of cows ploughing in a field on the banks of the Guadalquivir, at some distance from the city of Seville, whose towers, remote though they be, are clearly defined through the transparent atmosphere, producing a wondrous effect of space. Husbandry so novel as that which is here represented would alone command attention; but the picture, besides its singularity, possesses the far higher qualities of admirable colour, skilful drawing, and most effective composition. Into the details of the subject we do not enter, neither is it necessary, for they will be eagerly examined by every beholder. The second picture represents a yoke of bulls returning from labour across a wide plain, with a purple sierra in the distance. A purchaser, if any option were left him, would hesitate which of the two to choose.

Mr. Rankley once more invites us into his Kentish cottages. "The Dame's Absence," illustrating a passage from Shenstone's "School-mistress," has afforded him scope for the delineation of much childlike beauty, with the fun of childhood very naturally commingled. During the momentary absence of the mistress, the scapegrace of the school—the youngest child in it—has upset the dame's ink, and the anxiety of the elder scholars is principally directed to the removal of its traces from the face and hands and dress of the young delinquent. Good drawing and fine colour characterise this pleasing work. A second picture by Mr. Rankley, called "The Lonely Hearth," shows him to be a master of the most touching pathos. A widowed mourner—a peasant—sits beside his hearth on his return from evening church, the first Sunday after the death of his wife. His hat, with its band denoting his recent loss, is on a chair, one black glove has been cast on the floor, the other lies on a settle by the wall; on another chair are his Bible and Prayer-book, and on the table stands the untasted meal. The widower sits with bent head over the wood fire, deep grief expressed upon his honest, manly features, and dimly above the hearthstone rises a vision of angels bearing away the partner of his life for whom he sorrows, while a cherub form at his ear seems to whisper words of consolation. The picture is full of

feeling, and many eyes will be wet before they turn away to lighter subjects.

We have left ourselves but little space to particularise what else we have had the opportunity of examining, and the remainder of our observations must of necessity be brief. Mr. Solomon has one very fine picture, of a loftier and more serious character than he has hitherto attempted. He calls it "Waiting for the Verdict." A group, consisting of a father and mother, their daughter-in-law, her two children and a young female companion, are gathered in the outer room of a court of justice, through the half-open door of which you perceive that a trial is going on, or just approaching its close. From the tearless despair which is stamped on the wife's features, and the bowed head of the old father, you see that the issue must be the worst; a crime has been committed, hope of escape there seems none, and death, perhaps, may be the prisoner's doom. It is a very powerful picture, and unquestionably the finest which Mr. Solomon has yet painted. The same remark applies to a very clever work by his sister, Miss Solomon, the subject of which is a ruined gambler—a young man of high rank, discovered by his wife in the early morning with all the appliances of his ruin beside him. It is a very forcible and affecting picture. Mr. G. B. O'Neill should claim more than a passing word for his admirable "Country Auction" and his exquisite "Errand Boy;" so should Mr. F. D. Hardy for his "Cottage Interior," with the music that makes the dog howl, and for his "Exterior," with the hen and chickens, and the little girl on the door-step, that owes her origin to Mr. Webster; so also should Mr. W. J. Grant, for four very clever pictures, one of which very prettily tells of Queen Elizabeth, while a prisoner in the Tower, visited by the gaoler's child, who brings her flowers; and another, with great feeling, relates the story of Mary Gilsean, an outcast mother, whose infant, brought up by her in an angle of Elgin Cathedral, became afterwards a famous man, and largely endowed the charities of his native city. Of the portraits destined for exhibition, besides that of the Rabbi Adler by Mr. Hart, we have only seen two. They are the work of a very rising young artist, Mr. Reilly, who will before long cause many of his elders to look after their laurels. "The Bishop of Jamaica" is one of these; it is a face full of the finest expression, and an excellent characteristic likeness.

Honneur aux dames! We had nearly been ungallant enough to omit all mention of a very charming illustration from Faust, by Miss Robinson—the subject Gretchen at the well, listening to Lieschen's spiteful comments on poor Barbara's mishap. The tender pity of Margaret is well contrasted with the scornful exultation of the sneering tell-tale. Miss Robinson's work deserves high commendation.

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## THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A GREAT MAN'S INVITATION.

RICHARD BRUNTON was not like the timorous servant who kept his money laid up in a napkin. What he possessed he put at once to profitable uses, though had he relied upon capital only, it would not, perhaps, have carried him very far. But the thousand pounds which Mr. Travers had given him, added to certain other two thousand, willingly advanced by Mr. Browser—who, confident in the genius of his young friend, did not hesitate to place the savings of five-and-thirty years in his hands—made up an amount which, as times go, seems almost too much to have begun with. There are so many, now-a-days, who start with nothing but the metal of which some statues and themselves are made, that really the fact of Brunton's going into business with the sum of three thousand pounds—and only two-thirds of it borrowed—was enough to establish him in the public mind as a man of first-rate respectability.

Not that the public knew whether he had much or little—they never do know until it is too late—but they saw that he was disposed to deal largely; they believed that he was backed by the great house in which he had passed his novitiate, and Brunton himself making the most of the late connexion, they gave him credit in every acceptance of the term, and he flourished accordingly.

The firm of Brunton and Co. soon, therefore, became known on all the markets. In that name figured exports and imports of all kinds. Ship-loads went out and came in with all sorts of marketable commodities consigned to and consigned by them. The counting-house of Brunton and Co. was a Babel re-echoing with the names of articles of produce which sounded sweetly in the mercantile ear, never wearied of Argol and Cutch, of Aloes and Ashes, of Hemp and Bristles, of Horatips and Jalap, of Gum and Copperas, of Juice and Jute, of Hides and Horsetails, of Manes and Combiags, of Oil-cake and Rosin, of Pumice-stone and Whale-fins,—of anything growing under the earth or produced above it that is convertible into cash. Very pleasant, too, there, on the lips of trade, were the words that picturesquely told how Goosery (which means sugar) had been neglected; how Moonghy and Ballam (which mean rice) had been inquired after; how bold Calient (which means ginger) had remained firm; how Scrivelloes (which mean ivory) had advanced; how blocky Copals were heavy; how Garblings were weak; how salted Greenland was steady, how Wigs were dull and depressed, Blue-back quiet, and Small Pups extremely lively (these three latter articles standing for sealskins); how black Sumatra (meaning pepper) had gone off with animation; and how (as to sugars) there was nothing doing in

crushed, but that common brown lumps were in very brisk demand. To the outer barbarians, who understand nothing of making rapid fortunes, this language is a mere unintelligible jargon, but to the initiated of Mincing-lane, skilled in the accumulation of coin, it expresses all that a man need trouble himself to think about—that is to say, if he knows how to turn it to the right account.

Richard Brunton knew this—and something more—and so he went on, prospering.

As every man's merit in this world is measured by his success, it would have been strange if that of Brunton had been overlooked. Such was not the case: he was spoken of far and near, and always in terms of commendation. Even the coat of mail in which Mr. Velters was enveloped was not proof against so much good report, but had open links through which it penetrated; and one day, after a very satisfactory interview with the rising produce-merchant, he condescended so far as to give him an invitation to pass the interval between business-hours, from Saturday till Monday, at his country place at Broadstone.

If to pick and choose his own especial pleasure had been left to Brunton, it is doubtful whether he would have selected the mansion of Mr. Velters as the scene of his Sunday recreation, for he had tastes which were not those of his quondam principal, and what he had heard of Mrs. Velters was not particularly encouraging: a lady who is all science is not exactly a relaxation. But other considerations influenced him which had more weight than his own temporary amusement, and he eagerly, though with all due humility, accepted the stately invitation. He had found out, through some channel of communication with those who lived in the old house in Broad-street—perhaps from a casual remark by Mr. Browser, or in some other quarter—that there were guests at that moment at Broadstone whom, of all others, he was desirous of meeting.

However faithful to his agreement with Mr. Ashley, no matter what it bound him to, he had also made a compact with himself, and that related to Miss Temple Travers.

Since the day on which he first saw her in the private room of Mr. Velters, his most carefully-hoarded thought had her for its object.

Every man's career is full of seeming impossibilities. Brunton believed, without the poet's aid, "that nature fram'd all women to be won," and to win the hand of Alice Travers, impossibility as it appeared, was the ambition he most encouraged.

Two years before and he was almost an outcast in the public streets of London, with a debtor's or—temptation not withstood—it might be a felon's gaol yawning before him. Who that had predicted his present position would for a moment have been listened to?

He had gained reputation: he was in a fair way of gaining wealth. What more had they done to whose alliance he aspired?

Was want of birth an impediment? Possibly: for those who have made themselves, generally aim at founding dynasties. But as every one takes a rose-coloured view of his own case, Brunton soon set this consideration aside, fortifying his hopes by a thousand well-known examples, and coming back to the point from whence he had started—that, certain opportunities granted, there was nothing in the world which might not

be subdued by Will, and that, of all obstacles to overcome, the slightest was a woman's inclination.

He may have been right or wrong in his general conclusions, but it was a bold theory to entertain with such a girl as Alice Travers. Of the antecedents of her life, of the complexion of her mind, he knew nothing; he only guessed, in these respects, at what he wished. Enough for him that she was still unmarried; he argued from thence that she remained unmoved. To awaken her interest in himself must be his task.

Such were the thoughts that occupied Brunton on the railway journey to Broadstone, with Mr. Velters, who always buttoned up both mind and body when he travelled, for his silent *vis-à-vis*; though could the managing partner of the great house of Temple Travers have read what was passing in the mind of his companion, he would neither have been silent nor long his *vis-à-vis*.

What, indeed, would he have read?

That Richard Brunton had cherished, for two long years, an ardent passion for the only daughter of the head of the commercial world? That this young man, this nobody, whom a breath, as it were, could sweep from the face of the earth, as a gnat is swept from a pane of glass, had dared to raise his eyes to the richest heiress in England?

Something of this sort Mr. Velters might have discovered: if not "the ardent passion," which in truth had no existence, at all events the daring presumption by the aid of which he hoped to reach the highest round on Fortune's ladder.

But Mr. Velters, looking straight before him, saw only the reflexion of his own important image: the contemplation of that object, when his attention was not demanded by business, sufficed for all his desires.

This complete self-absorption did not, however, continue to the journey's end. At the station about a couple of miles from Broadstone, the private carriage of Mr. Velters was in waiting to convey him home; and after it had entered his own lodge-gates and was traversing his park—the country appendage of every London banker—he deigned to intimate to his companion that there were visitors at Broadstone.

"You will have the honour of meeting Mr. Travers, Miss Temple Travers, and her friend—that estimable lady—Miss Nalders."

Brunton bowed, and replied that the expected honour was a very great one: he was no less proud to think that he should be made known to the family of Mr. Velters.

The habits of his life had caused The Managing Partner to set The House on the highest pinnacle that his imagination could conceive, but next in altitude to that sublime elevation he placed himself and those immediately belonging to him, and he therefore received Brunton's compliment with a greater degree of complacency than he had ever exhibited towards him. He unbent, indeed, so far, during the rest of the drive, as to point out some of the natural beauties of his "place"—directing Brunton's attention to the happy undulations of the ground, the well grouped masses of foliage, the picturesque effect of the piece of water in which his house was mirrored, and the noble avenue that led up to it; and he spoke of these things—as landed proprietors sometimes do speak—as if he, Mr. Velters, had created the hill and dale, and wood and water, instead of having not long before acquired it all by purchase:



he did, however, admit—but this was only another tribute to himself—that “the property” had cost him a hundred and eighty thousand pounds.

Happy man, Mr. Velters! But happier he who, with Alphonse Karr, can say: “La propriété est un piège. Ce que nous croyons posséder nous possède. Moi, je suis libre depuis que je ne possède rien. En vain on plante des bornes, on bâtit des murs, on hérissé les champs de haies épineuses; on n’empêche jamais les champs, les bois et la nature d’appartenir aux poètes.”

But neither Mr. Velters nor Richard Brunton were poets. What the one had and the other desired to have, was something tangible, positive, their own—something that could be bought and sold: the rest was a chimera. Their sentiments agreeing so well, Brunton’s praise was unreservedly given, the purchase-money coming in for a large share of his approbation.

“It is a magnificent property, sir,” he said, “and you gave a magnificent sum for it. A hundred and eighty thousand pounds, sir! There are not many who could write a cheque like that, and not feel it!”

Really, when the carriage drew up at the principal entrance to Broadstone—so it was simply called, as if the neighbouring village had no existence—the manner of Mr. Velters was almost cordial.

If the architecture of Broadstone had not been as severe as the mind of its present owner, it is quite certain that it would not have fixed Mr. Velters. Broadstone was an eminently classical building, and might almost have been mistaken for a town-hall or a country hospital, with its inevitable portico and many-windowed façade. Mr. Velters observed to Brunton, as he led the way up the five steps which gave so much dignity to his abode, that the house was looked upon as Brownson’s *chef d’œuvre*; which might very well be, since Brownson—who once obtained a premium for designing a lunatic asylum—was never known to have built anything else. The classical style prevailed within as well as without the mansion—classicality allied to science—for, alternate with the busts and groups that made you shiver in the height of summer, were several ponderous specimens of “Organic Remains,” and some cabinets filled with shells, and hard, dry, glittering mineral productions: types of the cold, ungenial union of Mr. and Mrs. Velters.

Not much unlike a statue, save that he was dressed in black, stood Mr. Blinks, the butler, who received his master with a sort of silent awe as if, though accustomed to it for years, he had never recovered from the first overwhelming sensation of his presence. Freezing amidst his clerks, Mr. Velters was a perfect iceberg among his dependents; the footmen glided about like ghosts, the maid-servants, if seen, vanished like troubled spirits. Nature, we are told, abhors a vacuum, yet the idea of having discovered an exhausted receiver—as if you had at least got to a place that held nothing at all, or, at any rate, nothing that you cared about—impressed most people who set their feet for the first time inside the walls of Broadstone.

To expect a welcome on any one’s threshold is an absurdity that has long since been got rid of. Nobody looks for it now; but if Brunton had dreamt of it anywhere, Broadstone was the last place where he would have found it.

"We dine at eight. Show Mr. Brunton his room," was the formula in which Mr. Velters expressed his hospitality, and there an end, until they met at the appointed hour.

Mr. Blinks, who, out of the servants'-hall, would have made an invaluable mute, performed a gesture with his extended palms, and silently conducted Brunton down a long stone corridor, preceded him up a lofty stone staircase, and, marshalling him the length of another long gallery, introduced him at last to an apartment in which the bed and furniture seemed to count for nothing, so vast were its dimensions; Mr. Blinks then silently withdrew, and Brunton was left to make the most of his solitary grandeur. He would infinitely have preferred a half-hour's promenade, to have familiarised himself with the locality, and perchance have encountered some of the inmates, but he saw at once that if he wished to keep in with Mr. Velters he must quietly submit to the discipline of his establishment. A glance from the windows satisfied him that there was no view—they overlooked a very classical court-yard, which divided the house from some very classical offices—so he sat down to ponder over his plans, in which occupation he remained perfectly undisturbed until the tolling of a bell nearly as loud-voiced as Big Ben of Westminster, announced the half-hour before dinner. He might now legitimately occupy himself with his toilet. He did so with some care, for he had faith in first impressions, and once more he threaded the silent passages to the Hall of Science and Art, and was ushered thence by a mute in livery—the Velters' drab and purple—into a drawing-room, which seemed as empty as the chamber he had recently quitted, a fondness for unadorned space appearing to be the leading predilection of Mr. and Mrs. Velters.

A little time for preparation is not undesired by most people when any great question is at hand, but you may occasionally have more than you want, and Brunton, whose impatience had taken him down stairs full twenty minutes too soon, was getting somewhat irritable under the influence of the solitary system, when a door opened, and two ladies entered the room.

Brunton recognised them at once as Miss Temple Travers and Miss Nalders, but as he was a perfect stranger he could only bow, while they, after the manner of their sex, slightly curtsayed as they passed, and then—like wild fowl settling on a lake—dropped on a distant sofa, almost invisible from the part of the room where he remained standing.

Another door, on the opposite side, admitted a diaphanous young lady, who sailed up to the sofa where the others were seated, and she also was lost in the gloom, so that but for a very gentle murmur of voices, Brunton might still have fancied himself alone.

Presently a rustling of much silk and a wafting of fragrant odours indicated a fresh arrival, and a more positive tone of voice seemed to proclaim the presence of the mistress of the mansion. She, too, joined the group, and Brunton's purgatory was yet prolonged.

Finally the great bell tolled again, and while its clamour was at the highest, Mr. Velters appeared, with Mr. Travers leaning on his arm, and a son of his, of Puseyite aspect, walking behind.

With assiduous care Mr. Velters conducted his charge to an easy-chair, the distant group broke up and circled round the old gentleman, the

positive tones became more distinct as they shaped themselves into an earnest inquiry respecting his health, and Mr. Velters, who was counting heads, looked round for the one that was wanting. Brunton moved from beneath the shadow of a window-curtain and advanced towards his host, who, for the first time since their acquaintance, conferred upon him the signal honour of shaking hands, though it must be confessed that it was, on the part of Mr. Velters, a very flabby performance.

A formal introduction ensued, the new guest being presented to Mrs. Velters as "Mr. Brunton, late with us." The silk rustled in reply, and that was all. Brunton received, however, some compensation for this chilling reception in a friendly salutation from Mr. Travers, who looked up on hearing his name, and gave him his hand with a few words of greeting. The act had a twenty per cent. effect at least on Mrs. Velters, who straightway found her voice and said something that was intended to be civil, and might have been intelligible had she finished the sentence, but dinner was at that moment announced by Mr. Bliaks, and the pairing-off took place. Mrs. Velters, reversing the order of precedence in her own favour—as some ladies are apt to do—led the way with Mr. Travers, her husband followed with Alice, the Puseyite son gave his arm to Miss Nalders, and the diaphanous young lady, who proved to be Miss Arabella Velters, fell to the lot of Richard Brunton.

It is not my intention to describe the dinner, which was as grand as possible, but not quite so brilliant as it might have been, always supposing that brilliancy does not consist in painted china, cut-glass, and burnished silver. Mrs. Velters was supremely scientific, Mr. Velters ineffably pompous, and when these qualities are prominently displayed by host and hostess, it does not require a conjurer to tell one that the guests must be slightly bored. So of the evening that succeeded, in which little progress was made towards the mutual acquaintance of those who were thus thrown together.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### AN ADVENTURE.

MRS. VELTERS—if one may use so vulgar a phrase in speaking of so august a lady—"came it strong" on the following day.

We all know the limited resources of a country-house on Sunday in the way of amusement, and as Mr. Velters had a Lord-Robert-Grosvenor-ish qualm about horses, and sent his coachman and grooms to church in the afternoon, the guests at Broadstone were entirely at his wife's mercy. Nor did she spare them.

The sermon having been duly discussed at luncheon, and its quality settled by Mrs. Velters beyond appeal, the tug of war began.

"I am particularly anxious, Miss Temple Travers"—she always used both names—"that you should see a very remarkable specimen of the *Gloriosa superba*, which Whorl, my gardener, told me this morning had burst into flower during the night. It is a highly gratifying fact, for the *Gloriosa*, as you are aware, requires excessive attention to bring out the red and yellow in the flower to full perfection. Height, too, is a great desideratum with the plant in this country, and that, I am happy to say, I have obtained."

This last observation was true in another sense, for Mrs. Velters—an angular, bony, masculine woman—stood five feet seven at least, but she was wholly unconscious of her personal attractions, “Mind” being all she went in for.

Miss Travers was only too glad of an opportunity of seeing so rare a specimen. She was fond of botany, but kept within bounds.

“I think, sir,” pursued Mrs. Velters, turning, with a smile, to Mr. Travers, whom she singled out as her next victim—“I think, sir, that I shall be able to show you something *almost* as fine as you have at Beechgrove. I assure you I pride myself very much upon the result of my attempt.”

“Do you mean one of my palms?” replied Mr. Travers; “for that, I am afraid, is the only thing about which we can enter into competition with our neighbours. Alice has a passion for Palms of all kinds; she has been led to it by her love of poetry—and the East. Is it not so, Alice?”

The self-command for which Miss Travers was remarkable seemed suddenly, at this moment, to have deserted her. She coloured deeply, and faltered as she replied, “that the grace and beauty of the tree, as well as its associations, gave it an especial charm.”

Old people are pertinacious in their ideas, and Mr. Travers, influenced by some particular thought, did not dismiss the subject.

“I remember,” he continued, “that you once made a translation of some verses from a German poet, on the subject of the Palm, which I thought very pretty. I should like Mrs. Velters to hear them.”

“I shall be delighted beyond measure,” exclaimed that lady, who was dying with impatience to remount her botanical hobby. “Pray be kind enough to repeat them, Miss Temple Travers.”

“I fear I have forgotten my own version,” returned Alice, who had now recovered her self-possession, and whose cheek had subsided to its habitual paleness. “But I will try to recollect it.”

After a momentary pause she resumed:

“‘The rock was bleak, and wild, and bare,  
Where the sad Pine-tree stood alone,  
Rooted in dreamy slumber there—  
A shroud of ice around him thrown:  
He dreamt a stately Palm arose  
Far in a distant Eastern land;  
And mourn’d like him amidst his snows,  
Lone, in the desert’s burning sand.’

The image is pretty which the poet wishes to convey, only in the original it is more closely and forcibly expressed. He calls it ‘Wechsel-Sehnen,’ which is something more than a mere desire for change.”

“It is, if I may intrude the remark,” said Richard Brunton, fixing his eyes on Alice, “the longing of similar natures for meeting—or, perhaps, union.”

Miss Travers bowed, and turned her head away from the speaker.

“There is,” he said to himself, “some mystery here. I must find it out.”

Mrs. Velters, who did not often occupy herself so benevolently, here came to the rescue: to be sure she was impatient for another start.

“Have you got the original German, Miss Temple Travers? Your

version is exquisitely rendered, but when I meet with anything beautiful I never rest till I have traced it to its primary cause."

The lines were promised, and Arabella, who was learning German, could copy them out for Mrs. Velters, that she might commit them to memory at leisure. At leisure, certainly, for it so happened that Mrs. Velters did not understand German; but she made up for that deficiency by what she *was* well crammed with, and on that tack she now shaped her course.

"To return, however, to what I was observing—though I am truly grateful for the charming episode—the Palm that I was alluding to is the *Caryota Urens*. I need not remind you, sir, that it is a native of most of the tropical parts of Asia, especially in mountainous situations, where, according to Roxburgh, it grows to be one of the largest of the Palm Tribe."

"Neither of our houses, I apprehend," said Mr. Travers, smiling, "is quite large enough for its full development."

"Perhaps not," returned Mrs. Velters, "but we may approximate, and, at all events, we can study its characteristics as closely as we please. It has pinnated leaves and wedge-shaped leaflets, strongly toothed at the extremity; monœcious polyandrous flowers; a somewhat peltate stigma; and a one or two-seeded pulpy fruit with the embryo near the point of the albumen. I hope," she continued, "that I render my definition sufficiently clear. You understand botanical terms?"

The last words were addressed to Brunton, who lamented his total ignorance of that branch of science. Mrs. Velters was quite radiant: here was somebody to teach.

"I shall take you under my charge, then," she said. "Miss Temple Travers—Mr. Travers—shall we adjourn to the hot-houses?"

They did so—but having to pass through the classical hall, an opportunity occurred which Mrs. Velters was not the woman to throw away. Indeed, it never entered into her thoughts to do so, for she invariably lectured there on Sunday afternoon. As everybody came in for their turn, she fastened now upon Miss Nalders.

"I always feel sorry" (she meant "glad") "when I hear that conchology—fossil conchology in particular—is neglected by any of my friends. I should so like you, my dear Miss Nalders, to give your attention to it, for a few hours a day only; that would be quite sufficient to enable you to master the rudiments."

"Thank you," replied Miss Nalders, in her very softest voice, which, when there was occasion, could convey a very hard meaning, "thank you! But I have so many pleasing duties—my dearest Alice claims my thoughts so entirely—that I fear I must, for the present, postpone the study you are kind enough to suggest."

"Oh, undoubtedly,—though with your mind, at certain moments, you would find it a positive boon. That specimen? I am glad you have named it. It is what we call a *Ricinula horrida*; a variety of the family of Entomostomata. The *Ricinula*, my dear Miss Nalders, is an animal which very closely resembles both the *Buccinum* and the *Purpura*. You may observe, amongst other peculiarities, that the right lip is digitated externally and toothed within, while the left lip is callous

and wrinkled. The operculum, as I need hardly point out, is horny, oval, transverse, and concentric."

As Mrs. Velters always spoke very fast, she now stopped for a moment to recover her breath. Richard Brunton longed to say that, besides the unhappy shell, something else was "horrida" and "callous," if not "wrinkled" into the bargain.

"My classification is not yet completed," Mrs. Velters went on, "or you would not, of course, meet with a fossil specimen in the same cabinet with one that is extant. The pair of *Goniatis*, which you see there, belong to an extinct group of fossil shells—the division of *Cephalopodous Mollusca*. Some writers look upon them as a section of *Ammonites*, but I entirely dissent from that opinion. The difference between the two is striking: the last chamber of *Goniatis* extends more than one turn beyond the concamerations, but in *Ammonites* only three-fourths of a turn."

Most of the party had taken more than three-fourths of a turn beneath the concameration of the classical hall while this exordium was in full swing, and, if they could have done so while their hostess was speaking, would have made their relation to her subject more complete. As it was, they might have been compelled to hear the conchological lecture out, if Brunton had not effected a diversion.

"May I ask if that is a fossil spider?" he inquired, pointing to a very long-armed Crustacean.

"A spider! One of the *Araneidæ*! Absurd! My dear sir, you ought to know better! That is a true Decapod: the *Gonoplax Angulata*. You would call it a crab. It inhabits the Mediterranean and the ocean, and keeps among rocks at considerable depths, and seems to live solitary."

"Happy crab!" murmured Brunton.

"It swims with facility, and often rises to the surface of the water without ever coming out. It feeds on small fish and radiated animals. A spider! Only look at the carapace and the form of the external jaw-feet. I must teach you something of zoology as well as of botany. That reminds me of my *Gloriosa*. My dear Mr. Travers, I trust you will pardon me, but the pursuit of science is so absorbing—Permit me to show you the way. Arabella, keep near Miss Temple Travers, you will benefit by her observations; Mr. Brunton, I must detain you by my side."

Assuredly this was not what Brunton desired just then, but he yielded with as good a grace as he could muster, and, heading the procession, Mrs. Velters moved on.

It would not be fair upon those who chance to read these pages to inflict upon them another dose of science at the hand of Mrs. Velters. It was some relief to those who were obliged to listen that the objects described were too interesting in themselves to be rendered unattractive by the learned jargon which she so remorselessly and unremittingly poured forth, and at least an hour was consumed with a certain amount of satisfaction on the part of her audience. At the expiration of that time they had reached the Palm-house, and here, while Mr. Travers took a seat and Brunton stood in an attitude of respectful attention, Mrs. Velters expatiated on her favourite *Caryota*, and so engaged was she with her subject, that she did not perceive that they were her only companions.

Whether Miss Travers was unwilling to awaken thoughts that only slumbered—thoughts capable of stirring her bosom to its very depths—or whether she merely wished for fresh air after the highly-raised temperature of the hot-houses, is not a question that I need discuss; but that Miss Nalders and herself, Arabella Velters—who had received the maternal injunction to keep close to Alice—and Mr. George Velters—who for reasons of his own desired to do the same—did slip out of the Palm-house by a side door, is a fact which I am under the necessity of recording. I may mention also that the four seceders took their way across the greensward, with the ostensible object of looking at some fine water-lilies which were clustered in a creek of the piece of water that spread before the house.

Mrs. Velters, in the mean time, went on with her dissertation. Mr. Travers knew all about the properties of the *Caryota* as well as she did, but Brunton had admitted his ignorance, and that was enough for her. She exhausted the botany of the plant, explained its nomenclature, and then proceeded to describe its uses, Mr. Travers gravely meditating and Brunton appearing to listen, though in reality he was trying to catch a glimpse of Alice Travers through the glass, having noticed her departure.

"The *Caryota*," she said, quoting Roxburgh's description as if it were the fruits of her own experience—"the *Caryota* is highly valuable to the natives of the countries where it grows in plenty; it yields them during the hot season an immense quantity of palm-wine, which Indian gentlemen, whom Mr. Velters has brought to Broadstone, inform me is commonly called toddy. The best trees are known to yield at the rate of a hundred pints in the twenty-four hours. The pith, or farinaceous part of the trunk of the old trees is equal to the best sagu; the natives make it into bread, and boil it into thick gruel. I have reason to believe this substance to be highly nutritious. I have eaten the gruel——"

At this point of her mendacious assertion, Mrs. Velters was suddenly cut short by a most terrific scream, which was followed up by a most tremendous shout.

Mr. Travers hastily rose, exclaiming, "My God! what has happened?"

The screaming and the shouting were repeated, louder than before, and Brunton rushed from the Palm-house in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded.

On a small rustic bridge which crossed the creek two female figures were standing: one of them was leaning over the rail with her arms extended towards the water, but who she was her stooping attitude prevented Brunton from discerning; in the other, whose face was turned towards him, he recognised Arabella Velters. At the foot of the bridge Mr. George Velters stamped and roared, like one of the bulls of Basan mentioned in that morning's psalms, but he was doing nothing more effectual to help the fourth person of the party who struggled in the stream.

Brunton dashed forward at his utmost speed, tearing off his coat as he ran. He had need, he thought, of haste, if he wished to make that the best day's work of his whole life, for as he drew nearer he saw the struggling figure disappear, leaving on the surface a light blue cloak, such as Alice Travers wore.

He had no eyes for anything else—no ears for any voice save that which had reached him from the water; another desperate bound and he stood on the bank; the next moment he threw himself headlong in. A few rapid strokes brought him to the spot where the cloak was filling fast: he made an eager grasp, but it came away in his hand; he threw it from him, and dived for the sinking body. After a few seconds, which seemed an age to those who looked on, his right hand rose above the water, and he shot upwards, clasping with his left arm the object he had rescued. Brunton was a strong and experienced swimmer, and turning on his back while he held his burden fast across his breast, he struck out for the shore. In one short minute he had saved a life;—was it of all others the most precious? He knelt on the grass—he shook his head to clear the water from his eyes—he caught at the weeds which clung to the pale face before him—he started, with a violent exclamation, and, looking up, beheld the anxious features of Alice Travers!

Who, then, had he saved?

Another glance, and his first impression was confirmed. It was Margaret Nalders.

Fond of dressing like her darling Alice, she also wore a light blue cloak.

Brunton was one who arrived rapidly at conclusions. If the rich heiress did not owe her life to his promptitude and courage, the friend did to whom of all others she was most attached. Margaret Nalders was the second-self of Alice Travers: through the gratitude on which he now had so strong a claim his object might no less surely be attained!

Suppressing, then, the first feeling of disappointment, he replied to Alice's eager inquiry that he felt sure Miss Nalders would recover, calling out in the same breath to Mr. George Velters to exercise his locomotive and bellowing faculties by running for the nearest medical assistance, and sending Arabella Velters to fetch brandy and eau-de-Cologne. Before he had well given his orders, Mr. Travers and the interrupted lecturer were on the spot, together with a posse of servants headed by Mr. Velters, who, in the confusion of the moment, still held in his hand "The History of Banking," to the perusal of which—for the five hundredth time—he had been piously devoting that Sunday afternoon. The coachman and grooms returning across the park from church hurried up at the same time, and with their assistance Miss Nalders was carried into the house. By one of those dispensations which seem always to occur when medical men are in question, Mr. George Velters met Mr. Probang, the Broadstone doctor, not a couple of hundred yards from the classical mansion: in fact, he was on his way to call there, rather hoping he might be asked to stay to dinner. He realised his expectation, or I should say took care to realise it, after his judicious treatment had brought Miss Nalders round, by announcing that the nature of the case required his constant presence during the next few hours. The party, however, was a male one—(perhaps Mr. Probang did not like his claret less on that account)—for all the ladies passed the evening in the invalid's room, after the unvarying feminine practice when events of this kind come off: Alice, because nothing could keep her from Margaret's side in sickness or in health—Arabella, from sister sympathy—and Mrs. Velters, on



account of the strong desire she felt to deliver a lecture on asphyxia caused by immersion: she would have delivered it, too, if Mr. Probang, who was master of the situation, had not enjoined the most absolute quiet; so she contented herself with whispering emphatic fragments to her daughter, which she ordered her to take the first opportunity of committing to writing.

And how did Richard Brunton pass the evening?

Gladdened very much by the kind commendations of Mr. Travers; flattered by the approving words of Mr. Velters; and deeply rejoicing over the contents of a note which Alice Travers had thought it her duty to send to him from the bedside of her friend.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CONSULTATIONS.

WHEN Mrs. Cutts informed Lord Harry FitzLupus that she was in the habit of giving *soirées à la Française*, she announced as a *fait accompli* what was only in perspective. Mrs. Cutts had never given anything of the kind, but as she meant to do so at the very first opportunity, she already gave herself credit for her good intentions, following in this respect the example of a great many who promise much and perform nothing. Mrs. Cutts, however, was better than these, for having herself to gratify, she found it easier to keep her word than she might have done had she been merely labouring for the gratification of others.

Her chief difficulty lay in getting people enough to fill her rooms, for although Mr. Cutts had a tolerably large acquaintance, his friends were not exactly of the class that sheds lustre on society. She was, therefore, obliged to fall back on her own resources, which, as their present flourishing condition had not been of long duration, were necessarily somewhat limited.

After discussing the subject with her husband, and making him clearly perceive how advantageous the move she meditated was likely to prove, Mrs. Cutts resolved that her first party should be extremely select: it would be a greater compliment to Lord Harry FitzLupus, and moreover—there was no help for it. Mr. Ashley and his three daughters must, of course, be invited—the girls were showy, and could “do things” to make the evening agreeable—to say nothing of the position in which they themselves stood towards “Mr. A.,” who—as Mr. Cutts remarked—was “the one that kept the game alive.” Then there were Mrs. Basset and Claribel; but she at once rejected the little watchmaker—he was “such a nobody,” besides, “he kept a shop”—so the descendant of the Black Prince’s companion in arms was declared inadmissible to the *soirée* of the auctioneer’s wife! Mrs. Cutts had no doubt that, at the instance of her sister, Dr. Brocas would “waive ceremony,” and come without having previously been called upon. Ah, if she had known the delight which Dr. Brocas felt in mixing with vulgar people, when the vulgar fit was on him, she would not have hesitated for a moment! Lord Harry FitzLupus and Mr. Coates Taylor with themselves made eleven, and Richard Brunton, who must on no account be omitted, would complete the round dozen.

The number settled, and the young nobleman secured in the outset by a written promise, Mrs. Cutts sent out her invitations, and to increase their value in the eyes of her guests, she added—"to meet Lord Harry FitzLupus." The pleasure of writing this distinguished name went for something in committing this solecism: it was rather a triumph, also, over her dear friends, the Miss Ashleys.

"She takes us for fools, perhaps," said Matilda Ashley to her sisters, when she read the note addressed to herself, as they all sat at breakfast. "As if we didn't know that she wants to make a show-off of that niece of hers—the Covent Garden actress! Who's Lord Harry FitzLupus, papa?—do you know anything about him?"

Mr. Ashley looked up from his newspaper and smiled—as a wolf smiles.

"I should think I did," he said.

"Ah, I see!" returned Matilda. "Will Mr. Brunton be there?"

"Most likely," replied Mr. Ashley.

Brunton also made his comments upon the invitation. Cool as he was by nature, and deeply as he calculated, a little agitation affected his mind when he thought over the possibilities that might arise from the adventure in which he had figured so conspicuously at Broadstone, and a certain degree of restlessness marked his general behaviour for some days afterwards. He did not settle to business so well as before; he felt *désœuvré*, and wished for something to turn the current of his reveries and put an end to unprofitable castle-building, that habit of moral dram-drinking which, after every indulgence, "asks for more."

This *soirée* of Mrs. Cutts was quite unlooked-for by him. As that lady and her husband had both observed, some time had gone by since last he saw them. This abstinence had its origin in prudence more than inclination, any intimacy with a person so well known as the money-lending auctioneer being certain to damage him in the opinion of his employers, if it were known by them. But now that he was no longer a dependent upon the will of others, the same precaution was unnecessary. There was no reason why he should keep so entirely aloof from his *quondam* friend, and he felt glad of the opportunity of meeting which was thus afforded him. He was curious, too, to see what kind of a set Mrs. Cutts had got into. He knew her disposition for intrigue, and felt sure she did not play her cards without some fixed design. He, therefore, made up his mind to go, and replied to that effect.

Dr. Brocas was the last of the invited about whose acceptance there was any question.

"Oh, but this," he exclaimed, when he opened Mrs. Cutts's *billet*, "this is too delicious! *Cette femme est impayable*, with her fine-lady airs and her waiting-maid's manners. 'To meet Lord Harry FitzLupus.' What an inconceivable honour! Yes, Mrs. Cutts, if it were the Lord Harry himself, I would not refuse. There is so little fun in this world one can't afford to throw away a chance, and, as poor Figaro says: 'Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer.' God knows I have had cause enough for crying, if that were all! But who do I see coming along the garden-walk? Mrs. Basset and my darling Claribel. Ah, that little girl is the last and best ray of sunshine on my life's long day! Now then, moppet," he continued, as Claribel entered

the room with her aunt, "what's in the wind to-day, that has brought you here so early?"

"A petition to a very good-natured person," answered Claribel, smiling.

"If it be yours, or good Mrs. Basset's," said the gallant doctor, "he must be a churl, indeed, who says you nay."

"Well then, sir, it is to ask you, if you did not mind its coming from us, to go to a little party at my aunt's in May-fair, where I am to read a new part on Tuesday evening. She has, I believe, a few friends."

"Demure little pleader! You pretend not to know, then, that your aunt, Mrs. Cutts—what a frank, honest, genial name it is—don't you think so, Mrs. Basset?—has already invited me herself! See, there is the form and style in which she does it—quite regal!"

"I assure you, sir," said Mrs. Basset, "we were neither of us aware that my sister had written. She was afraid, as you had only seen her once or twice, at our house at Brompton, that you might think she intruded——"

"Only seen her once or twice! *C'est une raison de plus*, my dear madam, for desiring to see her oftener. Oh, Mrs. Cutts, Mrs. Cutts, bellissima Cuttina!" Here he began singing:

"Je suis Lindor, ma naissance est commune;  
Mes vœux sont ceux d'un simple bachelier :  
Que n'ai-je, hélas ! d'un brillant chevalier,  
A vous offrir le rang et la fortune !  
Le rang, le rang,  
Le rang et la fortune !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! certainly, Mrs. Basset—certainly, my dear Claribel, I will throw myself at the feet of Mrs. Cutts, as gracefully as my gouty shoe will let me."

"Ah!" said Claribel, in an under tone, "vous vous moquez de ma pauvre tante, et de moi aussi. Vous êtes bien méchant aujourd'hui."

"Au contraire, mon enfant, je suis on ne peut pas plus aimable. Pardon me, Mrs. Basset, I have the highest regard and esteem for your sister, and when I feel happy, when I can get the slightest glimpse of blue sky through the cloudy canopy of existence, then, my dear Mrs. Basset, I always sing."

Here Dr. Brocas poured out a glass of water from a large caraffe which always stood on the table beside him. From early habit, with, perhaps, a wholesome dread of gout—a thing of later growth—he could be abstemious as any Frenchman, and quite as gay, whether with wine or without it, though if he had been overheard, not seen, he would have passed for a veritable toper.

Raising the glass to his lips, and waving his extended arm, he began :

"Le vin et la paresse  
Se partagent mon cœur :  
Si l'une a ma tendresse. . . .  
L'autre fait mon bonheur !"

Then, bowing to each of the ladies, he went on :

"C'est à toi, ma chère maîtresse,  
C'est à toi, ma chère amie !"

Here, he altered the measure, and assumed completely the air of a *bon vivant* :

“Quand on a bien servi l’amour,  
Il faut boire, il faut boire, il faut boire !  
Quand on a bien servi l’amour,  
Il faut boire la nuit jusqu’au jour !  
Il faut boire, il faut boire,  
Il faut boire !”

“My dear doctor !” exclaimed Mrs. Basset, “how can you go on singing in that way in the middle of the day !”

“And does that make the matter worse ! Would you have me sit up in my bed and sing in the middle of the night, like a monk at midnight mass ?”

In a deep bass voice, as if a Litany suddenly rose to his memory, and not the words of Pulci, he chanted :

“O padre giusto, incomprensibil Dio,  
Illumine il mio cor perfet-tamente !

Ah, one of these days I shall certainly bury myself in a cloister. We will go, Claribel, to Dauphiné : we will wander along the banks of the Isère ; I with my palmer’s hat and staff, you with no array save innocence and beauty ! We will live upon the alms of the charitable, a sweet existence, precluding all thought of sordid toil, and making us familiar with only the bright side of human nature——”

“But are you quite sure that side will be always exposed to us ?” interrupted Claribel, laughing at his rhapsody.

“And if not, Claribel,—if the same worldliness that we have learnt to despise in this degraded temple of Mammon pursue us to the valley of the Grésivaudan,—if tender charity be not found in the haunts of the lowly, then, Claribel, we will dedicate ourselves to the service of Heaven. The Grande Chartreuse shall be my refuge ; there, clad in the brown woollen garment of a simple servitor, with crucifix and skull inviting me to constant prayer and the contemplation of death, I shall gradually wean myself from all earthly care——”

“And what is to become of me ?” asked Claribel ; “you remember you once told me, in describing the Grande Chartreuse, that ladies are never allowed to enter there.”

“You are quite right, child. That being the case, we will shun the convent’s gloom ; we will return to the outer world, and, after dropping gently down the Rhône, we will cross the blue Mediterranean and spend the remainder of our lives in sunny Italy.”

“Dear me, Doctor !” exclaimed Mrs. Basset, to whom this phase of romance was a thorough mystification, “I hope you won’t go till you have helped us out of our trouble !”

“Trouble, my Bassetini, are you in trouble ? What about ?”

Besides the errand on which her sister had sent her, Mrs. Basset had a small affair of her own, respecting which she was desirous of asking Dr. Brocas’s advice and assistance. Claribel had succeeded as a *débutante*, but for the present, and for some time to come, fame was all that was likely to accrue from her success. Mr. Wimple, the manager, bestowed upon her a great deal of well-deserved praise, but he seasoned his approbation with quite enough criticism to justify the course he adopted of not offering any salary.

"The great thing, my dear madam," he said to Mrs. Basset, when she raised that question—"the great thing for your charming niece,—and I acknowledge that she is charming, and likely, very likely, to make a great hit by-and-by—is to keep her well before the public. That is the real advantage. Now if I were to give her a salary at once—of course her talent must not be paid *médiocrement*,—not *médiocrement*, madam, you, yourself, would not wish that,—if I were to give her a large salary, look at the jealousies and heart-burnings that would immediately break out in my establishment. This person would throw up her parts,—that person would refuse to play unless *her* salary were doubled,—I should be ruined in a week, madam,—left perfectly high and dry—without another actress of any kind or description. Now I put it to you, madam,—just ask yourself,—stand for a moment in my position,—and simply ask yourself if that would be fair to me or to my company? I should be paralysed, and Miss Page would be nowhere: her prospects, madam, would be utterly blasted! Whereas, by a little judicious forbearance, feeling the public pulse, as I may say, ministering to no rival jealousies, we gradually creep on and on, fix ourselves in public estimation, defy competition, and draw on the treasury for any amount weekly. That's the view, madam, which I take of Miss Page's position, as a father, if I may be allowed to say so, as a manager, and a man!"

Which of these three characters predominated in this harangue, Mrs. Basset was not shrewd enough to discern; even if she had a glimmering of the truth it was of little use, with her inexperience, to contend against Mr. Wimple's sharp practice. It only remained, therefore, to submit and go on hoping—hoping—as we all do in this long and weary fight. There was a gleam of hope in Mrs. Meggot's legacy, for, though it only amounted to a few hundred pounds, that sum, if carefully husbanded—though a difficulty lay in that direction—would serve to keep the wolf from the door until Claribel was in a condition to claim as her right the salary which Mr. Wimple withheld.

But "between the cup and the lip,"—we know the proverb. The little watchmaker having taken upon himself all the expenses of his aunt's funeral, went to Doctors' Commons to prove her will, when, to his amazing astonishment, he was informed that two *caveats* had already been entered prohibiting administration: one of them on the part of Miss Hornybeak, the intimate friend of the deceased; the other on that of Mr. Bagall, the Treasurer of St. Trephine's Hospital.

So that instead of a legacy the little watchmaker inherited a lawsuit.

This was the *exposé* which Mrs. Basset had to make.

On hearing it, the gaiety of Dr. Brocas gave place to the gravity which became his age and profession. He was in an instant the learned civilian again, and, what was better, the man of real feeling. He promised Mrs. Basset that he would give the matter his closest attention, dismissed Claribel and her aunt with the kindest words, and shut himself up for the day to meditate on the especial wickedness that extends an injury beyond the grave.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND<sup>ent.</sup>

Few charges have been more unjustly brought against those who have long and conscientiously laboured in a great cause, than that which certain writers have made it their special business to prefer to the detriment of Mr. Charles Kean.

Outliving the attacks of a hostile press—which only worshipped the idol itself had set up—and established in public estimation the first of existing tragic actors, Mr. Kean, when he assumed the management of the Princess's Theatre, strenuously addressed himself to a task which several of his predecessors—at Covent Garden, at Drury Lane, and elsewhere—had vainly attempted to perform. Rightly conceiving that one of the leading purposes of dramatic representation is to render the scenic illusion as perfect as possible, and desirous, at the same time, of making amusement the handmaid of instruction, Mr. Kean at once determined to spare neither study, toil, nor cost in order to place upon the stage, in their most picturesque and appropriate form, as many of Shakspeare's plays as circumstances might enable him to produce during the period of his management. How successfully he has accomplished this object the later annals of the Princess's Theatre triumphantly show, in the overflowing houses which each successive reproduction—the greater part of them running over a hundred nights—has witnessed; and it must be more than a consolation to Mr. Kean to know that the appreciation of his efforts by the public has completely set at nought the cavils of a morbid, a capricious, and, in truth, a most ignorant criticism.

For it was urged against Mr. Kean, by more than one "enlightened public instructor," that the pains which he was taking to illustrate his author by historical accuracy of delineation, had only a tendency to sacrifice the spirit for the letter, to substitute fidelity of costume and local appliances for living and breathing passion; as if it necessarily followed that what was gained on the one hand must be lost on the other. There were not wanting critics, when Garrick and Kemble trod the boards as *Brutus* or *Macbeth*, who deplored the adoption of the toga and the tartan, in lieu of the periwig and red heels of the day, as a dangerous innovation on a time-honoured custom; and if inspiration had been derived from periwigs and red heels, such lamentations were perfectly justifiable; but unless it can be shown that the actor is embarrassed by his accessories, that the truer the outward representation the less faithful the inner one, why hesitate on the path of progress—why withhold from the stage that improvement which you are so desirous of attaining in all things else? Mr. Kean has, himself, very ably supported this argument in a passage of the preface to the published acting version of "King Richard the Second," where he says: "An increasing taste for recreation, wherein instruction is blended with amusement, has for some time been conspicuous in the English public; and surely an attempt to render dramatic representations conducive to the diffusion of knowledge—to surround the glowing imagery of the great Poet with accompaniments *true* to the times of which he writes—*realising* the scenes and actions which he describes—exhibiting men as they once lived—can scarcely detract from the enduring influence of his genius!" Certainly not, and the question need

not for a moment have been discussed had not an unworthy persistence in detraction called for a few words of necessary comment. But the end tries all: those for whom the banquet is spread are the best judges of the quality of the feast,—and here again we may borrow the words of Mr. Kean. “Repeated success justifies the conviction that I am acting in accordance with the general feeling. When plays, which formerly commanded but occasional repetition, are enabled, by no derogatory means, to attract audiences for successive months, I cannot be wrong in presuming that the course I have adopted is supported by the irresistible force of public opinion, expressed in the suffrages of an overwhelming majority.”

That the “means” which Mr. Kean has employed are not “derogatory,” that—on the contrary—they enhance the value of the representation, filling the mind with a perfect image of the time when the dramatised events took place, and telling him more in three short hours than he could gather from the most diligent study in as many years, that they add immeasurably to the spectator’s sense of enjoyment, we shall now proceed to show.

The curtain rises upon “The Privy Council Chamber in the Palace of Westminster,” where Richard and his Councillors are assembled to hear the charge preferred by Hereford against Norfolk. Let us picture to ourselves the manner in which this scene would have been put on the stage some twenty or thirty years ago. A pseudo-Gothic hall, faithfully copied from Strawberry-hill,—a gilt chair which George the Fourth might have sat in without committing any anachronism,—a crimson velvet footstool for the same royal right foot, manufactured at Gillow’s or France and Banting’s,—half a dozen elders in tow-wigs, red gowns, and catkin capes, the representatives of pillars of the state, English, French, or Venetian, no matter which,—the king himself in his regal robes, as he appeared at Elsinore, at Fores, or at Naples, no matter where,—and four attendants in blue jerkins, and crimson stockings, with halberds in their hands, roses in their shoes, ruffs round their necks, and tin pots on their heads, the inevitable *cortège* of stage royalty in all climes and under all circumstances: with such “appropriate scenery, dresses, and decorations,” as their playbills said, the public of that day,—no better being available,—were fain to be content.

But the Council Chamber of Mr. Kean’s “Richard the Second” is such as Froissart himself might have described; and those who sit in deliberation there, the princes whose deeds he delighted to record. The place is, indeed, a transcript of the original locality, and for the accuracy of the costumes we have every possible voucher. The king is dressed after an authentic portrait of him which is preserved in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster Abbey, and the yellowish hair, and the fair, round, feminine face, which give him an appearance of such extreme youth, are exactly what the monk of Evesham describes. The long party-coloured robe of blue and white in which John of Gaunt is arrayed has the Cotton MS. in the British Museum for its authority, and the dresses of Aumerle as Lord High Constable, and the Bishop of Exeter as Lord Chancellor, together with those of the attendant Councillors, are all derived from equally authentic sources. So of the badges and cognizances of King Richard, with which the walls and roof of the chamber and the throne on which he sits are decorated.

Again, in "The Lists at Gosford-green, near Coventry," what can be more perfect than the manner in which the whole scene is represented? There is all the poetry of "Ivanhoe," with all the truth of the ancient chronicles. The king sits in his royal pavilion, which is decorated with his well-known colours and devices—the Plantagenet badge conspicuous amongst them; his great nobles are beside him, in full splendour of attire; bevis of fair ladies,

——— Whose eyes  
Rained influence, and adjudged the prize,

on more peaceful encounters,—assist to form his court; the lists are set, with all their accompaniments of heralds, pages, and soldiers; there stand the Earl Marshal and the Lord High Constable with the official *baton* and sword of state; the chairs for the combatants are placed on either side, and a motley crowd of spectators fills the background. The trumpets sound, and Norfolk and Hereford severally appear, each in complete armour, and wearing surcoats with the cognizances of their respective houses; the formal interrogatories are made; the royal greetings are given to the expectant combatants; their barbed steeds are led in and the knights climb up to their saddles, and receive their lances; the heralds make the usual proclamation; again the trumpets sound, the lances are laid in rest, the barriers removed for the mutual charge, expectation is on the strain,—when, lo! "the king has thrown his warder down,"—and the fatal issue,—most fatal to Richard,—remains undetermined.

We are not describing a play that every Shakspearean reader has by heart, but simply indicating those features in it which are most especially adapted for picturesque illustration. We come, then, to the "Room in Ely House," where John of Gaunt lies on his bed, the victim of a mortal sickness. This interior is a study for all who seek to know the fashion in which the princes of England lived five centuries ago. The oriel window with its richly-stained glass—the walls of the chamber hung with tapestried representations from the legendary romances which were the only reading of the day, when half a dozen illuminated volumes were worth a king's ransom—the spacious fireplace with its quaint adornments—and, above all, the gorgeously canopied bed on which "time-honoured Lancaster" is stretched, with his sorrowing friends and mute attendants around—these, and a host of minor objects, all equally true to the period they belong to, fill the gazer's eye with a picture which no effort of imagination can better.

There is, in the British Museum (Harleian 1319), a manuscript history of the deposition of King Richard the Second, written by a French gentleman of distinction, who was an eye-witness of the events recorded by him, and it offers one example amongst many of the determination of Mr. Kean to ensure the same degree of correctness. It is after the illuminations in this MS. that Bolingbroke is dressed when he appears in mourning for the death of his father when he returned from banishment: the dresses of Northumberland and of the Bishop of Carlisle are also from the Metrical History. But it is unnecessary to detail further authorities: let us say *le dernier mot* in declaring that, from the many-folded and "curiously-cut" head-gear to the long-toed *poulaine*—from chain and



mail to satin and sarmite—there is not a point of dress which has not its authentic voucher. As a splendid separate figure we may point to King Richard himself, armed *cap-à-pié*—in the third act—and the bearing of Mr. Kean (to say nothing of his perfect impersonation of the character) is in admirable keeping with the royal panoply.

Striking, however, as this accuracy is, its value is only fully appreciated when we deal with a crowd such as that which throngs the scene in the historical episode, introduced by Mr. Kean between the third and fourth acts of the play. He has there accomplished the arduous task of conveying to the eye, without the loss of a single incident or a single touch of feeling, the exquisite description of the entry of the two royal cousins into London, which the Duke of York is made, in the text, to relate to his Duchess. What a wondrous concourse of people occupy the streets, how eager and excited they seem, what games fill up the interval till the chief personages appear, how gaily the fronts of the houses are tapestried, what garlands hang from window to window, what a sea of young and pretty faces flood every casement, what life and animation are everywhere visible! That “Dance of Itinerant Fools,” set in motion to a tune of the time of Edward the Second, is a whole *ballet* in itself—but a street *ballet* only, in perfect accordance with the out-of-door amusements of that period! The procession comes, at last, with all the array that the wealthy citizen of London could show at the close of the fourteenth century. It sweeps past, and then the voices of thousands, mingling with the music of the minstrels and the clamour of the joy-bells, announce the approach of “The Duke, great Bolingbroke,” who presently appears

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—

And who

With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!

To complete the verisimilitude of the episode, a few sentences from the chronicles of the time are put into the mouths of the enthusiastic people, and Bolingbroke,

—from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,

passes along. What follows? A dreary, a terrible, an ominous silence! King Richard enters, the object of the concentrated scorn and anger of a people who for more than twenty years have suffered from his misrule. Can a mere pageant affect the mind like a well-told story? Gaze upon this phase of the historical episode and strive in vain to repress the tears, to keep down the climbing sorrow that chokes the utterance! We have seen many tragedies—we have witnessed the efforts of the greatest modern actors, but never have we looked on anything more pitiful, on anything that more deeply stirred the heart than the dejected and grief-stricken Richard in the midst of the scowling multitude.

Let this be an answer to the question as to whether Mr. Kean has sacrificed his author for the sake of his accessories.

## A FISHERMAN'S SECOND LETTER TO HIS CHUM IN INDIA.

France, April, 1857.

I SUPPOSE ere this, my dear Harry, that you have been expecting another fishing yarn. I have not forgotten my promise, as you see, and will again endeavour to beguile some of your weary hours by bringing your thoughts back to old times. I trust that my last letter amused you, and did not stir up your ire against poor Sambo, as I feared it would, but that you took kindly to your currie, and played as good a knife and fork (or spoon rather) as I have often seen you do at the river-side. I candidly confess, however, that the thermometer standing at 100 in the shade does not conduce much to a man's appetite, or add greatly to his amiability.

Your request to hear only of the encounters I have had with *good fish* makes my task easy enough, but will, I fear, render my letters very monotonous; so, when I write again, I shall endeavour to find other fishing matter to entertain you with besides that, which appears totally to engross your present wishes. My sport here, up to date, has been far within the limits of the term sport; but this cannot be wondered at when no means are taken to preserve the fish. Here there is no close season; devastation and destruction goes on at all times of the year. The rivers are crossed by, I may really say, hundreds of nets, and the weirs at the different mills are always closed whenever the water admits of a fish running. Thus some of the finest rivers man need ever wish to throw a line over are nearly tenantless! What waste! what destruction of valuable property! yet with all this *on dit* that the fishing-laws in France are very strict and severe. I hope some day to hear that the government has taken up the preservation of the rivers: we should then have glorious sport, for salmon would be as thick in the rivers as blackberries on the bushes.

The artificial breeding of salmon and trout is beginning to engross the attention of the French naturalists. This experiment (though with us it cannot be longer called an *experiment*, as it has been in practice for some time in many places, and will ere long become general in all available localities) I will endeavour to explain to you, as I think you may never have had an opportunity of seeing it. My cousin, Mr. G. B——y, has made several successful nurseries for little fishes, and the quantity of trout that he has thus bred is almost incredible, and the process by no means so difficult as a person ignorant of the matter might imagine. He selects a small running stream or spring in a situation to which the sun has free access. Should the natural fall not be sufficient, an artificial one must be made by damming up the head of the spring, taking care that it is made secure, that the water cannot possibly ooze out or escape in any way except through the trough, which is to form the artificial rivulet. This should be made sufficiently large to ensure a constant run of water, as, should the spawn be allowed to become dry and exposed to the action of the atmosphere, vitality would of course be destroyed. A large box, quite water-tight, about eighteen inches deep, and two or three feet wide, according to the power of water that you have, is attached to the trough.

This box must have a gentle slope towards the natural course of the spring. The length of the box must depend on the quantity of spawn you intend impregnating, and must be divided into different compartments by perforated zinc, the holes to be so small that the spawn cannot pass or the small fry escape. The reason for dividing the box is, that you may not be able to obtain sufficient spawn at any one time to fill your whole box, which is in a proper state for propagation, and it is not advisable to mix fresh spawn with that already deposited. Each compartment of the box must be filled with small shingly gravel, taking care that it is quite free from weeds or any other vegetable matter. The entrance to the box, from the spring, must also be closed with zinc, to prevent any dead leaves, &c., from passing; also, to prevent the fry from running up. The top of the box must be protected with a wire grating, to guard against birds, mice, &c., from getting in. Ducks are most destructive on spawning beds in shallow rivulets, and a kingfisher or water-ouzel, accidentally finding out your nursery, would soon save you the trouble of looking after your small fry.

The process of impregnation is most simple. It can be thus carried out at a distance from the nursery. Having obtained some female salmon, or trout, you select the spawn of such as are in the most forward state, which, when fit for propagation, will pass from the fish, sometimes without any pressure, but will always do so by passing the hand lightly down the belly of the fish. These can be let fall into a vessel of water. When you have extracted all the spawn from the female that will leave it, without using sufficient force to hurt the fish, press the milt from the male fish, letting it pretty well cover the spawn. This being carefully carried, so as to prevent any violent shaking, may be transported a great distance with perfect safety. When you place it in your box it must be allowed to run gently out of the vessel, the current will divide it, and it will fall among the small stones and soon become covered. Should your breeding-place be near the river from which you intend to procure your parent fish, they can be brought to your nursery, and the spawn being pressed out near the surface of the water, it will fall naturally under the stones: the milt of the male fish should then be pressed over it as before mentioned; or, if you prefer it, you can place the parent fish into the divisions of the box, a pair or two in each, and allow them to spawn there, but you must remove them before the fry come out, or they would soon save you the trouble of counting their progeny.

There is, however, in my humble opinion, one great objection to this system of artificially breeding salmon—except for the purpose of stocking rivers where they have not previously existed—which is, that, in order to procure the spawn in a proper state for immediate propagation, you must catch the salmon from off the spawning beds, and it often happens that you will take several females before you find one in which the spawn is in a sufficiently advanced state to enable you to press it from the fish without injury. Those that are not immediately about to spawn, and which are of course for your purpose useless, must suffer much injury from being netted, and I doubt much whether you do not do more harm to the river in which you take the parent fish, by the quantity of spawn thus probably destroyed, than you gain by that which you rear artificially. The male fish do not suffer so much, as the milt is generally in a forward

state as soon as the fish come on the spawning bed, and the milt also of one male will suffice to impregnate the spawn of perhaps two or three females. The small fry will make their appearance in about one hundred days; there will often be a difference in the time of the young fry coming out, for that depends much on the warmth of the water, and some will appear perhaps ten days, or even more, before others, placed in their different nurseries at the same time. The young fry will require careful nourishment, and should not be allowed to leave their boxes, or, at any rate, the small rivulet caused by your spring, which should duly be dammed up, until such time as they can take a little care of themselves, which will be about the month of July: they will then be strong, and there are plenty of weeds for them to hide themselves in. If a proper place be selected for the breeding ground, and the spawn is obtained in a fit state, any number of salmon or trout can be thus reared, and very easily transported, when strong enough, to their destined localities. It is of course easier to make a nursery at the river where the parent fish are, than to turn a small run of the river over any number of boxes you may choose to fill; but there is always the chance of mishap by floods, &c., and I think the method adopted by my cousin to be so excellent, that were I to attempt to raise salmon, or trout, it is his plan I should adopt.

I have written you this short account of the process of artificially rearing fish, in the hope, should you not have read of it previously, that it may interest and amuse you. This method may be the means of stocking many fine rivers with salmon, and check, in a degree, the work of destruction that now goes on; and I can find but the one objection already mentioned, which, I dare say, in your ideas, as well as those of the learned in the matter, is, *unmitigated bosh*. All this time and science will, however, be thrown away unless they protect their progeny when they have arrived at maturity by having some laws to prevent the present system of wholesale slaughter. Oh! that I had one large axe, that I could, "at one fell swoop," hew all the staked and bag-nets into mincemeat! You see, my dear Harry, that I am in a bad humour; and why? I have thrashed as pretty a river as you need wish to see ever since a fish could have been supposed to show his nose up the river, and have done, I may say, truly nothing. I have almost, in the outburst of my feelings, forgotten what I was to write about, so, for fear that I should have a relapse, have taken up my journal, in which I find there are many incidents that, I think, should amuse and interest a fisherman, especially one who can only enjoy the sport in imagination, which has almost been my lot this spring up to the present moment. The first engagement that I should like to relate to you is one which I had with a *monster trout* at Toome, which, I suppose you know, is the village at the end of Lough Neagh, where the river Bann runs out of the lake. There is, perhaps, no spot in the three kingdoms where so many large trout resort as about the neighbourhood of the eel-weirs and the bridge that crosses the river Bann at that place. It is quite useless to try and tempt any of these monsters, except at sunrise or sunset; therefore, the days are always spent up the lake, generally with the cross line, which, you remember, I do not object to the use of, *on a lake*, for trout, and which is, indeed, the only chance for sport on those immense waters.

I returned one day from the lake, having had a very good day's sport. I had taken several trout, three or four of them being very fine fish; the largest weighed about eight pounds. On my return, I found the inn full of officers of the —th regiment, then quartered in Belfast; at least there were four of them who had come down for a day's fishing. I did not happen to know any of them, but, as soon as they saw the boats coming, they walked down to the landing to see what sport I had had. They asked me a great many questions about the evening fishing on the river, —in fact, tried to *pump the fountain*. I of course gave them some information, as I always like to lend a hand to a brother fisherman; but I need scarcely tell you I made no mention of the whereabouts of my big friend, the account of whose capture is about to make your mouth water. In the evening, when preparing to go out, I heard the pumping going on again, but this time they were trying it upon Henry, my boatman. They asked him "Where the captain was going to fish?" Henry of course did not enlighten them much on that subject, merely saying that I generally tried for a big one. "But then his honour does not often get one," said he; "so I think, if I were you, gentlemen, I would just stick to the weirs and the arches of the bridge, where there are plenty of all sizes, if you can only persuade them to take." They soon started on their travels, and having seen them quietly settle themselves in their different localities, where there were plenty of nice-sized fish, I took my departure to the lower end of the island, below the bridge. I had previously spent several evenings at this spot, it being the residence of the big trout, and nearly every evening saw my friend on the feed. Once I slightly hooked him, but he commenced rising again a quarter of an hour afterwards, so I felt certain that I had not frightened him much. I, however, refrained from trying him again that night, knowing full well he would not take an artificial fly again the same evening, after being pricked. I quietly placed the boat close to the in-shore, within a throw of his favourite rising-ground, that the movement of the boat might not disturb him, and let my line sink in the water that it might be ready wetted, for I need hardly tell you that I never throw a dry line over a rising fish. At about half-past nine o'clock up he came. In the stillness of the night you could hear him, quite plainly, closing his hard jaws on the flies, and Henry made his usual remark, in a low whisper, "Do you hear him smacking his neb, captain?" I let him get well on the feed, and when I thought he was bent on a good supper, and was letting but few flies pass him, I gently threw a rush fly, one of Henry's invincible olives, a little above him. This fly is an imitation of one of the numerous *Phryganææ*, and is thus tied: Tinsel, gold; body, dingy olive dubbing; hackle, wren's-tail; under wing, landrail's wing-feather; upper wing, red speckled partridge-tail feather. With the slightest movement possible, it being dead calm, I then let the fly float down to where he was rising. As soon as it reached him it stopped. I felt that I had him. He remained at least two minutes without stirring an inch; he then shook his head and commenced a steady sail up stream, not appearing to trouble himself the least in the world about being hooked. I fancied I was going to kill him without trouble, for you well know that very heavy fish often show comparatively little sport. I, however, reckoned without my host. He was one of the right sort.

"Now came the tug of war." I had scarcely remarked to Henry what a sulky brute he is, when away he went. Up he came to the top of the water, and lashed about with his tail, until he literally covered the water with froth. He then twisted himself about like a spinning-bait, with a force, had I borne against him, that would have broken any hook ever made, and my small trout hook would have stood but very little chance. This amusement, fortunately, did not last long; but onward he went, now infuriated by the restraint kept upon him, and I believe would have reached the perch-hole, nearly a quarter of a mile up the river, and which is full of stakes and stones, where he would to a certainty have broken my tackle; but, as good luck would have it, he took a turn into the middle of the river. I then made Henry place the boat above him, and between him and the dreaded spot, and splash with his oar. This did not seem to please him, and down he went again, not a straight run, but constantly shaking his head and working backwards and forwards, now to the shore, then out again to the heavy stream. He thus at one time ran me out at least eighty yards of line, for I was afraid to follow too close upon him with the boat, for fear that he might stop suddenly, and it would run over him, or that I might be embarrassed by the oars. I had plenty of line, for I took care, though I had only my single-handed trout rod, to have my salmon reel on, knowing full well what runs these kind of gentlemen sometimes take.

He had now descended nearly to the spot where I had hooked him, and there he sulked. Except that he occasionally treated me to a shake of the head, and a dull, heavy tug at the line, I should not have known but that he had left me stuck into some impediment at the bottom of the river. At last, by tapping the butt of the rod repeatedly, and adopting every other system of annoyance, I got him to move again, and as I had held him at least half an hour, I fancied I might try and bring him near me. I was, however, too hasty, and I had, for a time, to repent my rashness, for as soon as he came close to the boat he took the alarm, and then commenced the fiercest struggle I almost ever saw with a fish. His previous exertions had in no way diminished his power, for he sprang several times some feet out of the water, and, it being now nearly dark, I could not see in the least which way he turned, and I expected every moment he would hit my line and break off. It is said the Duke, at Waterloo, prayed for night or Blücher: how I longed for ten minutes' daylight to end my engagement in. The only thing I could now see was the curl in the water, which he lashed about him in his fury. I was sorely pressed, and all my ingenuity severely tested to avoid an almost certain smash if he touched my line. After this desperate struggle, which lasted some minutes, I thought he must have exhausted himself, so I determined once more to try and bring him to the gaff. I got out of the boat, and led him gently down the river towards a little bay, free from weeds, and where there was scarcely any current. At last I fancied he had resigned the contest, for he came quietly up to the top of the water. "Another such a chance, Henry," said I, "and I will try and draw him into the bay." I did so; but in the darkness Henry missed him, and I found the brute had many a run and turn in him, and his death-struggle was more to be feared than his previous powerful energies. Every moment I thought I should have had to take to the boat again,

for, with the light tackle I held him on, I dared not handle him roughly; his strength, however, appeared to be wasting fast, his runs became shorter at every turn, and he could not remain at the bottom, but rose constantly to the surface for air. At last I thought there could be no longer any danger in bringing him into the bay again. He sailed in quite quietly, and this time Henry gaffed him beautifully, and I think was as pleased as myself at the happy termination of the encounter. I was close upon the hour killing him, and it was pitch dark when I had him landed.

As soon as I recovered myself a little—for I had been as nervous as a child for the last quarter of an hour—I agreed with Henry that we would take a rise out of the soldiers, whom I felt quite sure would not be prepared to see such a fish as he was. I carefully rolled up the trout in my waterproof cloak, and requested Henry to put on the most serious, and, if possible under the circumstances, sulky face he could on arriving at the inn. When we got within sight, I saw the officers standing at the door, enjoying their cigars. When we arrived, I guessed by their faces that they had had good sport, and had prepared some sell for me, for there was a sort of smile of triumph in their countenances. I soon found out what was in the wind: the passage was half covered with some very pretty trout, weighing from half a pound to two pounds each. They had had a beautiful evening's sport, especially for strangers who had never tried the river before. I was, however, certain that they would have killed well, as, unless the evening had been very favourable, there would have been but little chance to extract the big fellow. One of the officers, I suppose the greatest wag of the party, said,

"What sport, captain? We found the trout taking very well indeed. I hope you had some fun among the big ones; but I am told that they are rather shy."

I answered him as shortly as I could with politeness, and sent Henry to ask for some whisky-punch at the bar, being very anxious to get him out of the way, as I knew, as soon as the light illuminated that countenance, that there would be a grin on it from ear to ear. After drinking my punch I returned to the examination of their trout, and, gently loosening my cloak, let grandpapa fall down amongst them. You can fancy their astonishment when they saw him, for he weighed within two ounces of *sixteen pounds*.

I now had the laugh on my side; but, their supper being ready, they asked me to join their party, that I might relate to them what you have just read; and as none of the party were old fishermen, or had even heard of a trout of that size being killed on the single rod, they were much interested, and made me tell them every run and turn the fellow made, twenty times over, which has impressed it so forcibly on my memory.

I think I never felt prouder in my life, or enjoyed a meal more than I did that one; and I believe Henry never drank more whisky, for he had *carte blanche* at the bar. This is the largest trout I ever killed, or saw killed, with the rod; and, considering the circumstances under which he was hooked and played, it was marvellous that I should have bagged him. I am very sorry that I neglected to take his dimensions,

but I can only say he was as broad as he was long, and as full of curd as a salmon, and was as good sport in the dish as on the line.

I must now transfer your thoughts to a scene far from the one I have just described. I have resided for some time, as you know, in France, and chose Normandy as my place of *séjour*. It well deserves the name of "La Belle Normandie," for the country is beautiful. All vegetable nature seems to flourish here, and the fine orchards which surround you, when in blossom, have the appearance of a continuous garden. Unfortunately, however, there is a great tameness in the landscape, there being neither mountains nor inland rocks to relieve the monotony of the scene. Still, notwithstanding this defect, there are many views which even an old traveller, well accustomed to gaze on Nature's brightest scenes, would gladly linger near until he had retained their picturesque beauty on his memory. For instance, I scarcely know a finer panoramic view than that seen from the site of the ancient cathedral of Avranches. It takes in on the one side some twenty miles of apparently beautifully wooded country. The wood is, however, but redgelow timber; nevertheless, the effect is very fine, and the *coup d'œil* magnificent. On the other side you have the bay of Mont St. Michel, where this curious and beautiful rock, with its fine old monastery, which is now one of the largest prisons in France, immediately fixes the eye, as it stands out in bold relief in the middle of the bay. He, however, who would wish to see this view to the greatest advantage, should stand in the valley of Chaugeons when the sun is sinking. Its golden rays form a brilliant background, which Nature has omitted to add to this truly beautiful scene. All the low land round Mont St. Michel is called the *grève*, which, though not boasting of any peculiar beauty, except the above-named view, yet I must not omit to mention it. There are very many acres of it which are seldom covered by the sea, and on this portion a short grass grows. Here we exhilarate the spirit and exercise the body—ay, and mind too, for it's no game of chance—by playing golf; an amusement which not only conduces to health, but adds not a little to the consumption of *entrées* at six o'clock. Close to our golf-links the meandering river runs its course along the *grève*, looking for all the world like a Yankee description of a sea-serpent. In high spring-tides the scene is quite changed, and the large sandy bay becomes a splendid lake, or rather branch of the sea, running quite under the hill on which the town stands. One of the lions of the place is to see the tide come into the bay at the time of the equinox, when the tides are, of course, the highest in the year. Its rise then can scarcely be imagined. It comes in, if there happens to be a westerly wind, as fast as a good horse can trot, and runs up a distance of seven or eight miles beyond low-water mark of neap tides. This sounds almost fabulous, but such is, nevertheless, the fact. But I am forgetting my task in my feeble endeavour to describe the beauties of this locality, and as neither of us are, I fear, æsthetic, you will agree with me that I had better drop the picturesque line and resume, to us, the more attractive fishing line. There are several very fine rivers in this province, though they are not generally well known. I need hardly tell you that I have thrown a line on nearly all of them—at least all where salmon *are said* to exist, or good trout are to be found; but, alas! I can give them but little praise. The salmon



are, "like angels' visits, few and far between," and the trout, in comparison to the one I have just killed for you, but as minnows, for you very seldom get one that exceeds a pound weight. During my sojourn in this country I have made several little excursions that I have enjoyed very much indeed, though the *sport*, I must say, has been very indifferent, and I certainly owed most of the pleasure I derived from them to the agreeableness of my companion, G.

Among other trips, we made one to Pont F——y, a small village, prettily situated in the valley of a very pretty river, which you would imagine, from its appearance, ought to be *paved* with salmon. You know that, whenever I go to a strange river, it is invariably my wont to ascertain who is the best fisherman on the water, and to pick his brains as much as possible before I commence operations. Therefore, as soon as we arrived, it being too late to try our chance that evening, I determined to see if I could get any useful information from the resident anglers. I accordingly made inquiry at the inn about the fishing and fishermen of the place, and was told that the bourgeois, who kept the Hôtel des Trois Rois was a perfect otter—that no man could kill a salmon like him—and that if there was one in the river he was sure to know where it was. Accordingly, I went immediately to the otter's den, and was told he was on the new bridge with the workmen. The old one had been carried away in a heavy flood the previous autumn. I soon found my friend, and a very sharp, good-looking, intelligent fellow he was. I made known to him that I had come for a day or two's fishing, taking care, however, not to mention that it was salmon I expected to get, and that I had been told that he was the only person in that part of the country that knew anything about the matter, and asked him if there were any good *pike* in the river.

"Pike! monsieur," said Trois Rois (for so we christened him), in scorn, "I know nothing of *those* brutes, but there are some salmon, and I kill several of them every year."

"*Salmon!*" said I, in my turn, putting on a look of the profoundest astonishment; "how on earth do you catch them? With a net, of course?"

"No," said he, looking as proud as a peacock with two tails, "*mais à la ligne.*"

He then told me the following stories, which amused me not a little. I cannot recount to you all his droll expressions, nor can I attempt to describe his actions during the recital, but I can only say that he told me them with the usual vivacity of his countrymen. I need not say more than that to give you, who have so often spoken with them, an idea of the scene. Thus he commenced:

"You see, monsieur, that corner of the river" (pointing to a spot about two hundred yards from the bridge); "there is a large, deep hole there. One day, after the great flood had gone down which carried away the old bridge, I tried there for a salmon, knowing that it is a spot that holds a fish nearly every day in the year. I had scarcely thrown in my minnow when I hooked an enormous fish. I could, of course, do nothing with him alone, so I called for help as loud as I could holla. Fortunately, Gaudin the blacksmith, who lives there" (pointing to the nearest house in the village), "was at home. He came out as soon as he

heard me, and seeing that I had hooked a fish, ran down as quickly as he could, bringing with him his casting-net to help me to land it.

" 'Where is he?' said he.

" 'There—just below my line!' said I.

" 'Well, then, mind yourself,' said Gaudin, 'and, when I count three, you drop the point of your rod, and I'll throw over the fish—one, two, three.'

"Down went the rod, and in went the net, but the clumsy fellow missed him. Again, at the signal, in went the net, and this time he not only missed taking the fish, but he broke my rod in halves with the leads of the net. This would have been fatal with most fishermen, but not so with me; I never lost my *sang froid*, and managed so well that I still held him. Once more, 'One, two, three.' This time Gaudin made a splendid cast; he covered my rod and the fish beautifully, and we got him. He was a magnificent salmon that weighed seventeen pounds."

I could scarcely refrain from laughing several times during this recital, and it nearly cost me an inch of my tongue to prevent my doing so. I was, however, so much amused, having nothing else to do, that I asked him, in the most serious manner that I could possibly assume, to relate some more of his fishing exploits to me. He then continued:

"The day after I had killed the fine fish, whose capture I have just told you of, I hooked another in precisely the same spot. Loudly I shouted again, and out came Gaudin, leaving the horse he was shoeing, and bringing with him this time, not his casting-net, for that, he said, was not sure, but his gun, loaded, he informed me, with a large charge of nice-sized shot. I felt the greatest confidence, for Gaudin kills more hares than any man in the country, and I felt sure he would not miss his mark. I played the salmon until I thought I could bring him nicely up to the surface, that Gaudin might get a fair chance at him.

" 'Are you ready?' said I to him.

" 'All right,' said he; and put his gun to his shoulder and told me to raise the fish a bit until he could see his back. I did so, bringing the salmon close to the surface. He fired the moment he could see him. Ah, the clumsy rascal! he cut my casting-line, and away went the fish."

I could stand this no longer, but fairly burst out laughing, much to my friend's disgust, who thought, no doubt, that I should commiserate him. He seemed much annoyed at my apparent indifference, and, by way of excusing his friend, continued his tale.

"You must not imagine, monsieur, that such a luckless chance as that I have just told you of often happens; on the contrary, it is the only instance that has ever occurred to me, and Gaudin fully redeemed his character as a shot a few days after this mishap. He had been up the river to try and get a shot at some wild ducks, when, on returning, he saw me playing a salmon; he immediately ran down, and, as the fish was nearly tired out when he arrived, I brought it directly to the surface. In the twinkling of an eye Gaudin shot him; but I confess I prefer the casting-net to the gun, for, although he made a splendid shot, he blew about two pounds out of the middle of the salmon, which completely spoiled its appearance on the dish."

Could mortal stand more of this, my dear Harry? I thought I should

have gone into convulsions. I found, what I dare say you have long since surmised, that I could get no useful information out of the otter, but, having smoothed matters over a little, by telling him that I could not help laughing at his doleful countenance when he told me of the loss of his salmon, I engaged him to accompany me the next day, as I thought he would, at any rate, know the best lies of the fish, though evidently was not an A 1 at the killing of them.

The morning was most auspicious, a good breeze and a fine *seasonable* day, neither too hot nor too cold, with a nice breeze from the north-west; in fact, the kind of weather that I have always found fish take best in. The river, also, was in tolerable order, though getting, perhaps, a little too low for the fly. I was nevertheless determined to try the fly first; but, before putting on any of my own, I thought it well to cast my eye over those of my friend *Trois Rois*. He drew out of his pocket a tobacco-bag, containing some of the most extraordinary-looking productions I ever beheld, composed chiefly, as far as I could see—for I only minutely examined one of them—of black-cocks' hackles and magpie and peacocks' feathers. The one I selected, as in my eyes the most curious, he evidently considered his *chef d'œuvre*, and I accordingly expressed great admiration for it, though I declined trying it, which he was very anxious that I should do. It had large grey bead-eyes, and looked for all the world like a half-fledged young jackdaw. When I produced mine he smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and signified in no measured terms his opinion of their utter worthlessness. I, however, in spite of the contempt in which my stock was held, selected Dig—my universal favourite for a strange river—and determined to try no other until that had utterly failed. For

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

I fished over several excellent throws that were pointed out to me, and although I never wish to throw a line over better water, I could for a long time tempt nothing—the spots were probably tenantless. At last I stirred a fish in a dead pool above a mill, where, unfortunately, the breeze did not strike well upon; twice I rose him, but they were not taking rises, he made far too much fuss about it. I then changed my fly. Again he came. I tried to hook him foul but failed, and he would not stir again. I thought that I might have frightened him, so I left him and fished for about a quarter of an hour without stirring a fin, and then returned to him. I tried him again, but he would not take. The otter seemed rather pleased, and said, "I told you, monsieur, your flies were of no use for our salmon; in fact, we don't think much of the fly here" (this did not at all astonish me after the specimens he had shown me), "but take nearly all our salmon with the minnow." I took the hint, and baited one immediately. I forgot to tell you that my friend G. was on the other side of the river with another ally, so I was entirely dependent on the otter to gaff my fish if I had the good luck to hook one, which appeared very doubtful. As soon as I drew my minnow past the place where I had risen the fish, he made a run and took me beautifully, and a very fine fish he was. He remained but a very short time inactive, and immediately made a long and very wicked run, springing several times out of

the water, and rolling about like a porpoise. I followed him, letting him take as little line off the reel as possible. The spot where I held him was very deep, and I knew a fish half as big again, in such a locality, could have no chance of escape, barring accident; so I bore very strongly on him, and had him half-killed before he reached the mill-dam. He made several runs towards the fall, but I was able to check and turn him up again, and he ran about eighty yards, and then took to the bottom. I did not let him have his wicked will, as I felt sure he was trying to rub the fly out against the bottom, so I got a little below him, bore strongly on him, and out he came, as the Yankees say, like a flash of greased lightning, and down with him again to the dam's head. I held him very hard for fear of accidents, and fancied I could turn him at pleasure, so conceive my astonishment when he went over the mill-dam at the rate of a hunt; there was not three inches of water running over it at the time, as the mill was going. When I got down I found the water very different here, heavy streams full of rocks; and my ally, instead of rendering me any assistance by informing me of the dangerous localities, bored me to death with advice how to play the fish, which, had I taken it, would have very soon settled the business. Fortunately, I had made such good use of my time when I had my fish in the dead water that I had taken a good deal out of him, and although he was still very strong, I found I could turn him without much trouble in spite of his weight, for he was a fish of seventeen or eighteen pounds. I fancied I might now think of gaffing him, and asked *Trois Rois* if he understood the use of such an article?

This question seemed to hurt his feelings, for he abruptly informed me that no man in France—perhaps even in my own country, where he understood salmon were more plentiful—had gaffed the number of fish that he had. I felt a certain confidence in him, for he really was a most smart, intelligent fellow, and in a luckless moment I entrusted the gaff into his hands, which, having adjusted, he posted himself on a rock in a part of the stream, very convenient to land a fish. I called to him to look out, and gave my fish a tumble over to drown him, and then brought him, almost floating, to within a yard of my friend. He made a wild strike, accompanying it with a loud shout of exultation, and I expected to see my salmon struggling on the gaff. Conceive my disgust when I found myself without my fish and minus a casting line. He had cut it at least a yard above the fly. This wretched mishap made a very strong impression upon me, for I think I never lost a fish in a more disgusting manner, as he was dead beat, and a child of ten years old, with the slightest coolness, could never have missed him; besides, in this country a salmon is a *salmon*, and you can't afford to lose one. It was rather lucky for my friend that I was not twenty years younger, or I think he would have stood a very good chance of following the fish for a bit, for I certainly should have thrown him into the river.

G.'s day's sport, if sport you can call it, was even worse than mine, for he had only seen one small fish, which, after running him out about twenty yards of line, left him to his sorrow. We agreed the following day, having learnt all the throws, that we would remain on the same side of the river, and not trust to our allies to gaff a fish, should we have the chance to find one. We tried a long time without seeing anything,

when, on coming to the head of the pool in which I had hooked the fish I lost the day before, my fly, Dig, was scarcely on the water when I rose and hooked a nice fish of twelve pounds, which I took care should not go down the mill-dam with me, for I killed him in less than ten minutes in the deep water. We thought, as we intended trying higher up the river, that we need not have the trouble of carrying our fish all day, so concealed it in a dry ditch, covering the bag with leaves, that no marauder might discover it *en passant*. My retriever, Bang, who is my constant companion by the river-side, seemed very uneasy, and made several strange jumps and barks which I could not understand. At last he became so troublesome that I gave him a kick, which hurt his feelings in more senses of the word than one, and he remained at my heels, sulking, with his tail between his legs. Having tried up the river as far as I thought the water good, we sat down to luncheon. Bang did not join the party, as was his accustomed wont, but trotted off, still looking very disconsolate. I did not trouble myself about him, concluding that he had most probably gone for a rat hunt—an amusement he is very partial to—along the bank where I had been fishing (for he is far too well broken ever to take the liberty of disturbing my proceedings), and that when tired he would either return to me or go back to the inn, and place himself under the manger (his usual residence). In about half an hour, soon after I had began fishing again, I felt something strange hitting against my legs. I turned round, and there, to my astonishment, was Mr. Bang, no longer with his tail between his legs, but looking very proud of himself, with my bag containing the salmon in his mouth. The poor beast must have swam round two fences with this load in his mouth, for he could not have got through them, and both himself and the bag were quite wet. I could have dispensed with his kind solicitation for my welfare, as I had to carry the fish all the way back again, much to G.'s amusement; but I could not be otherwise than pleased with poor Bang for showing so much sagacity and anxiety to secure my property. We thought, after our second day's trial, for we got but the one fish, that it was scarcely worth while remaining any longer. We returned home, not favourably impressed with the splendid salmon-fishing promised us by the otter.

Thus, you see, my dear Harry, that I also am to be pitied, for really there are in this country scarcely fish enough to tempt even me out, and you know my patience and perseverance of old. Nevertheless, I often take my rod and stroll down the river to beguile a weary hour, well remembering Sir H. Davy's remark in "Salmonia:" "I trust you will confess the time spent upon angling has not been thrown away. The most important principle, perhaps, in life, is to have a pursuit, a useful one if possible, and, at all events, an innocent one; and the scenes you have enjoyed, the contemplations to which they have led, and the exercise in which we have indulged, have, I am sure, been very salutary to the body, and I hope to the mind. I have always found a peculiar effect from this kind of life; it has appeared to bring me back to early times and feelings, and to create again the hopes and happiness of youthful days."

## THE WOLF'S BETROTHED.\*

THE indefatigable and inexhaustible Alexandre Dumas can still turn, in the decline of life, to the reminiscences of his youth. One, perhaps, of his most fantastic stories ever published is his last, "*Le Meneur de Loups*." It even surpasses the "*Enchanted Hare*" in wildness of conception and grotesqueness of details. It is a story he heard in his boyhood, when, as every one who has read the celebrated "*Memoirs*" is aware, his mother, the general's wife, was reduced, by change in the dynastic powers, to keep a tobaccoconist's shop in Villers-Cotterets, after having long inhabited the Château des Fossés, where they kept valets, cooks, gardeners, and even a gamekeeper—the rough but characteristic Mocquet of the "*Memoirs*," and to whom Alexandre Dumas is indebted for the history of Thibault, the betrothed of a wolf and the leader of wolves, and of that ferocious Nimrod, the Seigneur Jean Baron de Vez. Wherefore he has so long hoarded up this strange story in the corners of his memory the fertile romancist does not condescend to tell us, but he hints that, as age creeps on, the realities of life succeed to hopes and vanities, and memory delights in dwelling upon the events that have gone by. The reader may be quite sure of one thing, that it has not lost in colouring by being so long treasured up.

Thibault, it appears from our historian's account of him, was, although a young man of from twenty-five to twenty-seven years of age, of a morose, melancholy, discontented, and envious disposition. Before settling in a hut in a remote part of the forest of Villers-Cotterets to follow his trade of hewer of wooden shoes, he had travelled a good deal and learned more; but neither his travels nor his forest isolation had served to soften the pride and jealousy that gnawed away at his heart and endangered the safety of his soul.

This is not a very amiable character to make acquaintance with as the hero of a story, nor was that of hunting lord of Vez much better. Rude and coarse by nature, he seems to have had no other resource in life but the pursuit of wild beasts without, and carousing within his old fortress by night. Appointed grand loupvetier, or chief wolf exterminator, to his Highness Louis Philippe d'Orleans, whose natural daughter he had wedded, he seemed to think it his duty to hunt every day of his existence, not that he did not hunt stags, deer, wild boars, and, for want of better game, even hares, but hunt he did, one thing or the other, till, had they had eyes, the very trees of the forest would have known, and had they had ears, their very branches would have trembled at the reminiscence of the blasts of his horn, and of his shouts intermingled with oaths and curses.

Do not let the reader fancy that this is from M. Dumas; it is a little description which we have endeavoured to sketch from the impressions received by reading some scores of pages of jerking, disjointed sentences,

\* *Le Meneur de Loups*. Par Alexandre Dumas.

and colloquial expositions of what the romancer designates as the "physique" and the "moral" of the two men—the baron and the "sabotier." Well, then, Thibault had been three years burying his moroseness in the solitude of the forest and in the hollow of his shoes, for he was as expert a workman as he was a handsome, clever forester, when one day, as bad luck would have it, a deer, hunted by the baron, took refuge close by his hut, and the sight of the panting, trembling animal, instead of awakening sentiments of pity in the hewer of wooden shoes, only gave birth to an envious desire to participate in the baron's feasts of venison. In the mean time the deer had gone on and the baron had come up.

"Holla! you stupid booby," exclaimed the baron, "did you see the animal?"

This was not precisely the way in which to address the impracticable forester in order to ensure a civil answer; so he contented himself with replying,

"What animal?"

"Why, you scamp, the deer that we are hunting. It must have passed within fifty paces of this place. Answer me, or you will have a taste of my whip."

"Well, then, I did see it," answered Thibault, adding, *sotto voce*, "child of a wolf."

"Which way did it come?"

"It did not come; it stopped here."

"Which way did it go?"

"I did not see it go."

"Rascal, you are laughing at me," said the baron, in a rage, observing traces of a latent sneer playing on the forester's lips, which he could not dissimulate, and, digging his spurs in his horse, he rushed at Thibault, striking a violent blow at his head with the heavy end of his whip-handle, and following it up by sundry well-administered whips on the prostrate body of the "sabotier."

When Thibault got up the baron and his huntsmen and dogs had gone on their way; so he shook himself to see that all his bones were whole, and then, quietly taking up a javelin from the corner of his hut, "Cursed baron," he said, "that is the way you treat people because you have wedded the bastard of a prince! Well, you shall not eat that deer, I swear it—that booby of a Thibault will eat it."

The deer, as far as the forester could guess, would make for the bridge of Ouroq, and to this point he directed his steps. So successful was he in this manœuvre, that he came up before the deer and its pursuers, and, secreted in the dense cover around, he was enabled to throw his javelin at it to great advantage just as it passed by. But a thing that had never happened before, and by a strange misadventure that he never could explain to himself, the javelin went astray and never even touched the animal. "In the name of God, or of the d—l," exclaimed the irate forester, "but I will have that cursed animal!" No sooner had the blasphemy issued from his lips, than the deer retraced its steps, and disappeared in the midst of the very cover in which the forester stood. The hunters were coming up at the same

moment, and, throwing his javelin into one bush, Thibault hastened to make himself as scarce as possible in another.

The baron was in a fearful rage. He had hunted a miserable deer for four hours unsuccessfully, and now arrived at this point, the dogs had lost all scent. What could have become of the animal? Had he fallen into a hole? The hunters looked about in every direction, and were not long in hauling forth the unfortunate Thibault.

"By the horns of Beelzebub!" exclaimed the baron, "it is my friend of this morning. So, rascal, the conversation you had with my whip seemed too short, did it, and you wish to begin again?"

"Oh, I assure you I do no such thing," answered Thibault, in perfect sincerity.

"But what were you doing here?"

"Gathering dead wood for firing."

"Well, then, this time you will perhaps tell me what has become of the deer?"

"Indeed, my lord, I did not see the deer."

"As to that, he has most likely killed it, and hid it in a bush," interrupted one of the huntsmen, Engoulevent by name, who came up at the moment with the forester's javelin in his hand.

"Ah, ah! you rascal!" exclaimed the baron; "here is pretty testimony against you. That javelin smells of venison."

There was no getting out of it. Poor Thibault was, by orders of the baron, tied to a tree, and ordered to receive one dozen for poaching, and two for denying it. The forester had made up his mind not to wince, but Marcotte, the huntsman, laid it on so effectually that by the fifth or sixth blow he began to holla. The brutal baron, disconcerted by the man's agony, turned his horse's head to quit the scene of torture, and at the same moment a young girl rushed forward from the brushwood.

"My lord," she said, kneeling by the side of the baron's horse, and lifting up her fine eyes moist with tears, "in the name of a merciful God spare that man."

The baron was struck with the girl's exceeding beauty.

"Is he your brother, or your lover?" inquired the baron.

"Neither," answered the rustic maiden.

"Well, then," said the baron, "if you will give me a kiss for the love of your neighbour, I will give him his pardon."

"I shall be delighted," exclaimed the blue-eyed damsel. And without waiting for the baron to stoop she put her neat little foot on his boot, seized the horse by the mane, and lifted up her roseate mouth to the level of the rude lips that coveted an embrace. "Purchase the life of a man by a kiss!" said the child of nature, with pride glowing in her looks, and she let the haughty baron take two.

"And what is your name, my fair one?" asked the latter, when the bargain had been cemented.

"They call me Agnelette, my lord."

"Diable! that is an ominous name. You will be a wolf's fare. You had better come with me to my castle."

"No, thank you," said Agnelette; "I should be worse off there than with the wolf."



This reply made the baron laugh heartily, and as he was riding away at the same moment, his followers, hearing their master laugh, deemed it necessary to join in the chorus. Agnelette remained behind with Thibault. We have seen what she did for the forester, and we have told how surpassingly beautiful the young girl was, yet Thibault paid no attention to her—his whole mind was engrossed with the idea of vengeance.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if the d—l would only hear me, I would give you back with usury, cursed baron, what you have made me suffer this day." And, so saying, he held out his fist after the group that was disappearing in the distance.

"Do you know," said Agnelette, "that what you say is very wrong. Besides, you partly deserved your punishment. I saw you throw your javelin at that deer."

"Well, Agnelette," replied the forester, morosely, "do you think that the Creator made that deer for the baron more than for me? But it was kind of you to purchase my freedom even by a kiss; and I tell you what, Agnelette, I feel inclined to declare myself your lover for the future."

"Oh, I don't want a lover," replied the girl. "I must have a husband. (Thibault winced.) Grandmother is old and infirm, and a lover would distract my attention from her, but a husband would help me to comfort her old age, and he would share with me the task that a kind Providence has imposed on me of comforting her last days."

It might have been thought that Thibault, after having been cudgelled to within an ace of his life, would not have been much in the humour to make love; but M. Alexandre Dumas deems otherwise. He seems even to consider the process as propitious rather than otherwise, for he makes Thibault and Agnelette, after a little further conversation, part almost in the relationship of betrothed persons, and yet he says Thibault did not love the pretty maid, he merely coveted her, that she might not be another's—a not uncommon idea of love on the other side of La Manche.

The forester returned weary and hungry to his hut. It is true he had only a bit of bread instead of the venison he had promised himself, but appetite gave it a flavour. Scarcely had he taken a bite or two, however, than his goat began to bleat. "It is hungry too, I suppose," said Thibault to himself; and he rose to carry it a handful of grass. But when he opened the gate the goat rushed out of its shed with such vehemence as almost to overturn his master, nor would anything induce it to return to its shed. At length the forester bethought himself of finding out what it was that made the goat unwilling to remain in its shed as usual, and as he was feeling about his hands came upon the thick warm fur of a strange animal. Having somewhat recovered from his surprise, he found, to his infinite astonishment, that the animal in question was neither more nor less than the identical deer for which he had that day undergone two bastinadoes, and more than that, that it was actually tied up to the rack. Thibault was naturally courageous, but a cold perspiration bedewed his brow when he thought of the impious vow he had addressed to Satan, and the manner in which it had been fulfilled. He even made an attempt to mutter a prayer, and make a sign of the cross, but his arm refused to bend, and the words died upon his lips. After a few moments, however, having somewhat recovered himself, he returned

into his hut, revolving in his mind that even if Satan had sent him the deer it was no reason why he should not sell it to the nuns of Saint Remy; the air of the holy place would, he thought, purify it, and the silver he should receive in return would not come from an evil quarter; so leaving the deer in the shed, he and his goat sought repose for the night in the hut.

The next day the baron was again out a-hunting. Only it was not a timid deer that he had taken the field to run down, but an old black wolf, well known for its intrepid cunning, which had hitherto enabled it to baffle all attempts at putting it to death. After giving dogs and riders a long spell, partly through forest and partly across open country, this strange and incomprehensible animal brought his pursuers actually to the very spot where they had lost their deer the day before—to Thibault's hut. Poor Thibault had been waiting for dusk to convey his satanic prize to the ladies of Saint Remy, when his ear once again caught the sound of the hunting-horns and the bay of the dogs. So he went out and endeavoured hastily to block up the entrance of the shed with furze bushes and heather. He had just accomplished his task, and set down to his work, when he thought he heard something scratching at the door. Opening it to ascertain the cause of this unusual noise, in walked, to his infinite surprise, a great black wolf. Instead of walking, as other wolves do, upon its four legs, it tripped lightsomely in upon its hind legs, and then sitting quietly down in a corner of the room, looked steadily at Thibault. The latter had seized upon a hatchet that happened to be at hand to welcome his unexpected visitor, but the action only made the wolf laugh derisively.

It was the first time that Thibault had ever heard a wolf laugh. And such a laugh, too! He let his arm fall helplessly by his side.

"By the lord with the cloven foot," said the wolf, in a deep, sonorous tone, "a pretty return for sending the finest deer in his royal highness's forest, to wish to cleave my head in twain—a specimen of human gratitude worthy of taking place by the side of that of wolves."

On hearing a voice like his own come forth from the body of the animal, Thibault's knees began to shake, and the hatchet fell out of his hand.

"Come, now," continued the wolf, "let us be good friends; bring me some water, and protect me from the baron's dogs."

Thibault hastened to fetch the water. It was a relief to be doing something.

"And now," he said, "we are quits, old wolf, a mug of water for a deer. Since you are the d—l in person, or somebody very closely allied to his Satanic Majesty, grant me the power of realising whatsoever I wish, or you must resign yourself to the tender mercies of the dogs."

"Oh, you are exorbitant because you think I am in want of you," said the wolf, with a grin of mockery. "Look, then."

Thibault stepped back involuntarily. Where the wolf was there was no longer anything.

"Well, do you think I can't get out of the difficulty without your assistance?"

"Where the d—l are you?"

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"In the same place, only invisible. Do you hear the dogs? Instead of thirty-six blows to-day, you will have seventy-two, and no Agnlette to save you with a kiss."

"Oh dear, what shall I do?"

"Let the deer loose, the dogs will be taken off the scent."

Thibault ran to the shed and untied the stag, which bolted out, running round the hut, and then striking right into the forest.

Scarcely had this been accomplished, than the dogs came down in full cry upon the hut, but as soon as they came they took up the scent of the deer and bounded off on its traces. Thibault, who was listening anxiously from within doors, felt as if a heavy weight had been taken from his breast.

"We were saying, then," continued the wolf, who had become visible again when he heard the dogs giving tongue in the distance, and he spoke as if nothing had happened, "that we cannot grant you all that you may wish to have."

"Then I have nothing to expect from you?"

"Not so, for I can grant that the evil which you may wish to your neighbour may be realised."

"And what good will that do me?"

"Why, if, as a moralist once said, there is something agreeable in the misfortunes of our dearest friend, what a fund of pleasure there must be in the misfortunes of our greatest enemies. Besides, there are always means to turn the misfortunes of others to our own profit, be they friends or enemies."

Satan was always a wily tempter. M. Alexandre Dumas appears to have studied his character after the most approved authorities.

"Well, then," said Thibault, "you will grant me this service in exchange for what?"

"I must have a hair for the first wish," said the wolf, "two for the second, four for the third, and so on in proportion."

Thibault laughed.

"If that is all, Master Wolf," he said, "I accept; and for the bargain?"

"For the bargain? Let us exchange rings; you have a silver one, mine is of gold, so you will have the best of the change."

So saying, the wolf lifted up its paw, and the forester took from it a ring of purest gold, replacing it by his own silver one.

"Good," said the wolf, "now we are wedded."

"Oh, only betrothed," exclaimed Thibault. "What a hurry you are in?"

"We will see, Master Thibault; and now good-by till I meet you again." And so saying, he disappeared.

The wolf had not been long gone, and the forester had just begun to recover the calmness which had been disturbed by the late extraordinary interview, than he heard the baron's dogs once more giving tongue in his own immediate neighbourhood.

"Ah!" said Thibault to himself, "you may run, my fine lord, after your wolf. It is not that one whose feet you will nail to the gateway of your castle. Whilst you are little expecting it, I can revenge myself for the double beating you gave me yesterday. It will only cost me a hair."

So saying, he passed his hands through his thick shock, and smiled to think that there were plenty to spare.

"Besides," said he to himself, "it will be a means of ascertaining if the old wolf was sincere, or was only laughing at me. I wish a good accident to the baron, and as to that rascal Marcotte, who carried out his orders in so effective a manner, I wish him just twice as much as his master."

The wish had not been long uttered before he heard a loud noise, and hurrying forth from his hut, he observed a large assemblage of people making their way slowly along the high road. When he got up to them, he found that they were carrying two stretchers. In one was the body of Marcotte: he was dead. In the other lay the baron, struck down by apoplexy, but still alive.

A cold perspiration bedewed the forester's brow as he watched the melancholy procession going slowly by. The wolf had not only fulfilled his wish, but had gone beyond what he desired. He promised to himself that he would be more careful in future, and would intimate precisely how far he wished him to go.

As he returned silently and despondently to his solitude, the old passions, however expelled for a moment by the sight of suffering, were not long in re-establishing their supremacy. His thoughts turned more particularly to Agnelette.

"Yes," he said to himself, "a charming, good creature; she is young and pretty, and can find plenty of lovers. But for me to wed her would only be adding to our mutual poverty. Besides, what was good yesterday may no longer be so to-day; I am now like a king, can even inflict death on my enemies, and I must not make unreasonable concessions to an attachment that barely dates twenty-four hours back."

It is but fair to mention that certain reminiscences of a young widow at the mill of Coyolles had a good deal to do with the resolutions that Thibault was making. The miller's widow, Madame Polet, was both rich and comely, and, it was whispered, not a little proud and vixenish, and at any other time the forester would not have dared to lift his thoughts so high. But now he was surprised that he had not thought of her before; everything was possible with the help of the wolf, and he passed a restless night, meditating upon some excuse by which he should seek an interview the ensuing day.

The forester put on his Sunday suit of clothes and started off at an early hour the next morning; but by a little perverseness, which is not uncommon among men, he took on his way that part of the forest where he was most likely to meet Agnelette. Nor was he disappointed; the fair maid was there tending her goat. On seeing Thibault, a blush suffused her countenance, radiant with smiles.

"Ah!" she said, "is that you? I dreamt of you last night, and prayed for you a good deal. But what is that handsome ring that you have on your finger, Master Thibault?"

Thibault shuddered involuntarily, but, recovering himself, he said, "That ring! it is for you. I bought it to pass it on your finger the day of our wedding."

"No, no," said Agnelette, sadly, "that is not true. I could put two of my fingers into that ring. I do not like story-tellers."

Thibault tried to swear, but the words expired upon his lips.

"If that ring," said Agnelette, "is really meant for me, give it to me to keep till the day of our wedding."

"I wish for nothing better," said the forester, thinking he would get rid of his unnatural alliance with the wolf through the instrumentality of the innocent and pious girl. So he took off the ring and tried to put it on her thumb. But, to their mutual surprise, it was too small.

Agnelette laughed. "Well, that is funny," she said.

Thibault tried the first, then the second, and then the third finger with no better success. He felt that Agnelette's hand was shaking in his, and he shuddered with the consciousness that all was not right. At length he came to the little finger: it was such a delicate little finger that it was almost transparent, but the ring became so small that it could no more be got on it than on any of the other fingers.

"Oh! Monsieur Thibault," said the child, terrified, "what, in the name of God, does this mean?"

"Ring of Satan, go back to Satan!" exclaimed Thibault. And he threw it against a rock in the hopes of breaking it, but, striking a few visible sparks, it rebounded towards the forester, and took its place, unsolicited, upon his finger. Agnelette witnessed this strange proceeding on the part of the ring, and began to contemplate Thibault with horror. As she did so, she gradually lifted up her hand, and, pointing to his head she said,

"Oh! Monsieur Thibault—oh! Monsieur Thibault, what have you there?"

Then, turning very pale, she ran away as fast as her light limbs would carry her.

The compact with Satan as thus betrayed affords to M. Alexandre Dumas an opportunity for one of his characteristic and most felicitous bits of description.

Thibault, astounded by all that had happened to him, did not even attempt to move after the flying maid. "What!" he thought, "could Agnelette have seen that was so terrifying?" At first the idea came over him of going to Bourg-Fontaine and looking in a mirror there. But it was of no use, if he was marked with a fatal sign, to exhibit it to every one. Then he thought of returning to his hut, but that was now a long way off. At length he remembered that, close by, there was a spring as clear as crystal, in which he could see himself as well as in the best plate glass of Saint Gobin.

Thibault knelt down on the border of the spring and looked at himself.

He had the same eyes, the same nose, the same mouth, and not the slightest mark on the forehead.

Thibault breathed.

But still there must be something. Agnelette had not been terrified by nothing.

Thibault bent a little more over the crystal fountain.

Then he perceived, in the midst of his hair, something that shone amidst the black locks and fell over his forehead.

He inclined himself still more over the spring.

It was a red hair that he had perceived.

But it was of a very strange red; it was not a bright red, nor a brick red, nor carrot-coloured, nor yet of the colour of a poppy.

It was of a blood-red colour, but to which was superadded the brilliancy of an incandescent flame.

Without stopping to inquire by what phenomenon a hair of such a strange aspect had come there, Thibault began at once to take steps to get rid of it.

Separating the lock in the centre of which the terrible red hair shone so lustrously, he took it delicately between his thumb and his forefinger, and this done, he gave it a strong pull. This being attended with no good result, he gave it a more formidable tug.

The hair still resisted.

Thibault then thought that the hold had not been effective, and he tried another means.

He rolled the hair round his finger, and then made a more violent effort.

The hair would have carried away all the skin off his finger, and yet not have given way.

Thibault rolled the obstinate hair round two fingers and pulled again.

The effort raised up the skin till it threatened to tear it from the skull, but it no more disturbed the hair itself than if he had attempted to tear up the oak, whose long branches shaded the spring by its roots.

Thibault thought at first of continuing his journey to Coyolles, endeavouring to persuade himself that the equivocal colour of one of his hairs could not interfere with his matrimonial projects.

But still the idea of that miserable hair tormented him; it played before his eyes with the dazzling annoyance of a flame dancing from place to place.

At length, getting vexed, he stamped his foot.

"Mille noms d'un diable!" exclaimed Thibault, "I am not so very far from home, and I must get the better of this cursed hair.

He accordingly retraced his steps, running all the way, entered into his hut, found the hair by looking into a broken mirror, took up a huge pair of scissors, such as he used in his profession, placed them as near to the roots of the obnoxious hair as was possible, and, this done, he imparted a very significant impulse to the handles.

The points of the scissors met in the bench, but the hair remained untouched.

He tried again with no better success, and at length, seizing a mallet and raising his arm over his head, he struck violently upon the blade of the scissors. He hurt himself, however, without making the least impression upon the obdurate hair.

The only thing he remarked was, that a little breach had been made in the blade of the scissors, exactly the width of a hair.

Thibault sighed; he understood now that that hair, the price of the wish that he had made, belonged to the black wolf, and he gave up all attempts to eradicate it.

Thibault seeing that it was impossible then to get rid of the obnoxious hair, did his best to hide it among the rest, and he then started off upon his projected visit to the beautiful miller. Only this time he took care not to go by the road that might bring him in contact with Agnelette.

Thibault's suit did not prosper at the mill. First, he found that the miller's man had preoccupied the ground, and he was obliged to appeal to the wolf, who sent a corporal's guard to fetch him as a conscript, to get rid of him. Then the widow hid her man so expertly that he had to sacrifice another hair before he could be found. But when, taking advantage of the widow's tears, he ventured to urge his own suit, he was assailed with such a storm of abuse and indignation that he was glad to

beat a hasty retreat. In doing this, he stumbled over a fat sow that lay in the way, and rolled on the dunghheap.

"The d—l take your cursed beast!" exclaimed Thibault, not more vexed at the figure that he cut on the dunghill than he was at the idea of soiling his best suit of clothes.

No sooner, however, had the wish been uttered than the pig became furious, and ran about biting, tearing, and breaking everything in its way. The men and women who ran to stay its wild proceedings were thrown down, nor was there any relief to its mad excesses till, in the height of its excitement, it cast itself into the mill-stream, and disappeared as if in an abyss.

The forester's invocation had not been lost upon the widow.

"Fall upon Thibault," she shouted out, at the top of her voice; "kill him, he is in league with the Evil One, he is a *loup-garou*!"

When Thibault heard himself designated by the most terrible name that is known among foresters, he hastened his steps and got away before the various pitchforks, spades, and other utensils that had been accumulated could be brought to bear upon him.

It was night when Thibault rested in the forest to recover breath after his last misadventure—a dark and stormy autumnal night—and the wind carried away the yellow leaves before it with a mournful, dismal sound. He had not gone on far before he distinguished other noises, and, turning round, he saw two great eyes glaring at him like fireballs.

It required a few moments' examination in the obscurity before he made out that they belonged to a wolf that was following in his track. Looking at it still more curiously, he ascertained that it was not his black friend; it was a red wolf. The red wolf did not appear, however, inclined to do him any mischief; it stopped when Thibault stopped, and when he went on it followed; only now and then it gave a loud sonorous howl, as if to call other wolves. Nor were they long in coming. In a short time Thibault perceived another wolf trotting in front, and almost as soon afterwards he distinguished the outlines of a third, making its way through the thickets by his side. Turning then instinctively to the left, he found that he was similarly flanked on that side. His position had become a very critical one, and Thibault was too experienced a forester not to comprehend its gravity. At first he thought he would get up a tree, but as the wolves, constantly increasing in numbers, did not seem bent on attacking him, he thought he would try and make the best of his way to his hut, reserving to himself the ascent of a tree as a last resource.

If he was surprised at the forbearance of the wolves during his nocturnal rambles in the forest, how much greater was his astonishment when, arrived at his hut, he saw them arrange themselves in two lines, seated on their hind-quarters, to let him pass between them! He did not stop to thank them, but hurrying within, he double-bolted the door after him, and sat down on a chair to take a full breath. It was only when he had somewhat recovered himself that he ventured to take a look through the window. The wolves had not gone; they were arranged in a line in front of his abode!

Thibault comforted himself with the reflection that at all events there

was a wall between him and his strange visitors; and, weary with the events of the day, he resigned himself to sleep. The next morning, when he awoke, he looked out and saw that the wolves were still there; some were slumbering, some were waiting seated as before, others were wandering to and fro like sentinels.

Our forester began to familiarise himself with their appearance; it even struck him that his connexion with the black wolf might have had the effect of conciliating some of its congeners, and he determined to try an experiment. So, arming himself with his javelin, he opened his door and advanced boldly into the midst of the troop. And the wolves, instead of attacking him, shook their tails, as dogs do when they see their master.

"Well," thought Thibault, "if this is the case, I have a hunting pack such as the baron, with all his wealth, never possessed. I wish they would fetch me in a bit of venison just to try their legs."

No sooner said, than four of the pack bounded off, and in less than half an hour they reappeared dragging a deer, which they deposited at the forester's feet. It was more than Thibault wanted for his own consumption, so giving a portion to the wolves and keeping a sufficiency for himself, he took the two haunches to Villers Cotterets, where he got two crowns for them. The next day the wolves brought him a boar, and he disposed of it in a similar manner, becoming soon one of the best customers to the "Boule d'Or."

Thibault now got into the habit of passing the day in the town, lounging in public-houses, and caring little for his business. This involved him in expenses, and he made the wolves do double duty, although the number of flame-coloured hairs were daily increasing. At this epoch in his career, the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Montesson came to hunt in the forest, and his ambition became still more excited by the dresses, the horses, and the equipages that he saw around him. He clothed himself in the best garments that the town would afford, and with his pocket full of crowns he strutted about among the best of them. He even picked up the acquaintance of a bailiff and of his lady at a grand annual fishing—a ceremony which, as it is attended by the emptying of several ponds, and lasts some days, is one of great solemnity in rural neighbourhoods. He was invited to their house, and entertained and feasted there. The poor forester—the hewer of wooden shoes—the wolf's betrothed—had become a gentleman. And in that happy social position we must fain leave him till it pleases M. Alexandre Dumas to give us a further instalment of his chequered history.

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## LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR PETER CAREW, Kt.\*

MR. MACLEAN has ably edited the life of one of our little-known British worthies. It would have been as impossible to grapple with the events of an active life led in the stirring times of Henry VIII., of Mary and Elizabeth, without the clear and concise historical summary that precedes, as it would have been to appreciate the more minute details which impart to that life its peculiar and individual character without the valuable documents collected by the editor's industry and research, and which serve to conclude the work. The life of Sir Peter Carew is a remarkable one in every point of view. A descendant of the honourable and ancient house and family of the Carews, who first were barons in the county of Pembroke, in Wales, and afterwards of Mohun's Ottery, in Devon, he was so wild at school at Exeter that his father had him "carried about the town on one of his hounds, and they led him home to Mohun's Ottery, like a dog. And after that, he being come to Mohun's Ottery, he coupled him to one of his hounds, and so continued him for a time." In fact, Master Carew, in the language of the time, could in no wise be framed to smell to a book or to like of any schooling. So, in accordance with the practice in the same times, he was given over to a gentleman as his page, and, his clothes getting shabby, "he was turned out of the chamber to serve in the stable." From this vile servitude he was luckily rescued by a kinsman, who happened to come to the French court, where he was at that time.

We next find young Peter at the siege of Pavia, where, perceiving fortune to frown upon the French side, he went over to the emperor, and was well received by the Prince of Orange. And he so won the favour of the princess, that, on his return to his own country, she gave him clothes, money, and attendants, as also letters of recommendation to Henry VIII. The king, in consequence, made Peter one of his henchmen, and needless to say with what joy his parents hailed his success in life. From a henchman, Peter soon became one of the privy chamber, and he was employed by the king on a variety of trustworthy services. His restless disposition would not, however, leave him quiet, and he must fain go to see the war in Hungary carried on against the Turks, at that time in possession of Buda. On the breaking out of the war with France, Peter, who excelled in such honest exercises as do appertain to a gentleman, such as singing, vaulting, and riding, was made captain of one hundred footmen, whom he clothed and apparelled all in black, and they were named the Black Band. On this occasion he performed several remarkable feats of arms, and displayed so much talent for war, that he was attached first to the cavalry and then to the navy, being appointed

\* The Life and Times of Sir Peter Carew, Kt. From the Original MSS.; with an Historical Introduction and Elucidatory Notes. By John Maclean, Esq., F.S.A., Member of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c., and Keeper of the Records of her Majesty's Ordnance in the Tower of London. Bell and Daldy.

captain of a ship ; in which character, strange to say, he was as successful as in that which appertained to him by habit and education. On the return of peace, Peter wedded the Lady Tailboys, his wedding being accompanied by incidents as strange as those which befel him in most positions in life. For it is recorded that—

At his return home, he still continued at and about the court, being wrapped in Venus bands, and stricken with Cupid's darts ; for he had been, and was, a suitor to a lady in the court, being the widow of a baron deceased. In which suit he had many ague days, as suitors, in such cases, are wont to have. But he, having used all the means he could to obtain his purpose, and minding not to have the repulse, he went unto the king, and opening unto his grace his suit, did most humbly beseech his highness to stand his good lord. The king at first seemed to strain courtesy at the matter, neither would have any good liking thereof ; nevertheless, in the end, he did so consider of the worthiness and nobility of the gentleman, that he did not only grant his request, but also wrote his most earnest letters unto the lady in his behalf, and promised also to give with that marriage a hundred pound land to them and to the heirs of their bodies. This lady, howsoever her liking of him was before, she now yielded, and was contented, but before any marriage could be solemnised the king died. Nevertheless, a day was concluded between them when the marriage should be, which, as it fell out, was at the coronation of King Edward VI. ; and upon the same day there was a challenge made by this new married knight, with five others, in honour of the coronation, against all comers, at the tilt, barriers, and tournaments ; and there this Ulysses, in honour of his Penelope, wore her glove upon his head-piece, and acquitted himself very honourably.

Not long after his marriage Sir Peter was sent against the rebels in the west ; but with the advent of Mary his star was no longer in the ascendant, and, being suspected of hostility to the pretensions of Philip of Spain, he was proclaimed a traitor ; whereupon he escaped to France, but after many adventures was made a prisoner of, and transferred to the Tower. With the advent of Elizabeth, however, Sir Peter was once more himself—in favour at court, and in high honour and credit throughout the realm. He was employed in Scotland, as also against pirates, who at that time infested the western coast of England ; and having come to years of discretion, he began to trouble himself concerning the possession of certain lands in Ireland, the litigation connected with which, and the troubles inseparable from everything connected with that country, fill up the burden of this remarkable biography. It is impossible, indeed, to imagine one more peculiarly characteristic of the times and of the career of a gentleman, a courtier, and a knight of those days.

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## BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

## "THE FATAL ARTICLE."

The children which shall be born of their marriage shall be brought up by Madame their mother till the age of thirteen years.—*Marriage Treaty of Charles I.*, Art. xix.

THE "Spanish" and "French matches" were the bright sunny pageants which ushered in that reign of the first Charles, upon which cloud and gloom soon settled, and which was destined, ultimately, to end in "terror, tears, and blood." Even in the formal state papers of the time, the details of these transactions read rather like the incidents of a melodrama, or the imaginings of a Cervantes, than as the measures of an eventful policy destined to influence the interests of England—may we not well say of the world—throughout future ages. When we look at "Jack and Tom Smith" (the Prince and Buckingham), "after a scampish scamper through France," entering the British embassy at Madrid, "portmanteaus in hand," and by their madcap journey in a moment causing the cobweb policy which grave statesmen had been weaving for years, to give place to a roystering escapade, we seem to have before us rather the tricks of a broad farce than the details of a great historic incident. When we catch a glimpse of "the heir of England" and the "muffled majesty of Spain," "meeting by moonlight" on the Prado in laughing anticipation of that solemn public ceremonial introduction to take place under the marshalling of etiquette afterwards, we seem to be watching the Eastcheap revelries of that "rascalliest, sweetest of young princes," "Shakespeare's Hal," rather than of the doings of the "punctilious Spaniard" with an honoured stranger; and then the young infanta passing up the Prado "with a blue ribbon on her arm," that the prince might have a lover's gaze, while the crimson mastering the olive on her cheek, betrayed to the beholders that she knew well enough *who was looking at her*; or, again, when the princess had arisen before dawn one morning with the maidenly purpose of "gathering May dew," the prince, having obtained an inkling of her purpose, rose with the sun to seek "the lady of his love;" a wall cinctured the orchard where she strayed, the prince, quickly scaling the barrier, was hastening towards her, when he was intercepted by the hoary noble to whose care was entrusted that delicate charge, the safe keeping of a marriageable daughter of Spain, who fell on his knees and submitted to the intruder that any further pursuit would cost the suppliant his head! whereupon Charles (the fiery lover being tempered by the high-minded gentleman) desisted. Now, does not all this read rather like the dreams of eupheistic chivalry than the waking realities of cold, sober history? but, in fact, these episodes belong to neither, though they partake of both—they are the fragments of an unfinished romance never worked out to any practical result. The enamoured prince left Madrid without the wife whom he had sought with so much unpolitical fervour, and he returned home to accomplish his destiny in that other "match," of which it might have been as truly as sadly sung,

The child that's yet unborn will rue  
The wooing of that day.

Nor was the French match without its incidents of romance and chivalry. The gorgeous magnificence with which Carlisle proffered the suit of Royal England at the French Court—the soft and delicate flatteries in which he of “the lovely presence” and “of a beauty beyond the sex of men,” “Henry Rich, Lord Holland,” insinuated the admiration of his royal master to “the queen-mother,” and contrived to allow the young lady herself a peep at the prince’s picture in private, while, at the same time, he took care to acquaint her that when a certain “*Jack Smith*” was formerly posting into Spain, he had contrived to have a “peep at her fair self, which had imprinted her own portrait in a sun-picture on his heart”—all this is told in the state correspondence of the time with a quaint minuteness most interesting, and as unlike the dry details of state correspondence as possible. Our present concern, however, is rather with the less noticed than the well-known details of these transactions, and in particular with that “xix<sup>th</sup> article of the marriage treaty,” which, couched in the few words at the head of our chapter, had, as its results, more momentous influence on the destinies of these realms than all the rest beside.

It is impossible to view the high contracting parties in these matches as the foremost princes of *divided* and conflicting Christendom without being conscious how far the Popish negotiators, whether Spanish or French, surpassed the Protestant envoys in the zeal and tenacity with which they discussed and dealt with the religious questions involved in the treaty. Upon no point at issue do we ever find the former *yielding* anything; on the contrary, on one or more occasions we perceive the basis of negotiation, as originally taken, abandoned for ground on which to urge larger concessions and higher demands. In reference to the very article I propose to discuss, the advanced demands become significant. “*Ten years*,” which, after much chaffering, had been limited by the Spanish treaty\* as the term for leaving the royal progeny of England to the “nurture and admonition” of their mother—in other words, to be “imbued”† with Popery—was in the French treaty extended to “*thirteen years*,” a prodigious concession, upon which France was proportionately elated, and which, in the estimate of French diplomacy, amounted to “*a stipulation for the religion of the children*.” Well might an historian of the time note as “*astonishing*” the easiness with which the English negotiators conceded a point which ought to have been “of the last importance;”‡ but the truth is, that English statesmen had not then learned (would to God we could say they have *ever since thoroughly* learned!) the important truth that some sense of, and concern for, that true religion which has been the secret of our country’s greatness, ought to possess the ministers and state agents of a Nation desiring to have its Throne established and itself exalted “in righteousness.”

\* So “limited,” after much chaffering and bartering. King James first offered seven years, Rome and Spain demanded “*twelve*,” at length they, in pedlar phrase, “split the difference,” King James, in an off-hand way, desiring Lord Bristol not to dispute a year more or less.

† *Quo semel imbuta recens, tesca, diu servabit odorem.*

‡ “Ce qu’il y a d’étonnant, c’est qu’ils ne faisoient tant de difficulté sur l’article qui regardoit l’éducation des enfans dans la religion catholique jusques à l’âge de deux ans, qui devoit, ce semble, leur paroître d’une si grande importance.”—Père Griffet: *Histoire de Louis XIII.*

Here one cannot avoid a remark upon the unreflecting and unphilosophic fallacy of those who, in an off-hand way, conclude that the Protestantism of England had its origin or its strength in the policy of rulers or the power of acts of parliament! From all I could ever read or observe upon the subject, its seat and root has always lain elsewhere, and is to be looked for deep in the heart of the nation, and of its "masses;" for while its politicians of *all ages (ay, to our own!)* have proved themselves pliant, "squeezeable," and indifferent, ready to deal with religion as a question rather of policy and expediency than of truth, it has ever been the dread of rousing the strong, though inert Protestant spirit of the country, which has restrained them from making compromises and concessions, in which their best excuse would be, that "they knew not what they did!" and their defence from a charge of treason against the Protestant interests of the realm would be an honest confession of entire ignorance and indifference on the subject of religion. From the days of the epicurean Carlisle and courtly Holland to our own, the safety of England, from the never-abandoned purpose of the Papacy to reset the English gem in its tiara, has, under His never-failing providence, which "can make even the wrath of man to praise him," been found rather in the instincts of the people, or the rash haste of the assailants, than in the honesty, zeal, or fidelity of warders, who, when they should have watched, have either slept or betrayed their trust.

It seems a strange oversight for Mr. Disraeli to speak, as he sometimes does, of this article of the marriage treaty as a "secret" one.\* Slightly considered and ill-advised it undoubtedly was, but among the *secret* concessions of the treaty it was *not*, for it stands in the forefront of the stipulations, both for the ineffectual Spanish, and the too-effective French alliance. The former James I. ratified in solemn form, in presence of two ambassadors of Spain, and of "thirty-eight privy councillors of Britain;" the latter was as formally accepted, on the 10th of November, 1624, as a perfect treaty, considered, and spoken of by the negotiators, as containing nothing "dishonourable or prejudicial;" so that sovereign and envoys alike accepted it, "having their eyes open," and "yet in a trance" as to the eventful consequences of their engagement.

Alike inadmissible is that explanation of Hume, which Mr. Disraeli calls "*philosophic*," and endorses with his own approval as the "right" one. "*This article*," writes Hume, "*which has so odd an appearance, was inserted only to amuse the Pope, and was never intended by either party to be executed.*" I must confess this fashion of "stepping dry-shod" over a difficulty appears to me to be anything rather than "*philosophic*" or profound, unless, indeed, we take the word "philosopher" as a rendering of the French "*philosophe*," now passed into a synonyme for a sceptic, or sneerer at all things serious or sacred. This idea of "*amusing the Pope at the expense of the Protestantism of Royal England!*" savours rather of the shallow "Gallio-like" philosophy, which "cares for none of these things," than of that deep, thoughtful observation of the springs of human action, and their bearing on human conduct, which warrants the historian in calling his work "Philosophy teaching by example."

\* "The French obstinately persisted, during these negotiations, in requiring a secret article respecting the education of the children of the marriage under their Roman Catholic mother."—*Commentaries on Charles I.*, vol. i. p. 133.

Neither are we to receive implicitly the conclusion of the stern Huguenot Rapin, that King James yielded this condition, so fraught with evil to his house and dynasty, because he "never had the cause of the Protestant religion much at heart." This was not so: all James's personal feelings, his pedantry, polemics, and pride, were alike engaged in behalf of Protestantism. Let us vindicate his honesty at the expense of his discernment; he possibly thought that "weeds sown in the spring-time of life might be eradicated in the summer," or perhaps he allowed the stipulation to pass with the not uncommon reflection wherewith seniors negotiating a marriage treaty, not unfrequently put aside any difficulty which does not press at the moment, by saying, "The young people will settle all these matters among themselves by-and-by."

Of these young people, although a lover's ardour might have blinded his eyes to consequences, yet in wilful betrayal of, or indifference to, the Protestant religion, Charles never yielded anything, and this his most unfriendly judges acknowledge. "Never," writes Rapin, "was prince more punctual in public and private devotion than King Charles"—"that he who affirmed his Protestantism on the scaffold was a sincere Protestant can hardly be doubted;" these are the conclusions of the same stern historian, who, condemning the father, acquits the son; and, in fact, he who, in all the ardour of his Spanish courtship, fairly told the Spanish priests that he "came to Spain for a wife, and not for a religion,"\* and who arraigned the versatile Digby for an offer to aid him in being reconciled to Popery, and to conceal it afterwards; he was not the person to have yielded this point, if he had not, in kingly over-confidence and young man's rashness, hoped that after-culture of the minds of his children would erase the impressions of the nursery. Alas! before the *eldest* of them had attained the age at which he was to pass from the mother's influence to the father's teaching, "*the Standard had been set up at Nottingham!*" Charles had thrown down his gage to the angry "Commons of England," and *never after* had time or place in which to develop his reformatory educational theories. Well might Halifax lay it down as an axiom, that "the *first* ill effect which *adversity* produced on his son and successor was *in relation to his religion*." The result proved, beyond question, that with (a remarkable exception to be noticed hereafter) the abiding religious impressions, received by the offspring of Charles and Henrietta, were those made on them while, in terms of "*the fatal article*," they were being "*nourris et élevés auprès de La Dame Reyne*."

"*La Dame Reyne*," the second of the "young folks" concerned in these ominous espousals—giddy, vivacious, and girlish as she was in other matters—entered on her engagement in no light or jesting mood.

\* "You will remember how at our first coming into Spain, taking upon you to be so wise as to foresee our intentions to change our religion, you were so far from dissuading us that you offered your service and secrecie to concur in it; and in many other open conferences pressing to show how convenient it was for us to be a Roman Catholicque."—*King Charles to Digby, Earl of Bristol, January 21, 1625.*—*Cabala*, p. 17.

In confirmation of the above, may be added the following, from "*A memorandum in Bishop Usher's hand*:" "The king (Charles I.) (George, Duke of Buckingham, being present) of his own accord told me "*that he never loved Popery in all his life, but he never DETESTED it before his going into Spain.*"—*Dr. Wm. King's Life*, p. 35.

Hume's theory, of an article "*never intended to be acted on*," but only to "*amuse the Pope*," falls to the ground as utterly absurd, when we collect and review the proofs of the zeal and tenacity with which Henrietta Maria and her spiritual guides enforced in *strictness of the letter* the "Fatal Article." Hume had, we believe, free access to the archives of Paris when writing his history, but he either overlooked, or disregarded, documents which have lately come to light, establishing beyond all question the spirit, intentions, and hopes with which the French party, from Crown and Cardinal, to a young bride and her attendant Bishop, contracted the marriage with the House of Stuart. The haphazard conclusion of Hume, which Disraeli calls "*philosophy*!" and his own lengthy twaddle about "*Political Marriages*," are alike disposed of by a few revelations from the private correspondence of Henrietta Maria herself.

"HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE KING HER BROTHER, ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE.\*

"I give your majesty my faith and word of conscience, that if it so be that it please God to bless me, so as to give me the favour of progeny, I will make no selection of persons to bring up and serve the children who may be born except *from Catholics*; I will only give the charge of choosing those persons to *Catholics*, obliging them to take none but those of the same religion; of this I entreat your majesty to have full assurance and give it, when need require. "HENRIETTE P.

"To the King my brother."

To the same effect is her deliberate assurance to the Head of her Church:

"HENRIETTA TO POPE URBAN VIII.†

"MOST HOLY FATHER,—I have learned and understood through my lord the king the careful and prudent counsels and advice which it has pleased your highness to give him on the occasion of the treaty made in reference to my marriage with the Prince of Wales, and for those things which concern the security of my conscience and that of my attendants, and as to my dignity in England, and also for the good of religion and the liberty of the Catholics of that kingdom, which his majesty has accomplished according to his zeal for the said religion, and the singular affection and kindness with which he is pleased to honour me, so that all these good and earnest sources give me the greatest consolations which I can receive in the accomplishment of this marriage, having nothing in the world which is so dear to me as the safety of my conscience and the good of religion.

"Following the good training and instruction of the queen my mother, I have thought it my duty to render as I do my humble thanks to your Holiness that you have been pleased to contribute thereto, giving you my faith and word of honour, and in conformity to that I have given his majesty, that if it please God to bless this marriage, and if he grant

\* Du Puy MSS. 462. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

† MSS. Geo. IV. No. 134, folio 476 (6).

me the favour to give me progeny, I will not choose *any but Catholics to nurse and educate* (!) the children who shall be born, or do any other service for them, and will take care that *the officers who choose them be only Catholics, obliging them only to take others of the same religion*, concerning which I humbly pray your Holiness to rest fully assured, and to do me the honour to believe me, most holy father,

“Your very devoted daughter,

“HENRIETTA MAR.

“Paris, April 6, 1625.”

These are not the sentiments of one likely to combine with her heretic husband to “*amuse the Pope!*” but rather of what she subscribed and proved herself—“a devoted daughter” of the Church, with whom its interests were paramount, and who, under the guidance of her intriguing clerical household, subsequently attempted to become the “*chief missionary*” of England, redeeming her “faith and word of honour” to the Pope by no trifling sacrifices. As a *wife*, she dispensed with the personal pledge of her husband’s “*troth*” rather than sanction the Protestant marriage service by her presence; for it is a remarkable fact that Henrietta Maria *never received the plight of her husband save by the proxy of the Duke de Chevreuse*. As a *queen*, she forewent the splendour of her coronation, and remained a spectator of the splendid pageant, when she could not obtain what she had the hardihood to ask, that the *Protestant* King of England should be crowned according to the *Romish* ritual! And we may be assured that it was with her concurrence, if not by her order, as a *mother*, that one of her priests dared to rush forward in an attempt to baptise one of the royal infants the moment it was born—an attempt which the king sternly repelled, and insisted on the baptism being performed by one of his own chaplains. Whether, in quiet times, Charles would or could have carried out this decision with which he acted in the early part of his reign, may well be questioned, considering the uxoriousness with which, in gravest matters of state, he allowed the influence of his imperious consort to determine his actions. As events have happened, there can be no doubt that, in the bringing up of her children, *the nursery carried it against the power of the Crown!* And how Henrietta Maria subsequently redeemed her pledged word to “his Holiness” remains to be seen.

That Charles II. *died* in the Roman communion, is a fact so well established by every kind of testimony, as to leave no question respecting it—the details of his death-bed, as given by the *minute* Burnet—the judicial blindness and haste in which his successor published “*two papers*,” attested by the Sign Manual as “*found in the late king my brother’s strong-box, written in his own hand*”—as though he expected that royal arguments and example would convert the nation “*en masse*,”—all this leaves nothing doubtful in the case, save the time *when* this conversion took place. Old Cavaliers and warm Jacobites, unwilling to let vulgar and puritanic eyes see that systematic and impious hypocrisy could through a long life coexist with “right divine in the Lord’s Anointed,” would fain have argued, *if they could*, that it was a conversion *in extremis*, and that it was in his hour of weakness Charles had resorted to what his biographer Halifax calls that “*genteel religion, more*



*frequent in indulgence to sinners, more especially royal sinners, than in infliction of penance.*" But we now know better. The secret memoirs and gossipry of *that age* are opening to us fresh information daily; and it is now beyond doubt that Charles II. *had* conformed to the Church of Rome *long* before his restoration—that his reign of twenty-two years, with all its "speeches from the throne against Popery"—its "strong measures against recusants"—its putting away for a time of his more out-spoken, thorough-going Popish brother from his presence and counsels,—all this was but one *long lie*\* and deception practised upon a nation proverbial for openness of character, and proportionally jealous of any such practices. The "Merry Monarch," it may be, often laughed in secret at the farce of Protestantism he was enacting in public, and doubtless the waiting Romanists, who believed that he was but biding that "set time" to *declare himself*, which came only with his death hour,—these, too, laughed over the gullibility of England, but—"il rit bien qui rit le dernier." The Stuart dynasty seems to have been mentally and morally unable to fathom the deep earnestness of the English character—an earnestness rendering it slow to discover, but awful in its wrath on the discovery of "practice" or imposture. "Merry Charles" postponed the hour of account by chicane and simulation, so that "the evil came not in his day;" but "saturnine" and serious James no sooner went to work in earnest to bring the nation as a meshed lion into the Papal menagerie, than the nation, also in earnest, rose in its strength, burst the meshes, and bade the rash agent of the Papacy escape for his life. It was then that the "*Fatal Article*" of a half century previous bore its ripened fruit of discomfiture and confusion to all Papal plans for at least a century and a half succeeding.

But let us return to the question. "*When did Charles II. reconcile himself to the Church of Rome?*" Halifax, in his *sketchy* way, speaks of it as doubtful. "Some," he says, "pretend to be *very precise in the time of his reconciling.*" And he then refers to the Cardinal de Retz as to a slight and flighty authority for the fact, but he further on refers to it as a "secret" of which "whispers went about," and says that it was known even to his arch-enemy! "Cromwell," says Halifax, "had his advertisements in other things, and *this* was as well worth his paying for." And he brings all to the conclusion that Charles, when he came into England, *was as certainly a Roman Catholic as he was a man of pleasure!* both being, as he sarcastically adds, "*very consistent by visible experience.*"

This allusion to Cromwell's intelligence is remarkable as a proof of Halifax's sagacity, for it is borne out by documentary evidence since published, and of which he could scarcely have been aware. In a collection of letters, selected from the "Ormond Papers" by the laborious Coxe, there are two expressly pointing to a particular period at which Charles II. had "*privately declared himself*," as the phrase then went. One is from

\* We now know how to interpret the repeated *equivokes* of Charles's "declarations," when he "assured his good subjects that *nothing should ever alter his affection to the Protestant religion as established by law, nor his love to parliaments.*" This was in the letter true, in the spirit false: he loved them to the end as he loved them always—that is, *not at all!* and he was quite capable of enjoying the joke of this "royal lie in the language of truth!"

an enemy, Secretary Thurloe, who, writing to General Montague, says, "*The pretended king is at Bruges. . . . He puts himself and his cause into the hands of the King of Spain to be managed by him, and hath declared himself in private to them to be a Roman Catholic, as they call it;*" the other from a friend and co-religionist in England, who, in answer to a correspondent at Brussels, writes thus: "It is evident how unseasonable it is to press his declaring (though he were convinced) in this conjuncture, and how necessary it is to suffer him still to head *that party* he hath so long courted and so tenderly endeavoured to preserve, which he cannot do if he either declare for us or strip himself of all his present council, especially those two he at present most relies on" (seemingly, Clarendon and Ormond). Both these communications would indicate the time of his thus declaring himself to have been in the early part of the year 1656.

But all these notices refer only to *declaration* of his faith in certain quarters, and they all infer an adoption of that faith at an indefinitely previous period; and a remarkable document has lately come to light, proving that whenever the "declaration" should be made, whether sooner or later, it would be but the manifestation of the faith he had imbibed in his childhood—the announcement of a "foregone conclusion."

On the 16th of April, 1649, when the first Charles was scarce cold in his bloody grave—while his son's ears were yet tingling with his dead father's injunction to continue "grounded and settled in what he ever esteemed the best profession of Christianity—the Church of England,"\*—it was at this crisis that his zealot widow and discrowned queen held out to the boy-king of eighteen the tempting promise of a crusade, to be proclaimed for restoring him to his kingdom, if he would openly declare himself Catholic. This is the purport of the *first* letter addressed by Henrietta Maria to her eldest son after the fatal 29th of January, and is a striking proof of the tenacity of purpose and disregard of all other considerations with which this "she-wolf of France" pursued her object of propagandism in England. It is, perhaps, as singular a *first* letter as ever passed between widow and orphan after the tragedy which had made them so:

"Paris, Ap. 16, 1649.

"DEAREST YET MOST UNFORTUNATE SON,—I begged Cardinal Mazarin to interpose at least his good offices to assist me with the Pope, but his answers were to discourage me, speaking very ill of him and his favourites, notwithstanding which my secretary, when he returned from Rome, told me just the contrary, and that the Pope was ready to help me even to proclaiming a crusade, if the king, my lord, would have openly declared himself a Catholic.

"What can your wretched mother advise you? The crowns of Scot-

\* "Above all, I would have you, as I hope you are already, well grounded and settled in your religion, the best profession of which I have ever esteemed that of the Church of England, in which you have been educated; yet I would have your own judgment and reason now seal to that sacred bond *which education hath written*, that it may be *judiciously* your own religion, and not other men's custom or tradition which you profess."—EIKON BASILIKÉ. When the luckless and unhappy king wrote this injunction, he forgot his own fatal bond in the French treaty, and did not suspect that that influence of education to which he was appealing was all *against* him in the case.

land and Ireland are, doubtless, fitting steps to bring you to your entire kingdom of Great Britain; yet, nevertheless, I fear the infidelity of the Scots, who, for the price of a few pieces of money, sold the life of the king, your incomparable father, to the Parliament.

"My afflicted heart knows that if you declare yourself Catholic, as you have so often promised me, (!) they will not think your title good, and if you do not do so, with what affection will Ireland follow you? (!) I will never believe that this promise will betray you, for he who fears God cannot be faithless to his prince. Would that it had pleased Heaven that Henry VIII., your ancestor, had never apostatised from God, then would the kingdom of England not have been connected with so detestable an infidelity, so execrable a parricide of the king. Would that my father, the great Henry, could rise again to read you a lecture on the manner in which you should govern these kingdoms.\*"

The promise here pressed upon a youth, of whom the acute observer,† so often quoted, says, "*If you ask me of what religion he was, my answer must be that he was of the religion of a young prince in his warm blood, whose inquiries were more applied to find arguments against believing than to lay any settled foundations for acknowledging Providence, mysteries, &c.,*" must have been obtained in defiance and disregard of his duty to the parent he had so lately lost, and presents perhaps as forcible an illustration as could be selected of the evil of those unhappy "yokings together" in which conflicting duties to strongly opposed masters, strive for the mastery, and in doing so tear asunder and violate principles essential to moral health and well-being. Charles could not have made this promise to his mother without trampling on the higher duty he owed to his father and king, nor without learning, at the same time, those arts of hypocrisy and dissimulation, and that disregard and disbelief of all truth or virtue, of which his whole after-life was an example, a speaking proof of the small blessing to be expected on unions in which any earnestness on either side must be fatal to domestic peace, and the result most likely to follow is, to engender infidelity in that offspring who can only obey one parent by setting at naught the precepts of the other.

Although Clarendon wrote his History in all seeming good faith and disbelief of the "secret" of Charles's religion, it seems to have been in reality scarce a secret at all! Ormond expressly tells us‡ that he "saw him on his knees at mass" in a church in Brussels; but Ormond, though a thorough Protestant himself, was too stout an old cavalier and too much of a gentleman to "tell tales of the king's privacy!" and yet his loyal devotion must have been of abiding and endearing quality to bear with the profane mockery of Charles's Protestantism after the Restoration. As to the state and party reasons which bound the Cavaliers generally to silence as to "*the secret*," whether known or suspected, they are all well and truly stated in the following earnest letter, written from one Cavalier to another, in the feverish crisis which immediately preceded "the Restoration."

\* Recueils Historiques, vol. xix. fol. 311, MS. 564. Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, Paris.

† Halifax.

‡ Carte's Ormond, folio edit. vol. ii. p. 254.

"LORD MORDAUNT TO THE MARQUIS OF ORMOND.

"MY LORD,—The occasion of my writing to you is to let you know that there is a report *so hot* of your master's being turned Papist, that, unless it be suddenly contradicted, and the world disabused by something coming expressly from him, it is likely, in this extraordinary juncture, to do him very great injury among his friends both in city and country, in both which *his constancy all this while hath rendered him many considerable proselytes*. I beseech you, therefore, as soon as this arrives, use your earnest endeavours to cause the mistake to be rectified. I am told some do intend very shortly to publish how he hath renounced his religion, put away from him his Protestant council, and only embraced Romanists. Favour me with the truth of these particulars, and it shall be my care to stay this calumny till our master can do it more authentically. Do not condemn my advice, but know that, if it were not highly necessary, I would not have adventured to give you this trouble. Your master is *utterly ruined* (as to his interest here in whatever party) if this be true, though he *never had a fairer game than at present*, and 'tis *his stability in that point that gains daily*.

"We are in the height of all confusion and misery; nothing is certain; every moment produceth new changes. Oh, that some person of honour might be sent to demand your master's restitution in this conjuncture!

"London, Nov. 20, 1659."

Knowing what he *did* know, this letter must have placed Ormond in a "great strait;" however, the advice it contained was acted on to the letter; the king's Papistry was disavowed, to the content of a nation only too glad to welcome home discarded royalty. The hint to send a "person of honour" to demand the "Restoration," produced the mission of Sir John Grenvil to Monk; and as to the secret of the king's religion, the advice thus given seems to have dictated the policy of the whole after reign of Charles; for though the Papists knew him to be "*as much theirs as his brother, only not with so much conscience*,"\* still the "*declaration*," so long looked for, lingered for a "convenient season," until it was *characteristically made for him* by his "*mattresse en titre*," the Duchess of Portsmouth, indecently sitting in a wife's place† to support the head of her dying paramour.

As to the letters found "in the king my brother's strong-box," after

\* Burnet.

† Burnet tells, as a proof of the king's insensibility (from disease), that "Lady Portsmouth sat on the bed, taking care of him, as a wife of a husband." But a letter of the time, published in the "Household Words" (May 6, 1854) as from the papers of "The Longs of Draycot House," and which bears every mark of veracity and authenticity, gives the minutest account of the last hours of Charles I have seen, and, among other particulars, gives the following shocking anecdote of this woman:

"The grief of the Duchess of Portsmouth did not hinder packing and sending many strong-boxes to the French ambassador's, and the second day of the king's sickness (the chamber being kept dark, you know one who comes out of the light does not see very soon, and much less one who is between them and the light therein), so she came, and went on the inside of the bed, and sat down o't, and taking the king's hands in hers, felt his two great diamond rings, and, thinking herself alone, asked him '*what he did with them on*,' and said '*she would take them off*,' and did it at the same time, and, looking up, saw *The Duke* on the other side, steadfastly looking on her, at which she blushed much, and held them towards him, and said: '*Here, sir, will you take them?*' '*No, madam*,' said he, '*they*

the first sensation of curiosity was satisfied, they seem to have produced all the effect they ought—that is, *none whatever!* Feeble in argument, and merely political in object, they could have weight with none but those convinced, or ready to be convinced, already. Had not James been blinded by the headlong zeal of his propagandism, he might have seen that, even supposing them the composition of the king, the speculations of one in whom religious principle had never restrained one appetite, or even produced the least regard to the common decencies of conduct, could have little moral weight with any reflecting mind; but, in fact, they were as little the king's as “The Dying Speech,” hawked after an execution, is the real speech of the criminal; the internal evidence is complete, that they had been furnished to Charles, either in argument or in writing. “Ormonde thought them the composition of a priest, and that the king had been set to copy them, as a *penance!*” Halifax suggests that “he might have written them, and yet not one word of them his own,” but drawn from discussions of a “*known topic and often repeated,*” and in his light, epigrammatic way, he disposes of the argumentative *value* of these papers by saying, “There is nothing extraordinary in them, but that one so little inclined to write at all should prevail with himself to do it with the solemnity of a casuist.” Upon the best consideration I can give these documents, I should conclude them, as does Burnet,\* to be the composition of a subject rather than of a sovereign, and of a politician rather than of a priest, and that whosoever furnished them to Charles, did so under stipulation that he should copy them and destroy the originals, lest any after discovery should implicate the “Casuist” in that perversion of the royal mind, which angry England would esteem no light treason against its interests. . . .

We have been discussing *one* result of “the nurture and bringing up” of “Madame the Queen!” *Another*, that of her second son, needs neither discussion nor comment; it stands out a warning-post in strong relief on the “Highway of History.” The *third*, “Henrietta of Orleans,” a young, lively *intrigante* like her mother, came in prime of youth to a mournful and mysterious end—men whispered of “*aqua tophana,*” or some other “leprous distilment;” too sure it is that this poor princess perished in the “full blossom of her sins,”† and in full career of a political intrigue against the religion and liberties of her native country, of which abundant proofs, from the French archives, are furnished in *are as safe in your hands as mine. I will not touch them until I see how things go.* But, since the king's death, she has forgot to restore them, though he has not that she took them, for he told the story!”

And what a story!—a more dreadful incident of a course of life, the end “whereof is death,” could scarce be pictured. Hogarth (as the editor of “Household Words” observes) has introduced a similar incident in the closing scene of his “*Marriage à la Mode.*”

\* Burnet suggests “Lords Bristol or D'Aubigny.”

† The Princess Palatine, the second wife of the Duke of Orleans, has left an instructive and voluminous correspondence. She writes of the first duchess as of herself; and, indeed, of *all things* with perfect candour and freedom. Recording the death of her predecessor, she says:

“The Queen-Mother of England had not brought up her children well!”—(she means her daughters): “having married them at a very early age, they followed the bad example of their mother.” The one was poisoned, the other died in childbirth. What she means by following the bad example of their mother is thus explained: “Monsieur was himself the cause of *Madame's* intrigue with the Count de Guiche.” (!) Again: “I think M. de Monmouth was much worse than the Count

the Appendix to "Dalrymple's History of England." The cases of two remaining children of Charles and Henrietta are still to be considered; and while they serve, on the one hand, to prove the sagacity with which Popery framed its "Article" for obtaining influence at the plastic and impressive period of human life, they also show what might have been done if England and Protestantism had not conceded the "Fatal Article," and worked it negligently when granted.

At the execution of Charles the First, his family were thus dispersed: his eldest son in Holland—his queen in Paris, with her second and youngest children, "*James of York*" and "*Henrietta*;"—while "*Elizabeth*," her eldest daughter, and "*Henry of Gloucester*," her youngest son, were alone in England to receive the dying blessing and admonitions of their murdered father. We shall not swell our pages with the full details of that last, sad, and well-known interview; it is enough to say that the little Lady Elizabeth, "pouring forth abundance of tears," promised "never to forget, as long as she lived, those admonitions"—among which "readings," to "*ground her against Popery*" had a prominent place. Hapless, yet happy, princess, her obedience and recollection were not put to any long test; she was "taken from the evil to come upon her house," and from trials which would too surely have awaited her had she ever again come under maternal control, by dying at Carisbrook, in less than five years after her father, having been in the interval under such instruction as fully preserved her from the Popery her father dreaded for his offspring.

For the "seven-years-old boy," who sat wondering on his father's knee, while he talked of "*cutting off heads*," and told him of mysterious "*duties*" and "*dangers*" to which he would yet be called, he was reserved to be a further illustration of the fell and *literal* spirit in which his mother interpreted the Article respecting his education and bringing up. "By an act of Providence," writes Clarendon, "*Mr. Lovel, a very honest man*," became his tutor, and gave him "instructions both in religion and loyalty," which "made the deeper impression on his very pregnant nature, by what his memory retained of those instructions which the king his father had with much fervour given him before his death." Hence it came to pass, that when Cromwell, from jealousy or other motive, gave permission for his departure from England to join his family, he went forth so well instructed in his religion that he was able to endure the fiery trial which awaited him. The queen-mother, who had never seen the boy from his infancy to his present age of "twelve or thirteen years," earnestly pressed the king that he might be presently sent to see her to Paris. This demand of a mother to see her child could not well be resisted; but when she importuned him further to leave the boy in her charge, that he might enjoy the "advantages of a court and good company" (as is alleged by Clarendon), Charles demurred to exposing the youth to her proselyting zeal, until he had provided that his faithful tutor was to continue with him, and he had the queen's assurance that "to pervert him from his religion was not in her thought, and that

de Guiche, because, although a bastard, he was the son of *Madame's* own brother; and this incest doubled the crime." After these blunt revelations, the princess continues: "What convinces me of *Madame's* innocence is, that after having received the last sacraments, she said she hoped 'to reach heaven, because she had committed no crime against her husband.'" (!) The standard of morals in those days must have been a *strange* one!

she would not permit such an attempt to be made." Her mode of keeping this promise is a plain illustration of the force and security, or rather the feebleness and insecurity, with which any such engagements bind the consciences of its members where the interests of the Roman Church are concerned.

Charles was on a progress in Germany, and had only arrived at Cologne when he had intelligence from Paris that the queen-mother had put away the boy's "honest tutor, *Lovel*," and delivered him over to the tutelage of her almoner, "*Abbot Montague*," a bigot of the fiercest zeal, who at once secluded him in the Abbey of *Pontoise*, "*away*" from all resort "*of any who might confirm him in his averseness to be converted*;" while his zealot mother, pointing out to him his forlorn prospects as a Protestant prince, held out the lure of "*abbeyes and benefices*," and a prospective *cardinalship*! if he would but become "*good Catholic and Churchman*." The queen found the child "*more resolute than she expected from his age*"—sufficiently grounded in his religion "*to dispute*" against changing it—and so mindful of his dead father's last precepts, as to "*put to shame those who forgot or trampled on them*." Charles the Second heard of these things, and interfered; whether it was that knowing himself corrupted in his own secret heart, he compromised by a *vicarious* obedience to his father in the person of his little brother, or whether he took this mode of showing Ormond, Clarendon, and his Protestant adherents at large, his zeal and regard for Protestantism, it is enough to say that he stepped between Montague, *Montague's* mistress, and their little victim; and sent stout old Ormond to deliver him from persecution. But before he arrived on this mission, the baffled bigotry of queen and almoner had stooped to such meanness and minutiae of unnatural persecution as is scarcely credible, if the details did not stand on unquestionable authority. The queen, finding that she was not to obtain her ends, declared that the "*little duke*" might dispose of himself as he pleased, "*for that she would not concern herself further, nor see him any more*." (!) This edict was immediately carried "*au pied de la lettre*." The little head, upon which her dying husband's hand had been last laid in blessing, was turned adrift to the winds and elements—the sheets were removed from his bed in his mother's house—his horses were turned from the door of his mother's stables—and the royal orphan was driven to seek shelter in the house of *Lord Hatton*, then living poorly in Paris, and scarce able to support himself!! Never, perhaps, was there a case at which the Saviour's reproof pointed more forcibly: "*Ye have made the law of God of none effect by your traditions*" (Mark vii. 9—13). Henrietta Maria paid her "*Corban*" to her Church, and sent her child to starve! Could there be a more thorough fulfilment of the words: "*Ye suffer one to do no more aught for father or mother*;" or, as in this case, "*for helpless child*?"

Henry Duke of Gloucester lives in history as one of those "*national darlings*" who seem to die prematurely, yet perhaps only just in time for their own good name and eternal happiness. He survived to the Restoration, rode beside his brother to Whitehall, and then caught the small-pox, and died. Had he survived to come under the demoralising influences of the profligate court of the Restoration, he might not stand on record as he does now—the only child of Charles Stuart and Henrietta of Bourbon who escaped the blighting effects of "*The Fatal Article*!"

## THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

## VII.

CLINGING TO LIFE (CONCLUDED):—AN EVENING WITH CHARLES LAMB—  
CERVANTES—CALLOT HOFFMANN—DEILUS, APHOBUS, AND COLAX.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
Atque metus omnes et inexpugnabile fatum  
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!—VIRG.

The very thought of death disturbs one's reason; and though a man may have many excellent qualities, yet he may have the weakness of not commanding his sentiments. Nothing is worse for one's health than to be in fear of death. There are some so wise as neither to hate nor fear it; but for my part I have an aversion for it, and with reason; for it is a rash inconsiderate thing, that always comes before it is looked for; always comes unseasonably, parts friends, ruins beauty, laughs at youth, and draws a dark veil over all the pleasures of life.—LADY GETHIN: *Reliquie Gethiniana*.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust  
His sorrows through—'tis horrible to die!  
And come down with our little all of dust,  
That dun of all the duns to satisfy;  
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,  
In Death's most dreary spunging-house to lie,  
Where even all our personals must go  
To pay the debt of Nature that we owe.

HOOD: *Bianca's Dream*.

EARLY in the year 1815 it was, that Thomas Noon Talfourd, then a law-student located in Inner Temple-lane, was made proud and happy—beyond the dry-as-dust conception of mere law-students—by gaining an introduction to one of the gods of his idolatry (an Inner Temple god too), for whose marks and tokens of divinity, as revealed in paper and print, he, the young-blooded, warm-hearted worshipper, had made diligent search among the book-stalls and book-stores of London town. The introduction took place at the house of a proprietor of the journal to which Talfourd's *premiers essais* in magazine-writing had been contributed. As they left the house, Lamb took his new friend's arm, and they walked together to the Temple, nor parted there, but mounted to the top story where Elia "kept," and were there received by his ancient and favoured servitor, Betty,—and sat down beside a cheerful fire, flanked by a table provided with hot water and "something" else. And Lamb lighted his pipe, and began to talk.

To talk, too, as never again his admiring companion heard him, though twenty years of intimacy followed. For on that night, Charles Lamb gave free expression to feelings, instincts, longings, shrinkings, speculations, which he was wont to keep to himself—nay, perhaps to keep from himself, so ill they assimilated with his cherished habits of thought and objects of endearment.

His listener of that night, who was to become his loving biographer, says of this their first conversation, that, though the first, it was more



solemn, and in higher mood, than any they ever after had together. "How it took such a turn between two strangers, one of them a lad of not quite twenty, I cannot tell; but so it happened. We discoursed then of life and death, and our anticipation of a world beyond the grave. Lamb spoke of these awful themes with the simplest piety, but expressed his own fond cleavings to life—to all well-known accustomed things—and a shivering (not shuddering) sense of that which is to come, which he so finely indicated in his 'New Year's Eve,' years afterwards."

Charles Lamb clung to life as he did to whatever by familiarity had become dear to him. He was, in this sense, only too absolutely of the earth earthy. He was an autochthon. What was behind the veil he cowered from guessing at. What was far above out of his sight, those wistful eyes, nervously unresting in their very beseechings for repose, would fain turn away from altogether, to gaze as steadfastly as time and change and tears (that come of change) would let them, at the things which are seen and temporal. There is a passage in the Confessions of the first and most popular of Mr. Lever's long list of light-hearted Irish heroes, to which Elia would have subscribed with tremulous hand and fluttering heart. "No prospect of future happiness can ever perfectly exclude all regret at quitting our present state for ever. I am sure, if I had been a caterpillar, it would have been with a heavy heart that I should have donned my wings as a butterfly." Gentle-hearted Charles would have shaken Harry Lorrequer's hand with delighted sympathy for such an avowal (he took kindly, indeed, to butterfly natures sometimes, however flighty and off-at-a-tangent their habits—witness his liking for that sadly grubby specimen, the Janus Weathercock of the *London Magazine*). In one of his letters to Southey he emphatically avows: "I am a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, *Templar*. God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and to go abroad into the world to come! I shall be like *the crow on the sand*, as Wordsworth has it; but I won't think on it; no need I hope yet." Any alteration on this earth of his, he confessed—in diet or in lodging—puzzled and discomposed him. (When moving from "chambers" to the Garden of England; in 1817, he writes to Miss Wordsworth: "Here we are, transplanted from our native soil. I thought we never could have been torn up from the Temple. Indeed it was an ugly wrench, but like a tooth, now 'tis out, and I am easy. We never can strike root so deep in any other soil." Seven years previously he had said in a letter to Manning: "What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word *moving*! Such a heap of nasty little things, after you think all is got into the cart. . . . Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Were I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret. . . . Here [4, Inner Temple-lane] I hope to set up my rest, and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen.") His household gods—to use his own figure of speech—planted a terrible fixed foot, and were not rooted up without blood. Not willingly did they seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggered him. And among other of his

New Year's Eve reflections we find him confessing, that he had begun, when that most auto-graphic Essay was written, to be agitated, no longer enlivened, by the ringing out of Old Years and ringing in of New—begun to feel these audits but too powerfully—begun to count the probabilities of his duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings. In proportion, he says, as the years both lessened and shortened, he set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay his ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. "I am not content," he fairly protests, "to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends; to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave."

In reference to these and similar avowals, it has been "apologetically" remarked, that the same peculiarity of nature which attached Charles Lamb to the narrow and crowded streets, in preference to the mountain and the glen—which made him loth to quit even painful circumstances and unpleasant or ill-timed company; the desire to seize and grasp all that was nearest; bound him to earth, and prompted his sympathies to revolve within a narrow circle. Justice Talfourd even traces to the frequent illnesses of his admirable sister—paradoxically in seeming—poor Charles's increasing aversion from supra-terrene contemplations, and his growing hold upon the things of fleeting time and sense. Not daring (it is argued) to look onward, even for a little month, he acquired the habitual sense of living entirely in the present; enjoying with tremulous zest the security of the moment, and making some genial, but sad, amends for the want of all perspective in life, by cleaving, with fondness, to its nearest objects, and becoming attached to them, even when least interesting in themselves.

"This perpetual grasping at transient relief from the minute and vivid present, associated Lamb's affections intimately and closely with the small details of daily existence; these became to him the 'jutting frieze' and 'coigne of vantage' in which his home-bred fancy 'made its bed and procreant cradle;' these became imbued with his thoughts, and echoed back to him old feelings and old loves, till his inmost soul shivered at the prospect of being finally wrenched from them." His was, in short, that intense feeling of the "nice regards of flesh and blood," that dwelling in petty felicities, which makes us, apart from religious fears, unwilling to die. "Small associations," the author of "Ion" impressively reminds us, "make death terrible, because we know, that parting with this life, we part from their company; whereas great thoughts make death less fearful, because we feel that they will be our companions in all worlds, and link our future to our present being in all ages." Now the sum total of Lamb's inner life was an aggregate of "small associations;" hence the tenacity of his hold upon the world to which they are confined.

The spectacle is a touching, and in many respects a painful one. But to study human nature in aspects so simple, so unconventional, so inarti-

ficial and frankly self-portrayed, as we see it in Charles Lamb's case, must be always interesting, and profitably suggestive. He, the stammerer, spoke plainly on this subject; a subject on which nearly all of us mumble, or mutter, or lisp, or stammer, or equivocate, or lie, or speak in an unknown tongue. He spoke out, but what he spoke was from troubled deeps within. We, for the most part, speak only outside conventionalisms, extern common-places, shallow phrases of *façon de parler* mintage and currency; the thoughts within us that lie low, where deep calleth unto deep, them we bring not to the surface, *them* we speak not out.

We may find, or make, a study, then, in this and any like instances of men of like passions with ourselves, but higher endowments and larger natures, to whom Death presents itself as a thing to be shrunk from, and Life as a possession to be fast held by to the very last. Hence we pause, to look on and ponder, ponder and perpend, beside the death-bed of a Cervantes, who, in the dedication of his last work, panned with quaking fingers that were to be death-cold so very soon, tells his old patron (De Lemos) that he has "one foot in the stirrup" for the Death-ride—but adds: "Yesterday I received the extreme unction, yet now that the shadows of death are closing around me, I still cling to life, from the love of it, as well as from the desire to behold you again." Or beside that, again, of a life-squandering Callot Hoffmann—who would not believe that he was dying, and longed for life with such inexpressible desire. (After his whole body to the neck had become stiff and lifeless, no longer feeling pain, he said to his doctor, "I shall soon be through it now." "Yes," said the doctor, "you will soon be through it." Next morning [as Carlyle reports the scene] he was evidently dying; yet about eleven o'clock he awoke from his stupor; cried that he was well, and would go on with dictating the *Feind* that night.) Or beside that, again, of poor Hoffmann's countryman—but how contrasted a character in every respect—the lofty, self-respecting, grave, industrious, polymorphous Herder; who, by his "angelic wife's" account, was very loth to die and leave his many literary designs unexecuted, with a reluctance that "all his piety" could not overcome; and who seems, in the words of Sara Coleridge, "to have clung to this world with little less tenacity than the poor unprincipled son of genius, Hoffmann. How often it is found that they who do their work well upon earth, even if it be work for the kingdom of heaven, are too unwilling to depart when summoned hence; while those, who mismanage all affairs entrusted to them here below, sometimes gain great credit by the passive graces which they exhibit in the near prospect of death!"

The rule seems to be—and the exceptions only go to prove the rule—that our poor creatureship prefers earthly life, however grievous the contingencies to which it is liable; nay, by which it is actually oppressed, to that which ends life and earthly suffering together:

Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart  
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast  
Is famished—finds no music in the song,  
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.  
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,  
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.  
The paralytic who can hold her cards  
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand

To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort  
 Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits  
 Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad  
 And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.  
 Others are dragged into the crowded room  
 Between supporters; and, once seated, sit  
 Through downright inability to rise,  
 Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.  
 These speak a loud memento. Yet even these  
 Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he  
 That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.  
 They love it, and yet loathe it; fear to die,  
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.

So true is La Fontaine's "moral," whereby he hangs a tale, that is to say a fable, that *le plus semblable aux morts meurt le plus à regret*. "In virtue of death," says Carlyle, "life to the fretfullest becomes tolerable, becomes sweet, death being so nigh."

Nearly all who have listened to preachers of what is called the "awakening" and "alarming" school, must have heard them relate, to shuddering ears, narratives of death-bed "scenes" where a voice, just forestalling the death-rattle, broke out into the passionate clamour, "I will not die!" One of our old dramatists, Thomas Randolph, in his "Muses' Looking-glass," has put these very words into the mouth of a pusillanimous creature, intended to excite ridicule and mirth. *Deilus* is, in fact, a personification of Cowardice; as the other interlocutors in this passage, *Aphobus* and *Colax*, are of Rashness and Flattery respectively:

*Colax* (*aside to Aphobus*). You, sir, are far above such frivolous thoughts.  
 You fear not death.

*Aphob.* Not I.  
*Col.* Not sudden death.  
*Aphob.* No more than sudden sleep. Sir, I dare die.  
*Deilus.* I dare not. Death to me is terrible.  
*I will not die.*

And when matter-of-fact *Aphobus* wants to know how *Deilus* means to compass his purpose, and mulct all-exacting THANATOS of one of his predestined subjects,—saying, "How can you, sir, prevent it?" the answer, worthy of the protester and his previous protestation, is,

*Deilus.* Why, I will kill myself.  
*Col.* A valiant course;  
 And the right way to prevent death indeed.  
 Your spirit is true Roman.

It is somewhere remarked by Leigh Hunt that there is no caricature in the protestation of *Deilus*—whose ridiculous words, "I will not die," have too often become terrible to the hearers, in the mouth of poor angry mortality. The critic adds, that what *Deilus* also says afterwards of his killing himself to avoid death, has not only the authority of Ovid—

Mortisque timorem  
 Morte fugit—  
 (And from the fear of death  
 Flies into death's own arms)—

but is founded in the depths of the secret of terror.

## THE PASSING-BELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED-COURT FARM."

## I.

A POWERFUL sensation was created one day in the village of Ebury, by a report that somebody had taken the long-uninhabited house, with the stone balcony and green verandah, which was situate in the centre of the street.

Who could have hired it? the whole village were asking, one of another. Those cousins of the Smiths? or the people who had come on a visit to the Hall, and professed to like Ebury so well? No, none of these; it was a stranger from London, quite unknown to everybody: for there soon appeared a shining zinc plate on the newly-varnished oak door bearing in large, to-be-read-at-a-great-distance-off letters, "Mr. Gervase Castonel. Consulting Surgeon."

Ebury was in an ecstasy. A fashionable doctor was what the place wanted above all things: as to Winninton, he was nothing but an apothecary, old now, and stupid. Only three days before (so the tale went round the whist-tables), when he was called in to Mrs. Major Acre, an elderly dowager, he had the insolence to tell her he could do her little good; that if she would eat less and walk more, she would not want a doctor. They had put up with Winninton, especially when he had his young and agreeable partner, a gentleman of fortune and position, who had joined him some time before. But this gentleman's wife had fallen into ill health, which had caused him to quit Ebury, and seek a warmer climate.

Mr. Gervase Castonel arrived, and took possession of his residence. You all know how fond we are apt to be of fresh faces, but you cannot know how rapturously fond Ebury at once grew of his. And yet, to a dispassionate observer, it was not a prepossessing face: it was silent, pale, and unfathomable, with a grey, impenetrable eye that disliked to look at you, and dark hair. They tried to guess his age: some said five-and-twenty, some thirty: it is most probable he was near the latter, a small-made man, of middle height.

Poor Mr. Winninton! he had attended Ebury and the county round for forty years, walking unostentatiously on his two legs, and never, unless the distance was really beyond them, using a horse or carriage, and then it was borrowed or hired. But he had to witness the *début* of Mr. Castonel in a stylish cab with a tiger behind it; both of the newest London importation; Mr. Castonel's arms being emblazoned on the cab, and Mr. Castonel's taste on the boy's dress. He never stirred a professional yard without this cab: did a patient at the next door call him in, the cab took him there. Generally the boy would be hoisted up, holding on by the back straps, after the approved manner of tigers; sometimes, when it was Mr. Castonel's pleasure not to drive himself, he sat by his master's side and took the reins. Mr. Castonel had a habit of sitting very back in his cab, and the lad also, so that when its head was up they were

invisible; and in this way the cab would go dashing at a fierce rate up and down the street. Until Ebury became familiar with this peculiarity, it was the cause of no end of terror; the pedestrians believing that the spirited horse, without a guide, was making for their unfortunate bodies. Two of these horses were possessed by Mr. Castonel, fine, valuable animals, and one or other was always to be seen, with the cab behind him. Sure never did a stranger fall into so extensive a practice (to judge by appearances) as did Mr. Gervase Castonel.

The first patient he was summoned to, was Mrs. Major Acre. It may be observed that a family in Ebury wrote a note of invitation to Mrs. Major Acre, and omitted the "Major." She at once returned the letter, with an intimation that Mrs. *Major* Acre declined acquaintance with them: so we will take care not to fall under a similar calamity. Mr. Castonel was called in to Mrs. Major Acre, and she was charmed with him. He sympathised so feelingly with her ailments; but assured her that in a little time, under his treatment, she would not have a symptom left. That horrid Winninton, she imparted to him, had told her she wanted nothing but walking and fasting. Oh, as to Winninton, Mr. Castonel rejoined, with a contemptuous curl of his wire-drawn, impenetrable lips, what could be expected of an apothecary? He (Mr. Castonel) hoped soon to leave no patients to the mercy of *him*. And this was repeated by Mrs. Major Acre wherever she went: and she took care to go everywhere to laud the praises of the consulting surgeon: so that people almost longed for a tender fit of illness, that they might put themselves under the bland and fostering care of Mr. Castonel.

## II.

TIME goes on with us all, and it did with Ebury. In six months not a single patient remained with Mr. Winninton, all had flown to Mr. Gervase Castonel: for that gentleman, in spite of his flaring zinc plate, proved to be a general practitioner. We must except one or two intimate friends of Mr. Winninton's; and we must except the poor, those who could not pay. Mr. Castonel had made an ostentatious announcement that he should give advice gratis from nine to ten o'clock on Tuesdays and Fridays, but the few poor who accepted the invitation found him so repellant and unsympathising, that they were thankful to return to kind old Mr. Winninton, who had not only attended them without charge at their own homes, but had done much towards supplying their bodily wants. Mr. Winninton had been neglectful of gain: perhaps his having no family rendered him so. He had never married, he and his sister having always lived together: but just before her death, a niece, Caroline Hall, then left an orphan, came home to them. To describe his affection for this girl would be impossible: it may be questioned if Caroline returned it as it deserved—but when is the love of the aged for the young ever repaid in kind? The pleasure and delights of visiting filled her heart, and her uncle's home and society were only regarded as things to be escaped from. Was he yet awake to this? There was something worse for him to awake to, by-and-by, something that as yet he suspected not. He was much changed: had been changing ever since the establishment in Ebury of Mr. Castonel: his face had acquired a grey cast like his hair, his merry tongue was hushed, and people said he looked as

if his heart were breaking. It is hard to bear ingratitude: ingratitude from those with whom we have lived for sixty years. It was not for the value of the practice: no, no: he had that which would last him his life, and leave something behind him: but it was the unkindness, that was telling upon Mr. Winninton, the desertion of him for a stranger, one in reality less skilled than he was.

Frances Chavasse stood in her mother's drawing-room, and, with her, the daughter of the Rector of Ebury, the Reverend Christopher Leicester. Ellen Leicester had come in after dinner to spend the afternoon; for Ebury, though it called itself an aristocratic place, usually dined in the middle of the day. They were both lovely girls, about nineteen, though unlike in feature as in disposition. They were called the beauties of Ebury. Caroline Hall got classed with them also, but it arose from her constantly associating with them, not from her good looks. She was two or three years older, had a sallow face with dark hair, and lively, pleasant dark eyes. An absurd story had gone abroad, but died away again: that Mr. Castonel, upon being asked which of the three was most to his taste, replied that only two of them were, but he'd marry the three, for all that.

The two young ladies were talking eagerly, for Mrs. Major Acre had just paid them a visit, and disclosed a piece of intelligence which completely astounded her hearers—that Miss Hall was about to be married to Mr. Castonel.

"It is impossible that it can be true," Mrs. Chavasse and her daughter had exclaimed in the same quick, positive, eager tone, for they were the counterpart of each other in manner. "Old Winninton hates Mr. Castonel like poison."

"I know he does. And I was told it was for that very reason Mr. Castonel is bent upon having her," said Mrs. Major; "that he may mortify the old apothecary, and take from him the only treasure he has left—Caroline."

"Oh, that's all Ebury gossip," decided Mrs. Chavasse. "A well-established man like Mr. Castonel will take care to marry according to his fancy, not to gratify pique. Mr. Winninton will never give his consent."

"He has given it," answered the major's widow. "Caroline's will is law, there. I wish she may find it so in her new home."

"Well," added Mrs. Chavasse, dubiously, "I don't know that Mr. Castonel is altogether the man I should choose to give a daughter to. Such curious things are said of him—about that mysterious person, you know."

"Grapes are sour," thought Mrs. Major Acre to herself. "And now I have told you the news, I must go," she said, rising. "Good-by to you all. My compliments at the parsonage, my dear Miss Ellen."

Mrs. Chavasse went out with the lady, and it happened that immediately afterwards Caroline Hall entered. Ellen and Frances regarded her with a curiosity they had never yet manifested, and Frances spoke impulsively.

"How sly you were over it, Caroline!—Now, don't go to deny it, or you'll put me in a temper. We know all about it, just as much as yourself. If you chose to keep it from others, you might have told Ellen and me."

"How could I tell you what I did not know myself?"

"Nay, Caroline, you must have known it," interposed the sweet, gentle voice of Ellen Leicester.

"I did not know I was going to be married. You might have seen there was"—she hesitated, and blushed—"an attachment between myself and Mr. Castonel, if your eyes had been open."

"I declare I never saw anything that could cause me to think he was attached to you," abruptly uttered Miss Chavasse, looking at her.

"Nor I," repeated Ellen Leicester. And the young ladies spoke truly.

"I may have seen you talking together in evening society, perhaps even gone the length of a little dash of flirtation," said Miss Chavasse. "But what has that to do with marriage? Everybody flirts. I shall have a dozen flirtations before I settle down to marry."

"That all depends upon the disposition," returned Miss Hall. "You may; but Ellen Leicester never will."

"Ellen dare not," laughed Frances. "She would draw down the old walls of the parsonage about her ears if she committed so heinous a sin. But I must return to what I said, Caroline Hall, that it was unfriendly not to let us know it."

"The puzzle is, how you know it now," observed Caroline. "The interview, when Mr. Castonel asked my uncle for me, only took place last night, and I have not spoken of it to any one."

"Oh, news travels fast enough in Ebury," answered Frances, carelessly. "If I were to cut my finger now, every house would know it before to-night. Mr. Winninton may have mentioned it."

"I am quite sure that it has not passed his lips."

"Then the report must have come from Mr. Castonel!" exclaimed Frances. "How very strange!"

"My uncle is not well to-day," added Miss Hall, "and has seen no one. He has got a great fire made up in the drawing-room, and is stewing himself close to it. The room's as hot as an oven."

"A fire, this weather!" repeated Frances. "What is the matter with him?"

"Nothing particular that I know of. He sits and sighs, and never speaks. He only spoke once between breakfast and dinner: and that was to ask me if I felt Mr. Castonel was a man calculated to make me happy. Of course he is."

"Caroline," whispered Miss Leicester, "do you not fear it is your marriage that is preying on his spirits?"

"I know it is. He would not consent for a long while. The interview was anything but agreeable. He and Mr. Castonel were together at first, and then I was called in. At last he gave it. But he does not like Mr. Castonel. I suppose from his having taken his practice from him."

"A very good reason too," said Miss Chavasse, bluntly.

"Oh, I don't know," carelessly returned Caroline. "It is all luck in this world. If people persist in sending for Gervase, he can't refuse to go. My uncle is old now."

Ellen Leicester looked up, reproach seated in her deep blue eyes. But Caroline Hall resumed.

"It is more than dislike that he has taken to Mr. Castonel; it is pre-



judice. He cried like a child after Gervase was gone, saying he would rather I had chosen any one else in the world, he had rather I kept single for life, than marry Mr. Castonel. And Muff says she heard him sobbing and groaning on his pillow all night long."

"And oh, Caroline," exclaimed Ellen Leicester, in a shocked, hushed tone, "can you think of marrying him now?"

"My uncle has consented," said Caroline, evasively.

"Yes; but in what way? If you have any spark of dutiful feeling, you will now prove your gratitude to your uncle for all his love and care of you."

"Prove it, how?"

"By giving up Mr. Castonel."

Caroline Hall turned and looked at her, then spoke impressively. "It is easy to talk, Ellen Leicester, but when the time comes for you to love, and should *he* be unacceptable to your parents, you will then understand how impossible is what you ask of me. That calamity may come."

"Never," was the almost scornful reply of Miss Leicester. "My father and mother's wishes will ever be first with me."

"I tell you you know nothing about it," repeated Caroline. "Remember my words hereafter."

"Do not cavil about what you will never agree upon," interrupted Miss Chavasse. "When is the wedding to be, Caroline?"

"I suppose almost immediately. So Mr. Castonel wishes."

"He is not so great a favourite in the place as he was when he first came. People also say that he is a general admirer. So take care, Caroline."

"I know few people with whom he is not a favourite," retorted Caroline, warmly. "My uncle is one; Mr. Leicester, I believe, is another. Are there any more?"

"You need not take me up so sharply," laughed Frances. "I only repeated what I have heard. Take your things off, Caroline, and remain to tea."

Caroline Hall hesitated. "My uncle is so lonely. Still," she added, after a pause, "I can do him no good, and as to trying to raise his spirits it's a hopeless task. Yes, I will stay, Frances."

She was glad to accept any excuse to get away from the home she had so little inclination for, utterly regardless of the lonely hours of the poor old man. Frances, careless and pleased, hastened to help her off with her things. But Ellen Leicester, more considerate, painfully reproached her in her heart of hearts.

Mr. Castonel found his way that evening to the house of Mr. Chavasse. Soon after he came, Mrs. Chavasse, who was in her garden, saw the rector pass. She went to the gate, and leaned over it to shake hands with him.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked, being one who was ever ready to retail gossip. "Caroline Hall is going to be married."

"Indeed!" he answered, in an accent of surprise. "I have been much at Mr. Winninton's lately, and have heard nothing of it."

"She marries Mr. Castonel."

There was a pause. The clergyman seemed as if unable to comprehend the words. "Mrs. Chavasse, I hope you are under a mistake," he said at last. "I think you are."

"No; it was all settled yesterday with old Winninton. Caroline told me so herself: she and Mr. Castonel are both here now."

"I am grieved to hear it! Mr. Castonel is not the man I would give a child to."

"That's just what I said. Will you walk in?"

"Not now. I will call for Ellen by-and-by."

"Not before nine," said Mrs. Chavasse.

There were those in Ebury who had called Mr. Castonel an attractive man, but I think it would have puzzled them to tell in what his attractions lay. He was by no means good-looking; though perhaps not what could be called plain: one peculiarity of his, was, that he hated music; and in society he was silent, rather than otherwise. Yet he generally found favour with the ladies: they are pretty certain to like one who has the reputation of being a general admirer. Had a stranger, that evening, been present in the drawing-room of Mrs. Chavasse, he would not have suspected Mr. Castonel was on the point of marriage with Miss Hall, for his gallant attentions to Frances Chavasse and Ellen Leicester, his evident admiration for both, were inconsistently apparent—especially considering the presence of Caroline. What she thought, it is impossible to say. She left early, and Mr. Castonel attended her as far as her home.

Mr. Leicester had taken his way to the house of Mr. Winninton. The surgeon was cowering over the fire, as Caroline had described. He shook hands with Mr. Leicester without rising, and pointed in silence to a chair. He looked very ill; scarcely able to speak.

"I have heard some tidings about Caroline," began the rector.

Mr. Winninton groaned. "Oh, my friend, my pastor," he said, "I have need of strong consolation under this affliction."

"You disapprove, no doubt, of Mr. Castonel?"

"Disapprove!" he repeated, roused to energy; "believe me, I would rather Caroline went before me, than leave her the wife of Gervase Castonel."

"Then, why have you consented?"

"I had no help for it," he sadly uttered. "They were before me, in this room, both of them, and they told me they only cared for each other. Mr. Castonel informed me that if I refused my consent it was of little consequence, for he should take her without it. She is infatuated with him: and how and where they can have met so frequently, as it appears they have done, is a wonder to me. Oh, he is of mean, dishonourable spirit! And I have my doubts about his liking her—*liking* her, even."

"Then, why should he seek to marry her?" cried the rector, in surprise.

"I know not. I have been thinking about it all night and all day, and can come to no conclusion. Save one," he added, dropping his voice, "which is firm upon me, and will not leave me: the conviction that he will not treat her well. Would you," he asked, suddenly looking up, "would you give him Ellen?"

"No," most emphatically replied Mr. Leicester. "I believe him to be a bad, immoral man. My calling takes me continually amongst the poor, and I can tell you Mr. Castonel is much more warmly welcomed by the daughters than the parents. But nothing tangible has hitherto been brought against him. He is a deep man."

"His covert behaviour as to Caroline proves his depth. What about that strange person who followed him to Ebury, and took the little lodge? You know what I mean."

"I can learn nothing of her," answered Mr. Leicester. "She lives on, there, with that female attendant. I called once, but she told me she must beg to decline my visits, as she wished to live in strict retirement. I suppose I should not have seen her at all, but the other person was out, and she came to the door."

"I met her once," said Mr. Winninton. "She is very handsome."

"Too handsome and too young to be living in so mysterious a way," remarked the rector, significantly. "She has evidently been reared as a gentlewoman: her accent and manner are perfectly ladylike and refined. Did you mention her to Mr. Castonel?"

"I did. And he answered in an indifferent, haughty manner that the lady was a connexion of his own family, who chose, for reasons of her own, good and upright, though they were kept secret, to pass her days just now in retirement. He added, that her character was unimpeachable, and no one, to him, should dare impugn it. What could I answer?"

"Very true. And it may be as he says: though the circumstances wear so suspicious an appearance."

"Oh, that he had never come to Ebury!" exclaimed the surgeon, clasping his hands with emotion. "Not for the injury he has done to me professionally: and I believe *striven* to do, for there was room for us both: I have forgiven him this with all my heart, as it becomes a Christian, near the grave, to do. But my conviction tells me he is a bad man, a mysterious man—yes, my friend, I repeat it, a mysterious man—I feel him to be so, though it is an assertion I cannot explain; and I feel that he will assure Caroline's misery instead of happiness."

"Still, unless he is attached to her, I do not see why he should wed her," repeated the rector. "She has no fortune to tempt his cupidity."

"Nor do I see it," replied Mr. Winninton. "But it is so."

Mr. Leicester sat there an hour, and then proceeded to visit some cottages. On his return, he cut across the fields, a near way, for he found it was getting dusk, and close upon the time he intended to call for Ellen. As he passed the corner of Beech Wood, a retired spot just there, near to the pretty, but very small lodge originally built for a gamekeeper, who should he suddenly encounter but its present inmate, the lady he and Mr. Winninton had been speaking of. Her arm was within Mr. Castonel's, and she was talking rapidly, in a tone, as it seemed, of remonstrance. The gentlemen bowed as they passed each other; both coldly; and had Mr. Leicester turned to scan the doctor's face, he would have seen on it a sneer of malignant triumph.

"I never saw a case more open to suspicion in my life," muttered the clergyman to himself. "And he just come from the presence of his wife that is to be!"

### III.

"Come, Hannah, look alive," cried Mrs. Muff, some two months subsequent to the above details; "wash those decanters first: there's one short, but I'll see to that. Now you need not touch the knives: Jean will clean them all in the morning. Do as I bid you, and then get out and dust the best china."

"There's the door bell," said Hannah.

"Go and answer it, and don't be an hour over it. I dare say it's the man with the potted meats. Tell him the rolls must be here in the morning by ten o'clock."

A most valuable personage was Mrs. Muff in her vocation, and highly respected throughout Ebury. An upright, portly, kindly-looking woman, of four or five-and-fifty, with an auburn "front," whose curls were always scrupulously smooth. She had for many years held the important situation of housekeeper at the Hall: but changes had occurred there, as they do in many places. On the death of Mr. Winninton's sister, she had accepted the post of housekeeper to him, and had been there ever since. Hannah, a damsel of twenty, being under her.

"Well, was it the baker?" she demanded, as Hannah returned to the kitchen.

"No, ma'am. It was another wedding present for Miss Caroline, with Mrs. Major Acre's compliments. I took it up to her: she's in the drawing-room with Mr. Castonel."

"Ah!" groaned the housekeeper.—"Look at the dust on those glasses, Hannah. I thought you said you had wiped them."

"And what harm, ma'am, either?" returned Hannah, who understood very well the nature of the groan. "She'll be his wife to-morrow."

"Who said there was harm?" sharply retorted Mrs. Muff. "Only—my poor master!—he is so lonely, and it is the last evening she'll be here. Where are you running off to, now? I told you to finish the decanters."

"Master called out for some coal as I passed the parlour," answered Hannah. "The puzzle to me is, how he can bear a fire, this sultry August weather."

"Ah, child, you'll come to the end of many puzzles before you arrive at my years. Master's old and chilly, and breaking up as fast as he can break. I'll take the coal in myself."

Mr. Winninton did not look up, as the housekeeper put the coal on. But afterwards, when she was busy at the sideboard, he called out in a sudden, quick tone—"Mrs. Muff."

"Sir?" she answered.

"What are you doing there?"

"I am changing the sherry wine, sir, into the odd decanter. We want this one to put ready with the others."

"For the show to-morrow?" he went on.

"To be sure, sir. For nothing else."

"Ay, Muff, put everything in order," he continued. "Don't let it be said that I opposed any of their wishes; an old man like I am, whom they will be glad to see out of the world. And you need not trouble yourself to put things up afterwards: they will be wanted again."

"For what purpose, sir?" she inquired.

"For the funeral."

Mrs. Muff, as she said afterwards, was struck all of a heap. And Mr. Winninton resumed:

"After a wedding comes a burying. She is beginning the cares of life, and I am giving them up for ever. And something tells me she

will have her share of them. I shall not be here to stand by her, Muff, so you must."

The housekeeper trembled as she heard. He had a queer look on his face that she did not like.

"I'll do what I can, sir," she said. "But when Miss Caroline has left here, that will be but little."

"You can go where she goes, Muff."

"Perhaps not, sir."

"Perhaps yes. Will you promise to do so if you can—if any possible way is open? Promise me," he added, eagerly and feverishly.

"Well, sir," she answered, to humour him, "if it shall be agreeable to all parties, yes I will."

"And you will shield her from him, as far as you can?"

"Yea," repeated the housekeeper, most imperfectly understanding what Caroline was to be shielded from.

"Now, Mrs. Muff," he concluded, in a solemn tone, "that's a death bargain. Remember it."

"You don't seem well, sir," was Mrs. Muff's rejoinder. "Shall I call Miss Caroline to you?"

"No," he sadly answered. "Let her be."

She was in the drawing-room with Mr. Castonel, as has been stated; laughing, talking, joking, unmindful of her fond uncle, who was dying underneath. Her dress was a cool summer muslin, very pretty, with its open sleeves, her dark hair was worn in bands, and her dark eyes were animated. She began showing him some of the presents she had received that day, and slipped a bracelet on her arm to display it.

"That is an elegant bracelet," observed Mr. Castonel. "Who is it from?"

"Ellen Leicester."

"Oh," he hastily rejoined, "I heard it said to-day that she is not going to church with you—that the parson's starch will not let her."

"It is true," said Caroline. "I did not tell you of it, Gervase, because I thought it might annoy you, as it had done me."

"Annoy me! Oh dear no. Let me hear what his objections were: what he said."

"I only gathered the substance of them from Mrs. Leicester. You know my uncle does not approve our union, though he did give his consent. So on that score, I believe, Mr. Leicester declined to allow Ellen to be one of my bridesmaids—that he would not directly sanction what he was pleased to call an undutiful measure."

"I wonder he condescends to marry us," remarked Mr. Castonel, with that peculiar sneer, cunning and malignant, on his face, which even Caroline disliked to see.

"That he could not refuse. It is in his line of duty. Ellen is so vexed. We three had always promised each other that the two left would be bridesmaids to whichever was married first, I, Ellen, and Frances Chavasse."

Mr. Castonel laughed, a strange, ringing laugh, as if something amused him much; and Caroline looked at him in surprise.

The wedding-day dawned; not too promisingly. In the first place, the fine, brilliant weather had suddenly changed, and the day rose pouring wet. In the second, Mr. Winninton, who, however, had never in-

tended to go to church with them, was too ill to rise. Miss Chavasse was bridesmaid, and by half-past ten, Gervase Castonel and Caroline Hall had been united for better for worse, until *death* did them part. Next came the breakfast, the Reverend Mr. Leicester, who had officiated, declining to go and partake of it, and then the bride and bridegroom started off in a carriage-and-four to spend a short honeymoon. Before they returned, Mr. Winninton was dead.

## IV:

AGAIN, reader, six months have elapsed, for time, as I told you, slipped on at Ebury as fast as it does at other places. No medical opponent had started, so Mr. Castonel had the professional swing of the whole place, and was getting on in it at railway speed. We are now in the cold drizzly month of February, and it is a drizzling, dirty, wretched day. In the bright kitchen, however, of Mr. Castonel, little signs are seen of the outside weather. The fire burns clear, and the kettle sings on it, the square of carpet, never put down till the cooking is over, extends itself before the hearth, and good Mrs. Muff is presiding over all, her feet on a warm footstool, and her spectacles on nose, for she has drawn the stand before her on which rests her Bible. Presently a visitor came in, a figure clothed in travelling attire, limp and moist, introduced by the tiger, John, who had encountered it at the door, as he was going out on an errand for his master.

"My goodness me, Hannah! it's never you?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is," was Hannah's reply, with a very low obeisance to Mrs. Muff.

"And why did you not come yesterday, as was agreed upon?"

"It rained so hard with us, mother said I had better wait; but as to-day turned out little better, I came through it. She'd have paid for a inside place, ma'am, but the coach was full, so I came outside."

"Well, get off your wet things, and we'll have a cup of tea," said Mrs. Muff, rising, and setting the tea-things.

"Mother sends her duty to you, ma'am," said Hannah, as she sat down to the tea-table, after obeying directions, "and bade me say she was kindly obliged to you for thinking of me, and getting me a place under you again."

"Ah! we little thought, some months back, that we should ever be serving Mr. Castonel."

"Nothing was ever further from my thoughts, ma'am."

"I wished to come and live with Miss Caroline; I had my own reasons for it," resumed Mrs. Muff; "and, as luck had it, she had a breeze with the maids here, after she came home, and gave them both warning. I fancy they had done as they liked too long, under Mr. Castonel, to put up with the control of a mistress, and Miss Caroline, if put out, can be pretty sharp and hasty. However, they were leaving, and I heard of it, and came after the place. Miss Caroline—dear! I mean Mrs. Castonel—thought I ought to look out for a superior one to hers, but said she should be too glad to take me if I did not think so. So, here I came, and here I have been; and when, a week ago, the girl under me misbehaved herself, I thought of you and spoke to mistress, so we sent for you. Now you know how it has all happened, Hannah."

"Yes, ma'am, and thank you. Is Miss Caroline well?"

"Mrs. Castonel," interrupted the housekeeper. "Did you not hear me correct myself? She is getting better."

"Has she been ill?" returned Hannah.

"Ill! I believe you. It was a near touch, Hannah, whether she lived or died."

"What has been the matter, ma'am?"

"A mis—— Never you mind what," said the old lady, arresting her speech before the ominous word popped out, "she has been ill, but is getting better; and that's enough. I'll step up, and ask if she wants anything."

Hannah cast her eyes round the kitchen: it looked a very comfortable one, and she thought she should be happy enough in her new abode. Everything was bright and clean to a fault, betokening two plain facts, the presiding genius of Mrs. Muff, and plenty of work for Hannah, who knew she should have to keep things as she found them.

"Mrs. Castonel will have some tea presently, not just yet," said Mrs. Muff, returning. "How ill she does look! Her face has no more colour in it, than a corpse. It put me in mind of my dream."

"Have you had a bad dream lately, ma'am?" inquired Hannah. For there was not a more inveterate dreamer, or interpreter of dreams, than Mrs. Muff, and nothing loth was she to find a listener for them.

"Indeed I have," she answered, "and a dream that I don't like. It was just three nights ago. I had gone to bed, dead asleep, having been up part of several back nights with my mistress, and I undressed in no time, and was asleep as quick. All on a sudden, for I remembered no event that seemed to lead to it, I thought I saw my old master——"

"The squire?" interrupted Hannah.

"Not the squire: what put him in your head? Mr. Winnimton. thought I saw him standing at the foot of the bed, and after looking at me fixedly, as if to draw my attention, he turned his head slowly towards the door. I heard the stairs creaking, as if somebody was coming up, step by step, and we both kept our eyes on the door, waiting in expectation. It began to move on its hinges, very slowly, and I was struck with horror, for who should appear at it but——"

"Ah-a-a-a-ah!" shrieked Hannah, whose feelings, being previously wrought up to shrieking pitch, received their climax, for at that very moment a loud noise was heard outside the kitchen door, which was only pushed to, not closed.

"What a simpleton you be!" wrathfully exclaimed Mrs. Muff, who, however, had edged her own chair into close contact with Hannah's. "I dare say it is only master in his laboratory."

After the lapse of a few reassuring seconds, Mrs. Muff moved towards the door, looked out, and then went towards a small room contiguous to it.

"It is as I thought," she said, coming back and closing the door; "it is master in his laboratory. But now that's an odd thing," she added, musingly.

"What is odd, ma'am?"

"Why, how master could have come down and gone in there without my hearing him. I left him sitting with mistress. Perhaps she has

dozed off, she does sometimes at dusk, and he crept down softly, for fear of disturbing her."

"But what was the noise?" asked Hannah, breathlessly.

"Law, child! d'ye fear it was a ghost? It was only Mr. Castonel let fall one of the little drawers, and it went down with a clatter. And that's another odd thing, now I come to think of it, for I always believed that top drawer to be a dummy drawer. It has no lock and no knob, like the others."

"What is a dummy drawer?" repeated Hannah.

"A false drawer, child, one that won't open. John thinks so too, for last Saturday, when he was cleaning the laboratory, I went in for some string to tie up the beef olives I was making for dinner. He was on the steps stretching up his duster to that very drawer, and he called out, 'This here drawer is just like your head, Madam Muff.'"

"How so?" asked I.

"'Cause he has got nothing in the inside of him,' said he, in his impudent way, and rushed off the steps into the garden, fearing I should box his ears. But it is this very drawer master has now let fall, and there were two or three little papers and phials, I saw, scattered on the floor. I was stepping in, asking if I could help him to pick them up, but he looked at me as black as thunder, and roared out, 'No. Go away and mind your own business.' Didn't you hear him?"

"I heard a man's voice," replied Hannah; "I did not know it was Mr. Castonel's. But about the dream, ma'am: you did not finish it."

"True, and it's worth finishing," answered the housekeeper, settling herself in her chair. "Where was I? Oh—I thought at the foot of the bed stood Mr. Winninton, and when the footsteps came close, and the door opened—so slowly, Hannah, and we watching in suspense all the time—who should it be but Mr. and Mrs. Castonel. She was in her grave-clothes, a flannel dress and cap, edged with white quilled ribbon, and she looked, for all the world, as she looks this night. He had got hold of her hand, and he handed her in, remaining himself at the door, and my old master bent forward and took her by the other hand. Mr. Winninton looked at me, as much as to say, Do you see this? and then they both turned and gazed after Mr. Castonel. I heard his footsteps descending the stairs, and upon looking again at the foot of the bed, they were both gone. I woke up in a dreadful fright, and could not get to sleep again for two hours."

"It's a mercy it wasn't me that dreamt it," observed Hannah. "I should have rose the house, screeching."

"It was a nasty dream," added Mrs. Muff, "and if mistress had not been out of all danger, and getting better as fast as she can get, I should say it betokened—something not over pleasant."

She was interrupted by Mrs. Castonel's bell. It was for a cup of tea, and Mrs. Muff took it up. As she passed the laboratory she saw that Mr. Castonel was in it still. Mrs. Castonel was seated in an arm-chair by her bedroom fire.

"Then you have not been asleep, ma'am?" observed Mrs. Muff, perceiving that her mistress had the candles lighted and was reading.

"No, I have not felt sleepy this evening. Let Hannah come up when I ring next. I should like to see her."



Scarcely had Mrs. Muff regained the kitchen, when the bell rang again, so she sent up Hannah.

"Ah, Hannah, how d'ye do?" said Mrs. Castonel.

"I am nicely, thank you, miss—ma'am," answered Hannah, who did not stand in half the awe of "Miss Caroline" that she did of the formidable Mrs. Muff. "I am sorry to find you are not well, ma'am."

"I have been ill, but I am much better. So much better that I should have gone down stairs to-day, had it not been so damp and chilly."

Hannah never took her eyes off Mrs. Castonel as she spoke; she was thinking how very much she was changed; apart from her paleness and aspect of ill health. Her eyes appeared darker, and there was a look of care in them. She wore a cap, and her dark hair was nearly hidden under it.

"Now, Hannah," she said, "I hope you have made up your mind to do your work well, and help Mrs. Muff all that you can. There is a deal more work to do here than there was at my uncle's."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Hannah.

"Especially in running up and down stairs you must save Mrs. Muff; your legs are younger than hers. Let me see that you do, and then I shall be pleased with you."

"I'll try," repeated Hannah. "Shall I take your cup for some more tea, ma'am?"

"I should like some," was Mrs. Castonel's reply, "but I don't know that I may have it. This morning Mr. Castonel said it was bad for me, and made me nervous, and would not let me drink a second cup."

Hannah stood waiting, not knowing whether to take the cup or not.

"Is Mr. Castonel in his study?"

"If you please, ma'am, which place is that?"

"The front room on the left-hand side, opening opposite to the dining-parlour," said Mrs. Castonel.

"I don't think it is there then," replied Hannah. "He is in the little room where the bottles are, next the kitchen. I forget, ma'am, what Mrs. Muff called it."

"Oh, is he? Set this door open, Hannah."

The girl obeyed, and Mrs. Castonel called to him. "Gervase!"

He heard her, and came immediately to the foot of the stairs. "What is it?" he asked.

"May I have another cup of tea?"

He ran up-stairs and entered the room. "Have you taken your tea already?" he said, in an accent of surprise and displeasure. "I told you to wait till seven o'clock."

"I was so thirsty. Do say I may have another cup, Gervase. I am sure it will not hurt me."

"Bring up half a cup," he said to the servant, "and some more bread-and-butter. If you drink, Caroline, you must eat."

Hannah went down stairs. She procured what was wanted, and was carrying it from the kitchen again, when Mr. Castonel came out of the laboratory, to which, it appeared, he had returned.

"Give it me," he said to Hannah. "I will take it myself to your mistress."

So he proceeded up-stairs with the little waiter, and Hannah returned

to the kitchen. "How much she's altered!" was her exclamation, as she closed the door.

"What did she say to you?" questioned Mrs. Muff.

"Well, ma'am, she chiefly told me to be attentive, and to save your legs," returned Hannah. "I never knew Miss Caroline so thoughtful before. I thought it was not in her."

"And that has surprised me, that she should evince so much lately," assented Mrs. Muff. "Thoughtfulness does not come to the young suddenly. It's a thing that only comes with years—or sorrow."

"Sorrow!" echoed Hannah. "Miss Caroline can't have any sorrow."

"Not—not that I know of," somewhat dubiously responded the housekeeper.

"Is Mr. Castonel fond of her? Does he make her a good husband?" asked Hannah, full of woman's curiosity on such points.

"What should hinder him?" testily retorted Mrs. Muff.

"Has that—that strange lady left the place?" was Hannah's next question. "She that, people said, had something to do with Mr. Castonel."

"What to do with him?" was the sharp demand.

"Was his cousin, ma'am, or sister-in-law, or some relation of that sort," explained Hannah, with a face demure enough to disarm the anger of the fastidious Mrs. Muff.

"I believe she has not left," was the stiff response; "I know nothing about her."

"Do you suppose Miss Caroline does?" added Hannah.

"Of course she does, all particulars," returned Mrs. Muff, with a peculiar sniff, which she invariably gave when forcing her tongue to an untruth. "But it's not your business, so you may just put it out of your head, and never say any more about it. And you may begin and wash up the tea-things. John don't deserve any tea for not coming in, and I have a great mind to make him go without. He is always stopping in the street to play."

Hannah was rising to obey, when the bedroom bell rang most violently, and Mr. Castonel was heard bursting out of the room, and calling loudly for assistance.

"Whatever can be the matter?" was the terrified exclamation of Mrs. Muff. "Mistress has never dropped asleep, and fallen off her chair into the fire! Follow me up-stairs, girl. And that lazy tiger a playing truant!"

Not for many a year had the housekeeper flown up-stairs so quickly. Hannah followed more slowly, from a vague consciousness of dread—of what she might see; the dream she had shuddered at, being before her mind in vivid colours. Mrs. Castonel was in convulsions.

About the same hour, or a little later, Mr. Leicester returned to his home, having been absent since morning. "Well," he cheerily said, as he took his seat by the fire, "have you any news? A whole day from the parish seems a long absence to me."

"I think not," answered Mrs. Leicester. "Except that I went to see Caroline Castonel to-day, and she is getting on nicely."

"I am glad to hear it. Is she quite out of danger?"

"Completely so."

"She told mamma that she should be at church on Sunday," added Ellen.

"Yes, but I told her that would be imprudent," returned Mrs. Leicester. "However, she will soon be well now."

At that moment the church bell rang out with its thrice times two, denoting the recent departure of a soul. The church, situate at the end of the village street, was immediately opposite the parsonage, the main road dividing them. The sound struck upon their ears loud and full; very solemnly in the stillness of the winter's night.

Consternation fell upon all. No one was ill in the village, at least, ill enough for death. Could a sister—for they knew, by the strokes, it was not a male—have been called away suddenly?

"The passing-bell!" uttered the rector, rising from his seat in agitation. "And I to have been absent! Have I been summoned out?" he hurriedly asked of Mrs. Leicester.

"No; I assure you, no. Not any one has been for you. Neither have we heard speak of any illness."

Mr. Leicester touched the bell-rope at his elbow. A maid servant answered it. Benjamin was attending to his horse. "Stop over," said the rector, "and inquire who is dead."

She departed. A couple of minutes at the most would see her back again. They had all risen from their seats, and stood in an expectant, almost a reverent attitude. The bell was striking out fast strokes now. The girl returned, looking terrified.

"It is the passing-bell, sir, for Mrs. Castonel."

The morning was cold and misty, and the Reverend Mr. Leicester felt a strange chill and lowness of spirits, for which he could not account, when he stepped into the chariot that was to convey him to Mr. Castonel's.

Mrs. Chavasse and Frances came into the parsonage. Ostensibly for the purpose of inviting Ellen to spend the following day with them: in reality to see the funeral. They had not long to wait.

The undertaker came first in his hatband and scarf, and then the black chariot containing the Reverend Mr. Leicester. Before the hearse walked six carriers, and the mourning-coach came last. It was a plain, respectable funeral.

It drew up at the churchyard gate, in full view of the parsonage windows, all of which had their blinds closely drawn, out of respect for the dead. But they managed to peep at it behind the blinds.

The rector stepped out first, and stood waiting at the church door in his officiating dress, his book open in his hands. There was some little delay in getting the burden from the hearse, but at length the carriers had it on their shoulders, and bore it up the path with measured, even steps, themselves being nearly hidden by the pall. Mr. Castonel followed, his handkerchief to his face. He betrayed at that moment no outward sign of emotion, but his face could not have been exceeded in whiteness by that of his dead wife.

"Oh!" said Ellen, shivering, and turning from the light, as she burst into tears, "what a dreadful sequel it is to the day when he last got out of a carriage at that churchyard gate, and she was with him, in her gay happiness! Poor Mr. Castonel, how he must need consolation!"

"It is nothing of a funeral, after all," said Mrs. Chavasse, discontentedly; "no pall-bearers, nor mutes, nor anything. I wonder he did not have some!"

## New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

## MICHELET'S HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.\*

M. MICHELET insists on the strongest distinction being drawn between the French Wars of Religion, as he allows them to be rightly called, the "sombre yet beautiful history" of which ends with the year 1572, and the "miserable" era which then ensued, of what he calls *Intrigues* under pretext of Religion. He appeals to the Pope himself in corroboration of this judgment. Sixtus V., he reminds us, held in disgust the wholesale system of hypocrisy with which he became connected. The Holy Father, intent on his own business at Rome, which consisted in catching and hanging the bandits in his vicinity, regarded the sorry pretences and performances of the League with a very small amount of gratification. Little favour felt his Holiness for what his dear children the Leaguers and his dear children the Spaniards persisted in doing for him. Parchments, and bulls, and all that sort of thing he gave them, as a matter of course; but no money. He was too poor for that, he said. He was, in fact, as M. Michelet reads his character, a crafty peasant, who was anything but a dupe. He saw through the hollow pretensions of the League—saw that the Leaguers and their Spanish allies were *not* working for him, and that if successful, the success would be in favour of the Spanish monarchy, not of the Church of Rome.

The League, according to our historian, had in reality no true force but what it borrowed from the Spanish alliance. He will not hear of its being accredited as the representative of French feeling. The French of the sixteenth century—when already Gargantua was a sort of living epistle, known and read of all men, and while Montaigne was in the act of writing his essays—could they be, in very sooth, such fools and fanatics as to go along with the League in its madcap career? What though M. Capefigue has collected a heap of so-called "popular" acts, in favour of the opposite view. M. Michelet can or will see in these acts nothing but emanations from official sources; they are all tainted and self-condemned, in his eyes, by manifest traces of authority, the documents of a clique, not the spontaneous voice of a people.

What had previously convinced him of the fallacy of supposing the League to have been a really popular movement, was the length of the time during which it struggled, and kept all France in a ferment. Is he told that this League was popular for no less than twenty years? France, he answers, is never mad so long together as *that*. A play which drags along so heavily, which shirks crisis or catastrophe so tediously, which is of the never ending, still beginning sort, with *entr'actes* so frequent, and leaving the stage so often empty, is no French play. Any such piece requires a degree of patience which the gods have not vouchsafed to the French people. No, no: hundreds of times this drama of the League would have been hissed off the stage, had it not been that the real author, the clergy, was there, with a strong

\* *Histoire de France au Seizième Siècle: La Ligue et Henri IV.* Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chametot. 1857.

body of police, consisting of ruined shopkeepers, beggars armed with clubsticks, and a rear-guard in the pay of his Most Catholic Majesty, Philip II. of Spain.

If the League had struck root so deeply and widely in the national soil as is commonly supposed, the Duke of Guise would have had no occasion, M. Michelet contends, to have danced attendance in the manner he did on Philip of Spain. "The foreigner, always the foreigner. That is what every Frenchman with the least clear-sightedness saw across the League." And so far from there being an analogy between the League of the sixteenth century and the Convention of the eighteenth, there was in fact, our republican historian maintains, no safeguard for France in the times of the League against the encroachments and absorbing domination of Spain, except in the throne itself. No other national defence than the crown. *Hélas! rien que la royauté.* This "fatal royalty," cruelly spendthrift, frantic in its excesses,—this and nothing else, by an ultra-republican's showing, was the one rallying point, the one way of salvation for the troubled nation at large.

In the foregoing volume ("Les Guerres de Religion") M. Michelet had stigmatised with characteristic asperity the "savage lunacy" of Charles IX., and the womanish freaks of his brother, that hermaphrodite monarch, that dissipated *homme femme*, Henri III. In the present one, he confesses himself reduced, by that "monster of hypocrisy," the League, to regret even a Charles IX., and constrained to regard even a Henri III. with favour. Choosing the least of two evils, both of them bitter bad, he prefers the national monarchy, however corrupt, to the anti-national party, because he believes it to be anti-national as well as corrupt, unprincipled, and contemptibly hypocritical.

Hence, the two "viziers" of Henri III., Epemon and Joyeuse, assume some interest and importance in his eyes. Can anything be worse than the government of an Epemon and a Joyeuse? Is there below the lowest depth a deeper still? Yes; below this petty dual lies in yesty confusion the chaotic anarchy of the League. While as yet the little King of Navarre, Henri the Béarnais, is too little for active service in the forefront of the fray,—while he is gathering strength, and gaining time, and biding his hour,—these two *drôles* are not without their value, are veritably precious, it would seem, as guardians of French nationality against the Lorraine faction and the Spanish party. "Let us own this degradation, this extremity of wretchedness. France, at this moment, would perish except for royalty, which royalty itself has no other existence than in these two viziers." Better therefore this pair of ill-yoked counsellors—for they were rivals, and had each his separate tactics and his peculiar following—than the Philippicising treason of Leaguers, Jesuits, *et hoc genus omne*.

M. Michelet traces back the *premier mot* of the League to the year 1559. The clergy had long felt, he says, that the royalty of France, violent indeed, but then capricious, would not have, in the matter of persecution, the same terrible tenacity of purpose and of grasp which distinguished the sovereignty of Spain. Since the 5th of March, 1559, when the ecclesiastical body found an obstacle opposed to its procedure by the royal policy, its feeling found vent in the expression, "S'il le faut, on tuera le roi." Only let expediency attain a certain degree, and

his majesty might and should be disposed of in an altogether summary manner. He might not come to what is called a good end, but that would be his look out. A good end it would be to get rid of him, when he became a nuisance; and of course—be the means what they might, bolus or bowl, cord or knife,—the end would justify the means.

The League and its long civil wars—that “vast and terrible French revolution”—is called by our historian an episode in the gigantic poem of Philip II. Guise was only preparing laurels for the King of Spain, when he carried on war in the dirt of the streets of Paris. “Singular mortification, when one thinks of it, for the French Leaguers, for the clergy, who, ever since 1561, had appointed one of the House of Guise to an hereditary chieftainship of the Church, and who, at the same time, made their appeal to Spain,—to find that, in reality, instead of gaining for France the services of Spain, they had made her its servitor, the mere valet of that politic king whose treatment of the Portuguese clergy was of so barbarous a kind.”

The bourgeoisie of Paris, it is confidently alleged, hated, by an immense majority, detested outright “this monster of the League,” this nondescript chimera, made up of so many heterogeneous materials, one of which, however, was only too clear—the alliance of the clergy with Spain—not forgetting gold, intrigue, menace, and foreign insolence harder perhaps to put up with than all the rest.

Another point on which M. Michelet is opposed to received opinions is, the actual power and influence of the League. He believes this power to have been absurdly exaggerated. It found on every side, indeed, scope for developing itself, because, in a time of universal weakness, it met with no active obstacle, encountered no positive resistance. But the League was very weak, even by its own estimate of itself. From the very first, it was conscious of utter inability to hold its ground without the assistance of Spain. On this point the diverse factions of the League were of one mind. Mayenne's demand was a Spanish army. The Sixteen, opposed to Mayenne, would yield obedience to none other than Spain. The son of Guise, a little later, placed his only hope of success in a Spanish marriage. Philip II. was obliged to come again and again, incessantly, to the help of this “great party,” “said to be so popular that it was one with the people's own self;” incessantly must the King of Spain be intervening, to aid and assist, to abet enterprise and to remedy disaster, and this not merely in the North, by means of the great expeditions of the Prince of Parma, but in every direction, in Bretagne, in Languedoc, in Paris, by the constant presence of his armies, without which the League must needs have dropped to pieces a hundred times over. The League is compared, in short, on the score of its intrinsic weakness, with *cette grande machine de Marly*, with its hundred huge wheels without any action of their own, which if it is to move at all must invoke the helping hand of some looker-on, to set it a-going, and *keep it a-going too*.

Naturally enough, the historian of the French Revolution returns again and again to the parallel suggested, by various writers, and on various grounds, between the ways and means of the League and those of the Jacobin Revolutionists. Among other topics there is the Terrorism in each case. Certain features of resemblance he admits between the Terrorism of 1589 and that of 1793. But the essential point of distine-

tion between them he takes to be this—and it is the one that might be anticipated from the author of “Priests, Women, and Families”—that the Terrorism of the League meddled with interior domesticity, and interfered with the details of home life, to a degree never realised by the ultraists of '93. The latter, he affirms, acted from without, not from within. It was destitute of that wonderful instrument of ecclesiastical police, the confessional; without *that*, it could not ransack the thoughts and imaginations of the heart—it could not get to the bottom of the question—it could not take its stand between husband and wife—it stopped short of knowing what was to be the dinner of to-day, what was said on the pillow last night—it could not see through the four walls, peep into the fireplace, peer into the saucepan, pry into bedchamber and bed. Curé and commissaire, pastor and spy, united in one and the same person, pumping at the confessional those whom he terrified from the height of the pulpit—their servants having been already well pumped by him, to worm out every available secret, scandalous and shameful or what not,—this, says M. Michelet, is quite a different ideal from that of the Jacobins.

But in these very modes of action he describes an explanation of some of the “popularity” of the League party. Why be surprised if the League became “popular,” when it adopted means so energetic? Why ask how it is that only among the nobles are to be found declared enemies of the League? “The reason is very simple. It is because one had need have, for that purpose, not only a sword to defend oneself *withal*, but moreover a hole wherein to take refuge in time of need; and at any rate a horse, like the famished noblesse led on by the King of Navarre. As to the wretched denizens of the towns, within the atrocious grasp of so compact a police, to what shall I compare their lot? Dungeon and prison-cell are far more free, because there at least the prisoner is alone. The great *cachot* of Paris, the great *cachot* of Toulouse, these towns, turned into prisons, multiplied terror in a horrible degree by some hundred thousand witnesses, who played the spy one upon another, by the profundity of a system of mutual inquisition, in matters domestic and the most private, even to the extent of self-accusation and self-deunciation from sheer impulses of personal alarm.”

After the death of the “King of the League,” the old Cardinal de Bourbon, the League was seen, more clearly than ever, to be a party with two heads, one of which, the Guise section, was getting thinner, leaner, every way weaker, day by day. The Spanish head, on the other hand, was increasing in bulk and strength, and became virtually the only head of the party. The clergy, now at length forsaking their cherished romance, doomed as it was to continual frustration and disappointment, of having in one of the House of Guise a captain of the Church militant here on earth, frankly rallied around the Spanish standard, and inscribed on their own flag, as object and the device of their order, *la royauté de l'étranger*. We will not have this man, Henry of Bourbon, to reign over us: our sympathies are with Spain, our hopes are from the stranger, with and for the foreigner we will do or die.

But this Henry of Bourbon, meanwhile, was profiting signally by the Spanish sympathies of the anti-national party. M. Michelet dates his *événement* from the moment when France, tired of priests and Spaniards, began to turn its back on them, and to look at affairs from the stand-point of the

joyous Gascon—while Henri III. was still living, however, and the siege of Paris going on. Napoleon once called the King of Navarre “mon brave capitaine de cavalerie;” and the Prince of Parma said of him, “I had supposed him to be a king, while he is only a carabinier.” Both of these are, in Michelet’s judgment, hard sayings. These great Italian tacticians, he remarks, do not take account of one thing—viz., that in France a spark does the business. *Tout est par l’étincelle*. “No man had more of it than Henri IV. A better would not have succeeded so well. His brilliant vivacity, which carried all along with him, made him strong as a party chief, before making him a general. He knew none too well how armies were to be conducted, but he created them, by those fascinating ways of his, by his gaiety, by his very look.”

A *résumé* is given of the characteristics of the Béarnais to this effect:

In the first place, the creature was decidedly of the masculine gender, and, furthermore, *disons mieux*, a satyr, as his profile shows.

Secondly, a Frenchman, closely akin to his great-uncle—to that *grand garçon qui gâta tout*—Francis I. He was, in fact, another Francis I., with less of restraint, more familiar and communicative, ready to jest and gossip with people of every description.

Thirdly, he was a Gascon; he had the tastes and habits of that province in excess, and got rid of them (or degasconised) very slowly.

It is said that while an infant he had eight different nurses, and sucked eight different kinds of milk. This, M. Michelet takes it, was a true image of his life, wherein so many influences were strangely commingled together. Coligny and Catherine de Médicis were two of his nurses. Unfortunately, he profited little by the former, infinitely by the latter.

“The most deceptive part of him was his sensibility, which, however, was quite real and not at all pretended,—a facile thing, entirely natural. He had very lively eyes, that were hardly dry for an instant, so singular their facility for tears. He wept for love, wept for friendship, wept for pity. . . . Nothing can be more amusing, more original. The popular legend of the *Diable à quatre* is here simply the truth. A *diable gascon* and *pauvre diable*, if ever there was one, we regard him with something of compassion too. Still unhappier at home than he was elsewhere, harassed about love and about money, a deluded lover, a famished king, he writes despairing letters to his Gabrielle, who, together with Belle-garde, makes merry over them at his expense. To his parliament, which refuses him assistance, he addresses reproaches at once eloquent and undignified, pervaded by an accent of kindness which goes to the heart.” As for his abjuration, it was the politic act of an easy-going man of the world, “*passant si indifférent au bien et au mal*.” The Bourbon, in short, is no hero, of the heroic cast, stature, or dimensions, as he appears on M. Michelet’s canvas. The only hero of that sort, so presented and acknowledged in these pages, is the Prince of Orange, William the Silent, with whom Henry is placed in a state of invidious comparison.

The last of the Valois, Henri III., is of course a prominent object in the history. Some of its smartest writing is devoted to him. What Davila chiefly admired in this effeminate prince, was his “extraordinary prudence.” He read Machiavel every evening; read, and profited by the reading. But one sees from the first, says M. Michelet, that this young king, *gracieux* and *spirituel*, but worn-out, “used up,” was the victim in



a singular degree of a progressive softening of the brain. His physician, Miron, declared, on his coming to the throne, that he would die mad before long. His weakness, as a ruler, was infirmity of will. Incapable of self-direction, he was also incapable of keeping the secrets of others: privy counsellors complained that there was no privacy in the counsels they offered—there was no serving such a master under such circumstances—they knew not where to have him. And then, what chance of popularity had a sovereign who lived shut up in his room, like a young lady of Italy, afraid of sun and air? “His more than feminine toilette left a doubt whether he was a man after all, despite some scanty semblance of a beard that came to a point on his chin. He took no horse or foot exercise, scarcely any in a carriage even; he had travelled through Savoy [on his way home to assume the crown in 1574] in a glass litter. His favourite vehicle was a little painted boat, which reminded him of his darling Venetian gondolas, the mystery of which inspired him with longing regrets. Stretched on a couch the livelong day, he only got up to lie down again in this barque of his, snugly curtained in, and thus conveyed gently along the Saône.” This “poor man,” to whom have been attributed the tastes of a Roman emperor, came home from Italy in a condition of utter physical debility. “Fowls as they grow old become cocks, and crow; and women get a beard. Henry, already old at three-and-twenty, had undergone the contrary metamorphosis; he had become a woman to his very finger-ends. He loved women’s ornaments, their perfumes, their poodles; he took to wearing their earrings. He had their manners, their graces, and, like them, he was fond of young men of daring and duelling propensities—good swordsmen, such as he believed able to afford him protection.” On one occasion, the opening of the States-General at Blois, his majesty “came out” in full feminine costume. He wore the turned-down collar then in fashion among court ladies. And a necklace of pearls, we are told, which was seen through his open doublet, next to his delicate white skin, “s’harmonisait à ravir avec une gorge naissante que toute dame eût enviée.” Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child! These are the words of the Preacher, the son of David, king of Jerusalem. Thrice woe, then, to thee, O land, when thy king is a—woman! A land will fight well and long for a woman-king, when it can boast of its King Maria Theresa. But what can a land do for an unsexed Henri III., whose beard is nought, and his skin so dazzling, and the sheen of his crown absorbed in that of ear-drops and necklace?

His namesake of Guise, again, figures to poor effect in M. Michelet’s version. The Spanish despatches glorified this Henri under the title of *Hercules*; but under no such character does he here tread the boards. He is represented as a thorough Italian, wearing a German mask, and affecting the part of one who is slow and sure, and a certain military simplicity, *sentant son Allemand*. He is regarded as the tool, and in effect the martyr, of Philip II. The narrative of his assassination is strikingly told, in the historian’s peculiar style, abrupt and eccentric, but always graphic and spirited. Though a much more than twice-told tale—and in spite of the querulous query, What more tedious?—we venture to follow the leading incidents as they are here depicted.

On the 18th of December, 1588, all the court then being present at a fête given by the queen-mother to celebrate a marriage in her household,

the king, taking advantage of the absence of those who might watch his movements, summoned two persons, who passed for safe and honest royalists, the Marshal d'Aumont and M. de Rambouillet, and declared to them that he could no longer endure the *bravades* of the Duke of Guise, and that either the duke or he must die.

M. de Rambouillet, being a "limb of the law," was something perplexed by an announcement of this kind, and hinted that the duke must be brought to trial. Henry shrugged his shoulders: "And where are you to find witnesses, guards, judges?" The marshal came nearer the mark than the lawyer: "He must be killed," quoth the man of war. And it does not appear that Henry shrugged his shoulders this time.

Two other counsellors were then called in, whose opinion "jumped" with that of the marshal. So the king lost no time in sending for the bravest man he had, Captain Crillon, to wit—a gentleman no way given to "forget his swashing blow" when it might do the head of the state some service. Nevertheless the worthy captain demurred on the present occasion. He would be charmed to kill his man in a duel; but as for taking him off in the manner now required, why——

Well, days passed on; and time, that tells upon all of us and ours, told upon *ce bon Capitaine* Crillon. He undertook to secure the passages and keep the doors of the château. Guise was passing his time in enervating pleasures, from which his health was suffering fearfully; fainting-fits were of frequent occurrence, to remedy which he had recourse to cordials and drugs that were in only too frequent requisition. He treated with ostentatious neglect the numerous *billets* he received, warning him of what was plotting against him in the royal apartment.

The night of the 22nd was passed by him in reckless dissipation, by the king in sleepless disquietude. It struck four; the king arose, and went into his cabinet, where he found, by appointment, De Termes and Du Nalde, with whom he made arrangements for the now instant catastrophe. His faithful five-and-forty, good at need, were duly stowed away, to bide their time—with the special caution to make no noise, lest the queen-mother should overhear, and take alarm. Pale and woe-begone, he worked on the feelings of his trusty followers by bidding them mark his wretched plight. He was lost, he said, unless the duke perished. He was reduced to extremity; a prisoner in his own house; nothing in it could he confidently call his own, not the very bed he lay on. He had done for *them* all he could, but his power of serving them was at an end. They would all be ruined together with him unless a blow was struck—struck now, and struck home. That blow he had the right to command them to strike: was he not king? and had not the king power over life and death? let them strike, therefore—strike now, and strike home—it was his will.

All these Gascon brains took fire at the instant. They were impatient to strike the blow. So loud and excited grew their voices, that the king was in a panic about Catherine. It would never do to have the queen-mother getting out of bed, and coming to know what all this stir was about at so unseasonable an hour. "See," he whispered, "see first of all which of you have daggers." Eight were found. Those gentlemen alone were stationed in the ante-chamber who were armed both with sword and dagger; the rest being disposed in other directions. The king

retained in his cabinet two or three upon whom he could most depend. Restlessly he moved to and fro, hither and thither, in feverish suspense; not, however, that he wavered in his resolution, for he was now prepared for all, and had secured such peace as confession could give him—his almoner was at hand *pour mettre ordre à sa conscience*. But to one of Henry's temperament—hermaphrodite as he is represented—the agitation of the crisis was no trifle. He kept going in and out; now and then opening the door of the ante-chamber where the select eight were kept waiting, popping his head in, and bidding them on no account to venture out so as to get wounded—a man of Guise's inches knew how to hit hard, and might hurt them—he (Henry) would be very sorry if they got hurt—so pray let them be cautious.

A council had been summoned to meet this morning, and the members began to appear at the château—the royalists arriving first. Before it was daylight, the Cardinals de Vendôme and de Gondy, the Marshals d'Amment and de Retz, d'O and Rambouillet, were in their place. Not quite so early was the arrival of M. de Lyon, and of the Cardinal de Guise—though quite soon enough for his majesty's purpose. The duke, meanwhile, though lodged within the château, was not yet forthcoming.

A dark and dreary winter's day it was; the rain falling from morning to night. It was close upon eight o'clock when some one ventured to rap at the duke's bedroom door. He dressed himself hastily in a new and showy habit of grey satin, and made his way to the council-chamber, his cloak thrown over his arm. In the court-yard, and on the staircase, and especially on the landing, he came across numbers of guards; but this caused him no great surprise, as he had been informed the night before by Larchant, their captain, that these *passures diables* were coming in the morning to beg his interposition in their behalf, at the council, to get some of their arrears paid up. And now, sure enough, here was Captain Larchant—a worthy coadjutor of Captain Crillon (*he too was not far off*)—and the captain made up to the duke, and put on a pitiful face—for which there was little occasion, as he was ill at the time, and a very score-crow in personal presence, *saigne à faire peur*—and said in a whining voice, such as a seasoned mendicant might have carried for its pathos, so cleverly was it pitched in your true minor key—"Monsieur, these poor soldiers here, unless they get their pay, have no choice but to get away, and sell their horses: they are ruined else, utterly done for." And all the poor soldiers, according to their instructions, followed the duke, hat in hand, with imploring looks and bated breath.

The duke gave them his word of promise, with all courtesy, and passed on. But as soon as he was fairly inside, and the gate closed, the scene behind him underwent an entire change. It was as though the prompter's bell had rung for the Transformation Scene. The guards scoured the staircase of pages, valets, and all such inconveniences, and made sure of every passage, while Crillon made fast the gates of the château.

Péricard, the duke's secretary, had the presence of mind to send him a handkerchief, within which a note was enclosed, with these words: "Save yourself, or you are a dead man!" But the admittance of any such missive at the castle gates was quite inconsistent with Captain Crillon's notions of duty. Neither handkerchief nor note found its way in.

Guise was now seated, and could no longer help seeing, by the looks

of those around him, that something was wrong. He was uneasy, and soon became visibly agitated. Exhausted by midnight debauchery, and oppressed by a vague sense of what awaited him, he trembled, like Bailly on the road to dusty death, and, like Bailly, attributed it to the cold: "J'ai froid." His satin dress was thin wear for this bleak December morning. He would have a fire lighted. He felt unwell. "Monsieur de Morfontaine, have the goodness to tell the valet de chambre that I should be glad of a few trifling articles from his majesty's *armoires*—some conserve of roses, or *raisin de Damas*." Neither of these desiderata being found, however, in the royal store-closet, the duke was fain to put up instead with some Brignoles plums.

There was a gash on one of the duke's cheeks, which affected the neighbouring eye. This eye now began to water. Taking advantage of this, the duke said to the treasurer Hotman: "Monsieur Hotman, will you be good enough to go to the door of the staircase and see if one of my pages be there, or some one else, who can fetch me a handkerchief?" Hotman went out accordingly, but it seems he could neither pass on nor make his way back. A valet of the king's brought the duke a handkerchief.

Henri was now sure of his man, and sent Révol to desire his presence in the royal cabinet. Révol came back all in a tremble—he had been stopped by the doorkeeper in the intermediate ante-chamber. What did it all mean? "*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the king, "what is the matter with you, Révol? How pale you are! You will spoil my business completely; rub your cheeks, rub your cheeks, Révol." "There's nothing the matter, sire," answered poor pallid Révol, like an obedient servant (we presume) trying the effect of friction on his cheeks to get a little colour into them again—"only the doorkeeper won't open the door to me without your majesty's express commands." The express commands were issued, and the Sieur de Révol gained admission to the council-chamber. As he entered, the Sieur de Marillac was relating some *gabelle* transaction or another, and there was the Duke of Guise eating his Brignoles plums. Révol delivers his message, and then darts away like lightning to let the king know. Guise rises, puts some of the plums into his confit-box, tosses the remainder on the carpet, and facetiously invites his fellow-councillors to scramble for them: *Messieurs, qui en veut?* He then folds up his cloak under his left arm, carries his gloves and his confit-box in his left hand, and bids the company farewell. He raps at the door. The *huissier* opens, and warily closes it after him.

Guise enters the ante-chamber, and salutes the Eight. None but they are present—no pages, no gentlemen in waiting. He sees Longnac there, sitting on a trunk; but Longnac does not pay him the compliment of rising. The others, however, follow him, as though by way of respect. Just as he is some two steps from the door of the cabinet, he turns half-way round, to look at them. Instantly he is seized—surrounded—peniarded behind and before. He staggers, crying "Eh! mes amis! Eh! mes amis! Eh! mes amis!" Another and deeper flesh-wound wrings from him a supplication for mercy. But he struggled vigorously with all the vehemence of despair. His sword was entangled in his cloak, and his limbs held fast by his assassins—yet he continued dragging

them along with him from one end of the room to the other, to the foot of the king's bed, where he fell.

His brother the cardinal overheard his cries. "Ah! they are killing my brother!" he exclaimed, and started up, but was stopped by Marshal d'Aumont, sword in hand. The Archbishop of Lyons, still more affrighted, commended himself to the care of Heaven and the mercy of the king.

Henri next directed the body of his fallen enemy to be searched, as it lay at the foot of his bed. There was found upon him a little key attached to a gold chain, and inside the pockets a little purse containing twelve crown-pieces, and a scrap of paper on which was written, in the duke's own hand, "For maintaining the war in France, there are wanted seven hundred thousand livres monthly." A diamond in the shape of a heart was taken from off one of his fingers. While this search was going on, some slight movement was observed in the body, and one of the searchers exhorted his victim, "Monsieur, while you have still some life remaining, crave pardon of God and your king." Whereupon, incapable of speech, but heaving a deep sigh, that seemed to come as from a sufferer on the wheel, the duke breathed his last—and so was covered over with a grey cloak. Two hours later, the body was burnt by order of the king, and the ashes thrown into the river.

It is said that the king exclaimed, as he gazed on the corpse, "*Ah! qu'il est grand!* Still greater dead than living!" An involuntary prophecy, Michelet calls it—which the League knew how to turn to account, or perhaps indeed invented. Others allege that Henri, with the wild delight of a coward whose object of terror is extinct, kicked the dead man brutally on the face. Michelet thinks it not unlikely. This very original personage, he says, had in him a good deal of the Borgia and the Scapin combined together. He was a cross of the extravagant buffoon and the Italian monk.

His own day of retribution was not far distant. A few months only, and the dagger of Jacques Clement had been driven home. M. Michelet relates this regicidal act with corresponding effect. The reader will also find him worth consulting on the character and policy (the ability of which he probably underrates) of Catherine de Médicis—the career and fate of Mary Stuart (whom he tries to strip of all romance)—the home and foreign politics of Queen Elizabeth—the wily, overreaching ways of Philip II.—and the patriotic endeavours of William of Orange. There is a noteworthy sketch, too, of the Spanish Armada and its fortunes; nor should we omit notice of occasional fragments of criticism, literary and artistic, which deserve to be had in remembrance—the subject being now a Michael Angelo, now a Palestrina—in one page a Paracelsus or Servetus, in another a Sully or D'Aubigné. In fine, with all its eccentricities of thought and of diction, the present volume is a welcome addition to the dashing author's History of France, if we may give that name to the series of *études*, monographs, and kaleidoscopic effects which, in default of a connected History, we are but too happy to receive from so original a mind.

## GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell me of the players.—SHAKESPEARE.

## V.—WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

DR. DORAN, somewhat recently, made us acquainted with the monarchs who had retired from business. Now the stage, be it known, has its rulers, as well as kingdoms, some of whom—yielding to the mutability which affecteth all things—resign their tinsel crowns, not into the hands of the people, but into the guardianship of the property man, to be hereafter contested for by some heroic youth, who may fancy that velvet paths are scattered in the homes of scenic kings. The most influential monarch the stage has boasted of during the last quarter of a century is he whose name is appended to our present sketch. He, too, has retired from business; and having exchanged the pageantry of the stage for the quiet of an honourable leisure, we feel the more emboldened to attempt his “counterfeit presentment,” undeterred by those influences which constitute the “divine right of kings.”

London—that “perpetual home of a shifting multitude”—is the birth-place of William Charles Macready, who was born in the parish of St. Pancras on the 3rd of March, 1793, and has consequently entered upon his sixty-fifth year. His father, a native of Dublin, was attracted from his original calling by the allurements of the stage. Upon Macklin’s last visit to the Irish capital he brought forward his “Man of the World,” in which the senior Macready played *Egerton* to the *Sir Pertinax* of the author, by whom he was recommended to the managers of Covent Garden, where he first appeared on the 18th of September, 1786, as *Flutter*, in the “Belle’s Stratagem.” He continued at that house for several years, and then became manager of the Birmingham and other provincial theatres. Anxious that his son should have a different profession from his own, he placed him at school at a very early age, and when ten years old he was entered at Rugby, where his classical attainments brought him much repute. In his seventeenth year, the younger Macready was looking forward to matriculation at Oxford, when the affairs of his father became embarrassed. With much devotedness he relinquished the chance of academic honours, and stood forth to retrieve, if possible, the fallen fortunes of his parent. Accordingly, in June, 1810—being then but three months past his seventeenth year—he appeared upon the boards of the Birmingham Theatre, in the character of *Romeo*. Success attended his efforts; the disorganised company was by him rendered efficient, and his father was saved from ruin.

Moral feeling and high principle thus introduced William Macready to the stage, as filial affection led Charles Kean, seventeen years later, to

embrace the same calling. For four years the subject of our portrait continued with his father's company, as principal actor and stage director, playing with them at Birmingham, Sheffield, Chester, and Newcastle. At this early period of his career he compiled a drama from Scott's "Rokeby," in which he played *Bertram Risingham*. Much literary ability was developed in this adaptation, portions of the poem being selected, and Scott's style imitated in the connecting lines essentially necessary to form it into dialogue.

In 1814 Mr. Macready was engaged at Bath, in which city he opened in *Romeo*—the *Juliet* of the evening being Mrs. Chatterley, who is still connected with the metropolitan stage. He had previously exhibited a desire to produce old dramas, and during his stay in Somersetshire he revived Shakspeare's "Richard the Second," which had then enjoyed a long slumber. Drury Lane followed the example, and six weeks later brought forward the piece for Edmund Kean. The next season saw Mr. Macready again at Bath, where, in addition to many tragic assumptions, he essayed comedy, playing *Benedict, Dorisworth, &c.* Dublin and Glasgow, about this time, gave to the young actor some portion of his rising reputation, which at length secured him a metropolitan engagement. His first London essay was made at Covent Garden, on the 16th of September, 1816, as *Orestes*, in the "Distress Mother."

At the time of his introduction to the London stage, Mr. Macready was in his twenty-fourth year, a shade younger than his three great competitors in the race for fame, Garrick, Kemble, and Kean, who were severally twenty-six at the time of their London inauguration. It was some two years and a half prior that Edmund Kean, at the rival house, gave to the town the first instalment of his genius, under far less favourable circumstances than those which marked the introduction of Mr. Macready. Kean entered London, accompanied by his wife and child, in absolute poverty. Although engaged at Drury Lane, he found every obstacle thrown in his way; and the unfriended actor, in his attendance at the theatre, was jeered and buffeted by his liberal brethren. The fortunes of the house at length became desperate, and he was called upon to prepare for the struggle,—Wednesday, the 26th of January, 1814, being the day on which were centred the hopes and fears of a life. Kean walked to the theatre, and carried his own little bundle. *Shylock* was the character selected, in consideration of his figure; and the audience were at first as cold as the season without, the snow lying two feet deep upon the ground. They soon discovered, however, the genius that had fallen amongst them, and that night celebrity was awarded to Edmund Kean.

Mr. Macready's introduction, we repeat, was of a more encouraging character. He brought with him much provincial fame, and considerable interest was attached to his appearance. There were present in the house, to witness his earliest efforts, John Bannister, Edmund Kean, Charles Young, and William West Betty, who had erst been the Romaine of the day. The course, however, was by no means smooth to the new aspirant, there being many rival attractions in the way. Kean's star was still in the ascendant at Drury Lane; Covent Garden possessed Miss O'Neill, Young, and Charles Kemble, whilst John Kemble, at the same

house, was playing his range of characters preparatory to his final retirement. It was a no mean triumph for the young actor, at such a time, to obtain even a prominent footing. Although the town had such attractive topics to discuss, they had a good word to spare for William Macready, who was welcomed by Hazlitt, the great critic of the day, as the only actor who had come up with any pretensions to be named with Kean. He felt the ambition, the stirring to attain amid a crowd of competitors, and boldly entered the field; but the battle has to be fought before the conqueror can be crowned. After playing *Orestes* three times, the "*Italian Lover*" was revived for him, but was only acted twice. He next played *Othello* to the *Iago* of Charles Young, which characters a few nights subsequently they exchanged. In November, Mr. Macready obtained his first original part, that of *Gambia*, in "*The Slave*," a piece which became exceedingly attractive. The commencement of 1817 was principally devoted to John Kemble, whose star was then so grandly setting; whilst for Mr. Macready were brought forward the "*Humourous Lieutenant*," "*The Cusfew*," the "*Conquest of Taranto*," and similar pieces. Shiel's "*Apocata*" gave him another original character, that of *Pasara*. It was in one of the plays of Shiel that Mr. Macready attracted the notice of Ludwig Tieck, the German commentator of Shakespeare. The part, he says, "was admirably represented, and was indeed so vehement, truthful, and powerful a personation, that, for the first time since I have been in England I felt myself recalled to the best days of German acting. If the young man continues in this style he will go far." It was in the midst of the splendid constellation which then shone upon the English stage that the clever German was struck by the young and comparatively unrecognised actor.

On the 12th of March, 1818, Mr. Macready won great renown in "*Rob Roy*," then first produced, filling with vitality and expression an imperfect outline. In his portraiture of the banished chieftain he infused such a wild and picturesque grandeur that the performance stood forth alone, the dramatic feature of the day. Among the varied characters enacted by him at this period we may mention *Glenalvon*, in "*Douglas*;" *Pizarro*, to Young's *Rolla*; *Dumont*, in "*Jane Shore*;" *Hotspur*, *Pierre*, *Cassius*; *Geordie Robertson*, in a new version of the "*Heart of Mid-Lothian*;" and *Count Wallenberg*, in "*Fredolpho*." The latter play, unjustly condemned, was written by the Rev. C. R. Maturin, who was recommended by Scott to Byron, when the latter was on the committee managing Drury Lane Theatre, at which house Maturin, in 1816, brought forward his play of "*Bertram*," with Edmund Kean for its hero. Although indulging in such "profane conceits and fantasies" as writing for the theatre, Maturin was an eloquent preacher, well versed in theology. He was a kind-hearted man, though eccentric in his habits, almost to insanity. He was vain of his person and reputation, and an incessant dancer, a propensity he carried to such an extent that he darkened his drawing-room windows during the day, in order to enjoy his favourite amusement.

The season of 1819-20 gave Mr. Macready a fairer opportunity as a leading actor—he was now to verify the prediction of Ludwig Tieck, and "go far." Young had left the theatre, and Charles Kemble, who opened



the campaign with *Macbeth*, was but coldly received. Our actor, in October, 1819, played *Richard* with considerable success. A proper sense of the greatness of the part, and of the honourable rank as an actor which he had now to sustain, appeared to have awakened all his intelligence to give it companionship to his sensibility. One of the best theatrical critics of the day, in reviewing the performance, remarked—"The Covent Garden stage was thirsty for a little more genius to refresh it, and Mr. Macready has collected all his clouds and burst down upon it in a splendid shower."

It was the part of *Richard* that fairly secured for Kean the crown after which he had so long aspired. Shortly after his star had newly uprisen, a respectable old gentleman, whose only desire in life was to be happy, was persuaded to see him in the character, and having paid his seven shillings, was soon well boxed in front. As the play proceeded, he became exceedingly fidgety and uncomfortable. In the Tower scene he could no longer endure it, but fairly blubbered, crying, "Let me out, boxkeeper; I didn't pay seven shillings to be made miserable, and I won't. Give me my money back." "I can't, sir." "You can't, you rascal! then, confound it, alter the play, sir; I won't be made miserable."

Mr. Macready subsequently played *Coriolanus*, a performance which once won from James Smith—one of the authors of "*Rejected Addresses*"—the following commendatory notice—

What varied beauties does each scene disclose,  
When all is Roman—save the hero's nose.

In April, 1820, he was offered *Lear*, but declined the intended honour, as scarcely a week was accorded for the study of the part, the desire of the management being to forestal the production of the play at Drury Lane. As a punishment for this refusal, Mr. Macready was sent on for *Edmund*—Booth playing *Lear*, and Charles Kemble *Edgar*.

It will be seen by these details—in which but a portion of the characters sustained by Mr. Macready have been noticed—that his career, thus far, had been arduous and industrious, for he was not the man to stand still in his profession; but in May, 1820, Sheridan Knowles gave to the metropolitan stage his play of "*Virginius*," originally produced at Glasgow, with John Cooper for his hero. In this part Mr. Macready won the greatest triumph he had achieved. It was the brightest wave his tide had known; and to the public he was now enabled to say with Prospero, "Your breath it is that has filled my sails." From the night of this production—whatever stepping-stones may have helped the way—his celebrity may be dated. The palm of years of ambition was now in his grasp.

Having passed seven years at Covent Garden, Mr. Macready crossed over to the rival house, at which he first appeared on the 13th of October, 1823, as *Virginius*, and was received with ardent acclamations. At this establishment he performed one or two characters with Edmund Kean—Iago to his *Othello*, &c.—and on the 10th of May, 1824, played *Richard* in substitution of that tragedian, who had been announced, but disap-

pointed a numerous audience. Poor Kean indulged in a few vagaries after the great shifting in his fortune's wheel.

Glittering, like a palace set on fire,  
His glory, while it shone, but ruined him!

Mr. Macready's first original character in his new home was *Caius Gracchus*, in Knowles's play of that name, which was acted but seven times. On the 24th of June, 1824, he became a Benedict, uniting himself to Miss C. M. Atkins, who had been a member of his father's company, and with whom he lived in the endearment of domestic association until 1852, when the tie was severed by death. Some of the issue of this union are sleeping with their mother—the eldest daughter only growing up to bloom and perish.

On the 5th of January, 1825, Massinger's "Fatal Dowry" was revived by Mr. Macready, with alterations by himself. In this piece he played *Romont*. On the ensuing 11th of May, Sheridan Knowles fitted him very neatly with a new character—*William Tell*—which brought fresh successes to both author and actor.

In 1826, Mr. Macready paid a visit to the great commonwealth beyond the Atlantic, upon whose soil the drama has now been planted more than one hundred years. The first company of actors who visited the United States commenced their performances at Williamsburg, the then capital of Virginia, on the 5th of September, 1751, the scheme of this "American company" having originated in London, consequent upon the failure of William Hallam in the management of Goodman's Fields Theatre, at which house Garrick first wrought his miracles. Our transatlantic cousins, since their memorable year of Independence, have been "going ahead" most amazingly, and during the present century they have been constantly increasing their acquaintance with the professors of the European drama, with whom a run through the States is now a trifling matter. Sixty years ago the case was very different. America then had no turn-pike roads, and even the great city of Washington was half imbedded in a thick forest, its streets being gradually cut through the woods, appearing like so many avenues in a park. Thespis himself could never have driven his car upon this primitive highway; and his followers—the English actors who first ventured into Columbia's provinces—had in their transit to remove many of the remnants of the old forest; in fact, as a facetious comedian once remarked, on being questioned as to their mode of travelling, "they were compelled to *axe* their way." It was said to be as common at that time, if an actor was going to New Orleans, to recommend him as a good woodsman, as it was to bepraise him as a talented actor. We could point to a few professionals of the present day who would have utterly failed, we guess, in the former character!

Shortly after his return from America—with added fame and fortune—Mr. Macready appeared before the Parisians, "the politest people on the earth." In the gay metropolis of France he created a great interest, far greater than Kean, Young, or Charles Kemble inspired. At this period (1828) Odry—the then Liston of the French stage—was playing at the Théâtre des Variétés, at which pleasant little house they were much addicted to ridiculing all parties and all persons. Our tragedian became the subject of this satirical propensity. Odry, who was an excellent

minic, was duly despatched to the Fawar to see the popular English actor as *Virgilius*, and an extravaganza, entitled "*Virgilius and his Child*," was soon produced. The comic effect of the translation was immensely increased by Odry's dress and manner. He wore an iron-grey wig, frizzed out to a great extent, so as to give the audience an idea that his head was too large to enter between the wings, or side scenes. He adopted the dress usually worn by a Roman centurian; but for the bare leg and sandal he substituted a pair of English leather unmentionables, with jockey boots, redolent with the polish of Day and Martin! The style of Mr. Macready he had caught to the life. Our versatile neighbours found little difficulty in stepping from the sublime to the ridiculous. They would throng the Fawar to offer tribute to the genius of Knowles and its interpretation by Macready, and would on the following evening shout with laughter at Odry and his mimicry.

One of the next prominent features in the career of Mr. Macready was the production of Lord Byron's "*Werner*," brought forward at Drury Lane, on the 15th of December, 1830. This play was altered and adapted to the stage by himself. The story is to be found in a novel by Miss Lee, one of the authors of the "*Canterbury Tales*;" and the piece, according to the noble writer, was "neither intended, nor in any way adapted to the stage." The intellectual mastery of Byron lay not in the sphere of the drama; but Mr. Macready imparted life to that which was lifeless, and won for himself the loudest plaudits. The character of *Werner* was one of the most striking in his repertoire, in which he exhibited the finest picture of moral weakness and misery that histrionic art could produce.

Mr. Macready, in July, 1834, appeared for one night at the Victoria Theatre, for the benefit of the talented dramatist who had given him *Virgilius* and *William Tell*. The house, at that time, had been newly rechristened, and was under the management of Abbott and Egerton, who were laudably exerting themselves to provide for their guests a better repast than they had previously been accustomed to. A theatre, however, like Beau Brummell's valet, has its failures, as the new lessees discovered to their cost. When under the management of Glossop, the old Coburg gloried in anything rather than attention to "words, phrases, and grammar." On one occasion great indifference was exhibited in the shifting of the scenery, so much so that a stubborn scene persisted in loitering in the grooves, and represented two halves of a house, with a few yards of space between. The deities were much offended; and a sweep, who occupied a prominent place in their Olympus, thus gravely addressed the stage attendants: "Ve don't expect no good grammar here; but hang it, you *might* close the scenes."

We are now reaching the culminating point in the career of Mr. Macready. In his aspiration after honourable fame, he had long since fought his way to a share of the first business of the theatre. He had assisted at the final performance of Charles Young, had borne the pall at the funeral of Edmund Kean, and was now, by almost general consent, the one guest actor on the English tragic stage. Such we find him in the year 1837, when he entered upon the management of Covent Garden Theatre, which he opened on the 30th of September, with the

"*Winter's Tale*." The task was an arduous one, but the new manager brought to it an enthusiastic love of his art, and a strong faith in its enduring vitality. A noble effort was now made for the regeneration of the national drama; and the arrangements of the theatre, both before and behind the curtain, were brought almost to a degree of perfection. A strong company was collected, and by frequent and careful rehearsals a harmony and completeness of representation was produced. Puffs were banished from the bills, and orders from the pit and boxes; whilst great service was rendered to public morals and decency, so much so, that the late Bishop of Norwich (Dr. Stanley) made it a point to form the personal acquaintance of Mr. Macready, that he might thank him for his efforts. The theatre for a time was brought back to its better use and nobler name. Upon the stage, there was fidelity in the work of illustration, and consummate skill in its details. The genius of Shakespeare, especially, was properly embodied, without the ornament being made superior to the work. The revivals included "*The Tempest*," "*Henry the Fifth*," "*King John*," and "*Coriolanus*;" and who does not remember the poetic splendour with which they were invested? You were presented with the mysticism and rugged nature of "*Macbeth*," the classical magnificence of "*Coriolanus*," and the pomp of the feudal age of the hero of Agincourt. Prospero's isle appeared before you in its mysterious beauty, and "*As You Like It*" was redolent of the green woods, grotesque trunks of trees harmonising with the life of idle forestry.

As far as the public was concerned, success attended this management; but the enormous rent, and new exactions on the part of the proprietors, led Mr. Macready, at the end of the second season, to abandon his half-achieved enterprise. To mark with approval the efforts he had made, a public entertainment was soon after given him, and a subscription was commenced for presenting him with a befitting memorial. The result was a felicitous design, chastely executed in silver, of a magnificent group—beautifully chased, and wrought with the finest artistical taste—bearing this inscription: "To William Charles Macready, in commemoration of his management of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in the seasons 1837-8 and 1838-9, when his personation of the characters, his restorations of the text, and his illustrations—by the best intellectual aids—of the historical facts and poetical creations of the plays of Shakespeare formed an epoch in theatrical annals, alike honourable to his own genius, and elevating in its influence upon public taste, this testimonial is presented by the lovers of the national drama."

In the preceding list of revivals, we omitted to mention that "*King Lear*" was restored to the stage, after an infliction for a century and a half from Nahum Tate. Edmund Kean, some years previously, restored the last act, but it was reserved for Mr. Macready to resume the entire text, with the omission of a passage or two. *Lear* was perhaps the crown of all Garrick's achievements. In this part he one night acted so powerfully on the feelings of one of the sentinels, at that time placed on each side of the front of the stage, that the poor fellow fainted away during the last scene. After the play, flattered by this unsophisticated token of applause, Garrick sent for the soldier, and presented him with a guinea.

The man whose turn it was the next night to do duty, having heard of the good fortune of his comrade, made an effort to sham a fit—Garrick at the time playing *Ranger*, and in a lively scene—to the no small amusement both of audience and performers.

Following his management of Covent Garden, Mr. Macready fulfilled a lengthened engagement at the Haymarket, the most successful production during which was the play of "Money," by Bulwer, whose "Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" he had previously introduced to the footlights. His services were likewise, for a brief time, devoted to Drury Lane, then under the management of Hammond, and struggling with great pecuniary difficulties. Here he played the valorous *Raid of Ruthven*, in Haynes's historical tragedy of "Mary Stuart;" and exhibited much goodness of heart towards his poorer brethren by playing gratuitously, in order to avert, if possible, the threatened ruin of the speculation, though his efforts were insufficient for the purpose.

In December, 1841, Mr. Macready himself became the lessee of Drury Lane, at that time an Augean stable, which had to be cleansed of that which had drawn upon it the censure and disparagement of many. This second management was, in spirit, a prolongation of the first. There was the same reversion to the genuine text, and the same harmonised combination of costume and scenery. The old art appeared to have come back in renovated beauty, smiling above the ruin of that which had usurped its place. In public enthusiasm there was abundant success, but the same lack of co-operation on the part of the proprietors; and at the close of the second season (June, 1843), Mr. Macready retired from the speculation, having incurred a loss, it was understood, of ten thousand pounds. In the autumn of the same year he set sail for America, performing during the ensuing twelve months in all the principal theatres in the Union, as well as paying a short visit to Canada. Shortly after his return to Europe he was again seen in Paris, playing for some weeks at the Théâtre Ventadour. At the close of the season, Louis Philippe commanded the performance of "Hamlet" before the Court, in the private theatre of the Tuileries, when Mr. Macready was honoured with the especial notice of the monarch, who presented him with a richly-jewelled Oriental dagger.

Approbation to the actor is like the air he breathes, without it he cannot exist; and more than mere applause is occasionally tendered to a favourite. Garrick, in the course of his splendid career, received innumerable presents, and amongst the rest a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, from the King of Denmark. An elegant, though less substantial compliment was paid him previous to his visiting the Continent in 1763. Passing an evening with the Rev. James Townley, the worthy host, as the company was separating, produced the following effusion:

When Garrick's feet the Alps have trod,  
Prepar'd to enter mighty Rome;  
The Amphitheatre shall nod,  
And Roscius shudder in his tomb.

John Kemble was favoured with a silver vase upon his retiring from the stage, and the same compliment was awarded to his brother Charles.

Edmund Kean was overwhelmed with presents during the earlier part of his popularity. Sir George Beaumont gave him a Spanish cloak; Lord Byron, after witnessing his performance of *Richard*, presented him with a gold box, having a boar hunt on the top, wrought in mosaic; some of the tragedian's Scottish admirers gave him a sword of state "to be worn in *Macbeth*;" and Sir Edward Tucker gave him—a lion, which was a frequent visitor in his drawing-room! As a climax to these presentations, an instance may be cited of gratitude having been shown to a dramatist, who is too often forgotten in the favours bestowed upon the actor. Frederick Reynolds, who contributed largely to the "harmless pleasure" of our predecessors, says in his autobiography: "During the run of my popular pieces, I think that I have, on an average, during my long dramatic career, sent into the theatre upwards of 15,000 people gratis; and yet the only token of gratitude I ever received from this numerous body of *freemen* was a short, civil note from a pastrycook's boy in Dean-street, thanking me for his four admissions to the gallery, and requesting my acceptance of a raspberry puff and a little pigeon-pie!"

Mr. Macready's reappearance in London after his American and Continental trips was at the Princess's, in October, 1845, when he experienced one of the warmest receptions ever bestowed upon a public favourite. The character selected for this occasion was the Danish prince, who once uttered his philosophy under influences far more chilling. During the last of the Arctic voyages, "Hamlet" was played by the officers and crew of the *Assistance*, when bound within the embraces of the ice; but we are afraid that the brave actors met with but a cold reception, for the temperature at the time was about 37 degrees below freezing point! During Mr. Macready's prolonged engagement at the Princess's he produced the "King of the Commons," written by the Rev. Mr. Whyte, and likewise "Philip Van Artevelde," the first part of Mr. Taylor's fine poetical tradition.

Mr. Macready, in the autumn of 1848, paid a last visit to America, where a lamentable and fatal perversity on the part of Edwin Forrest—whose reception in England exceeded his deserts—led to a fearful riot, at the Astor-place Theatre, New York, in May, 1849, when several lives were sacrificed. In this distressing affair Mr. Macready, whose own life was endangered, exhibited much courage and manly firmness.

On the 12th of November, 1850, our tragedian aided the subscription then raising to purchase and endow the house known as Shakspeare's, at Stratford, by reading the play of "Hamlet" at Rugby School, which he had quitted, forty years previously, with such high reputation for classical attainments.

There came into that thronged and anxious room—  
 The noble volume underneath his arm—  
 The Actor it had well inspired to charm  
 And teach the world's wide beating heart.—No plume,  
 No sable mantle marked him—but the head  
 Loftily borne, the firm and stately tread,  
 Told to the eager crowd what *Man* had come  
 To show how Shakspeare might be felt and read.  
 And while both man and woman thrilled—to hear  
 The story of the Dane so grandly told,

Responding with the inexpressible cheer,  
 Or the more eloquent gush of a tear—  
 His eye fell like a father's on the boys,  
 His heart was with his boyhood's cares and joys.

Mr. Macready then commenced his farewell performances at the Haymarket Theatre. He had no ambition to be considered "the lingering star of waning ray," or a veteran retiring to a rest he could not enjoy; and therefore followed the example of John Bannister and Charles Young, and relinquished his scenic labours whilst it was yet day. His farewell of the stage was taken at Drury Lane, on Wednesday, the 26th of February, 1851, when he found himself surrounded by a dense mass of friends, including, no doubt, a few who had welcomed with hopeful greeting the morning of his professional life. Garrick chose for his final performance the part of *Don Felix*, in "The Wonder;" John Kemble, that of *Coriolanus*; Young, *Hamlet*; Charles Kemble, *Benedict*; whilst Edmund Kean's last effort was made in *Othello*, which he failed to complete. Mr. Macready selected for his closing personation the part of *Macbeth*. To this list of farewell characters we may add, that Garrick was before the London public for thirty-five years; John Kemble, thirty-four years; Young, twenty-five years; Charles Kemble, forty-two years; Edmund Kean, nineteen years; whilst our own actor's metropolitan career, like that of Garrick's, embraced a period of thirty-five years. In his parting address, Mr. Macready thanked his friends for the indulgence and support which had cheered his progress, and for the favour by which his life had been made happier. "The distance of five-and-thirty years," said he, "has not dimmed the recollection of the encouragement which gave impulse to the inexperienced essay of my youth, and stimulated me to persevere when struggling hardly for equality of position with the genius and talent of those artists whose superior excellence I ungrudgingly admitted, admired, and honoured!" In conclusion, Mr. Macready remarked, "Because I would not willingly abate one jot in your esteem, I retire with the belief of yet unfailing powers, rather than linger on the scene, to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years."

A public dinner followed this farewell performance, when a private station received Mr. Macready, whose merits as an actor we have now to consider. Though possessing great and unquestioned powers, many qualifying remarks have been made as to the degree of his genius; but if we measure him as an artist by the degree of excellence to which he brought the art he cultivated, we shall find that he is entitled to a very prominent rank. He entered the field between two rival factions—the friends of Kean doing battle for what was termed the "natural" style of acting, whilst the partisans of Kemble were shouting lustily for the scholastic, or "classical." These contrasts, or hostile tastes, governed the theatrical criticism of the day, each being the standard of perfection to a party. Almost every prominent dramatic character, moreover, was claimed by some established performer as his prescriptive right; and Mr. Macready had to dispute with critic and brother actors every step of his upward ascent. We have shown how gallantly he fought his way through such opposing circumstances. He was ever an attentive student, and gave

proof in his later years of thought and study being more carefully regulated. Some actors leave their state of pupillage too soon; but those who would be great should begin their art early and leave it late. John Kemble, during his last season, remarked, "Now that I am retiring, I am only beginning thoroughly to understand my art;" and his gifted sister, Mrs. Siddons, even after she had quitted the stage, confessed that in reading over *Lady Macbeth*, she discovered points in the character which were unknown to her whilst acting it.

No actor studied more deeply than Mr. Macready, few more successfully. Glimpses of subtle meaning, acute analytical study, intense thought, and ideal perception, were the characteristics of his acting. He was an artistical performer, with a mind sufficiently expanded to comprehend variety and change. He had not the dignity and grace of person of John Kemble, nor had he the rare intuition of passion by which Keen flashed out his unapproachable effects; but there was about him an originality which even his detractors conceded to him. He viewed character as a whole, and sought to explain its apparent inconsistencies, and to reconcile its harmonies and discords. Penetrating beyond the conventionalities of the stage, he sought for the subtlest intentions of the poet, grasping at once the various truths of his conception. In playing a part, he left you a clear and definite notion of what he conceived the writer to have meant by it, though some may have differed with him as to the correctness of such conception. By steady and severe intelligence he became the master of his design, and was thereby enabled to interpret the infinite varieties of the characters presented to us. There was long a cry that he was not a Shakspearean actor; but his *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Coriolanus*, *Macbeth*, *Prospero*, *King John*, and *Henry the Fifth*, must have tended greatly to remove such impression. In some of the characters of Shakspeare, requiring the development of strong natural passion and pathos, he was less happy, the artificiality of his school partaking too much of elaborate study to meet the requirements of the vivid and picturesque outbreaks of natural disposition which mark some of those embodiments.

Identifying himself with the living drama of his period, Mr. Macready's name is blended with the productions of Knowles, Bulwer, Talfourd, Sheil, Miss Mitford, and other popular writers. Vitality and force were given by him to some noble and rich manifestations of character, as well as form and substance to mere outlines; and it was this latter characteristic that connected his name so frequently with original creations of art. One of the high beauties of his acting was the impressiveness he imparted to his delineation of paternal love, as evidenced in his enactment of *Werner*, *Virginus*, and *William Tell*. We need not enter into a critical analysis of his varied performances, for a crowd of true personations must be present to the minds of our readers. Who like him, for instance, could exhibit the human debasement of *Werner*, whose piteous cry is still ringing in our ear; the frank vivacity of the fifth *Harry*; the gloomy and timorous guilt of *King John*; the desperate defiance of *Macbeth*; the rough and manly vigour of *Tell*; the simple grandeur of *Virginus*; the dignity and pathos of *Ion*; or the mingled strength and weakness of *Lear*?



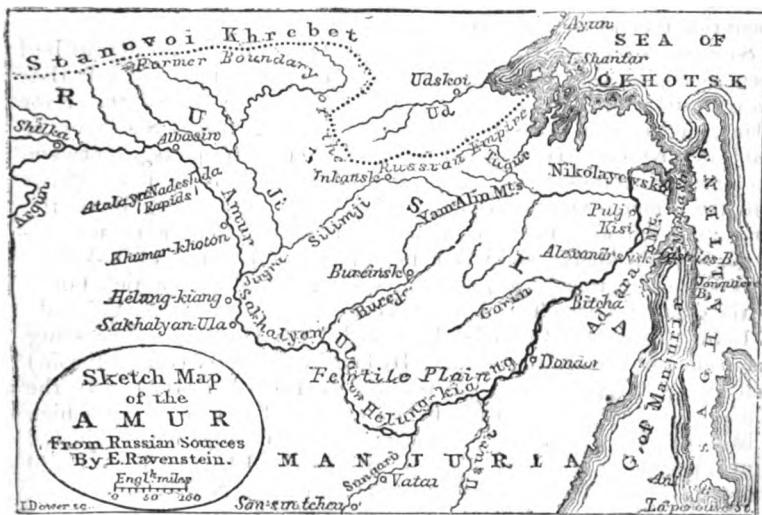
As a manager, Mr. Macready sought to revive the drama of England by the exercise of a refined taste and by a union of kindred arts—and Art will ever have its ennobling influence, carried by whatever medium. To the exposition of Shakspeare, more especially, he brought the rich endowments of intellectual cultivation and attainment; and under his care the genius of the bard was efficiently embodied, without the ornament being made superior to the work. The trampled calling of the actor he strove to raise, that his profession might have assigned to it the rank it should occupy amid the liberal arts. For this alone his name should ever be mentioned with respect. As a man, integrity and high honour have distinguished his actions. We have heard much of his haughty bearing, of his hasty temper, and of his own opinion being his law; but of these gossips of the green-room we know but little. It has been our pleasure to meet him in his home—apart from the influences of the theatre—and there we found in him all that could distinguish the polished gentleman and the man of kindness. Delicacy prevents our adverting to many munificent actions that have marked his character—the hearts still beat in which those acts are registered.

Our monarch—to resume the figure used at the commencement of this sketch—has retired from business, but not from usefulness. Selecting Sherborne, in Dorset, as his home, he is there frequently seen labouring for the general good. He has not, like Cincinnatus, laid hold of the plough, but he is working in a wide field, in which ignorance has to be rooted up, and the seeds scattered that may hereafter bear a goodly harvest. Schools and institutions for the acquirement of knowledge are objects of his especial regard, to which he is devoting the declining years of a meritorious life. The only shadows on his path are those empty spaces in his household from which treasures have dropped—"gold links broken from a chain that can be joined no more." With these sad exceptions, William Macready should be a happy man. He has no longer tendered to him the adulation of clapping theatres, yet may he say with Wordsworth:

That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts  
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe  
Abundant recompense.

## THE RUSSIANS ON THE AMUR.

BY E. G. RAVENSTEIN, CORRESP. F.G.S. FRANKFORT.



THE progress of Russia seems almost irresistible. Scarcely emerged from a war, in which she lost a small portion of territory, we find her in other portions of her extensive dominions making new conquests, and fortifying and strengthening her power. The Caspian is a Russian lake, the Aral bears her steamers, and the Khan of Khiva is her vassal. Persia cedes to her a province, and even China, which has as yet almost defied any foreign influence, gives up to her a large and fertile territory.

Of late much interest has been exhibited with respect to these recent acquisitions of Russia, but the importance of which, in relation to ourselves, seems to have been somewhat overrated. We therefore give in the following pages a short account of the discovery, geography, and commercial capabilities of these territories, which we hope will be found of some interest.

The earliest information on the Amur we obtain by an expedition which started from Tomsk, and advancing to the Sea of Okhotsk, founded Ussuriysk (1639), whence they explored the coast north and south. The explorers received from Tungusians, on the Ud. river, the first information about the tributaries of the Upper Amur, where Daurians cultivated grain, distilled brandy in copper vessels, and kept cattle, pigs, and poultry.

A Yemiseisk expedition under Perfiriev, which ascended the Witim to the Tsipa, corroborated these accounts, and also heard that silver, copper, and lead ores were found on the Ingoda. These reports could not fail to attract attention, and the exploration and conquest of the territory contiguous to the reported river were rapidly proceeded with. In 1643, Kurbat Ivanov, starting from Yakutsk, was the first to navigate Lake Baikal; he was not spared, however, to bring news of his discovery, which was completed by Vasilei Koslenikof (1644), and Ivan Galkin (1648). Ivan Pokhabov had, in the mean time (1647), advanced as far as Urga, whence he returned with a Mongol embassy to Moscow. In 1652 he founded Irkutsk, and adventurers from Yeniseisk were already roving about that time as far as the Nertcha.

Some years previously, however, the discovery of the Lower Amur had been accomplished by parties starting from Yakutsk. Poyarkof left that place in 1643 with one hundred and thirty men; he ascended the river Aldan, and in four weeks he reached the dividing range, Stanovoi, or Yablonnoi Khrebet. He required two weeks to cross the portage between two small tributaries of the Aldan and the Tchikiri, which latter flows into the Amur. On the Tchikiri he embarked, descending it to the Amur; and following the latter, he arrived in spring, 1645, at its mouth, in the Sea of Okhotsk, and in the following year returned to Yakutsk. Poyarkof had not found any silver ores, but returned with a rich booty of the costliest furs. This induced Yerofi Khabarov to leave Yakutsk, in 1649, with seventy Cossacks; he ascended the Olekma, and crossing the mountains reached the Amur. He found the country (near Albasin) well adapted for cultivation, and returned to Yakutsk in 1651. In the following year he returned back, built a number of forts, amongst which Albasin was the most important, and with a few hundred men subjected a great portion of Manjuria to the Russian crown. Khabarov himself did not reach the mouth of the Amur; one of his officers, Nagiba, succeeded, however, in doing so. Till very recently, the navigation of the Amur accomplished by Poyarkof and Nagiba has not been repeated; for De la Brunière, a Lazarist missionary, who intended doing so, was assassinated by the natives in 1846, before he could accomplish his purpose. Khabarov, recalled by the Tsar in 1853, was favourably received, and his post was given to Simoniov.

The Upper Amur was first navigated by Beketov, whose journey is amongst the most memorable undertaken for exploring that river. He crossed Lake Baikal, and ascended the Selenga (1653) in large boats (Doshchaniks), carrying each fifty men, to the mouth of the Khilok. He ascended the latter river for fourteen days, when he built smaller boats, going up that river for a considerable distance farther. He then crossed the Yablonnoi Khrebet, and after having reached the Ingoda, constructed rafts, on which he descended to the Nertcha, where he built an Ostrog. The Tungusians forced him, however, to leave this place, and, with the men he had left, he joined the adventurers on the Lower Amur. Thence, in 1660, he returned by way of Yakutsk to Yeniseisk. The reports of these explorers represented the country of the Amur as "a paradise" compared to Siberia, and many adventurers found their way thither. Some villages were founded; but all these advantages, owing to various causes, were soon lost. The heroism of the troops proved of no avail; supplies failed,

and the oppressions of the settlers had converted the once friendly natives into enemies. By order of the Chinese governor, the inhabitants on the Upper Amur withdrew to the south; tribute and the crops failing, the Russians became disheartened and retired. Albasinsk, which was built in 1651, 400 versts below the confluence of Shilka and Argun, was destroyed by the Chinese in 1658; the Russians rebuilt it in 1664 and 1665, but the Chinese again destroyed it. Only isolated bands of adventurers made inroads from that time into the countries of the Lower Amur, one of which was led by Tchernigovski, a Polish murderer.

In the mean time, the Russians had consolidated their power on the Upper Amur; Pashkov founded Nertchinsk, and other villages were built by settlers and convicts sent from Siberia. Hostilities with the Chinese, however, continued, and in order to put an end to them, Sparfariy, a Greek, was sent as Russian ambassador to China. This was the commencement of a series of diplomatic transactions, which ended in the celebrated treaty of Nertchinsk (1689), concluded between two of the most remarkable princes of their time, Khang-hi and Peter the Great. Golovin was Russian ambassador, while the Fathers Gerbillon and Pereira acted as interpreters to the Chinese. By virtue of this treaty, the Russians, who had been intimidated by the appearance on the Amur of a Chinese fleet with 10,000 men, gave up all claims to the territories along that river below the confluence of the Shilka and Argun. The Argun and Gorbítsa were to form the boundary of Russia towards the East, Albasin, which had again been occupied by that power, being finally surrendered to the Chinese, while the frontier towards the Sea of Okhotsk was to be formed by the mountain range separating the basins of the Amur and Lena, and nothing was definitively settled with regard to the Ud, Tugur, and other small rivers entering that sea. The region east of the Gorbítsa was almost entirely unknown to both contracting parties, and has only very recently been explored by Middendorf, who, from the mouth of the Tugur, crossed the northern affluents to the Amur towards Nertchinsk. That traveller found three Chinese frontier stones far to the south of the watershed, and accordingly a territory of about 50,000 square versts belonged undoubtedly to Russia, which on the official Russian maps had been indicated as belonging to China. Since that time, however, the Russians have gradually extended their dominion to the mouth of the Amur itself.

Some years ago, the Russians, taking advantage of the very scanty population of the country, had already attempted to gain a footing on the northern banks of the Amur without the formal consent of the Chinese government; and in 1850 they even intended to build a town at Pulj, 800 versts from its mouth. These unauthorised proceedings were, however, rendered unnecessary, by the large concessions which China is said to have voluntarily made to Russia soon afterwards. She ceded not only the territory to the north of the Amur, but also a large portion of Manchuria, at its mouth; and Russia has thus obtained, without sacrifices, what one hundred and fifty years ago she tried in vain to retain. It has been denied that this was a *voluntary* cession on the part of China. A correspondent of a German paper writes from San Francisco that an emissary from Peking came to Nikolayevsk to demand from the Russians the immediate evacuation of the territory taken possession of in so shameless

a manner, on which the guns and troops, ready to defend the newly-acquired provinces, were pointed out to him. And M. Verolles, in a letter published in the "Annals for the Propagation of the Faith," and dated Mukden, 15th of December, 1855, states that Northern Manjuria has been declared in a state of "blockade," and that the army of Manjuria has been ordered to guard the frontiers, but keeping at a most respectable distance from the enemy. Notwithstanding this, we are inclined to believe that the Russians did not advance without having first obtained the consent of the Chinese government. The Amur is of comparatively little importance to China, while the support a mighty empire like Russia might be supposed to render in case of a serious conflict with another European power, may have appeared of sufficient importance at Peking to make a few cheap concessions, in order to gain the good-will of the empire of the north. Ever since the conflicts with China, a Russian colony, consisting originally of prisoners of war taken on the Amur, has existed in Peking, in constant communication with the mother country. The influence which the missionaries and others stationed at this colony exercise in China cannot be overrated, and much of the animosity exhibited towards the English may, perhaps, be traced to this source. These missionaries have succeeded in inducing the Chinese insurgents to co-operate with the imperialists against the English fleet, while a Russian corps of observation has been formed on the Chinese frontier. At the late outbreak of hostilities with Persia, a similar corps was formed on the Persian frontier, in consideration of which a small but important Persian district was ceded to Russia. May not the same policy have proved successful in China? Schrenk, who, in 1855, made from Nikolayevsk an excursion up the Amur and Usuri, was met at the mouth of the latter river in the most friendly manner by the Chinese officials, who even assisted him in procuring fresh provisions and guides for ascending the river. This certainly does not look as if a state of hostility existed between the two empires.

The Russians lost no time in fortifying themselves in their newly-acquired territories. Nikolayevsk, near the mouth of the river, and other forts, were built and garrisoned; trains of heavy artillery, cannon-balls, bomb-shells, iron-lafettes, anchors, and steam-engines, passed through Irkutsk *en route* for the new territory. In the spring of 1855, colonists were sent down the river with orders at once to sow corn, so as to reap the first harvest in the autumn of the same year. The governor-general of Eastern Siberia visited the new districts, in order to inspect the works in progress, and settle about the boundaries with the Chinese authorities, while a corps of Cossacks, similar in its constitution to the Cossacks of the Don, with a strong flotilla, including even some steamers, has been organised, and depôts of the necessary military and naval stores were formed.

By ukase published on the 9th of December, 1846, Kamchatka, Okhotsk, and the Yakute territory cease to exist as separate districts, and they, together with the newly-acquired territory, form the "maritime province of Eastern Siberia," subdivided into the four districts of Nikolayevsk, Petropavlovsk, Gishiga, and Uds. The new province is to be under the governor-general of Eastern Siberia, and Nikolayevsk is to be the capital. Under him will be placed the Siberian flotilla and

ports of the Pacific, a separate military staff, and the civil administration, while that of justice is to be distinct. Sixty thousand silver roubles are to provide for the costs of administration of the new province.

Care has also been taken for the scientific exploration of the basin of the Amur, and the labours of Messerschmidt, Gmelin, Cochrane, Hess, Fuss, and others, which were restricted to the Transbaikial province, and of Middendorf and Schwarz, who respectively, in 1845 and 1849-53, traversed the country between the Sea of Okhotsk and that province, will soon be enlarged by a thorough exploration and survey of the lower course of that river and its southern tributaries. In 1855, a section of the Russian expedition to Eastern Siberia, under the command of Lieutenants Roshkov and Sondhagen, descended the Amur, making a survey of the river. Leopold Schrenk explored, in 1855, on two journeys, the lower course of the Amur and part of the Gorin and Usuri rivers; while Admiral Putiatin, with Lieutenant Peshtchurof, ascended the river, partly in a steamer, during which journey many astronomical positions were fixed. The late presence of the cruisers of the Allies in the Pacific has also aided in throwing some light on the geography of the sea near the mouth of that river. From these various sources, as far as they have been published, we attempt now to give a short description of its course, &c.

The Amur enters the gulf or liman of the Amur, formed by the eastern coast of that part of Manjuria and part of the coast of Saghalien, under about 52 deg. 50 min. N. lat. This gulf is of an oval shape, extending from north to south, and communicates with the Pacific both towards the north and south by two straits, which enter respectively the Sea of Okhotsk and the Gulf of Manjuria.\* The northern strait is navigable only for smaller vessels; while the southern strait, called after its Japanese discoverer, Mamia, is navigable even for vessels of some size. Lapérouse and Broughton, who first discovered and explored the Gulf of Manjuria, found the depth of water, on approaching it, constantly decreasing; and, moreover, heard from natives that, at low tide, the island is connected with the mainland by a sand-bank, while during the flood they are enabled to cross this bank in their small boats. The strait was since then not supposed to be navigable; and it was even questioned whether Saghalien was actually an island, or merely a peninsula. An American navigator states, however, that the strait has a depth of three and a half to ten fathoms; and events during the late war clearly prove the fallacy of the opinion formerly entertained. As the navigability of this Mamia Strait is of some importance, offering, as it does, a much shorter route to the Sea of Japan than the shallow northern strait, we may be allowed to insert here a short account of the escape of the Russian vessels as detailed in a naval magazine published at St. Petersburg. As soon as Admiral Savoiko, commander of Petropavlovsk, had received orders to destroy the fortifications of that place and to proceed to the liman of the Amur, he cut a passage through the ice, and, on the 17th of April, went to sea with a corvette, a frigate, and three

\* This gulf is on most maps called Gulf of Tatar. Formerly, and even now, Tatars and Mongols (the Manju are Mongol) were frequently confounded, which accounts for Lapérouse's error in naming that gulf when he discovered it. It appears, however, more suitable to call this portion of the Sea of Japan "Gulf of Manjuria."

transports. After a most trying voyage, the admiral, passing through Lapérouse Strait, arrived in Castries Bay, and anchored behind some low islands. On the 20th of May some English cruisers appeared, but after throwing a few shells, they put to sea again. As soon as Admiral Savoiko heard that Mami Strait was free from ice, he again weighed anchor, and reached his destination between the 1st and 6th of June; a few weeks later his vessels were safe in the Amur itself. Admiral Putiatin, of the *Diana*, who had been shipwrecked, but succeeded in building a schooner at Khida, also gained the Amur by the same route. These exploits leave no doubt about the navigability of the southern strait. As mentioned before, the northern strait is only navigable for vessels of a very light draught; and Captain Whittingham states that a Russian brig, having a draught of eight feet, although it succeeded in passing this strait, run aground fifteen miles off the mouth of the Amur, and that the boats of the pursuing cruiser, owing to the shallowness of the water and strong current, were not able to follow.

Saghalian island, called by the Manju, Tchoko, and by the Aines, Krafto, extends along the coast of Manchuria from about forty-six to fifty-four degrees north latitude, and is inhabited from north to south by Gilyaki, Orongi (Tungusian reindeer-nomades), and Aines. The northern portion is sterile and unfit for cultivation, but the southern portion appears extremely fertile. The island is nominally under the dominion of Japan, which has a small settlement in Aniwa Bay, at its southern extremity. Krusenstern at one time proposed this bay as a fit site for a Russian settlement, which would not only serve as a commercial station for Russian vessels visiting Japan and China, but would also secure their free communication with the Kuriles and Sitka. Russian settlers actually arrived in 1850, and most of the Japanese left; but in 1854, at the outbreak of the war, the place was again abandoned, and the Japanese returned; and, in consequence of the late treaty between Russia and Japan, ratified in November last, this island will actually remain in possession of the latter power, the boundary passing between Urup and Yeturup, two of the Kuriles. This is the more to be surprised at, if we consider that Russia had already begun to settle this island, and as coals have been found in the Jonquière Bay.

Fort Alexandrovsk, in Castries Bay, Gulf of Manchuria, which had also been abandoned, was again occupied at the end of 1855, and the works were proceeded with under the personal direction of Muraviev, the governor-general of Eastern Siberia. The colony consists of a number of dwellings, magazines, and an hospital, and has a garrison of Cossacks, sailors, and artillery, and in October resisted successfully an attack of Commodore Elliot. The distance from Alexandrovsk to the Amur, to which a road has been constructed, is only sixteen miles, and by making use of this land communication the difficult navigation of the estuary of that river may be entirely avoided. The Americans frequently visit this fort, and supply it with provisions and ammunition. A chain of forts connects it with Nikolayef, near the mouth of the Amur. About one hundred and thirty miles to the south of Castries Bay the Russians are founding a great maritime establishment, Port Imperial (43 deg. 58 min. lat., 140 deg. 17 min. E. long.); which will comprise factories, dry docks, and large storehouses. Four strong batteries and other works will de-

feard the entrance to the harbour, which possesses all requisites for sheltering a large fleet.

The sea immediately to the north of the Amur abounds in whales. Midclendorf estimated a herd of these animals, which passed Udscoi, at eight hundred individuals. Their capture, no doubt, will now be carried on more energetically by the Russians than has been the case hitherto. A Russo-Finnish Whaling Company was formed in 1851, and their vessels have already visited the Sea of Okhotsk.

The liman of the Amur is discoloured for many miles by the immense volume of water discharged by the river. The opposite coasts of Saghalien are low and sandy, while bold cliffs rise at the entrance of the river. The fortress of Nikolayevsk is built on the right bank near the mouth. It consists of a fort, surrounded by a few hundred houses, and is defended by batteries and strong advanced works. The country near the mouth of the river is low and alluvial, the navigation intricate, and the banks and channels are constantly changing, owing to the great number of quicksands and débris sent down by the strong current of the river. Sea-going vessels can, however, enter it, and proceed a considerable distance up. For about seventy miles the direction of the river is from east to west; it then changes towards the south, in which direction it continues as far as Kisi, or Maria settlement, two hundred miles from the sea. In this course the river often cuts itself a passage between bold rocks, or expands, enclosing numerous islands covered with willows. The hills, which on the right bank rise to a more considerable height, are clad with impenetrable pine forests, filled during winter with immense masses of snow, and the country is but little fit for cultivation. Owing to the vicinity of the Sea of Okhotsk, with its masses of ice, and the easterly winds prevailing during spring, the seasons at Nikolayevsk are much more inclement than higher up the river. Even at the commencement of September continued rains set in; October brings snow and cold; and at the end of this month, or the commencement of the next, the mouth of the river is completely frozen over. November and the first half of December are mostly clear; the temperature is low, the minimum being 39 deg. F. During the latter part of December, and during January, frightful snow-storms, with westerly winds, render the communication between the different houses difficult, and even dangerous. The temperature during that time rises often above the freezing point. The birds of passage arrive about half a month later at Nikolayevsk than they do at Kisi, where swans may be seen in the middle of March, and geese a little later. The river does not open before May, while snow and ice are to be found in the forests and more sheltered bays as late as June.

The Gilyaks inhabit the lower part of the Amur, the neighbouring coasts of the Sea of Okhotsk, and part of Saghalien. Pulj (160 miles above Nikolayevsk) is the first village of the Mangunes, a Tungusian tribe; Pulj is the northernmost point of the Amur visited by Manju or Chinese traders, and they are met here by Gilyaks and others from Saghalien, who ascend the river in their boats. During winter the Gilyaks or Mangunes prefer the difficult but shorter road across the Adara mountains to Cape Lasaref, a distance of only forty miles. Near Kisi the Amur approaches even nearer to the sea; and the distance from the river to Alexandrovsk in Castris Bay is only about sixteen miles.



About fifty miles beyond Kisi the physiognomy of the river begins to change; the river is narrower, and foliferous trees become more and more frequent. Animals, which lower down are but scarce—as the musk-deer, the deer—increase rapidly. The wild boar and Siberian stag are to be found at the mouth of the Gorin (600 miles), a northern tributary to the Amur, which comes from a very rich fur district, where sable, foxes, otters, but especially the elk, are the chief objects of chase. Beyond the Gorin the mountains recede from the banks of the river; the numerous grassy and swampy islands are the places of resort for numerous aquatic birds; and it is here, at the mouth of the Usuri and Sungari, that the members of the late expedition thought they had found “Tropical Siberia.” They felt satisfied, at all events, that the traditions respecting it were by no means exaggerated. The country is an undulating, fertile plain. The luxuriant forests contain oaks, limes, planes, and a peculiar species of nut-tree; and wild vines climb round their trunks. The grass is five feet high. Butterflies of rare beauty, with black body and green wings, are to be found here. There are two varieties of the tiger; turtle are found in the river, and the quantity of fish is almost incredible. Besides salmon, trout, and sturgeon, of twenty to twenty-five pounds, pike, &c., we find in the Amur numerous species not yet known, as, for instance, the Iluam-iu, of one to two thousand pounds weight, which has a white and delicate flesh, and is considered so great a luxury that Chinese officials collect it for the table of the emperor. Maximovich, who accompanied the late expedition, also praises in a private letter the fertility of the country, and believes that 100,000 families might find an easy sustenance.

The Usuri and Sungari (which enters the Amur 940 miles above its mouth) are the principal rivers of Manjuria, and both, especially the latter, are navigable for a great distance. The Russians, no doubt, will seek to carry on some kind of commerce with Manjuria, as far as the resources of that country allow them to do. These have not yet been developed as they might be. Only as much corn is cultivated as is required to supply the population. Maize, melons, pepper, and tobacco, are grown to some extent. The *Panax ginseng*, to which the Chinese, whose opinion is supported by some of the missionaries, ascribe great healing powers, seems to be restricted to Corea and Southern Manjuria. The pecuniary value of this root is quite out of proportion to its beneficial qualities. P. Verolles states that 2000*l.* is being paid for one pound of Manjurian ginseng; and, according to La Brunière, a root of the thickness of a finger brings to the finder a profit of 250*l.* to 300*l.* Hitherto only about ten merchants, on paying 30*l.* each for a license, received leave from the Chinese government to navigate the Sungari and Usuri for the sake of this root. Thus its sale is monopolised by a few individuals, which may account for the exorbitant prices charged. If we except a few furs paid as tribute, China derives no other advantages from possessing these territories, to maintain which it required an army and a numerous staff of officials.

The general direction of the Amur from Kisi is towards the south-west; from the Sungari to the Transbaikial frontier it is north-west. About 100 miles above that river the current of the Amur, which hitherto had been very strong, discontinues to be so; the mountains again ap-

proach its banks, and, as before, are more elevated on the right. The Bureja and Sinjira, at the upper course of which the Russians have of late established some Cossack stations, enter the Amur at respectively 1270 and 1600 miles from the sea. The banks of the river are again formed by steep rocks, and at 125 deg. 49 min. east long. Greenwich; at the rock of Atalaya Nadeshda, and not far from the site of the former fort of Albassin, the river forms some rapids, which endanger navigation. It was to this spot Admiral Putiatin, with Peshtchurof, advanced in the steamer *Nadeshda*; the further progress of the steamer was stopped, and the admiral continued his voyage in a barge drawn by horses. It does not, however, appear that these rapids offer any insurmountable obstacles to smaller vessels, as small Russian steamers as well as Chinese vessels have descended the entire course of the river to the ocean.

At long. 121 deg. 51 min. the Argun enters the main river from the south. This, which hitherto had been known as Amur, Saghalien Ula, or Helung-kiang, now, on entering the Transbaikalian province, assumes that of Shilka, by which it is known as far as the confluence of Ingoda and Onon, the former of which is looked upon by the Russians as the true Upper Amur, while the Chinese consider the Sungari to be the chief branch of the river.

The Argun forms the boundary between the Russian Transbaikalian province, which in 1851 was formed out of the southern portion of the government of Irkutsk and Chinese Manjuria. Of late, Russian settlements appear, however, to have been formed also on the right bank of that river. The population of this province, in 1851, was 327,908, (144,837 in the district of Nertchinsk, and 183,071 in that of Selenginsk), exclusive of three brigades of cavalry and three brigades of infantry, together of 100,839 men—according to Russian accounts. Chita, a small town of 707 inhabitants in 1851, on the Ingoda, is the new capital. There are nearly 300,000 horses, as many head of cattle, and half a million of sheep. The inhabitants engage also in fishing and hunting; and agriculture is carried on rather successfully to the west of the great dividing range, separating the waters of the Amur from those of Baikal Lake. That portion of Transbaikalia situated on the Upper Amur is by far the least favoured as regards climate and agriculture; it contains, however, some rich mines, producing annually 200 to 250 pud of silver, and 25,000 pud of lead. Some years ago the corn raised did not suffice for the wants of the inhabitants, and the deficiency had to be covered by imports from Irkutsk and Selenginsk. The peasantry was created out of pardoned convicts, and had first to be taught agriculture. The soil is highly favourable to the production of flowers, but the reverse for carrying on husbandry. The summer is but short, and the early night-frosts during autumn bring on frequent misgrowths.\* These various disadvantages had to be considered in the manner of cultivation, and many districts were subsequently found rather fertile—for instance, Stretinsk. Winter corn fails but seldom; summer-wheat is sown as early as possible; buck-wheat yields three crops from one sowing. Rye is housed from the end of July to the middle of August, and the fourfold is accounted a bad harvest. Hemp is grown everywhere advantageously,

\* Mean temperature at Nertchinsk, between 1839 to 1851: winter, 15·9; spring, 29·75; summer, 60·6; autumn, 25·0 F.

as it does not suffer through the climate. Garden plants are scarce. The cattle are left to seek their own fodder, and do well during winter, as there is little or no snow. The peasantry soon acquire a certain amount of wealth, for the labour they are required to do in the smelting works in lieu of paying taxes is but moderate, and their produce always finds a ready market. It rains and snows but little,\* and sledges are consequently not of any use on the land; and in this respect the countries on the Upper Amur are quite the reverse from the countries at its mouth, where snow and rain fall in great quantities. Winter lasts till the end of April, and is followed by a cool summer, a few hot days excepted—June, July, and August being the warmest months. Autumn is never without rain or snow, and night-frosts become frequent as early as August. During September and October the migratory birds, as herons, curlews, ducks, and swans, leave for the south. The rivers become covered with ice in October, the smaller ones at the end of September. The cold during winter is not felt so much, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere and infrequency of wind.

To return to the Argun. This river enters the Russian territory from the steppe, flowing but slowly, and consequently always freezes a fortnight sooner than the Shilka. The Chinese side of the river is much more mountainous than the Russian, and the banks at its upper course are a level, treeless steppe, entirely unfit for cultivation. On the boundary of the steppe is situated the fort of Tsurukhaita, which, besides Kiakhta, is the only place along the boundaries of Russia and China where commercial intercourse between the two nations is legalised. Formerly the caravan-route used to go from this place by way of Tsitsikar to Peking, but for many years it has been abandoned for the more favourable route of Kiakhta. At present no merchants reside permanently at Tsurukhaita, but they go there annually from Nertchinsk, where the Chinese commission for inspecting the boundary arrives, and a few inconsiderable exchanges take place. The Chinese then embark on the river, and descend it and the Amur.

The Shilka, to the confluence of Onon and Ingoda, has a course of 270 miles, and a breadth varying from 100 to 300 yards. It flows towards the north-east, and its depth seldom exceeds twelve feet. Often it is only two feet, and the river is full of shallows. Notwithstanding this, a small Russian steamer descended from Shilkinsk to the ocean in a fortnight. Its fall is not considerable, and its water is pure and salubrious. As early as October the river becomes covered with ice, which does not break before April. The northern bank is generally steep, and towards its lower course wooded; many villages have been founded along that river, and agriculture is carried on advantageously.

The Onon rises in the Chinese territory, and as far as Akshinsk it flows through arid steppes. At that place its bed is stony, and the river washes on shore chalcedons, cornelians, jaspers, and other valuable stones; it abounds in fish, and pearls of considerable size are found in it and its tributaries. Below Akshinsk its banks become more habitable, and many villages have been founded along them.

We have now only to speak of the Ingoda. It rises about 50 deg.

\* The quantity of rain at Nertchinsk during 1851 was 12·100 inches, of which only 0·489 inches fell during November to March inclusive.

north latitude in the Kentei mountains, near the Chokondo, which is frequently covered with snow during the entire year. At first it flows towards the north-east, but at Chita its direction is east as far as the Onon. Below Chita the river has a breadth of 180 to 300 feet, is strong, rapid, and encloses many grassy islands. The rocky mountains along its banks are densely wooded; the rocks often approach very closely to the river, leaving only a narrow passage through which it forces its way. These rocks are in many parts covered with mosses and a beautiful fern, *Pteris pedata*, and the rhubarb plant, with its red bulb, appears frequently in warmer sites. The river can be navigated on small boats or rafts below Chita, but this navigation is very dangerous, owing to the shallowness of the water and to the rapids. The floods during spring often cover the entire valley. A little above Kruchina a rock, called Capitan, in the centre of the river, considerably endangers navigation at low water. The most dangerous of the rapids is that below Vorovskaya Pad, called Bayeta, i.e. "Combatant," where the river forces itself a passage through a narrow defile.

The entire course of the Amur to the sources of the Ingoda amounts thus to 2860 English miles, of which 2180 miles to the Amur proper, 270 to the Shilka, and 460 to the Ingoda, of which about 2450 miles are navigable, and drains, with its tributaries, an area of 764,000 English square miles.

Before concluding, a few words on the importance of this river as a road of commerce, and the possibility of its being commercially connected with that part of Siberia to the west of it, and thus by land with Europe. The basin of the Amur is separated from that of Lake Baikal and the Yenisei by a range of low mountains, called the Yablonnoi Khrebet, from a number of large stones (Yabloki) which cover the road crossing it. The relative elevation of this mountain range is not at all considerable, and only towards the south the Chokondo (8000 feet) is almost perpetually covered with snow. A number of roads cross this mountain range, amongst which the post-road from Chita to Verkhné Udinsk is the only one practicable at all times. This road, on leaving the Ingoda river, traverses the mountains, and leads down the valley of the Uda. During spring it becomes very difficult, owing to the melting of the snow, but no physical obstacles would prevent the construction of a railway or canal to connect the two river basins. The road formerly taken by the caravans from Selenginsk to Tsurukhai branches off from this post-road, and crosses the mountain a little farther south. The other roads lead to the valley of the Khilok, across a cold and sterile mountain range, the flora of which only appears in April. The road taken by the fishermen from the Ingoda to Slegen lake is not practicable for carriages. A carriage-road twenty versts to the west of that lake connects the valleys of the Ingoda and the Khilok, where these approach nearest to each other, the distance being only thirty-nine versts. Another road, about a day's journey farther west, might, with little trouble, be made very convenient, and would be the shortest route between Selenginsk and Nertchinsk. From the Ingoda it ascends the Ulatai, a small tributary of that river, and crosses the mountains to a southern tributary of the Khilok of the same name, the entire distance being only fifty versts. Another pass is still farther west, but owing to its mountainous, rocky, or marshy nature,

it is not practicable for carriages. Both the Uda and Khilok, to which these roads lead, are navigable for a good distance, and especially the latter may be navigated on small boats as far as Ilgen lake, and by means of the Selenga, water communication as far as Irkutsk, and, if desirable, further exists. We perceive, consequently, that although no *direct* water communication between Siberia and the Pacific has been obtained by the late acquisition of the Amur, that with Kamchatka and Russian America has been greatly facilitated; and this will become even more apparent if we consider the routes hitherto taken, either for supplying these settlements with grain, or for importing furs and other produce derived from them. From Irkutsk, as the centre of Russian commerce in Eastern Siberia, the supplies intended for the more eastern settlements of Russia had first to be brought to Yakutsk, a distance of 1810 miles. As far as Katchuga, on the Lena, the transport is by land. A great number of barges and rafts leave that place every spring for Yakutsk; on their return from the latter place they are drawn up the river by horses, the cost of transport from Irkutsk to Yakutsk being about seventy-five kopeks per pud. Yakutsk has chiefly risen in consequence of the fur trade, for it is not only the chief station of the rich fur districts south of the Lena, but the furs from Russian America are also brought here—chiefly by two routes—by way of Okhotsk or of Ayan. The latter settlement has been founded on account of the inconvenience of Okhotsk as a harbour, its difficulty and uncertainty of access. During summer, numerous transports of pack-horses, with flour, peas, &c., as well as herds of cattle, arrive to provision the American settlements, and two or three vessels enter with furs, which are then sent to Yakutsk and Kiakhta to be exchanged for tea. The distance between Ayan and Yakutsk is about 900 miles, and that between Okhotsk and the latter place is even more; the transport by land between Ayan and Irkutsk amounts, therefore, to nearly 1500 miles, while with the navigation of the Amur opened it would amount to from 30 to 100 miles. The advantages consequent upon this reduction of land transport in connexion with the acquisition of a corn-producing country on the Amur, are very great as regards the settlements in America and more Eastern Siberia, which have been hitherto, for the greater part, provisioned by foreigners.\* The distance from Irkutsk to Petropavlovsk, by way of Ayan, is, for instance, 3860 miles; that from the corn-fields on the Amur, 1460 miles; the cost of transport of one pud by the former route amounts to at least 16s., while by the latter route it is only about 6d., effecting a saving in the transport alone of 15s. 6d.; formerly 9s. and more were frequently paid for one pound of flour at Petropavlovsk, now it may be had for 6d.

The trade of Europe and of other states cannot, however, be possibly affected otherwise by these advantages than by a discontinuance of imports to these settlements, unless Russia succeed in monopolising the trade of China entirely—an eventuality which is not at all likely to occur. The Amur and Sungari offer by no means a shorter or easier route to Peking than the caravan route between Kiakhta and that city. The distance by river navigation from Nertchinsk to Peking is above 3000

\* Amongst the imports of Kamchatka and Ayan in 1852, those brought through Siberia had a value of 23,880 roubles only; those imported from European Russia direct, 12,122 roubles; and those imported from foreign countries (by sea), 155,569 roubles.

miles, or three times that between Kiakhta and that place, 600 miles of which would be by land. The coast of China might, indeed, be reached entirely by water, by descending the whole of the Amur; but this route would be still longer, and owing to the comparatively short period during which this river can be navigated (in Siberia transport by sledges is frequently preferred to river navigation), would not be much less expensive. The cost of transport of one pound of tea from China to London, including insurance, does not quite amount to 1d., while the expense of carrying it to Nishne-Novgorod is about 1s. 6d.; to which the expense of bringing this tea to another European market would have to be added. It has been proposed—of course by Russian government papers—to construct a railway from Moscow to the Amur; but even were this project to be carried out, which is not probable, considering that the entire goods traffic of such a line would not possibly exceed a hundred thousand tons,\* the expenses of transport would scarcely be reduced.

Russia, no doubt, has acquired a large and fertile territory, with a navigable river, which places Eastern Siberia in connexion with the Pacific, and which will give a new impulse to the development of that part of her dominions. She undoubtedly has gained in her influence in China, and would most willingly use it to deprive other countries of the benefits accruing from commercial intercourse with that empire. But unless the Chinese ports were again to be closed against foreigners, the Russian acquisitions on the Amur cannot produce any change in our commercial intercourse with that country. Such an event is, however, not likely to happen as long as the government of this country recognises and pursues the true interests of the nation.

### Prosings by Monkshead

#### ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

##### XIII.—SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

THAT is Macaulay all over, readers are tempted to exclaim, at the winding-up of a passage of extra spirit and show, in essay after essay of Sir James Stephen's. But it is only in isolated passages, and it is almost exclusively in the surface-question of style, that any such identity, or strong family likeness, is really observable. In the sub-surface particulars of temperament, taste, and mental and moral idiosyncrasy, the affinities between the son of Zachariah Macaulay, of the Clapham sect, and of the pupil, protégé, and historian of that sect, the Cambridge Professor of Modern History, are neither many nor close. The style of Sir James Stephen's reviews, in its more ornate and high-coloured intervals, appears to have been traceably influenced by the writer's study of, and admiration for, that of Macaulay; of which, accordingly, it then represents the richness, the garniture of illustration, the word-painting power, the decision and the dash, with no inconsiderable effect. But the

\* The trade between Russia and China amounts to at the utmost 3000 tons.

force is less dynamical, more mechanical; the flow betrays more of effort and constraint. He is indeed most forcible, and most fluent, when most *himself*. An able contributor to the *North American Review*, in comparing the two styles, distinguishes that of Sir James Stephen as more grave and didactic, often swelling into a weighty and impressive eloquence, that proceeds rather from the deep feelings and strong convictions of the writer, than from rhetorical artifice: in which respect, a superiority is claimed for him over Macaulay, whose articles, "with all their brilliancy and richness of illustration, are often superficial and deficient in earnestness, having the sparkle and impetuosity of a mountain torrent, but also its shallowness and want of sustained force." The same critic discerns more of "heart" in Sir James's writings, together with an amount of fervid religious persuasion, which might swell into fanaticism if not mastered, as it is, by a vigorous intellect, and which governs all his reflections and judgments.\* Sir James is far from being such a docile and entire adhesionist to the "Evangelical" system, as its undeviating supporters could desire; but he has never thrown off the yoke and broke the bonds as they accuse his great Edinburgh ally of doing, when they contrast what Zachariah was, with what Thomas Babington is. If they find *σκαδᾶς* in the scope, or the details even, of such among Sir James's essays as the review of Whitfield and his Times, of Richard Baxter, or that genial, devout, and highly-finished *fiction*, in the style and assuming the authorship of Isaac Taylor—it must be rather as men of sect than as religious men that they are "offended," and the "stones of stumbling" (tiny pebbles, after all) must be dislodged from smooth ground by the irritant action of their own restless feet. Into the controversy about the *æonian* duration of future punishments, this is not the place to enter; nor to hint an opinion, either way, on that doctrine of Universal Restoration to which may be applied, from its advocates' point of view, the "grey-haired Wanderer's" words:

Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
In mercy, carried infinite degrees  
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:  
Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,  
That finds no limits but her own pure will.†

A wholesale dealing with Sir James Stephen's Essays, is as much within our will as beyond our "possible." Failing that, a retail system, applied to singular selections from the grand plurality, with the utmost practicable amount of picking and stealing, "to make things pleasant" (in Board of Directors' phrase), must be our plan. And at once, to begin with, it is impossible to keep "hands off," when such a figure as Gregory the Seventh crosses our path, or the founder of the Franciscans moves before us, in his habit as he lived.

The essay on Hildebrand was distinguished by such brilliance and vigour, that veteran reviewers were not wanting who unhesitatingly attributed it to Mr. Macaulay.‡ It most graphically portrays the life and

\* See *North American Review*, July, 1852.

† Wordsworth: "Excursion." Book IV.

‡ Sir Archibald Alison, for example, in his review of Macaulay's History (Vols. I., II.), enumerating some of the more striking of that gentleman's Essays, has this passage: "He has treated of the Reformation and the Catholic reactions

the times of that Pontiff whose place is in the first rank among ecclesiastical Rome's principalities and powers. "Ce vieillard," says Philarète Chasles, "pour changer le monde, n'a prononcé qu'une parole : *J'excommunie !*" Under him Christendom became subject to what Wordsworth calls "a ghostly domination, unconfined as that by dreaming bards to love assigned."\* He is indeed a Representative Man of that new dynasty, which became higher than the kings of the earth, and assumed the style of kings of kings, and lords of lords, going forth conquering and to conquer.

Those ancient men, what were they, who achieved  
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors ;  
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,  
And, through the world, subduing, chaining down  
The free immortal spirit ? Were they not  
Mighty magicians ? Theirs a wondrous spell,  
Where true and false were with infernal art  
Close interwoven ; where together met  
Blessings and curses, threats and promises ;  
And with the terrors of futurity  
Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates . . . .

What in his day the Syracusan sought,  
Another world to plant his engines on,  
They had ; and, having it, like gods not men  
Moved this world at their pleasure.†

Milman aptly calls Gregory the Cæsar of spiritual conquest ; the great and inflexible assertor of the supremacy of the sacerdotal order ; before whose austere yet imaginative mind the universal religious Autocracy, the Caliphate (with the difference that the temporal power was accessory to the spiritual, not the spiritual an hereditary appendage to temporal supremacy), expanded itself as the perfect Idea of the Christian Church. "Posterity demands whether his imperial views, like those of the older Cæsar, were not grounded on the total prostration of the real liberty of mankind. . . . Even if essentially true, this monarchical aristocracy was undeniably taught and maintained, and by none more than Hildebrand, through means utterly at variance with the essence of Christianity, at the sacrifice of all the higher principles, by bloody and desolating wars, by civil wars with all their horrors, by every kind of human misery."‡ In Sir James Stephen's essay is shown how Hildebrand's despotism, however inconsistently, sought to guide mankind, by moral impulses, to a more than human sanctity ; while the feudal despotism with which he waged war, sought, with a stern consistency, to degrade them into beasts of prey or beasts of burden. In this respect, it was the "conflict of mental with physical power, of literature with ignorance, of religion with injustice and debauchery." But Sir James does not fail to add, that Hildebrand was the founder of a tyranny only less odious than that which he arrested ; and that Hildebrand's own policy was Imperial, while his resources and his arts were Sacerdotal : "Anathemas and flatteries, stern defiances and subtle insinuations, invectives such as might have been thundered by

in his review of Ranke ; of the splendid despotism of the Popedom in that of Hildebrand ; of the French Revolution in that of Barère. There is no danger," adds Sir Archibald, "of his essays being forgotten." But there is danger, it seems, of their being confounded with those of his contemporaries.

\* Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sonnets.

† Rogers : Italy.

‡ Milman's Latin Christianity, vol. iii.



Genseric, and apologies such as might have been whispered by Augustulus, succeed each other in his story, with no visible trace of hesitation or of shame." An essay teeming with passages in this style might excusably be ascribed, on its appearance in the *Edinburgh*, to his pen who reviewed Ranke on the Popes.

Nor is that on Saint Francis of Assisi inferior in energy and pictorial effect. We follow with eager steps the career of the founder of that Order which, in England alone, can boast of the names of Duns Scotus, Alexander Hales, Robert Grosstête, Roger Bacon. We see him in early boyhood, assiduous in his father's counting-house, and foremost in festival and feat of arms—then overtaken by a nearly fatal sickness, from which he rises sick unto death of the world and every worldly way—vowing devotion to Poverty, and hugging her as a bride—flogged by his father, and put in chains—escaping by his mother's connivance, and flying to his sanctuary at St. Damiano: an orphan with living parents, a beggar entitled to a splendid patrimony; traversing the mountains in abject but cherished need, chanting divine canticles as he wanders on, and attracting by his voice the banditti of the wild region, who, finding him a worthless prize, toss him contemptuously into a snow-drift—whence, half-frozen, he crawls to a neighbouring monastery, and is employed by the monks as a scullion; then returning to Assisi in pilgrim's garb and with the pilgrim's spirit, and becoming the father and apostle of the leprous—till popular feeling reacts in his favour, he is enabled to restore the ruined church of St. Damiano, his followers grow and multiply exceedingly, and in his hut on the plain of the Rivo Torto (which St. Louis himself visits in disguise) he draws up the rule of his new Order, the Magna Charta of Poverty. Sir James applauds with reason the politic sanction of this democratic element by Innocent the Third, whose penetrating eye saw in the fervid speech, resolved aspect, lowly mien, and even the dust and squalor of Francis and his co-petitioners for papal sanction, assurance of a devotedness which might rival and eclipse (and perhaps persuade) those whom Simon de Montfort had in vain tried to exterminate. The foresight of Innocent, and his far-sightedness, did not mislead him. The Franciscan Order has not only survived, as this essay sets forth, the banter of Erasmus, the broader scoffs of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Vironum* (which Sir William Hamilton\* calls "at once the most cruel and the most natural of satires"), the invectives of Wicliff and Luther, the taunts of Milton, and the contemptuous equity of Bayle, but the egregious crimes and follies of its own degenerate sons.†

A ripe and unctuous *bonne bouche* for scholars and bookmen, is the paper on Mabillon and the Benedictines. Mabillon is drawn in the most favourable and attractive light, as an affectionate, truthful, profoundly meek and fervently pious man—strangely rare character for one to whom was committed by Bernard of St. Maur and his Benedictine fraternity the "Titanic labour" of writing the complete history of their Order. It is a safe assertion, with regard to these nine folios of the *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, that nothing in the literary annals of France is more marvellous than such a composition, by one man, and this amid other labours of almost equal magnitude—by no mere compiler, too, for Mabillon was also a "learned theologian, and a critic and scholar of the

\* Discussions on Philosophy.

† Essay on St. Francis, *passim*.

first order." Moreover, he was no unsociable recluse, no hide-bound pedant, but one who loved the fellowship of his kind, though his enjoyment of "society" was, after all, restricted to the sick chamber of brother D'Achery, which became a *salon* where a few choice spirits would congregate on certain evenings—Du Cange, and Baluze, and *Étienne* D'Herbelot, and l'Abbé Fleury, and Fénelon, "then basking in the noon of royal favour," and Bossuet, "in the meridian of his genius." We see Mabillon in request with ecclesiastical authors of every variety—the Jesuits, the Bollandists of Antwerp, the Carthusians, the Cistercians; Leibnitz applies to him for information concerning the House of Brunswick, and Madame de la Vallière for his influence to help on a relative. We see him after a while journeying in Italy, where monasteries vie in doing him honour, and civic *fêtes* await his advent, and the Pope and Queen Christina contend (*their* contention was a matter of course, a standing quarrel) which should outdo the other in courtesy to the lowly Benedictine. Nor among the Italian notables with whom he makes acquaintance, do we miss a glimpse of old Magliabecchi, in his library at Florence—a bibliophile worth the looking at, for "another man, at once so book-learned, so dirty, and so ill-favoured, could not have been found in the whole of Christendom."

The appearance of such a paper as "The Clapham Sect"\* in the *Edinburgh Review*, was a significant and generally welcome mark of the change that had come over that blue-and-yellow oracle, since the early days when it had looked so deeply, darkly, *unbeautifully* blue at the Wilberforce tribe, and biliously yellow at the very mention of Clapham. That licensed "sportsman," the Rev. Sydney Smith, loved to make "game" of the tribe at large, and of its patriarch in especial. As where he suggests to Protestants of the Abraham Plymley type, that since it seems necessary to their idea of an established church to have something to worry and torment, they might do well to "select for this purpose William Wilberforce, Esq., and the patent Christians of Clapham," as a safer, because more insignificant body of men to persecute, than the Irish Romanists; for, why torture a bull-dog, when you can get a frog or a rabbit? and therefore let the "patent Christians" in question be compelled "to abjure vital clergymen by a public test, to deny that the said William Wilberforce has any power of working miracles, touching for barrenness or any other infirmity, or that he is endowed with any preternatural gift whatever." Elsewhere the same "incomparable Sydney" declares the only danger the Church is in to arise from "that patent Christianity which has been for some time manufacturing at Clapham"—and counsels the bishops "to keep their eyes upon that holy village and its hallowed vicinity," and to nip in the bud the Simeonitic plan for purchasing livings "for those

\* Of this paper, we find the following mention in Jeffrey's correspondence (Life by Cockburn), at the time of its appearance:

"I could not stop reading that admirable review of Stephen's on the Clapham Worthies, which is all charmingly written, and many passages inimitably. The sketches of Granville Sharp, C. Simeon, and Lord Teignmouth are, beyond comparison, superior to any of —'s elaborate portraits, or even Macaulay's stronger pictures, in vivacity and force of colouring, as well as in that soft tone of angelic pity and indulgence, which gives its character to the whole piece." (1844.)

So far, so good. Ex-editor Jeffrey falls with tolerable grace into the new ways of his old Journal. One is curious to hear what his predecessor in the Editorship, and trusty coadjutor, that clerical scourge of the Claphamites, Sydney Smith, thought in 1844 of this New Way to pay old Debts.

groaning and garrulous gentlemen, whom they denominate (by a standing sarcasm against the regular Church) gospel preachers and vital clergymen." Very near the time at which the irreverent Reverend of the *Edinburgh* was thus writing down, or "essaying" so to do, the Thorntons and Macaulays of this "holy village," a future contributor (and a most favoured and distinguished one) to the same *Review* was spending happy hours in the midst of the proscribed clique. Sketching a group, including Wilberforce and his "playful boys," Henry Thornton and others, Sir James Stephen exclaims: "*Eheu fugaces!*" Those elder forms are all now reposing beneath the clods of the valley: those playful boys, are Right Reverend and Venerable Dignitaries of the Church: and he who then seemed to read while he listened silently, is now, in the garrulity of declining years, telling old tales, and perhaps distorting, in the attempt to revive them, pictures which have long since been fading from the memory."

Wilberforce, as the very sun of the Claphamic system, occupies of course a large and leading place in the review. His conversational charm is compared, or contrasted, with that of the mirth-moving priest of St. Paul's, from whom we have been quoting. Wilberforce's table-talk is now purely a tradition. Whatever its spirit and potency may have been, to those who once tested it in *vivâ voce* examination, it is now as far beyond our weights and measures as impalpable ether or imponderable gas. It is no longer remembered or preserved, because, according to Sir James's description, it was like a galvanic stream of vivacity, humour, and warm-heartedness, which tended rather to volatilise and disperse than to consolidate the substances on which it fell. When Wilberforce and Sydney Smith left the same dinner-table, their companions—*Stephano experto crede*—carried away some of the "solid bullion\* of wit" from the Canon, to be exhibited in other company—but from the Member of Parliament recollections which, though not transferable to others by the quotation of his words, dwelt with themselves as an exhilarating influence.

Not of Mr. Wilberforce, any more than of any other Claphamite, is Sir James Stephen an indiscriminating panegyrist. The M.P. had his foibles; and detractors have magnified or made the most of them. His apparent indecision and infirmity of purpose laid him open to the charge even of insincerity. He got a bad name in some political quarters, on the score of levity and inconstancy. "You will be surprised," he once said to Lord Sidmouth, "at the vote I gave last night; and indeed I am not myself quite satisfied with it." His lordship replied: "My dear Wilberforce, I shall never be *surprised* at any vote you give." In Mr. Plumer Ward's diary, referring to a dinner party at Sir J. Swinburne's, in 1812, we find this entry: "A discussion on Wilberforce's character, in which the majority seemed to think him honest, but extremely unfair, run away with by the attractions of any popular butterfly, and so undecided as to be no authority on any subject."† Vanity, too, is freely ascribed to him by other censors. If vain he was, when was vanity so harmless, so unselfish, so exuberant in traits of courtesy, benignity,

\* "*Solid bullion of wit*"—a phrase reminding us of Mrs. Jameson's tribute to the Canon's mirthful wisdom: "The wit of Sydney Smith almost always involved a thought worth remembering for its brilliant vehicle: the value of ten thousand pounds sterling of sense concentrated into a cut and polished diamond."

† *Life of R. P. Ward*, vol. i. p. 477.

and love? If there be foundation for the censure, let us say, at the worst,

———Somewhat vain he was,  
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,  
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy  
Diffused around him, while he was intent  
On works of love or freedom, or revolved  
Complacently the progress of a cause,  
Whereof he was a part : yet this was meek  
And placid, and took nothing from the man  
That was delightful.\*

*How* delightful the "man," William Wilberforce, was—in youth, and prime of manhood, and old age—many and many have told us, and none more graphically than Sir James Stephen, who bids us imagine David Garrick personating in some other society his friends of the Literary Club, now uttering maxims of wisdom with Johnsonian dignity, then haranguing with the rapture of Burke, telling a good story with the unction of James Boswell, chuckling over a ludicrous jest with the childlike glee of Oliver Goldsmith, singing a ballad with all the taste of Percy, reciting poetry with the classical enthusiasm of Cumberland,—and, at each successive change in the interlude, exhibiting the amenities of Sir Joshua; and from this supposed monopolylogue we may image Wilberforce—discoursing throughout in a voice which "resembled an Æolian harp controlled by the touch of a St. Cecilia." Its flexibility is illustrated in that chapter in "The Doctor," where Southey has drawn an inverted pyramid, the narrowing lines of which represent the subsiding cadences wherewith he supposes Mr. Wilberforce to repeat the words "Poor creature!" when advised by The Doctor to read his book on a Sunday. Sir James Stephen assures us this is hardly a burlesque.

Worthy of a place in the same category, are the sketches, part critical, part biographical, of other notables in the ranks of the "Evangelicals;" John Newton, the *pachydermatous* pastor of Olney, whose strength and whose weakness, it is happily said, alike consisted in the predominance of the male above the female elements of his nature—an honest, downright sailor to the last, with nerves of brass and sinews of iron; Thomas Scott, the commentator, who, at threescore and seven, "might safely have challenged the world to produce a more unfortunate, or a more enviable man"—who, at that age, sick and in poverty, found, on investigating his accounts, that 199,900*l.* had been paid in his lifetime across the counter for his theological publications, that he himself had derived from them an income of little more than 47*l.* per annum, and that they had involved him in a debt of about 1200*l.*,—but who lived on in severe frugality, in brave independence, and self-denying charity—virtuous in all domestic relations, though seeming at first unsuited for interchange of social benignities—being of harsh and uninviting appearance, of "coarse features, lacklustre eye, uncouth gait, asthmatic and dissonant voice, and absent, inattentive manner," while his natural temper was characterised by asperity and arrogance, and he had the misfortune of seeming too often to scold when in the pulpit, and in society to dogmatise; Henry Thornton, again, for thirty years and more a Member of Parliament, though an infrequent and unimpressive speaker—a man who, before a

\* Wordsworth: "Prelude." Book IX.

family grew up around him, assigned nearly six-sevenths of his income to the poor, and whose smallest annual donation for the same purpose, in any year, was two thousand pounds—happy in a home \* made happy by his presence, “from whose lips no morose, or angry, or impatient word ever fell; on whose brow no cloud of anxiety or discontent was ever seen to rest;” Granville Sharp, whose settled conviction of the wickedness of our race was “tempered by an infantine credulity in the virtue of each separate member of it;” William Smith, the member for Norwich—the cordial friend of Wilberforce and the Claphamites, yet a greater friend to Truth, as he recognised it in the doctrines of Beulah and Lindsay; Zachariah Macaulay, celebrated sire of a more celebrated, but unlikeminded, son—a man whose demeanour was so inanimate, if not austere, whose countenance was so monotonous, and on whose overhanging brows the traces of fatigue were so constant, that “neither Gall nor Lavator could have solved the charm which excited among his chosen circle a faith nigh to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm;” Henry Martyn, who might have been the model of Mackenzie’s “Man of Feeling,”—a man “born to love with ardour and to hate with vehemence; amorous, irascible, ambitious, and vain; without one torpid nerve about him; aiming at universal excellence in science, literature, conversation, horsemanship, and even in dress;” Dean Milner, the jovial, facetious, rule-the-roast President of Queen’s; and Charles Simeon,—of whom Sir James gives a sketch at once accurate, graphic, and piquant in the highest degree—calculated to scandalise Sims, but to amuse (yet not flippantly) all—suggesting a resemblance between Simeon and “the late Mr. Terry,” and describing him as one who, to a casual acquaintance, must have often seemed like some truant from the green-room, studying in clerical costume for the part of *Mercutio*, and doing it scandalously ill—one whose adventurous attitudes, whose ceaseless grimaces, whose ponderous badinage, whose exquisitely unbecoming stories about the pedigree of his horses or the vintages of his cellar, were such, that the caricaturists, Sir James fairly allows, must have been faithless to their calling, and the undergraduates false to their nature, if pencil, pen, and tongue had not made the much-enduring Fellow of King’s and Vicar of Trinity their prey: “the worshippers of Bacchus and Venus gave thanks that they were jolly fellows, and not as this Pharisee.” Sir James Stephen should be consulted by every reader of Carus’s Life of Simeon—a biography, however, which contains nothing incompatible with the portraiture drawn by the livelier and bolder, but no way depreciating pen of the Professor of Modern History. Indeed, Sir James Stephen, if not what is called eminently, or prominently, a religious writer, is one essentially, and has been characterised, in fact, by an oracle of orthodox and Quarterly authority, as betraying the “severe school of theology to which he is attached,” by his tone of sincere but not ostentatious piety, often tainted or at least touched with “gloom,”—a tone which controls, colours, and informs all his dissertations, with the more or less of directness which their several themes may demand or allow.

\* It was the rare privilege of Henry Thornton never to witness the “irruption of death into his domestic paradise.” A like record is true of his friend, neighbour, and fellow M.P., William Smith, who, when nearly 80, could still “gratefully acknowledge that he had no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness, or family bereavement.”

## THE MILLIONAIRE OF MINCING-LANE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. CUTTS GIVES HER PARTY.

Few people do anything for the first time—if they have meditated on the subject—without a certain degree of nervousness.

Mrs. Cutts was not at all of a nervous temperament, but she could not help feeling anxious about the success of her *soirée*. If she did not absolutely say "*Il y va de ma gloire!*" it was because she felt that something more satisfactory than glory depended on the result.

She was, of course, no less accessible to the vanity of success than I who write or you who read, but—however agreeable it might have been to her—the gratification of personal vanity did not, at this moment, occupy the first place in her thoughts.

To judge, indeed, by the confidence she bestowed on her sister (and with whom—provided they are not rivals—can a woman be sincere, if not with her own sister?), Mrs. Cutts appeared the personification of disinterestedness.

"I need not point out to you, Harriet," she said to Mrs. Basset, when the party was determined on, "what an immense advantage it will be to Claribel to be properly introduced. My circle consists of none but first-rate people; all as the French say, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' that is to say, accustomed to high society, moving in it, in fact. It makes all the difference where a girl is met with in private life who gets her bread in a public capacity. But she must be very nicely dressed. Now I dare say you haven't much money, Harriet, so make the most of this bank-note; get all you want, both of you, and come early."

Mrs. Basset was strictly obedient to these instructions. The note was speedily converted into silks and gauzes, and Claribel and her aunt presented themselves in Mayfair all the sooner for being conveyed thither by Dr. Brocas in the very handsome carriage which he had just purchased—though the word "purchased" must be taken with reservation, as it was not yet, and very likely never would be, paid for. It is probable, however, that this consideration did not diminish the learned civilian's sense of enjoyment. He was all admiration at Claribel's appearance, and she deserved his praise.

Let me describe her:

Fair, very fair, with features far from regular, yet such as no criticism could amend, for it was to expression they owed their chief attraction. The hue that flushed her cheek, the light that danced in her eyes, the

smile that played on her lips, came and went as quickly as summer lightning flashes across the clear evening sky. In repose she seemed almost sad; in animation more than happy; but under each aspect, lovely. The undefinable charm is that which fixes most, and this charm was Claribel's. Even if you had not seen her the effect would have been the same, for, as the blind derive from sound their notions of form and colour, her voice conveyed a perfect idea of what she really was—tender at one moment, joyous at another, always soft and sweet. It was said by Mrs. Basset that she more resembled her father than her mother, but on either side there was the inheritance of beauty. The newspaper critics differed, as newspaper critics will, about her height and the colour of her eyes. These were debatable points: but they all agreed that no one on the stage had such beautiful hair; and one writer—evidently very young and very much given to metaphor—compared its hue to that of the golden grape on which the sun had shed his last lingering ray!

Perhaps Mrs. Cutts would have been better pleased if her sister and niece had arrived without the escort of Dr. Brocas, but the handsome carriage at her door reconciled her to his appearance at an earlier hour than she had expected, and she received him with as much *empressement* as if he had been a royal personage. Dr. Brocas had been debating in his own mind whether he should be intolerably low or particularly refined: his love of mischief inclined him to mortify his hostess by an exhibition of astounding vulgarity; but when he cast his eyes on Claribel, and reflected that the mortification would be equally hers, his better nature prevailed, and he resolved on playing the part of the accomplished courtier. To do so without *persiflage* was next to impossible, having such a subject as Mrs. Cutts to deal with; but he promised himself to veil as closely as possible the irony of his praise.

"Except for the river, my dear madam," he said, as he placed himself beside an open window, partially screened from the street by the mignonette boxes in the balcony—"except for the river—and that is only supportable at high water—the banks of the Thames, on which my poor cottage stands, have nothing to boast of over a part of the town like this. Here the western breeze blows as pure and soft, the tints in the sky through that opening leading to the park are as rosy and bright, those lofty trees cast as tender a shade, and the perfume of your flowers is quite as sweet. These are things, my dear madam, which you can take as much pleasure in as myself, while you have the advantage of that society from which I am habitually banished. And then," he continued, looking round the room, "you have so much taste!"

Mrs. Cutts, however shrewd and worldly, was open to flattery; she prided herself upon her house, and what was in and about it.

"Oh, you are very good, I'm sure, to say so," she replied; "but when Cutts resolved upon his present line of business, I said to him, 'Mayfair or nothing:' and as to the house, why, when you are fitting up, the best way is to do it well. Spare no expense, that's my maxim."

"And an admirable one it is," returned Dr. Brocas, who on that point perfectly agreed with her. "I have not the honour," pursued he, "of being known to Mr. Cutts—it is one, however, which I shortly hope to realise—but"—pointing to a portrait which hung near him in a very gorgeous frame, a thing absolutely necessary for keeping down the bright

stock and flaming waistcoat which glowed within it—"but those I should say are the features of your excellent husband."

"Quite so," replied Mrs. Cutts; "the likeness is considered very good, and it cost a precious—that's to say, a good deal."

"I could have sworn it," said Dr. Brocas, without particularising the fact he was ready to assert; "there is something in that countenance which reminds me of my late revered master, the king—though more, now I look closer, of the Comte d'Artois when he was of the same age. Now that head," he went on, addressing himself to the *pendant* of the master of the house—the portrait of Mrs. Cutts herself—"that head has haunted me like a vision for more than thirty years! I know that it is meant for you, in fact no one can doubt it, but I feel—you will excuse an old man's reminiscences—I feel that it bears even a greater resemblance to the beautiful Princess Bobolini, who was drowned in the Arno in the autumn of—never mind when. Ah, my dear madam, Aurelia and yourself might have been sisters, if her death had not happened so long ago."

"I have often been told," said Mrs. Cutts, "that I look like a foreigner. Indeed, when we lived abroad, I was always taken for one. Our intimate friend, the poor Markey de Claue never would believe that I was English. I can't repeat half the things he used to say—dear old man, he's dead and gone now—the French, you know, are so very polite—but nothing could persuade him to the contrary."

"Monsieur de Claue," observed Dr. Brocas, "was a person of judgment. With his aristocratic name and his associations he naturally supposed that a court was your proper sphere."

"I wish you had known the Markey," said Mrs. Cutts; adding, with dignity, "he was quite the gentleman!"

"I feel assured of it," replied Dr. Brocas. "I grieve not to have made his acquaintance. His portion, no doubt, is with the just!"

"Oh, here's Cutts at last!" exclaimed the lady, as the auctioneer entered the room pulling on a very tight pair of lemon-coloured gloves,—"why, where have you been?"

"He, too," murmured Dr. Brocas, as he scanned the countenance of his questionable host—"he, too, was made for a court—the Fives' Court, I imagine!"

Mr. Cutts was presented to Dr. Brocas; and his language and manner, as they could not fail to do, confirmed the impression which his physiognomy had created. A mixture of *mauvaise honte* and swagger clearly revealed the sort of man who had just been likened to George the Fourth and the Comte d'Artois.

"Proud and happy," mumbled Mr. Cutts, "to see you in Mayfair, sir."

Dr. Brocas bowed gracefully, and held out his hand.

The auctioneer was encouraged.

"Noble equipage, that of yours, sir, bran new; caught a glimpse of it over the muslin of my dressing-room window. One of Blackshaw's, I should say, by the build. Two hundred and fifty, at least."

"You have a critical eye, Mr. Cutts. You have named the maker and the price."



"Ah! I knew I couldn't be far out. 'Tisn't easy to deceive me. My profession, you know, sir, see the value of things at a glance."

"An estimable quality. As a traveller—for Mrs. Cutts tells me you have lived a great deal abroad—you must have felt the full force of the remark: '*Nos talents sont nos plus sûrs et nos meilleurs protecteurs.*'"

Mr. Cutts looked a little confused, not quite understanding what he heard, nor being at all aware of its application. He went back into the mumbling line again, and repeated the words "proud" and "happy."

Fortunately a loud, rolling knock at the street door caused a diversion.

"Mr. A.!" exclaimed Mrs. Cutts, peering over the balcony. "Run down, Tom, and offer your arm to the ladies."

This was not altogether a very dignified course to suggest to the master of the house, but Mrs. Cutts must be pardoned: it was her first party in London. Perhaps they managed matters differently in France—at least in her "circle." But whether it was right or wrong, Mr. Cutts obeyed and disappeared. When next he presented himself, in the wake of Mr. Ashley and his eldest daughter, Matilda—who, having heavenly attributes of voice, was attired in sky-blue satin—he bore on one arm Miss Caroline Ashley, arrayed in apricot, and, on the other, Miss Julia, who had chosen pomegranate—let me suppose on account of their complexions. All three young ladies looked very handsome, after the comeliness of their race, and did not seem unconscious of the fact. They sailed up to Mrs. Cutts, whom they saluted with friendly volubility, bent slightly to Mrs. Basset with all the condescension of wealth, and swept past poor Claribel without bestowing a glance upon her, as if it was a great deal too much to expect that they should notice a person who was merely invited to entertain the company. Mr. Ashley, who had an eye for everybody and saw business in everything, was struck by the "*grand air*" of Dr. Brocas, and asked Mrs. Cutts, under his breath, to tell him who he was. She replied, in the same manner: "A person of great distinction—intimate with George the Fourth—immensely rich—very fond of my niece—brought her in his own carriage—very likely leave her a fortune."

"An acquaintance worth cultivating," thought the Hebrew dealer. "My girls must speak to that young woman."

He joined the resplendent maidens and quietly expressed his wishes. They frowned and bit their lips, but, as papa's wishes were very like orders, did not venture to oppose them further. Mr. Ashley then returned to Mrs. Cutts, and was introduced by her to Dr. Brocas.

At this moment Richard Branton arrived, and the clouds which had begun to lower upon the brows of the daughters of Israel immediately cleared off. An available man was amongst them—how much more available since first they saw him! It is true he was a man then, but now he was in a fair way of being a very rich one. If they could have read the thought which for the last few days had been uppermost in his mind—if they could have guessed the means by which he sought to become wealthy—these amiable young ladies would, perhaps, have been more chary of their sunny smiles and radiant glances; but being innocent as doves—at least in the matter of foreknowledge—they greeted

Richard Brunton as warmly as any bachelor could desire, and he was by no means backward in returning their greeting.

"As there is nothing else to do here," he said to himself, "I may just as well flirt with these girls."

And he did so to their hearts' content.

Nothing else to do! How long did Richard Brunton continue in that way of thinking?

A slight colloquy now took place between Mr. and Mrs. Cutts. He advised "the tea," but the lady would not hear of it before the arrival of the guest of the evening. The point was being discussed when the page threw open the drawing-room door and announced "Lord 'Arry FitzLoopus and Mr. Coates Taylor."

Lord Harry, with his glass fixed in his eye, looked round the room with the air of one who wonders how he ever got there. He was, however, allowed but little time for reflection, as Mrs. Cutts, who had been on the watch for the last half-hour, pounced upon him the moment he entered.

"Delighted to think your lordship has not forgotten me!" said she, with effusion.

"Utterly insupportable to forget, my de-ar Mrs. Cutts; even Gloss-tongue could not make me do so! I left him in a talking trance, proving to no-body's satisfaction but his own that he was the only virtuous politician in the kingdom!"

"Your lordship has just left the House, then? How very kind! Allow me to make your lordship and Mr. Coates Taylor known to my friends—none but intimates, my lord."

And she ran through the gamut of wealth's respectability there represented.

"But your charming niece," interrupted Lord Harry. "I don't see her! Oh, there she is? Pray present me."

"Claribel!" exclaimed Mrs. Cutts at the top of her voice, anxious to proclaim the gratifying fact to all the company—"Claribel, come here! Lord Harry FitzLapus is so kind as to say he wishes to speak to you."

"I am quite shocked!" said Lord Harry, crossing the room hastily; "pray don't rise."

But Claribel had been obedient to her aunt's summons, and met the young nobleman half way, who saluted her with great respect. The movement was not lost upon the three Miss Ashleys, who now came fluttering up, and Brunton, whom the words of Mrs. Cutts had attracted, also joined the group which formed round the young actress. Lord Harry, who really deserved the encomium passed by Mrs. Cutts upon the Marquis de Claques, began to converse very agreeably, and considerably relieved Claribel from the embarrassment of suddenly finding herself the centre of observation—a greater trial amongst friends, like the Miss Ashleys, than it would have been beneath the eyes of the public. These ladies were, however, very complimentary in their observations, and could not forgive themselves—they said—for not having discovered that Claribel was in the room. Mr. Ashley, satisfied with his daughters' proceedings, drew a chair near that of Dr. Brocas, and got upon the topic of Art, in which he soon found he had to do with a *connoisseur*.

As an indispensable preliminary to the evening's entertainment, Mrs.

Cutts rang the bell for tea. It was brought round by a severe-looking man in black, with white cotton gloves, who was supported by the page carrying a large plated salver, whereon was a huge pile of muffins. In obedience to their instructions the attendants presented themselves first before Lord Harry. He never drank tea, but that was no reason, the page thought, why he should decline what in the page's private opinion made tea really valuable; besides, he had received positive orders, and, touching Lord Harry on the elbow, he advanced his salver, and firmly said:

"Muffins, my lord!"

Lord Harry looked at the boy for a few moments in speechless surprise. All his affectation returned, he raised his glass to his eye, surveyed the page and the salver with attention, and then, in the tone of a man who thinks, but is not quite sure he has made a discovery, reiterated:

"Muffins! Oh! ah! The things you hear of in the street, with—ah—a man—and a basket—and—a bell? Are they good to eat?"

"Yes, my lord. Very, my lord," replied the page, with unctious.

"Thank you," drawled his lordship; "the next—a—time I'm hungry I'll think of them. That will do. You may go, little boy. No muffins!" And he resumed his conversation with Claribel as gravely as if no such episode had intervened.

The play which Claribel had selected to read was "*As You Like It*." Mr. Wimple had advised her to study the part of *Rosalind*, and she was anxious to make trial of her strength before she appeared publicly in it. The character was well adapted to the development of her abilities; its tenderness, its purity, its grace, its gaiety, were thoroughly identified with her nature; that happiest combination of wit and poetry seemed to have been expressly created for the efforts of one so young, so fair, so imaginative as Claribel, and her reading gave great satisfaction. The most vehement in praise was Lord Harry FitzLupus, the most critical, Dr. Brocas; Mr. Coates Taylor made some shrewd observations, and Mr. Ashley commended judiciously.

Richard Brunton alone remained silent. Was he too much engrossed by thoughts alien to the scene before him, or under a new and unaccountable influence? He, ordinarily fluent enough, felt now at a loss for the commonest words in which to express himself. Common words, however, were not those he wanted, and suitable ones he could not find. Like *Orlando*, of whom he had just heard, he asked himself:

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

Three hours ago, and he did not believe it was in the power of woman to sway him in the slightest matter. Yet the seduction of a sweet voice, the charm of a bright glance, had in one moment overturned all his resolves. When he determined to become rich, he also formed the determination of making everything subservient to his purpose. The object he sought to attain required the concentration of all his faculties: he knew himself possessed of a strong will, and never having known what love was, he laughed at the idea of becoming its slave. But the spell from which none escape had at last been thrown over him, as in an instant the cloud envelops an Alpine traveller, bewildering his footsteps and turning him from his upward path.

Richard Brunton, then, was silent, but his was the silence of observation. With the quickness of jealousy,

Which hath but one eye, and that always ope,

he saw the admiration of Lord Harry FitzLupus for Claribel. He remembered also that the young nobleman's name had been mentioned in conjunction with that of Alice Travers. To meet twice on such different tracks was strange! As regarded Miss Travers, however, he did not fear his rivalry, for it was patent to all the world that Lord Harry was a spendthrift, and he had heard enough of the character of Mr. Temple Travers to dissipate any apprehension of his giving his daughter to a man of broken fortunes. But in the pursuit of a girl in the position of Claribel, the case might be very different. Lord Harry FitzLupus was certainly good-looking, his habits were those of the best society, he was a man of fashion, and Brunton perceived—for he watched him closely—that certain absurdities of language and manner could be laid aside by his lordship, when he thought it necessary.

Then Brunton asked the question—What was his own motive in desiring to prevent Lord Harry's success with Claribel? In the first place, because he loved her himself. In the next—but there he stopped! He could not answer for Lord Harry's intentions, but was he able to explain his own?

Had he decided upon relinquishing the dreams of his ambition?

Assuredly not—and if not, what right had he to think of Claribel?

Think of her, however, he did throughout the whole of that evening, greatly to the displeasure of the sky-blue, the apricot, and the pomegranate-robed beauties, who—to use their own words—could not understand “what had made him so glum all of a sudden.”

But if Brunton was moody and taciturn, he formed an exception to the rest of the company. Dr. Brocas, delighted with the *éclat* of his *protégée*, was more than usually gay, and Mr. Ashley, whom he had already fascinated by his skill in *virtù*, and the careless manner in which he talked of giving large sums for works of art, pronounced him “a wonderful old gentleman.” On his part, Dr. Brocas seemed very well content with his new acquaintance, and promised the Hebrew Dealer that he would at no very distant day pay him a visit in Finsbury-square, and “look at” his collection—a phrase which Mr. Ashley at once translated into a handsome cash transaction.

Mrs. Cutts was in the seventh heaven of rapture at the success of her scheme, perceiving as quickly as Brunton that her niece had completely captivated Lord Harry FitzLupus. Indeed, it was evident to Claribel herself—though inexperienced to distinguish between the flatteries of the *coulisses* and a more serious meaning—that he showed her marked attention: nor was she altogether displeased by it, for without exactly knowing why or wherefore, she had felt a kind of liking for him at once. Another in Lord Harry's situation might have been better satisfied had Claribel been less disembarassed, but the gallant young nobleman did not see very deeply beneath the surface, and was quite willing to accept his good fortune without too closely inquiring into the cause of it, a faint glimmering of his own merits being, perhaps, not entirely shut out from his consideration.

In this manner all who are of chief account in this story were well pleased with the result of the party, save only Richard Branton, who, pleading an early business engagement next day, was the first to take leave. His way home led him through Belgravia, and, a prey to deeply conflicting thoughts, he passed before one of the finest houses there. In that house, at that moment, was Alice Travers. Should he forego the hope of one day winning that prize? He gazed long and steadfastly at the room where he supposed she was then sleeping. For an instant a light appeared at one of the windows. It seemed to answer his question.

"Never while I breathe!" he said.

He turned away, and added, with a sigh:

"But heavenly Rosalind!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A TREATY OF ALLIANCE.

MORNING, after a night almost wholly sleepless, renewed in Branton the thoughts which Claribel had inspired.

With respect to her—as, indeed, to his other projects—his course was beset by difficulties. He had already embarked on two great ventures, yet, arduous as they were, their aim was alike, and both might be pursued together.

But Fortune and Claribel were opposed.

In marrying her he must relinquish the dearly cherished hope of becoming the richest man in England, a hope with which nothing else—up to the present moment—could enter into competition. Accident, also, had come in aid of the purpose which, for the last two years, he had steadily kept in view. Should he throw away a chance on which it was impossible to have reckoned, one that, skilfully turned to account, might lead him direct to the haven of his desire? He knew that Margaret Nalders exercised a powerful control over the will of Alice Travers; such an influence might even sway the affections of the heiress, who had, herself, expressed her gratitude for what she called "an inestimable service." The way in that direction was clear, if he had the hardihood to follow it.

That was the pictured side of the tapestry: let him look at the reverse.

Suppose Miss Travers not to be won! Suppose the pride of her father insurmountable! His fortune must then be made by other means than an interested marriage. He had framed a plan in his own mind—had even been advised upon it—but its execution was hazardous, and if it failed, the enterprise involved him in certain ruin.

If, however, it succeeded, he might follow the bent of his inclinations, and marry the woman who had so suddenly filled his heart with an extinguishable passion.

Marry her!—an actress! Why marry?

He returned to the question which arose when first the debate between love and interest was bred within him.

Surely, with all the precedents which the effort of a moment could bring to memory, the attempt to obtain her on easier terms was not so hopeless!

If Claribel's nature were such as to yield to the temptations he offered, there would be no necessity to depend alone on the dangerous scheme which, as a last resort, he meditated. He might still entertain the hope of gaining the hand of Miss Travers, still labour on safer ground for the wealth he coveted. London was a wide place, assumed names were taken every day, the merchant in the City might be whom he pleased in the suburb, secrecy could always be bought, and the world would remain—as it constantly does—ignorantly blind to all but that which actually passes beneath its eyes.

There was in this programme much of that reckoning which sells the skin of the bear before the beast is captured, and Brunton was well aware of it; but every hour of his life had been a speculation, and though at the outset he had met with many checks, the turning-point, he persuaded himself, was past on the day he was admitted into the house of Temple Travers. Everything since that time had gone on prosperously, and why, unless he doubted himself, should he doubt the future?

Nevertheless, there were many circumstances that required careful consideration.

The rapid review he had taken of the characters of those by whom Claribel was surrounded had brought him to certain conclusions.

He perceived that Mrs. Cutts, having an object of her own to answer, was throwing her niece in the way of Lord Harry FitzLupus; unless, therefore, he could offer a higher bribe or a more alluring prospect, co-operation with her was not to be looked for. Mrs. Basset, unlike her sister, was honest, but weak: he "had comfort there, she was assailable." Cutts, his quondam ally, was at the same time weak and dishonest—that is to say, weak through dishonesty, for in worldly matters—the great test, as people hold, of mental ability—he was strong enough: you could not do him at a horse-race or a game of chance or skill, but you might corrupt him to the full extent that money could go. Who was this Dr. Brocas, who seemed to have some kind of authority over Claribel?

Brunton had never lived in the great world, and, moreover, the day when the learned civilian flourished had long gone by. But Mrs. Cutts had paraded his name, and wealth, and connexions to himself as well as to Mr. Ashley, with equally mysterious hints as to what her niece might expect from his generosity; and though he knew how seldom truth escaped her lips, he fancied that Dr. Brocas was somebody in what concerned Claribel—a person to be conciliated or an obstacle to be removed.

Last of all came Claribel, though with her he must begin, as upon her disposition all must depend.

He reproached himself for the waywardness with which he had kept aloof from introduction on the previous evening. Jealousy and love had taken root in his bosom at the same instant, and while the last impelled him towards her, the first held him back. Pride, too, had assisted. Could he endure to see a coxcomb made welcome where he was received as a stranger? He would choose another time for speaking to her without the contact which was so hateful. Still it was an opportunity lost, for where could he have had a better than in the midst of her family? No matter, it was lost; that reflection was useless now; the opportunity must be recovered.

And then, when he came to know her, how should he proceed?

Ask a man who plunges into an unknown forest at midnight which way he intends to turn his steps.

During the whole period of his connexion with the house of Temple Travers, Brunton had never entered a theatre. He had a name to make with Mr. Velters, which would have been compromised had any reports reached the managing partner of his keeping late hours, or mixing in gay and questionable society. To forego this amusement was one of the restraints which he put upon himself while *en tutelle*, and, with a good reason for doing so, he resolved now to make up for the time he had lost.

That evening, therefore, and the next, and the one that followed it, when Claribel played, saw him alone in a private box at Mr. Wimple's theatre, with eyes and ears for her only. But this enjoyment, great as it was, could not long suffice: it was no better than a vivid dream, as long as he continued unknown. He must make the dream a reality.

The first step in the business was to break ground with Mr. Cutts. He wrote to him to come "in a quiet way" and dine, having one or two things which he wished to talk over; and as he knew that the best bait with the auctioneer was a good dinner, however "quiet," he named "The Wellington" as the *champ clos* for the gastronomic meeting. There was something appropriate in the locality: for once upon a time Thomas Cutts had officiated as groom-porter to the establishment when the place was under a different dynasty and dedicated to a different purpose: it was during the "half-pay" régime no longer referred to by Mr. Cutts.

As that gentleman was troubled with few scruples of any kind, and was quite impervious to the mere force of association, he accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure, and was as punctual as the clock to the hour appointed.

There is no need to detail the *menu* of "The Wellington," nor praise the wine: if I observe, with respect to the latter, that its quality was exactly the reverse of the stuff which Mr. Cutts obliged his customers with, I have said enough on the subject. Neither is it necessary to repeat the whole of the conversation that passed between the two "merchants," but one or two passages in it may be desirable.

After speaking of the *soirée* in Mayfair, which Brunton said had been so agreeable, he came to the subject that interested him.

"Miss Page," he remarked, "is a very accomplished girl. I was quite surprised to find she was a niece of your wife. How long has she been on the stage?"

"Rather better than three months, I think," replied Mr. Cutts, indifferently.

"I have been so much out of the way of these things lately," continued Brunton, "that her name was perfectly new to me."

"Ah!" said Cutts, laconically.

"I didn't, in fact, know till after she began to read that she was related to Mrs. Cutts. It was little Julia Ashley who told me."

"Oh, she told you!" returned the auctioneer, whose words fell from him, contrary to his wont, like very slow bidding.

Brunton felt that there must be some reason for this reticence, but he did not observe upon it, satisfied that he should make him speak presently.

"Yes; she was very communicative, as she always is, and added that Lord Harry FitzLupus—that is your tall friend's name, I believe—was very sweet upon her."

"Did you agree with her?" asked Mr. Cutts.

Brunton winced a little at this question, but answered, with assumed carelessness: "Well, he talked to her a good deal, I fancy. Is he an old acquaintance?"

"Of whose?"

"Of Cl—— of Miss Page's—or, indeed, of yours?"

"I have known Lord Harry—as a public man—for some time," said Mr. Cutts, framing his reply cautiously.

"That was not what I asked, Cutts. How long has he been on visiting terms at your house?"

"Not very long."

"A month—a fortnight—or was he ever there before?"

"Yes, he was there before."

"But not exactly as a visitor? Ah! you can't say that! He had called on business—eh?"

Mr. Cutts, driven beyond his entrenchments, said nothing, but holding a glass of claret to the light, admired its colour and drank it off.

"I see how it is, Cutts," resumed Brunton, "as plainly as if you had told me all. You're a fool for your pains to let me find it out for myself. I'm not so little upon town as not to know that there are few men so hard up as this Lord Harry. Of course he did not come to Mayfair to cultivate your acquaintance! Neither was he attracted by the *beaux yeux de madame*, though her eyes are fine enough for anybody. He preferred *les beaux yeux de votre cassette*, or rather Mr. Ashley's. He wanted money, and you got it for him!"

Mr. Cutts laughed.

"Well, Dick!" said he, "there's no use in denying it. We did accommodate him, in a small way."

"And unless I am deceived, Tom," returned Brunton, encouraging his friend's familiarity—"unless I am greatly deceived, you are not indisposed—at all events, Mrs. Cutts is not—to accommodate him still further."

"How do you mean?"

"My meaning is quite plain, and you can take me fast enough if it suits you. Listen to me, Tom! You and I have had things in hand before now which we wouldn't go out of our way to publish at full length in the *Times*. I am not in a worse position now than when those things happened—on the contrary: besides which, I see my way before me. You understand?"

Mr. Cutts nodded, and filled himself another glass of Château Margaux.

"Well, then. Look here! Lord Harry FitzLupus comes to you for money. You lend it, or get it for him—the same thing, as far as he is concerned. A part of the profit goes into your pocket—the rest into Ashley's: I need not tell *you* which has the lion's share. Lord Harry may come again, and, perhaps, be again accommodated, but that sort of



thing can't go on for ever. He must break down at last, and then where are you? And what in the mean time do you gain by him? A few hundreds, maybe! The thousands go somewhere else. Now, if I were to put you,—you, yourself, Tom, not Ashley,—in the way of making thousands as dead certain as ever you turned up the king or threw sixes, don't you think I should be a better customer than this Harry Fitz-Lupus?"

"Of course you would," replied Mr. Cutts, beginning to feel the force of Brunton's argument.

"And I'll do it, Tom," said his friend, "if you will meet me half way."

"In which direction?" asked Mr. Cutts, looking Brunton full in the face.

The Mincing-lane merchant returned the look with one equally steady. He lowered his voice till it was scarcely audible across the table—only Mr. Cutts had quick ears as well as eyes.

"In that of—Miss Page," said Brunton.

Mr. Cutts paused for a few moments before he made any reply. At last he said:

"My wife has a crotchet about that girl. It don't answer my book to put spokes in her wheel. She likes to have her way sometimes."

"Very often, I dare say. But what's to prevent her having her way—or thinking she has it?"

"Why—if you put it so—nothing."

"Let her go on, then, as she has begun. Let her encourage Lord Harry as much as she pleases. You needn't seem to interfere."

"But what use can I be of in the matter?"

"Oh, plenty. In the first place, you know Mr. Wimple?"

"Yes."

"As Claribel—Miss Page's—uncle, an introduction from you is open to no objection."

"There's no difficulty, certainly, about that."

"Very good. Then the sooner it takes place the better. Let it be to-night, before the play is over. That will be the beginning. We shall have more to say by-and-by. Another bottle of claret! Come, you must."

Another, and another, and then primed for any mischief, had it even concerned his own daughter, Mr. Cutts put his arm in his friend's, and they went down stairs together. Brunton's brougham was waiting at the door in Piccadilly, and they drove off at once to the theatre.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AN INTERVIEW.

MR. WIMPLE was one of the "highly-correct" class of managers, a model of strictness in all that related to propriety of conduct—behind the scenes. He showed, indeed, so much severity in this respect, that Miss Patch, the principal dresser, who had five-and-thirty years' experience of

theatrical trials, was heard one day to declare, with more energy than grammar, that "she never knew such an austerior man!"

Mr. Cutts expressed the same idea to Brunton, in different words.

"Wimple," he remarked, "keeps a remarkably tight hand over all his people; but," he added, by way of qualification, "perhaps his bark is worse than his bite."

"He overdoes it a little—on purpose—you think?" said Brunton.

"Well—yes. But I may be wrong, you know!" replied Mr. Cutts.

"Very true; you may. We all of us are, sometimes."

To obtain access to the manager of a theatre is, generally speaking, a more difficult undertaking than the attempt to approach a Prime Minister. A stranger has no chance of success, and if Mr. Cutts had not been known at the stage door as "the relative" of Miss Page and—still better—as "the business-friend" of Mr. Wimple, he might have asked for admission in vain. Under the circumstances, however, he passed the janitor unchallenged, and after threading a number of intricate passages, familiar enough to Mr. Cutts, but very perplexing to Brunton, who stumbled over "properties" at every turn, and ran against everybody he met, the two friends eventually reached the green-room just as the manager, arrayed in ducal cap and mantle, had left the stage.

I cannot say whether it was owing to the natural despotism of his character, or to a lack of histrionic genius, but the parts which Mr. Wimple most affected were those of the tyrants and usurpers who are always seizing somebody's crown and banishing somebody "on pain of death." This habitual exercise of power imparted an air of majesty to Mr. Wimple's features which never entirely left them. It was newly minted at the moment that Mr. Cutts presented his friend, "Mr. Brunton, of Mincing-lane," with an emphasis on the locality that was meant for more than met the ear.

*Duke Frederick* (Mr. Wimple), clearing from his brow the haughty scowl with which he had, a moment before, transfixed two "supers," his attendant lords, but retaining all his ducal dignity, expressed in courteous terms the satisfaction he felt at making Brunton's acquaintance.

"You have done us the honour more than once lately—or my eye has deceived me, sir—to visit our poor establishment. I may presume, I trust, that you consider our revival an efficient one?"

"Nothing can possibly be better done," said Brunton, warmly.

"It is indifferently well mounted, sir," observed the manager, with mock humility.

"And the acting," continued Brunton, "is beyond praise. A more charming *Rosalind* it is impossible to conceive! There is only one part in which I confess to a little disappointment."

"What is that, sir?" asked Mr. Wimple, rather anxiously; "be candid, sir; I like to hear the opinions of competent persons."

Brunton looked round the room, but there was nobody within earshot. He lowered his voice, however, as he replied:

"If you, sir, now, had played *Jaques*——"

"Oh, I see, I see," exclaimed Mr. Wimple, evidently relieved—"yes, yes—you are quite right. The cast might, no doubt, have been exactly what yourself and the public desire, but where could I have found a *Duke*

*Frederick?* I don't mind telling you confidentially, Mr. Brunton, that except myself I don't consider there's an actor on the London boards who is fit to play that part. The *Duke*, sir, must be essentially the gentleman!"

"I need not say, then," said Brunton, "that he was most fittingly represented."

"I am glad you liked it," replied the manager, quite in good humour, "for apart from the difficulty I alluded to, *Duke Frederick* is, I confess, a favourite with me. Our *Rosalind*, too, as you say, is very good. I don't mind praising her before her uncle, or even before her face, for here she comes! Miss Page," pursued Mr. Wimple, turning to Claribel, as she entered the room, "here is a gentleman, a friend of your uncle, Mr. Cutts—Mr. Brunton, of Mincing-lane, one of our most esteemed theatrical critics—who is much pleased with your acting."

The words "your uncle, Mr. Cutts," grated very unpleasantly on Claribel's ear. The relationship had been too recently asserted to be familiar; the man himself had so many points about him that were disagreeable: to be his friend was no great recommendation. She bowed to Brunton, but scarcely raised her eyes.

"This is not the first time, Miss Page," he said, "that I have had the pleasure of meeting you."

Claribel looked up; she had a faint recollection of having seen Brunton before, but could not remember where.

Mr. Cutts interposed.

"I see you're at fault, Clary," he said, "but it's not to be wondered at: where one party is reading and the other only listening, there's not much room for talking."

Claribel still looked puzzled.

"I was fortunate enough," said Brunton, "to be one of the company at my friend's house in Mayfair, the other evening, when you read the part in which I have since seen you—every night you have played!"

Nothing could have been simpler than this speech; but the low tone in which the last words were uttered conveyed more than a common meaning.

Claribel was conscious of it, and felt embarrassed how to reply.

"Yes," continued Brunton, in the same subdued voice, "every night. I could never tire of witnessing such perfect acting—though, indeed, it is not acting, it is nature itself."

"I am sure," said Claribel, forcing herself to speak, "you greatly overrate my efforts. I am but a beginner."

"They who begin like you," he replied, "have nothing more to learn."

Claribel resolved to see only the ordinary form of compliment in his words.

"I fear," she said, smiling, "that Mr. Wimple mistook when he commended your critical ability."

"Perhaps so," returned Brunton; "but there are circumstances under which criticism becomes an impossibility."

"An erroneous estimate excludes it altogether."

"Or one that too truly appreciates."

"But to pass judgment on any question without examination must surely take away from the value of the opinion!"

"There are some things which appeal so directly to the feelings that we never reason about them. It is the effect which we discern and not the manner in which it has been wrought."

"That code is a new one."

"It is as old," replied Brunton, looking earnestly at Claribel, and lowering his voice to a whisper—"as old as——"

"Miss Page!" cried the call-boy, appearing at the door.

Claribel turned hastily, perhaps in obedience to the summons, perhaps because of the word with which the sentence ended, and from the sudden flush on her cheek it is probable she heard it.

While this brief dialogue was passing, Mr. Cutts had found something very particular to say to the manager, and drew him aside for the purpose of communicating it, or certainly the severe Mr. Wimple would not have permitted so positive an infraction of regulations which the very green-room cried out against; for on the pier-glass—into which every one peeped as a matter of course, just to see how they looked—was stuck a written notice, signed "P. Wimple," which said, "All conversation with the ladies of this establishment is strictly prohibited."

A stranger, however, might be allowed to be ignorant of this law until it was pointed out to him, and in the preoccupation of the moment Mr. Wimple had doubtless forgotten to name it to the new comer. Green-room gossip is occasionally ill-natured, and some of those who were professionally tongue-tied in the presence of the opposite sex had been heard to say, amongst each other, that "the manager's memory was convenient:" that was the only remark they wished to make!

This scandal, for scandal of course it was, had most likely been provoked by some such act of sternness as that which Mr. Wimple exhibited immediately he left off speaking to Mr. Cutts. After Claribel's departure, several members of the company had entered the room, and *Silvius* and *Phebe*, not quite perfect in their parts, were unwittingly rehearsing in a corner, when the manager's scrutinising glance detected them. The ducal scowl resumed its place upon his lofty brow, he strode up to the offenders, and bitterly denounced their proceedings.

"Not a word in reply, Mr. Snibson!" he thundered—"not a syllable from your lips! Such glaring indecorum admits of no defence. The temple of Melpomene, sir, shall be sacred as the temple of Diana while I am the master here. You will attend at the treasury, Mr. Snibson, on Saturday next—for the last time! Miss Horrocks, the encouragement you have given this young man, in defiance of my express commands, deserves the heaviest censure. I mulct you in a fortnight's salary."

Mr. Cutts raised his eyebrows: the movement was scarcely perceptible, but Brunton saw it, and understood that Mr. Wimple was giving himself a character.

The manager confirmed his impression.

"The purity of the profession," he said, addressing Brunton—"the purity of the profession *must* be upheld, or society will be overthrown. I have responsibilities, Mr. Brunton, to which other men are strangers. I feel them, sir, as a father, as a manager, and as a man!"

This, as we have seen, was a favourite phrase of Mr. Wimple's: he had already made it an excuse to Mrs. Basset for not raising Claribel's salary: it came now to the rescue of insulted virtue. One thing was peculiar in Mr. Wimple's sense of his responsibilities: like the policy of Cardinal Mazarin, it always tended to fill his pocket.

Brunton, who was desirous of making himself popular amongst Claribel's companions, ventured to suggest an act of leniency on the part of the manager.

Mr. Wimple frowned, and shook his head at first, but finally suffered himself to be persuaded. He had vindicated the majesty of outraged propriety and shown his own authority: it was a question, moreover, in his own mind, whether his arbitrary decree would have stood good in law, had the point been contested; so he graciously pardoned the delinquents.

Another "call" thinned the green-room, and Brunton was left alone with Mr. Cutts.

"What did you tell him?" asked the former.

"That he might *depend upon you*. Was I right?"

"Quite right. Does he require any proof of it?"

"He said there was one box, on the ground tier, not let for the season."

"I understand. Tell him I'll take it—or, stay, I'll do that myself. But what has become of Claribel?"

"I suppose she is still 'on.'"

"She has been absent a long while. You know the house better than I do. Just go and see!"

In about five minutes Mr. Cutts returned.

"Well, where is she?" demanded Brunton, eagerly.

"I left her at the wing," replied Mr. Cutts. "She said she was wanted again directly."

Brunton could not follow her there. He remained where he was, but not without showing strong signs of impatience. At last he knew by the applause of the audience that the play was over. He hurried to the stage, and just caught a glimpse of Claribel as she disappeared on the opposite side.

He waited—and waited—and when next he inquired, he found she had left the house.

## A FISHERMAN'S THIRD LETTER TO HIS CHUM IN INDIA.

WHAT glorious inventions are steamers, railroads, and electric telegraphs, my dear Harry. Why, in the Good Old Times, as our grandfathers, ay, and fathers, too, used to call them, it took a long weary twelve months to hear tidings of an unfortunate expatriated chum in the tropics. Now there is some pleasure in writing to a friend there, as there is hope that one may live to get an answer. I really think that both you and I must have been bitten by a mad trout in our early youth, for certainly there never were two mortals born who are so devotedly fond of what the world in general call the "gentle," but what Dr. Johnson in his pedantry was pleased to denominate the "simple" art, as we are. There is a fascination in writing about it, and it is almost the only amusement one can enjoy in imagination. How often have I dreamt that I held a fine sporting fish, and just at the exciting moment of gaffing it, awoke to the consciousness of being snug in bed instead of up to my middle in a salmon river! I have been several times asked to spin a yarn about shooting, but there is a tameness in that sport which admits of no poetical version of plain matter of fact. What excitement, for example, would an old sportsman like yourself feel if I described to you the slaughter of a hundred brace of partridges in one of our great Norfolk turnip-fields, or recounted a battue in which six guns killed as many hundred head of tame pheasants, hares, and rabbits, probably all netted in, to prevent the possibility of their escape. You would doubtless throw down the letter, exclaiming, "Bother the shooting, who cares to hear about that!" There is, however, one kind of sport in the shooting way that I could read and write about with the greatest of pleasure, and that is, a stalk after an outlying deer. There is incident there to occupy the mind, and, by George! the body too, but the end, my dear Harry, is the same—a smart crack of your rifle and the noble beast lies prostrate, or, what is worse, though certainly for the time most exciting, gives you, perhaps, a long chase, dragging with him a broken leg, and, should your hounds be unable to bring him to bay, often ultimately escaping to linger in suffering until mortification, or, as I fear sometimes happens, starvation, puts an end to his sufferings. I often reflect (though I must confess *out of the season*) on the cruelty of shooting, but when the gun is in my hand, I regret to say, those thoughts vanish, and I fire as thoughtlessly and recklessly at every poor bird and beast that crosses my path as I did when you and I used to shoot together. Those were happy times, Harry; we were young and thoughtless then. But I am moralising, and I don't suppose you want me to write you a sermon; and further, I am deviating from my promised subject. I have introduced these few remarks about shooting merely to enable me to draw a comparison as to the cruelty of the two sports, fishing and shooting. It has been asserted by many, and is, in fact, generally believed, that the former is the most cruel of the two. Now this I beg most strenuously to deny. I cannot imagine that cold-blooded creatures have the same sensitiveness of feeling that warm-blooded ones have.

How often have I, while bathing or wading, when necessarily the feet were cold, cut myself with a stump or stone in the water. I felt pain certainly, but it was very trifling until *exposed to the air*. Then what had scarcely given me a thought before has often made me suffer considerably. That fish feel acutely is, in my opinion, almost impossible, and as a proof, I will tell you of an instance or two that I myself witnessed. While I was quartered at —, my relative, Mr. —, was kind enough to give me *carte blanche* to fish his river whenever I pleased. It is an excellent pike river, and on some of the fords there are very fine trout, but as most of these had been reared artificially, and the river was not yet well stocked, I did not of course fish for them, though I had the *misfortune* to kill three or four very fine ones while fishing for pike. On one occasion Mr. — went out with me. I must inform you that he is one of the old school of pike fishermen, who think that a cart-rope and a meat hook, or rather *twelve* meat hooks, are the proper tackle to use for those ravenous brutes, and his bait looks for all the world like a *chevaux-de-frise*. He at first despised my light tackle and small hooks, though I fancy he is now nearly a convert to my method of fishing, which is with three small triangles and a lip-hook, tied on the *finest gimp* I can procure, which I have always found quite strong enough, with proper treatment, to extract any of these fresh-water sharks. This last sentence reminds me of a letter I received a few days since from my son, who was on his way to China, dated from Singapore, which proves the old adage to be true—"As the old cock crows, the young cock learns." He writes :

"One day we had a calm, and there were about thirty dolphins swimming round the ship, lots of lines were overboard, and not one could we catch, for they are very shy. We tried with harpoons and struck some, but could not succeed in hauling them up. In the afternoon one of the men hooked a shark, which we got on board. It had several young in its interior. Before he was caught they were swimming close to his nose, like so many bees round a hive, but suddenly they all swam down its throat. They were about six inches long. I threw one or two of them overboard, and I saw that the dolphins seized them, so I went aft and got a very thin line and small hook"—he sticks to the fine tackle, you see, like the old cook, though in this instance it did not answer—"from a brother mid, and baited one. As soon as it was in the water it was swallowed, but the tackle was not strong enough, and all went with a run. I got a stouter line and hook, intending to try again, but a squall of rain came on, and we were obliged to go below for a few minutes. On coming up again there was not a fish to be seen, so we were sold altogether."

Mr. — and I started for our first day's fishing together, it being his *début* for the season. "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaimed it a *fishing morn*." He produced a box containing tackle that looked as if it must have been in the Ark, and he having adjusted a good-sized roach to his shark tackle, nearly as quickly as I baited mine with a gudgeon, soon commenced operations, and as he knew exactly the lie of every fish in the river, he almost immediately hooked a good one, at which he struck with a force that would have drawn one of my son's real sharks out of the water. *Of course* his *over year tackle* was rotten and remained in the pike. "Try him again," said I. He laughed at the idea, but I believe, to please me, did try again; and, behold! the same result. "He

must be another fish," said Mr. —. I thought otherwise, and told him so, and asked him to give him another trial, but suggested that this time he should put on a set of fresh-tied tackle. He did so, and his bait was immediately taken again, and out came my friend the pike with the three sets of tackle in him, with *twelve hooks on each*. "The burnt child dreads the fire." Why? *Because it has hurt him!* Now, could this fish have suffered pain, would he ever have been tempted to take such a hedgehog of fish-hooks three times in a quarter of an hour? I could relate many similar instances; but one other, which happened a day or two afterwards to myself, was rather curious.

I was fishing the same river, accompanied by my sister and two friends, for a kind of fishing pic-nic. I hooked a pike with a gudgeon, my universal bait for them when I can procure one, and, like my relative, put a little too much steam on, and he carried away my tackle. I soon offered him another tempting mouthful, at which he immediately ran. I struck, did not hook the pike, but drew out of his mouth my first gudgeon, with one of the triangle hooks remaining in it, which of course could leave no doubt about its being the same fish. He did not take the third bait I offered him, but I really think it was not because he was annoyed by the hooks, but because he saw me as he made a run at it, and so turned short when near the bank. Many old fishermen will tell you that it is quite useless to fish with a perch as a bait—that pike will not take them, as they fear the spike on the back fin. This is *bosh*. I consider (and have proved it) that a small perch is a most excellent bait, being very tough, and having, with its red fins, a showy appearance in the water. I have not only killed many very large pike with it, but often trout and large perch, when the bait was small enough to admit of their taking it. So much in vindication of the *cruelty* of our sport, Harry, which I trust will be duly remembered by the soft-hearted that may hear it; and that they will not for the future accuse us of cruelties only to be equalled by the Inquisition of old, which is the way in which the innocent amusement of us poor fishermen is generally spoken of. If, however, they still doubt my assertion, let them read what Sir H. Davy says in "*Salmonia*." "The hook usually is fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves." "I have caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and tackle which they had broken only a few minutes before; and the hooks seemed to have had no other effect than that of serving as a sort of *sauce piquante*, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind."

The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet  
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

It is certainly a great pity that pike afford so little sport after being hooked; I mean, of course, in comparison with trout and salmon, for really they make one have a certain respect for them, by their boldness and the sporting manner that they run at a bait. I remember a circumstance that took place many years back at Portna, while on an excursion there with my brother, of which I find a note in my journal that may amuse you, in which the two great characteristics in the nature of the pike—sulkiness and boldness—came out in the most forcible manner.



The object of our visit there was trout-fishing, for it was the month of July, which is the season that they rise best in on that splendid ford; but of course, unless in very fine fishing weather, nothing can be done except in the morning and evening. In the middle of the day you may chance to get hold of a salmon, or peel rather; but the water is generally far too low and clear then for much sport to be had with them. The weather was most inauspicious—a bright sun, and the wind in some cold, hungry quarter, so we determined to try for a pike, which some of the boatmen had seen a day or two before amusing itself among the salmon fry.

We procured the tails of two small eels, cut about six inches long, which, I think, when gudgeon cannot be obtained, is one of the best baits you can use, as it will, from its toughness, stand any amount of knocking about. We rigged up two gorge hooks on some fine brass wire, which we took the temper out of—as, never thinking of pike fishing, we had no gimp or any tackle with us—using a large single hook and a lip hook, and proceeded to the hole, which is between the two shallows of the river, where we were told our friend usually resided, and forthwith commenced operations. We twisted our baits in all directions and in all forms, for I need not tell you we were both very jealous as to who should extract the gentleman; but no artifice we could use would induce him to show himself. I should think we spent at least an hour trying him. At last, my brother thought there was no chance of stirring him, and said that he should bathe to pass the time away, and undressed himself accordingly. I also thought it quite useless to continue fishing, so stuck my rod in the bank alongside that of my brother; our baits were necessarily lying on the bottom. In taking his bath, my brother, to take a rise out of me, not the pike, jumped into the hole, which is not a large one, close to the top of the rods. I was extremely irate at this proceeding (as, of course, I thought all chance for the pike was up for that day), and commenced pelting him with turf. While doing so, I suddenly saw the top of one of the rods move. I immediately took hold of it, and eased off some more of the line from the reel, in case the pike, which I of course concluded it to be, should take a long run with the bait before he gorged it, as we were told it was a large fish. He did not move, however, and I waited about five minutes to give him plenty of time to swallow his dinner, then wound up the slack of the line and struck, and found I held our friend. He made a furious rush of about twenty yards towards the middle of the river, then came to the surface, opened his huge mouth, and shook his great crocodile head out of the water, made one or two desperate plunges, then came, like a log of wood, to the gaff. He was a long, thin brute, weighing nineteen pounds; had he been in condition, he would have been twenty-five at least, but he had suffered in the wars, for he had lost a large piece of his upper jaw. I fancy, from the appearance of the wound, which, however, was quite healed, that it must have been the bite of an otter. This might, in some degree, account for his sulkiness and want of condition.

I don't know what has induced me to write to you about pike, my dear Harry, for I doubt not, like myself, you have a very great animosity to those ravenous brutes, which commit such ravages in our salmon rivers in the fry season. I shall, therefore, change the subject to one which, I trust, may be more interesting and amusing to you, as it will recal to

your memory many joyous scenes and delightful rambles when "we wandered by the brook-side." I told you, I think, in my first letter that I had undertaken to teach young G. the gentle art, and I assure you I have well succeeded, for he has become so good a fisherman, that I really sometimes fear it will be with me as it was with the grandpapa at draughts,

Till at last the old man was beaten by the boy.

You cannot think what progress he has made, and how sportingly he fishes a stream. I have had some very first-rate trout fishing with him at —; in fact, we have only just returned from our trip. We had one very fine day's sport, which happened to be on the day of our arrival. The water was in most beautiful order, for there had been a great deal of rain after a long drought, and, as you know, the first clearing of a fresh, then, is probably the best chance during the season to make a great death in, provided the wind is in a good quarter, which it was on that day, being a nice fresh breeze, but not too cold, from the north-west, which I have in my experience, taking it all together, found to be decidedly the best wind that blows for *large* fish, provided, of course, that it hits the river, which it did there to perfection in nearly all the best parts of it. This river, which is a tolerably large one, and in places very deep, varies very much at its bottom, there being long fords of rocky streams, then a deep, dead reach; and at the tail of this, perhaps, a complete change, scarcely a rock, but a fine shallow stream, with shingly, sandy bottom, where the trout cut as red as salmon, but are much shyer, and, consequently, more difficult to take than those in the rocky parts of the river. Thus you could vary your flies *ad libitum*. I found in the rocky streams the spider-fly, oak, blue dun, and stone-fly, also red and black palmers, where there were trees growing, by far the best; while on the sandy fords, the red rail, sand, oak; and on cold, windy days, the cow-dung flies were the favourites. In the deeps, which we of course never fished except there was a heavy curl on the water, the bluebottle, coach y bonda chovy (provided there was no rain), coachman, cow-dung, and oak fly, all took well; but the trout there, although generally large, were blacker in their colour, and not nearly such sporting fish as those which we took in the streams, and their flesh did not cut red.

We left G.'s house very early, and immediately on arriving at — we went out, and I had scarcely given a dozen casts of my line at the head of one of the rocky streams, when I hooked a very fine sporting trout. I was fishing, remember, with the finest possible gut, and, for the then heavy state of the river, small flies, as I have almost invariably found that as you advance in the season you must diminish the size of your flies, until about the middle of August, when, unless the water is very low, I generally come back to the spring-sized flies again. I soon perceived that I held one of the right sort. No sooner did he feel himself hooked, than away he went. He darted across to the other side of the river, plunging and pumping like a young colt backed for the first time (rather a heavy simile that, though, to a game trout). I was obliged to call G. to my assistance, for I should never have been able to land it by myself with the light tackle I had, as the bank was rather high, and it was not easy to get down to the water's edge. After having lashed about him to his heart's content, he ran down the stream at a furious pace, and tried to entangle me in the piles of an old eel weir that were

just showing their noses above the water; but, by slanting the rod well away from them, and giving him plenty of the butt, I succeeded in avoiding this danger, but to run into one still greater.

In avoiding Scylla I ran into Charybdis.

He made another wicked race still further down the river, then sprang several times out of the water near some bushes, and ultimately succeeded in getting my line over the branch of an old alder-stump. Here was a pretty fix for an old fisherman to be in, in the presence of his pupil. I could not bear directly against the fish, and if the line got further entangled I could have no power whatever over him, or possibly have a chance to kill him. How I fretted and fumed, for I would not for anything that G. saw me lose such a fish, as he would of course have had a laugh against me for at least a month afterwards. I made him get down and cut the branch, and let it go at all hazards, as he could not, from the position he was in, bring the branch in with him, the line being over it. Fortunately it was but a small one, so he soon managed it, and I had the felicity of playing my friend for, I am certain, nearly five minutes with it on my line. At last I persuaded him to come near enough to my own bank to enable G. to disengage the branch, which he did in a most scientific manner. The battle was then soon over, for with the loss of the branch he lost the power of his position, and into the basket he went—or bag rather, for he was too large for the basket. He weighed five pounds and a half—not a bad beginning to a day's fishing. We went on most prosperously, killing several very fine trout, from two to four pounds, when, to my horror, I beheld on the opposite bank old W. and his dog Negro. You remember the queer, eccentric old fellow. He never allows any one to go out fishing with him; and if you go up to ask him how he is, he looks at you all the time as if he thought you wanted to steal the trout out of his basket; not that you would always find any there, for he is but an indifferent performer, especially with the fly, with which he was then fishing, the worm being his general bait. If he gets hold of a fish that is too heavy for him to lift out by the spring of the rod, he makes Negro, whom I believe to be nearly as old as himself, land them for him. I have, by-the-by, met several instances of dogs landing fish. The son of an old friend of mine has trained all his retrievers to do the duty of landing-net for him. You imagine, I dare say, that they must often get hooked; so did I, and asked him the question. He told me that at first, when fishing with the minnow, he occasionally hooked his dogs, but that now they had become so cunning that they waited quietly until he drew the fish past them, or if large, let them drop down to them, and then seized them near the tail. My dog Bang, when I first took him out, used to trouble me with his anxiety to jump into the river whenever I hooked a fish, and I am sorry to say that I often applied the toe of my boot to the poor beast to prevent him.

We continued our fishing, knowing well that old W. could not throw far enough over to disturb any fish within our reach, when suddenly I heard a tremendous splash. "What on earth is that?" said G. "It could not possibly have been the rise of a fish." I turned round, and the riddle was soon solved. Old W. had hooked a larger fish than usual, and had sent poor old Negro in for it. The cunning old beast swam down below it, and the moment it came on the top of the water within his

reach, he darted at it, and held it too. Poor old frizzle-head, it was well done. I wondered how the poor beast could hold a fish, for I do not think he has had a tooth in his head these five years; and the cunning old rogue, you should have seen how far he took it up the bank, and would not open his mouth until his master had hold of it. And a fine fish it appeared to be; but I soon saw, from its shape, that it was not a trout, but a large chub of about four pounds weight. How pleased the poor old fellow must have been, for I dare say he thought at the distance that we took it to be a trout. Travellers see strange sights, as the old saying is, but a stranger pair than those two ancients I certainly never met in my travels.

This last little episode in the performance changed our tactics, for although the nigger played his part remarkably well, still he *rather* disturbed the stream we were fishing, so we adjourned the inquest on the trout of that locality until another day, when we hoped to have the entire river to ourselves. We had, however, not far to go for another good spot, and selected one with a wood opposite us, under which circumstance we were secure from interruption, as old W. could not get his line in there, the river being far too much overgrown. We had not tried long in our new quarters before G. got hold of a very fine fish. I thought him quite as large as the first one I had killed; but, unfortunately, young fishermen will sometimes forget that very fine gut will not hold a bull, and he bore too heavily against him, and a lost casting-line and fish were the consequence. This disaster was partly my fault, for I ought to have given G. a caution, knowing well that some of the best of old hands even will occasionally forget what their tackle is capable of holding; and a well-timed hint, such as I have often received, "Captain, your tackle is very fine," has saved me the loss of many a good fish.

The best part of the day was now past, for the trout ceased rising; and although we could probably have filled a wheelbarrow with coarser fish had we tried for them, I advised giving up. I am sure you will agree with me, that when you have a good river nearly to yourself, it is much better to rest it when the trout are not taking, than to shy them by constantly covering them with the line. Our day's sport was, however, first-rate. We bagged thirty-two trout, weighing from about a pound and a quarter to the big fellow that I first killed, who was king of them all, besides several fine chub. The majority of the trout weighed about two pounds. All that we considered below a pound we returned to their native element, by order of the owner of the river; but I think he would do his stream far more good by killing several of the smaller fish, as that would leave more food for the big fellows. This error (for error, in my opinion, it certainly is) of preserving all the small fish is too often fallen into in England by owners of trout streams, and I have known several very fine rivers quite destroyed, as far as really good sport goes, which can only be had where there are plenty of large fish, by being overstocked by innumerable small fry, and in the end having scarcely a fair killable trout in the river. I know no pleasure greater than spending a quiet day by the river-side, even without a rod in your hand. All nature seems to smile there; the variety of scenery that greets you at every turn of the stream; the merry song of the numerous birds, accompanied by the gentle ripple of the water; these give you a kind of dreamy feeling that takes you from all the cares and troubles of the world, and lead you to

meditate on Nature's beauties only. All artists should be anglers, as there is no source of amusement that offers them such a thorough knowledge of nature in every form. You have not only the varied study of scenery, but you become acquainted with the habits of hundreds of God's creatures that you see only in such quiet ramblings. The wildest and most timid birds and animals cross your path at every instant, and in time their different habits become as familiar to you as those of the quiet creatures domesticated around your home. I chanced, on the second day after our arrival, to be witness of a very singular combat. Two kingfishers disagreed, I suppose, about the division of some minnow or small fry that one of them had caught, and they had a set-to that would have done credit to the cock-pit in the time of the Regent. I never beheld such a pair of vicious little devils. They pecked and scratched at one another *con amore*, and the fight lasted upwards of five minutes—for I had the curiosity to take my watch out at the time—and I doubt not would have continued much longer, had not the appearance of G. on the bank put them to flight. One of the little wretches seemed cruelly mauled, and I suspect was a young bird, who had secured a meal, and the other, probably, wanted to have his share; and what hungry creature would not fight in defence of its dinner? This is not the first instance that I have heard of the combats of these gay little fellows. My brother-in-law, Mr. A., was walking one afternoon by the river-side, when he saw on the bank, a very short distance from him, two kingfishers carrying on a most sanguinary battle. So intent were they in trying to peck each other's eyes out, that he walked gently up to them without their perceiving him, and put his hat over them. In trying to secure them, one unfortunately escaped, but the other is now in a glass-case, and many a time I have longed to pluck it. Indeed, I am not certain that he is quite so blue as when he was first put in. Had A. succeeded in capturing both, it would have been curious to have had them stuffed together in the attitude of fighting, with the story attached to the case. One of my brothers once reared a nest of (I think) five of these pretty little fellows until they were about ten weeks old, and were able to feed themselves with the small fish he put into their flat trough, but unfortunately, during his absence for a short time from home, they were neglected, and all died. We had had but little sport during the day, and this little engagement amused me greatly.

I have, as you too well know, been a fisherman for a great many years, and am still as ignorant as ever as to what makes fish take so well on some days, and, although to all appearance and feeling there is no atmospheric difference, positively refuse everything offered them on others. We all know that before rain they are always unsettled, and generally show themselves a great deal on the surface, and that during long drought the water becomes so low and clear that they can easily distinguish objects at a great distance, and a casting-line, let it be made of ever so fine a material, can be seen a mile off; of course any deception then offered them is almost useless. In bright, clear weather, also, the same reason may be assigned. But one goes out constantly, on apparently beautiful fishing-days, under the impression that we are going to empty the river, and, instead, return in the evening with an empty basket. How often have I bewailed my ill-luck in being on duty on a day when I felt sure there must be great sport to be had, and, behold! many good fishermen have come home sulky as bears, and empty-handed, with the old story, "I

think there must be rain overhead, for I could not stir a fish." Such was the case on the second day we went out. There were hundreds of trout throwing themselves in all directions, and, I thought, taking flies greedily, but all our favourites were rejected with indifference. In vain I selected not only every fly that I considered ought to be on the water at that time, but all my collection of tempting fantasies, which I have found tempt trout occasionally when they would not look at any imitation of a *natural fly*. Nothing seemed to please them; so I gave up the fly and tried the minnow, with a little better success, inasmuch as I killed a very fine perch of nearly four pounds, which was a most excellent fish, and a very nice variety, as we had had nothing but trout in the fish way for a long time to regale our palates with, and they seemed to think we had devoured enough of their race, for they cut our acquaintance entirely for that day. Had we tried the worm, I doubt not we could have made a death; but, unless in want of my dinner, I cannot condescend to put one on. I always think of the poor Scotchman, when asked by some cockney if he thought the salmon would take a worm, he answered, "Worm, sir! I'm a poor shoemaker, but I'm a *gentleman fisher*."

What a sporting little fellow the perch is! how greedily he devours almost any bait offered to him! I almost always fish for them with a minnow, or a small archimedean, at which I find them run nearly as freely as at the natural bait. It is, however, but tame sport, for they afford but little play after being hooked, and are so easily taken that it is but childish amusement fishing for them, unless where they run very large. Nevertheless, as they will show themselves at times when other fish are very hard to move, I sometimes spend a few hours in their company.

Before starting for our third day's fishing, a sort of half gamekeeper, half ratcatcher, came to the inn and desired an interview, which I, of course, granted, being well aware, from his appearance (for we had seen him pass the window), that it was on some sporting matter he wished to discourse with us. On being ushered into our presence, he did not leave us long in doubt as to his vocation. He was a *regular poacher*. He of course commenced by a little flattery, informing us that he had heard that we were two very first-rate fishermen, &c.; and then asked if we should like to know where the largest trout in the river was. This piece of information we, of course, had no objection to; but before he would tell us, he said that we must promise most faithfully not to let any one know that he had been our informant, as that might get him into trouble, and would perhaps be the means of our not getting leave to try the part of the water where the fish was. He then informed us, that in the second mill-dam down the river, near a certain old alder-bush which he most accurately described, there resided such a trout as was not often seen in those parts, or, indeed, anywhere else; that he had hooked him twice on night-lines, but that he had on each occasion broken away, carrying the last set of tackle with him. He said it would be necessary to write to the miller for leave, and recommended our doing so at once, and trying for the fish that day, if all was right, as there was a nice breeze, which hit well that particular part of the river. No sooner said than done. I wrote a very polite note, which I sent off forthwith, and in about an hour and a half received a most civil reply, with general permission to fish whenever we pleased. Our ally now suggested that a worm would be the most certain

bait to kill him with, as it was that that he had taken each time that he lost him, and produced from his pocket some most tempting-looking, well-scoured blueheads, which he kept in a flannel bag. I had no intention of trying to tempt the big fellow with these rather unsportsmanlike morsels, but nevertheless thought it advisable to take some with me, in case we should be beat by all other means, wishing very much to have a trout cutlet (how your mouth must water!) for dinner if possible, and it's seldom one kills a fish large enough to dress in that manner. I accordingly transferred the canvas-bag from his greasy pocket to my fishing basket, and started on my travels, promising my friend something handsome if we succeeded in taking the trout, and it proved to be anything wonderful. When I first saw the part of the river indicated as his residence, I did not much fancy it, as it was all dead water, but it was a very likely-looking place for large fish. I had with me some beautiful small gudgeon, with one of which I was determined to try and take this Triton. There was no difficulty whatever in finding his residence, for there were but three bushes along the stream, and I immediately knew the one to fish, as our friend had been most correct in his description of the spot. I waited for a good curl, and spun my bait nicely under the stump. Out he came like a flash of lightning, but he missed it. I saw he was a very large trout, but fancied he turned away rather shyly, from having probably been often fished for. It could not have been that he had seen me, for I took good care that that was impossible. I gave him time to settle himself before trying him again, but he would not stir. This did not look encouraging; but as I knew of old that without patience you cannot kill good fish, I was determined to disturb him no more until the evening, when I was in hopes he might be tempted to take something. We continued our fishing during the rest of the afternoon with varied success; sometimes for half an hour we had good sport, and killed some nice fish, then for some time not one could we stir, as the wind was not steady, and when there was no curl we could not persuade them to rise at anything. We had, however, a very fair bag, containing about sixteen good trout, when, it being near eight o'clock, I was determined to try the big fellow once more; and this time I used a live bait, a most tempting little gudgeon, letting it swim quietly into his *salle à manger*. I felt something, but was not certain for a moment that it was the trout. Presently, having had time to gorge the bait, he sailed quietly away towards the middle of the river. When he had gone a few yards, and the line was at the stretch, I raised my hand and struck lightly. This seemed rather to astonish our friend, and up he came from the bottom with a tremendous rush. I felt that he was a very heavy fish, and was determined not to lose him by any mismanagement on my part. There was but one danger that I could see, and that was, that he should entangle my tackle in his favourite stump, which laid some little way into the river, and which, probably, had several roots growing under the water, which is a very awkward customer to contend against with fine tackle, or, indeed, any other, so I thought, before he had made up his mind what to do—not that those kind of gentlemen hesitate very long—I would get him to run down a bit. But he appeared to know my intentions as well as I did his, and straight to the stump he headed, at the rate of ten knots an hour, in spite of the stress which I leant against him to try and turn him. "Put in the landing-net between him and the stump," said I to G., which was

a most fortunate thought, for the moment he saw it away he dashed down again. It probably reminded him of some of the ratcatcher's visits, and, strange to say, he never once after attempted to go to his usual haunt, but was evidently seeking some other hidden impediment wherewith to annoy me, as he kept boring to one particular spot in the river, where I fancy, from a curl on the surface, that there was a rock or sunken root. I had fine, but strong tackle, and could therefore check him. After he had been frustrated in two or three attempts, I ultimately got on such terms with him that, as he had swallowed the bait, and was probably hooked down in the belly, there was but little chance of my losing him; so I played him quietly, but firmly, until he appeared quite exhausted, and I thought I could bring him near enough to give G. a chance of landing him, which he did beautifully the first attempt, although he was some distance from him, and the landing-net scarcely big enough to hold him. He proved a grand prize, for he weighed eight pounds and three-quarters. We had no idea there were such fish in the river, though we knew of old there were some good ones. He was a very short, thick, well-fed fish, and proved as good as he looked. His cutlets were delicious.

On our return we regaled the ratcatcher, and gave him back his bag of worms. He, of course, concluded that it was with one of them that we had killed the trout; in fact, I do not think he would have believed that we had taken him with any other bait. I took good care to keep our secret, for I knew the bottom of the river would have been covered with gudgeon every night, from that time forth, had I let the cat out of the bag. Before taking his departure, our friend asked us if we should like to have an otter hunt next day, as he said he thought he could put us on the trail of one. We most gladly accepted the invitation, and requested him to be early at his post, as, should we not succeed in finding the otter, we wished not to lose our day's fishing.

The following morning we bestirred ourselves betimes to make some preparations for the hunt, as we had not, of course, come prepared for such an amusement. By means of a couple of garden rake-handles and the prongs of an old fork, which we got straightened and sharpened at the blacksmith's, we made ourselves two very fair spears. Our work was scarcely finished before Roving Tim, which was the ratcatcher's *sobriquet*, arrived. He approved much of our weapons, except that they had no barbs to them, and produced one of his own, which was a most formidable weapon, a trident with arrow-heads, with which, I doubt not, he had slaughtered many a gallant trout. If you wish for a faithful representation of it you will see it in the leister of Britannia. Our pack was a scratch one in every sense of the word, for Tim's terrier, Shakum (the first time I ever met that name in canine vocabulary), had not an inch of his fore-quarters that was not covered with scars, bites, or scratches of some kind or other, all of which he, however, seemed to treat with sovereign contempt; and I fancy he had often given his "quid pro quo," for he devoured a large mutton-chop at a mouthful, which had been cut from the loin of a tolerably big sheep, crushing the bone as easily as you would a gingerbread-nut. I would have given the poor beast another chop or two, but Tim said he would do his work much better on an empty stomach. I should think, from his appearance, he was generally in a very fit state, according to his master's ideas, to start at any moment of the day for a hunt, for his present condition did not indicate that he was



over guilty of the crime of laziness through repletion. His other dog was rather a fine lurcher, Snap by name. He informed me<sup>d</sup> that he had a third dog at home, a first-rate terrier, but that unfortunately he could not bring him, as three days before he had lost two of his toes in a rabbit-trap, and that they had festered, so he was not fit for work. I think, nevertheless, that he might have brought him, for I cannot remember having ever seen a terrier with more than three legs on the ground together. Having despatched our breakfast, we sallied forth. I must confess I did not feel too proud of my company as I passed through the village, but somehow one cannot help having a liking for a sportsman, let him be ever so disreputable, and certainly in appearance Bill Sykes was a joke to Tim. We had a long walk before us, for it was a good four miles to the spot where we were to commence operations. Tim had made a very shrewd guess of where he was likely to find the otter, for we had not gone two hundred yards up the river, after leaving the road, when we found a very fine trout, quite fresh, with a hole bitten in the back of his head, evidently the remains of his morning meal. The moment Shakum arrived at the place (for he of course had commenced a rat hunt as soon as he came to the river, in spite of his master's strong remonstrances), away he went on apparently a quite fresh trail, and not two minutes afterwards he bolted the otter from an old drain at the back of the river. As it topped the bank to make its dive, Snap made such a drive at it that he went head over heels into the river, but unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately) for him he did not get hold of it.

Now the chase began in earnest. We sent Tim in a boat that was fortunately near, to the other side of the river, the water was quite clear, and there being but little current we could easily follow his bend, though he headed down the river at a great pace. He came up several times for air, but always too far from the bank for any of us to be able to let a spear at him. It was really wonderful so see the pertinacity with which Shakum followed the *warmint*, as Tim called it. He was quite a host in himself. It was evidently not his first otter hunt by a great many, he seemed so much at home at the fun.

"Look out, sir! look out!" shouted Tim, "for I think he is getting blown, and I see he has turned towards your side. You may get a chance at him."

I had scarcely received the warning, when up came the otter close to me. A sickening feeling comes over me, my dear Harry, when I think of it. I missed him clean. No man ever had a finer chance. He was evidently a little beat, for we had been some time hunting him, and that without his having had a moment's breathing-time. He must have remained nearly a couple of seconds on the surface. Unfortunately I was in G.'s way, so that he could not throw his spear, or I feel sure we should have had him that time. I must, however, make one little excuse for myself. The cord that I had attached to the spear-handle did not run free; it was new, and had got twisted, which altered the direction I had given it. ("More fool you," I doubt not you'll say, "for not taking the twist out of the cord.") Tim's countenance was "more in sorrow than in anger," when he said, "Odd rot the cord! it would have been better to have run all chance and sent the spear at him, as we could always have found it again with the boat." "Very true," said I; "but had I missed my aim, and lost it, we could not have recovered it again in time to have been of any

use to me during the chase. But never mind, better luck next time; he must come up again soon." During this little parley we had lost sight of the beast, but by following Shakum, who stuck like a leech to his work, we soon found it again. The otter now hung nearly entirely to the centre of the river, probably not liking the reception I gave him when he neared the land. He evidently had no den thereabouts, except the one we had bolted him from, and which he was now trying to get to, for he had headed up the river again, or he would have kennelled himself to a certainty. Another warning from Tim, and in the shallow water I could see the beast making for my side; but he came to the surface too far from me. I cautioned G. to be ready, and keep a sharp look-out, for I saw "the warmint" still headed towards us. We knelt down, so that he could not see us until he was close to the bank; but we took care to be within view of his head. He kept close to the bottom until he wanted air, when up he came again, this time well within reach, and I sent the spear at him, and felt that I had hit him hard. I could not, unfortunately, get another chance, for Shakum and Snap both went at him. Poor Shakum was taken down by him and cruelly bitten, and the otter had still good play left in him, though the water was dyed with his blood. He had stirred up the sand in his tussle with Shakum, and we lost sight of him for a little; but he evidently was sick, for he was soon obliged to show himself and remain some time up, and we speedily got on terms with him again. "You hit him hard, sir," said Tim, "for he is bleeding like a stuck pig." The otter now crossed over, and the chase was on the other side of the river. Tim called Shakum over to him, but his services were hardly required there. I soon saw by Tim's face and manner that the crisis was at hand. He crept like a setter close to the water's edge, trident in air. He hoisted it for a moment, in it went, and out came the otter. He had struck it with his deadly weapon through the centre of the back. It would have been impossible for the poor beast to kick himself loose, for each prong had a double barb to it, like an area railing. Tim ran down to the boat, and was across in no time with his prize. It was a fine dog otter, weighing twenty-two pounds. I had struck him between the shoulders, so claim a good share in the honour of his death, having drawn first blood, and a sovereign from G. soon closed the bargain with the Rover for its skin, which is now stuffed to commemorate the chase. After it was over, Tim examined his dog, and I heard the following soliloquy: "Why, old man, he has mauled you a bit. Them ~~worms~~ nip hard, don't they, Shakum? Never mind, lick 'um clean; they ain't the ~~worst~~, nor the ~~best~~, nor the last you'll have, old fellow." This little piece of kindness seemed perfectly to heal Shakum's wounds, and he trotted away after his master quite happy, every now and then making a snap at the otter, which hung over Tim's shoulder. G. was very anxious that we should try for another, because Tim said the warmints generally went in pairs, and we should be almost certain to find the mate. To please them I consented, and we spent a couple of hours trying; but drew blank. I believe G. would have remained with his friend until nightfall; but I really, after trying so long, thought there was no chance of finding another, so in merry mood we returned to the inn. I would not put my rod together, which I had brought down with me, as I thought trout-fishing would be a tame amusement after an otter hunt. On the following day we left our snug quarters, and started home.

## THE OPERA AND THE BOUFFES PARISIENS.

On Tuesday, in Easter week, Mr. Lumley opened Her Majesty's Theatre, with even more than his customary success. "*La Favorita*" was the opera selected for the occasion, to introduce Mademoiselle Spezia, a new *prima donna*, as *Leonora*, and Signor Giuglini, the new tenor, as *Ferdinando*; while for the ballet, *La Esmeralda* was revived, after an interval of ten years, the heroine being Mademoiselle Pocchini.

All who remember the doubtful business that used to be done before Easter, must feel thankful at being spared the Lenten entertainments of former days, when it was a question with people whether they should pass their evenings at the Opera or in the House of Commons. The debates, indeed, were very frequently preferred, and not unreasonably, for the *Impresario* of twenty years ago made it a Catholic rule to do nothing for his subscribers till the season of abstinence was over, while the performances at Saint Stephen's were generally most attractive during its continuance.

But all that is altered now—at least at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Lumley proceeds on an entirely different principle. He knows that in this age of compression the public have no time to waste on things they care nothing about: he, therefore, begins well at the beginning, and, with no flagging interval, ends as well as he began.

The opening night, then, as we have already said, was of admirable promise for the thirty that were to follow. Mademoiselle Spezia, without taking the town by storm, as Mademoiselle Piccolomini did last year, proved herself a most accomplished singer and a very clever actress: timid at first, she gradually gained upon the audience, and when the curtain fell she had fully established herself in public favour. But the success of Signor Giuglini was of a kind almost forgotten. So perfect a *tenor*, one who combined so much sweetness and fire, had not been heard since the early days of Mario and the brightest of Rubini, and with every note he uttered he enlisted an enraptured proselyte. To particularise the points which he rendered most effective in *Ferdinando* need not be our province now, for they have been all but effaced by the triumphs which he has since achieved in parts with which the critical public sympathise more deeply: his *Edgardo*, in "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," and his *Manrico*, in "*Il Trovatore*," have placed him beyond the reach of competition. In "*Esmeralda*," Mademoiselle Pocchini acquitted herself with marvellous grace and facility of execution, and although the singular charm with which Carlotta Grisi invested the character lives in our memories as freshly as ever, it by no means operated to the disadvantage of Mademoiselle Pocchini, whose style, totally different from that of the original "*Esmeralda*," had qualities of its own which well deserved the applause that was bestowed upon them.

This was the first phase of the season: an unrivalled *primo tenore*, a charming *prima donna*, and a *première danseuse* of the highest class; the second was the reappearance of Mademoiselle Piccolomini. With increased personal attractions, with the same exquisite refinement of manner, with dramatic intelligence exceeding, if possible, its former

development, and with vocal expression which at once betokened the study to which she had addressed herself since last year, Mademoiselle Piccolomini was received with an enthusiasm which more resembled parental fondness than the welcome that is usually accorded to a public favourite. It is one striking characteristic of Mademoiselle Piccolomini's genius, that however often we may see her in the same character we never witness its mere repetition: there is always some newly awakened conception with which she adorns the part, already perfect in the general estimation, but susceptible of being heightened by the artist who has created it. Thus her *Violetta*, in "*La Traviata*," was in many respects an entirely new performance, without taking into account the omission of a distinctive feature in last year's representation which Mademoiselle Piccolomini's delicacy of feeling told her was susceptible of a somewhat painful though highly truthful application. After *Violetta*, she repeated *Maria* in "*La Figlia del Reggimento*," with the same *piquante* originality and sparkling comedy that had made her already so attractive. But in both these parts she stood on assured ground, with nothing to apprehend from rivalry. There was, however, a test in reserve. She was announced for *Lucia*, which Persiani, Jenny Lind, and Sontag had severally illustrated with so much grace and feeling and extraordinary powers of vocalisation, and critical expectation was strained to the utmost. The ordeal was severe, but Mademoiselle Piccolomini sustained it admirably, and the result was the most perfect triumph she had hitherto achieved. Universal acclamation greeted this successful venture, and Mademoiselle Piccolomini is now as closely identified with *Lucia* as any of her distinguished predecessors.

The third phase of Mr. Lumley's well-devised operatic campaign was the return of Madame Alboni, with her delicious voice as fresh and sweet as ever. She chose for her *début*, *Rosina*, in "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*," and it is impossible she could have chosen better, for there is no *cantatrice* in Europe who possesses an organ like hers. Her second appearance was as *Azucena*, in "*Il Trovatore*," in which she was worthily supported by Madlle. Spezia, Signor Giuglini, each of whom gained fresh laurels, and by that very meritorious singer, Signor Violetti, a new and a great acquisition to Mr. Lumley's company. Than the experienced director of Her Majesty's Theatre there is no one who so skilfully and agreeably combines the attractions which he takes so much pains to secure. Simultaneously with the appearance of these pages, a morning representation is announced, in which all the strength of the Opera will be mustered, and the principal artistes of the *ballet* will appear. Allusion to the latter reminds us of the charming production of M. Massot, called "*Acalista*," in which Madame Perea Nena appeared for the first time on the western side of the Haymarket. The local colour with which she invests the dances that bear the name of "*Las Alicantinas*" is sufficient of itself for the requirements of a ballet, but when to her brilliant execution are added the refinements of Madlles. Michelet, Karlinski, Brunetti, and Rolla, we have a choregraphic composition that is perfect.

It only remains now to say that—one half of the season being gone—we are assured by the *programme* that the other half will at least equal, if it does not exceed, it in attraction.

Untiring in his zeal to provide for the amusement of his chosen

public, Mr. Mitchell has, this year, gone again to Paris, that repertory of good actors, and has imported "*Les Bouffes Parisiens*," *en bloc*—the *troupe*, the *mise en scène*, and the whole of the orchestra being now transferred from the Champs Elysées to King-street, St. James's. When it was announced that the Bouffes were to appear in London, many supposed that the quality of their acting was too volatile for an English audience, and that it was calculated for the meridian of Paris only, but the first night's representation set that idea completely at rest. The Bouffes, however, are such excellent artists, that they render everything they do intelligible, without an effort, to all who witness their representations: there is no occasion to seek for the meaning of their comedy; it is patent to all who have eyes to behold as well as ears to listen to it.

The merry season for which we are so greatly indebted to Mr. Mitchell opened with three pieces—"M'sieu Landry," "*Les Deux Aveugles*," and "*Ba-ta-clan*;" the first a farce of the lightest and most entertaining kind, the second a duodrame of striking merit, and the last a burlesque opera, which may take its place in the very front rank of all the operas that ever were burlesqued. The actors who sustain all this light weight are five in number—Mademoiselle Dalmont and Mademoiselle Mareschal—two very pretty young women, as clever in acting and singing as they are pretty—and Messieurs Pradeau, Mesmacre, and Guyot, past-masters of their amusing craft.

We shall select "*M'sieu Landry*," for the purpose of illustrating the comic capabilities of the Bouffes.

*Poireau* (M. Guyot) is an honest, loving, and, therefore, jealous Norman farmer, "*ne dormant que d'un œil*," through the apprehensions which *M'sieu Landry* (Mesmacre), a country Lothario, has excited. The visits of the latter to his house, though ostensibly for the purpose of paying his court to *Poireau's* niece, *Susanne* (Mademoiselle Mareschal), are in reality intended for *Javotte* (Mademoiselle Dalmont), the farmer's very attractive wife, and *Poireau* is quite right when he suspects their object. *Poireau* is a very good-tempered fellow on all points, save and except those which refer to *M'sieu Landry*, respecting whom he says such spiteful things to his wife in a conversation begun in the most amicable spirit, that a quarrel ensues between the loving couple, *Madame Poireau* slaps her husband's face, and he, according to his invariable custom when angry, seizes his short pipe and rushes into the fields to wander there till his rage has abated. Enters on the scene the pretty *Susanne*, a *jeune ingénue*, who, deeply in love with *M'sieu Landry*, firmly believes in all his perfidious promises. To the questions of *Madame Poireau*, experienced in all the stages of love's progress, *Susanne* replies that *M'sieu Landry* has enjoyed stolen interviews, has addressed her in the tenderest terms, has even embraced her, but always with the greatest respect—a condition invariably imposed by young ladies, and observed, of course, by their lovers. It is quite evident from the tone of *Madame Poireau* that she intends to punish *M'sieu Landry* for his duplicity, and, *sur ces entrefaites*, the hero arrives, entering the house by the window in preference to the door. What a hero and what a costume! *Est-il cocasse donc!* But ridiculous as he really is, *M'sieu Landry* believes himself an Adonis in face and form, and in dress a dandy of the first

water, with his ruby satin waistcoat, faced with celestial blue, his short-waisted, swallow-tailed coat, his ample, pink-striped trousers, and his tasselled and bedizened cane. He has just come from a fair, and gives a most humorous description of it, in a capital song, after which he produces his fairings, *miriltons* of apple-candy, overlaid with amorous and sententious devices, by means of which, he says, he has taught himself to read. *M'sieu Landry* is between two stools: he casts sheep's eyes on *Madame Poireau*, who laughs at him, and he is oppressed by the attentions of *Susanne*, who loves him. *Madame Poireau* speeds to her revenge. A word to *Susanne*, and she is left alone with her niece's lover. He profits by it to make a declaration, and she, in return, tells *M'sieu Landry* that she has sent to let her husband know he is in the house. His step, indeed, is heard approaching. He cannot fly—that would be to meet his fate. Where shall he hide himself? There is a large flour-bin nearly empty, he dives into it, the lid is shut down, and *Poireau* enters, his smouldering jealousy ready to break out into flame, for he had met *M'sieu Landry* coming towards his house when first he quitted it. He looks round, but, perceiving no one, is disposed to forget and forgive; but *Madame Poireau* will have no such terms of reconciliation: he must be satisfied. She declares that *M'sieu Landry* has been there, is there at that moment; she points to the flour-bin, and tells him to look in and see his detested rival. “Ah, elle ne dirait pas ça si vraiment il y était!” is *Poireau's* satisfied exclamation; and he refuses to examine it. His wife goes further: she actually lifts the lid of the flour-bin, and a stifled groan reveals to all but the confident husband that *M'sieu Landry* is still ensconced within. This is the climax of *Poireau's* repentance; he admits his fault, and sues earnestly for forgiveness. It is smilingly granted—they will sup together, and drown all remembrance of their quarrel in a bottle of good old wine. On being told, however, to lead the way to the cellar, a shade of suspicion again arises; nevertheless he obeys, and as soon as the stage is clear, *M'sieu Landry*, all his finery defaced with flour, issues from the bin and would forthwith escape by the door, but *Poireau*, with a lantern in his hand, returns that way. He conceals himself behind the door, and *Poireau* passes him, speculating on his wife's reason for sending him down stairs first. After all, he will peep into the *huche*; it is quite large enough for a man, and he lies down in it. He had previously put out his light—the stage is dark; *Susanne* enters; *M'sieu Landry*, mistaking her for *Javotte*, clasps her round the waist and embraces her; *Poireau* rises, like Iachimo, from the bin, and rushes at *M'sieu Landry* to strangle him; *Madame Poireau* enters with a light, and the *éclaircissement* is complete. The jealous husband, persuaded that *M'sieu Landry's* intentions were honourable, consents to his marriage with *Susanne*, and embraces his wife without fear of future mystification. Such are the situations of this laughable piece, in which there was not a pin to choose between the merits of the clever *partie carrée* who supported it. Of the comedy of M. Pradeau, who played the Gallo-Chinese Emperor in the burlesque, and the principal of the two blind men on the *Pont Neuf*, it is impossible not to speak in terms of excessive praise. We might write pages on it, but have not a line to spare, except to express our regret at the illness which has interrupted his performances.

## THE WEHR-WOLF.\*

EVIL generally befalls him who wishes evil to others. We have seen, in the story of the "Wolf's Betrothed," how Thibault, a forester and a hewer of wooden shoes, discontented with his humble condition, sold himself to perdition to gratify his vanity, and how he lost the love of the young and innocent Agnelette in the pursuit of what he imagined to be a more desirable alliance, but with no other results than the further humiliation which his impious contract was certain to entail upon him. One thing alone he succeeded in obtaining by the aid of his wolf allies, and that was money, and with money he was also enabled to make a step into society, with what effect we shall now turn to the further pages of M. Alexandre Dumas's fantastic story to ascertain.

The renowned romancist is not always particular in weaving out a moral from his narratives, but the present is an exception, if, as is probably the case, the moral has not flowed of itself from the fountain of corruption in which Thibault's career had its origin. Be this as it may, however, the result of Thibault's admission into the house of the bailiff Magloire, and of his acquaintance with his lady, the Dame Suzanne, was, as usual, to suggest nothing but the most selfish and reprehensible aspirations.

"It must be acknowledged," he said to himself, as he promenaded the forest with his usual escort of wolves, scratching the one that happened to be nearest to him behind the ears, "that you are a lucky rogue, M. Thibault; Dame Suzanne is just what would suit you. The wife of a bailiff! there is a conquest worthy of you; and, in case of survivorship, there would be a wife! But," he said, after considering a while, "I should not like to kill poor Master Magloire. To take his place when he is dead is one thing, but to kill a man who has given one such good wine would really make the black wolf himself blush. No, no, I do not wish his death. I wish simply that, in as far as he is concerned, he may not be in the way of another person's success."

And having thus fashioned his wishes into what he deemed a very clever and comprehensive formula, he rubbed his hands with glee, and dismissed his wolves till the next day.

Although it was very late when Thibault got to his hut, he was up with break of day, for his mind was intent upon obtaining a present of game which he was to transmit to his new friends as the produce of his own estate—his estate being the whole of the forests of his Highness the Duke of Orleans. Stags, deer, boars, hares, even partridges, suffered that day. The wolves, urged on by their master, prosecuted the chase with marvellous success. Within the space of a couple of hours they had got together sufficient to load two carts at the threshold of his hut. He reserved the choice joints for Madame, and gave the remainder to his hungry purveyors.

This done, he despatched a messenger with his present, and followed him so closely that he arrived at the residence of the bailiff of Ernéville

\* *Le Meneur de Loups. Tome II. Par Alexandre Dumas.*

just as the master of the house was contemplating the various articles of which it was composed. He received his new friend with open arms, and, calling for his wife, bade her, country fashion, embrace the liberal donor. Madame Magloire yielded gracefully to her husband's request, and while Thibault was hesitating if he should limit himself to a single embrace, the little man danced round the table, putting the wild boar, in imagination, en carbonade, the venison à la sauce piquante, the hares into a pasty, stuffing the pheasants with truffles, and dressing up the partridges à la Vaupalière.

Meantime, Thibault had managed to give such satisfactory proofs to Madame of the zeal with which he could avail himself of the bailiff's permission to embrace her, that she declared he should not leave the house till the substance for so many sumptuous repasts should be consumed. As to Master Magloire, he proceeded at once to cement the arrangement by ordering up some bitters, to prepare the stomach for the feast in perspective. Thibault pulled a wry face; he was not accustomed to bitters, and would have preferred a glass of chablis.

At length the time for dinner arrived. Master Magloire was radiant with the beatitude of a gourmet; Madame was brilliant in the charms of her person and the splendour of her apparel. It was the first time that Thibault had dined in such aristocratic company, but his natural assurance carried him through with éclat. Unfortunately a little incident came to mar the joyous progress of the feast. Thibault had been addressing himself with considerable emphasis, backed by very expressive looks, to Madame, when the latter, suddenly examining him more closely, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. This naturally drew the attention of the bailiff to Thibault, and looking in the direction towards which his wife's eyes were turned, he exclaimed:

"Why, friend! you are in flames, positively on fire!"

And so excited was he that he was about to seize the water-jug to extinguish the flames which he thought had caught his guest's hair. Thibault carried his hand mechanically to his head. He had, in the excitement of his recent successes forgotten altogether his contract with the wolf, of which he was now reminded in so inconvenient a manner. He, however, got over the discovery by declaring that the flaming tress was a congenital peculiarity, and, passing the wine, did his best to divert the attention of his hosts from the luminous brand. The entertainment was prolonged to a late hour, and Thibault, elevated with wine, had the audacity, when shown to his bedroom, to pass from that into the chamber of Madame Magloire, where he secreted himself behind the curtains. To his surprise, however, when that lady took up a position before her Pompadour glass, it was only to array herself more gorgeously than she had appeared in her own drawing-room. Thibault was buried in conjectures as to what all this meant, when he was interrupted by a noise; the window opened, and Madame Suzanne held out her hand to a man, who sprang into the room with a step that made the very furniture shake.

"Oh, take care, my lord!" muttered Madame Suzanne; "however well my husband may sleep, if you make so much noise it will awaken him."

"By the horns of Satan! my fair friend," replied the visitor, whose



voice Thibault at once recognised as that of no less a personage than the Baron Jean, "I am not a bird." And at the same time he heard a sound that decidedly resembled that of a kiss.

"Oh!" cried Thibault, in his agony, "how I wish that Dame Suzanne's good old husband would just walk in and see what is going on here."

No sooner said than the door opened, and in walked Master Magloire, with a candle in his hand, and a cotton nightcap on his head of such vast dimensions that it made him appear a foot taller than usual.

"Well, Master Magloire," said the baron, not in the least disconcerted, "I fear the wine has not agreed with you this evening."

"What, is it you, my lord?" murmured the bailiff, opening his vacant eyes. "I hope you will excuse me. I heard a noise."

"Yes, you must think it strange to find me here at such an hour; but I was on my way home from dinner with the lord of Vivrières, when I saw the window open and madame making signals of distress."

"Is it possible?"

Madame sighed a little murmur of corroboration, as if somewhat recovering the nearly fainting state which she had assumed since her husband's entrance.

"I hastened to her assistance," continued the baron. "She had not waked you up in the dread of compromising your precious existence; for, sir, you harbour a villain in your house. One upon whom you have showered your favours, has, in return, not only dared to make love to your wife, but actually to secrete himself in her apartment!"

"How lucky it was, my lord, that you chanced to be passing by. The wretch!" exclaimed the bailiff, plucking the baron's sword from its scabbard. "Were he here, behind these curtains, I would spit him like a hare."

But at that very moment his arm fell helpless by his side, and his cotton nightcap rose up as if upon springs. Thibault had come forth from behind the curtains.

"Why," exclaimed the baron, with a Rabelaisian oath, "I will be hanged if this is not the poacher again, the man with the javelin!"

"A poacher! What, my friend a poacher! and with a javelin, too!" exclaimed the bailiff, taking refuge behind his wife, who, on her side, glanced contemptuously at the intruder.

As to Thibault, he stood with his arms crossed, meditating some signal revenge for the defeat which he had sustained. But the baron and the lady interrupted him. The latter declared that he was about to invent some infamous falsehood, and that he must not be listened to; the baron thought it best to anticipate his disclosures with a thrust of the sword. The bailiff, however, was opposed to such extreme measures. Albeit an impostor, Thibault was his guest, and he was unwilling that any harm should befall him in his house. So, after some further threats on the part of the baron, accompanied by certain hints as to his frequenting the society of wolves, and an inclination on the part of the wehr-wolf to let his four-legged comrades loose upon the company in whose presence he stood, he deemed it best to withdraw, reserving his vengeance for a more favourable opportunity.

Issuing forth, then, from the scene of his discomfiture, he bent his

steps towards the forest, regardless of the direction he took. Some time had elapsed before he even remarked that it rained. The moisture seemed to do him good, and to cool the blood that boiled in his veins and went forth in flames from his hair. When he fell in company with his wolves, he was delighted. He caressed them as if they had been a pack of hounds. Wearied with the events of the day, and at some distance from his hut, he resolved after a time to seek shelter in a great hollow oak, the position of which he was intimate with. The wolves took up their station round the tree. Owls and bats—birds of evil omen—perched themselves in the branches. It was daylight before Thibault awoke; the wolves had gone to their caves, the owls and bats to their rains. The rain-clouds had passed over, and the bright beams of the sun played through the still dripping foliage. The sound of music was audibly approaching. Thibault looked out cautiously. A marriage procession was going by. All the faces were familiar to the quondam forester. There was Engoulevent, the baron's huntsman, giving his arm to a blind old woman—the mother of Agnelette; the baron's majordomo was acting as father to the bride, and giving his arm to Agnelette herself; and, worse than all, Agnelette was not going to the altar like a lamb to the sacrifice: she was radiant as the flowers, and as happy as the birds that welcomed the sunshine each in their own way. The wehr-wolf, with all his power to do evil, crouched in a hollow oak, like a wild beast or a thing cursed, whilst the only maid he had ever loved was going by to be united to another!

His whole soul seemed on fire, he struck his head against the tree, and at last wept. But his tears were tears of anger, not of repentance. He was like Satan after his fall, as depicted by Milton. He had done nothing but deceive, yet every time he fancied that the game was in his hands the cards had gone against him. Satan alone had won. Agnelette had escaped him. The miller's widow had driven him away with disgrace; the bailiff's wife had outwitted and laughed at him. Truly the contemplation of the past was anything but flattering to his vanity.

Rousing himself at length to exertion, he mentally ejaculated, "One thing is certain: if I meet with no success with the women to whom I devote myself, I cannot say that I do not receive some good lessons from them. I must see if I cannot still turn my apprenticeship to some profit. Meantime, it is no use to starve here upon rage and jealousy. A good dinner and a bottle or two of wine may pave the way to resignation."

So saying, he directed his steps to the Dauphin d'Or, in the village of Ferté-Milon, where he met Levasseur, valet to Lord Raoul de Vauparfond, and asked him to dine with him. Levasseur informed Thibault during the repast that he was waiting for Champagne, a servant to the Countess of Mont-Gobert, and this person arriving soon after, he joined the party. Champagne was bearer of a letter from the countess to Lord Raoul, and the affair became, as usual, a matter of lively conversation between the valets and their entertainer.

"Well," observed Levasseur to Champagne, "is there an appointment for to-night?"

"There is," replied the other, joyously, "and I shall have the evening free to visit my own Marie."

"And I," added Levasseur, "shall have but a short walk to be with Victorine."

"And I," muttered Thibault—"I am the only one whom no one loves."

The two valets exchanged glances.

"What!" said Levasseur, "is it true, as is whispered in the country, that you are a wehr-wolf?"

Thibault laughed. "Have I a tail—have I claws or a wolf's muzzle?" he cried. "Nonsense. You must acknowledge, if I am a wehr-wolf, that I have good wine, and here's to the health of the fiend who gave it."

"You must excuse us from joining in that toast!" cried the valets, both together.

"If you won't drink it, I will," replied Thibault; and he emptied the three glasses. The valets rose to withdraw.

"You shan't go without another glass," said Thibault, whose only resource was to drown his excitement in inebriety.

"Not in those glasses," they replied.

"Then they may go to the devil," said Thibault, as he threw them, the one after the other, out of the window. The first glass, after tracing a luminous line, went out like a flash of lightning; the second burst into flames, and then vanished; the disappearance of the third was followed by a clap of thunder. Thibault turned round: his quondam companions were gone.

It was night before the wehr-wolf left the hotel, and he was drunk with wine, rage, and envy. Every one at that hour was happy, save himself. Agnelette, the two valets, Lord Raoul, had all their friends; he had the forest and his wolves. Whilst thus grieving, he heard the noise as of a horse galloping towards him. Turning round, he saw it was the Lord of Vauparfond on his way to his rendezvous.

"Ah! ah!" said Thibault. "How I should laugh if the Lord of Mont-Gobert were to catch you! Things would not be passed over as with Master Magloire; there would be sword-thrusts both given and received there."

Thus occupied with his thoughts, Thibault forgot to make way for the horseman, who, seeing a peasant on the road, administered a sharp cut with his whip, bidding him, at the same time, get out of his way.

"In the name of Satan!" exclaimed Thibault, "am I always to be treated thus! Only let me be a lord for twenty-four hours that I may also ride a good horse, whip the peasants I meet in my way, and be kindly received by noble dames who deceive their husbands."

No sooner said than the horse that bore Raoul lifted up its hind legs, and threw its rider to a distance. Thibault ran up delighted. A body was lying prostrate and senseless on the ground; but what was most extraordinary was, that it was in his dress; and when he looked more closely, they were also his own features. He then looked at himself, and found that he had on him the attire that only a few moments previously had clothed the Lord of Vauparfond; so he presumed that he had also that luckless young nobleman's countenance. "Soh!" he thought to himself, "this is only to last for twenty-four hours. I am

now Raoul ; but Raoul has got my body. I must take care that no harm befalls it."

With this, he took steps to transport the body to his hut, which was only a short way off; and this accomplished, he mounted the horse to continue the journey upon which the young lord had been bound.

One thing troubled him : he knew that Raoul had received a letter; but what did that letter say, at what hour was he expected, and how was he to get into the château? He pulled up a moment to examine his pockets, and see if perchance Raoul had the letter on his person. After some little research he found the object of his wishes, and read as follows :

"MY DEAR RAOUL,—Decidedly the goddess Venus holds us under her protection. I do not know what great hunting party is in the wind for to-morrow at Thury, but I know this, that *he* starts this evening. Do you leave home at nine, so as to be here by half-past ten. Come in, you know where, you will be expected by you know whom, and led you also know where. Only do not, as you did last time, delay so much in the passages."

"JANE."

"This does not tell me much," Thibault thought. "I must get in I know where, I shall be waited for by I know whom, and I shall be conducted I know where! Perhaps," he continued to ruminate, "if I don't know, the horse does. I will let him have his own way." So, giving him the spur, the steed cantered away, nor did the rider attempt to draw him up till he found himself at the walls of the park, at a point where there was a little breach in them. To get through this breach was the affair of a moment. One of the difficulties was over. It remained for the horse to get over the second. The sagacious animal directed its steps to a rustic hut close to the house. The door of the hut opened, and a pretty handmaiden came forth.

"Is it you, Monsieur Raoul?" she said.

"Yes, it is myself, my dear," replied Thibault, alighting from the steed.

"Well, leave your horse there, and come along quick."

"But who will take care of the horse?"

"Who always takes care of it? why, Master Cramoisi, to be sure!"

"Oh, yes," said Thibault, seeing he was implicating himself; "show the way."

The *soubrette* conducted Thibault to a little door, to the right of which was a well-staircase. Arrived at the top, she led him along a passage till they came to a door, which she opened, and pushing him in, withdrew, closing it upon him.

If the magnificence of the bailiff's decorations had filled Thibault with astonishment, the taste and the harmony that reigned in the apartment of the countess delighted him far more. The once poor forester was quite confounded. Luckily for him he was aroused to a sense of the necessities of his position by the entrance of the countess. She was truly the fitting bird for so beautiful a cage, the appropriate flower for this embalmed land.

The interview between the countess and the wehr-wolf was suddenly interrupted by the soubrette bursting into the room.

"Oh! monsieur le baron, save yourself!" she exclaimed. "The count has returned, with his huntsman Lestocq."

"The count!" responded simultaneously Thibault and the countess.

It was, indeed, the count; he was, in fact, ascending the grand staircase, and nothing remained but to escape as quickly as possible. In a few minutes Thibault was once more in the park, hastening towards the hut. His horse was there, but meaning sadly; and on preparing to mount it, he found to his horror that the count had, to impede his flight, hamstrung the poor animal.

"Ah! monsieur le comte," said Thibault, in his passion, "I promise you, if I meet you, I will deal with you as you have dealt with this poor animal."

He then made the best of his way on foot across the park towards the breach by which he had effected an entrance. No sooner out of the park, however, than he perceived a man standing before him sword in hand. It was the Count of Mount-Gobert.

"Draw your sword, baron!" exclaimed the count.

All explanations were useless—indeed, under the circumstances, misplaced—so Thibault had nothing to do but to draw his sword, and make the best of it. Luckily for him, he found, after a few passes, that with the body of Raoul he had inherited his trained skill in the science of *escrime*. He warded off the hasty and angry plunges of the count with the greatest ease. He did not wish to kill his adversary, however; and he contented himself by running him through the sword arm.

The count let fall his sword, calling out, "A moi, Lestocq!" Unfortunately, Thibault remembered that he had vowed to cut the count's tendons as he had done those of his horse; so, taking his hunting-knife, he drew it with a back stroke just above the heel.

The count uttered an exclamation of agony.

At the same moment Thibault felt a sharp pain between the shoulders, accompanied by the sensation as if something cold was running through his chest. In another second he saw the point of a sword come forth from beneath his right breast. A feeling of suffocation followed almost as quickly, his eyes swam as it were in an ocean of blood, and he fell senseless to the ground. Lestocq had taken advantage of his turning round to hamstring his master, to plunge his hunting-knife right through his body.

The cold of the morning recalled Thibault to sensibility. He attempted to rise, but found that he had not the power to do so. Luckily, some peasants came by at an early hour on their way to market, and finding the baron lying wounded on the road, they made a kind of litter and carried him to the house of the curé of Puisieux, who had formerly been his tutor. Thibault lay there in bed all day—the strong spirit of the wehr-wolf enclosed within the dying frame of the Baron Raoul. The surgeon who had been sent for had said in his hearing that if the wound ran its natural course he would not get through the day. But it had struck nine o'clock, and at half-past nine his twenty-four hours of exchange of bodies would have expired. The fever was at that time subsiding, and was

being succeeded by a cold chill, which made him shake in his bed. His feet were icy cold—his frame was dead up to the knees. A cold perspiration bedewed his forehead. He looked at the foot of the bed; the good old priest was weeping, and praying the prayers for the moribund. The clock struck half-past nine. The agonised, with a last and supreme effort, uttered a shriek.

That shriek was the last sigh, the last breath of the Lord of Vauparfond.

This occurred at one second past the half-past nine.

At the same moment that the soul of the young nobleman was winging away its flight, Thibault awoke and rose up in his bed, surrounded by flames. He thought at first that it was a nightmare. But gradually the sense of the reality came over him. His hut had been fired by persons from without, who were filling the air with shouts of "Death to the sorcerer!" "Death to the wehr-wolf!" A few moments more and he would be roasted alive. He remembered the threat of the baron, so, jumping out of bed and seizing his javelin, he rushed forth from the burning hut. Immediately three or four guns were discharged at him: he heard the balls whistle, but none hit him. In the twinkling of an eye he was in the thickest part of the forest, far away from his persecutors. He then sat down at the foot of a tree, and let his head fall in his hands. He wanted to review in his mind the events of the last twenty-four hours. The church clock of Orgny was at that moment striking ten. At half-past nine he had been dying under the form of Baron Raoul, at the house of the priest of Puiseux. An irresistible curiosity came over him to go and see if Raoul was really dead; he accordingly directed his steps towards the village, and, arrived at the house, he looked cautiously through the windows. Two wax candles were burning by the side of a bed, upon which was a sheet, and under that sheet lay a human form rigid in death. There was no one in the house: the priest had gone to the mayor's. Thibault walked in; he approached the bed and lifted up the covering. There was no longer any doubt: it was the body of the Lord of Vauparfond; he had all that calm and fatal beauty which is impressed by eternity; his features, somewhat feminine when he was alive, for a man, had assumed the gloomy grandeur imparted by death. As Thibault was contemplating the body in which he had suffered, he heard the approach of footsteps, and hastily concealing himself behind a curtain of green baize, he saw two females come to the door, and hesitate for a moment on the threshold. Both were veiled; but, lifting up their veils, "Madame," said the one to the other, "can go in, there is no one there." Thibault recognised the countess and her attendant. She approached the bed and lifted up the sheet.

"Alas!" she said, "it is but too true, then." And falling on her knees she wept and prayed. "Oh my well-beloved Raoul!" she exclaimed, in her grief, "who will second me in my vengeance?"

"I will," replied a voice.

The countess looked round, but could perceive no one. She then cut a lock of hair from the body, and after once more giving way to her grief, she rose up, and, accompanied by her attendant, took her departure.

The distance from Mont-Gobert to Puisieux was about a mile. The countess had come on foot, and so she returned. When about half way on the road, a man suddenly appeared from behind a willow-tree.

"Who are you?" said the countess, too much absorbed in grief to feel apprehension.

"I am he who promised just now to aid you!"

"Can you help me, then, to revenge the dead?"

"I can; but I must meet you in your room."

"Impossible! How are you to get there?"

"By the breach in the wall. Lisette can meet me at the hut, and conduct me by the staircase in the tower, as she did yesterday Raoul."

The two women shuddered.

"It is well," said the countess, recovering herself; "pass by the breach, Lisette shall be there to conduct you."

In less than a quarter of an hour the countess was in her room; Thibault had entered the park; and Lisette, no longer so lively as she was with the young nobleman, was silently leading the forester to the countess's chamber. Once in the presence of the latter, the wehr-wolf amused himself by repeating the details of all that had occurred the night before. The countess listened with horror. All she said was:

"You are in league with Satan, or you could not know these things; but you can help me all the better. What is the price of your assistance?" And she took out of a box jewels worth fifty thousand francs.

"Revenge is sweet," replied the wehr-wolf; "it is worth more than those jewels."

"How much is it worth, then?"

"Let me meet you here to-morrow night, and I will tell you."

"I will expect you," replied the countess.

When Thibault went out, she put back the jewels in the box, and taking out a small phial and a little dagger with a Damascus blade and a handle studded with precious stones, she knelt down and prayed, and then she threw herself, habited as she was, on the couch.

When Thibault got out of the park, which he did by the now familiar and fatal breach, he did not know whither to go. His hut was burnt down, and he had not a friend in the world. So he went into the forest, his place of habitual resort. In passing a ravine he saw something glitter at the bottom, among the rocks and shrubs. Descending to ascertain what it was, he found to his surprise that it was a gamekeeper's badge, and that it hung by a leathern strap to a body that had been torn to pieces by his friends the wolves. He looked at the badge, and found inscribed on it

J. B. LESTOCQ,

Garde particulier de M. le Comte de Mont-Gobert.

"He has not been very long in receiving punishment for his crimes," laughed the wehr-wolf. So he remained among the same

rocks, sheltering himself as much as possible from the wind, till the evening came on. The site seemed to be in harmony with the disturbed state of his feelings.

At nine o'clock the wehr-wolf once more directed his steps towards the château. Lisette was at the hut according to promise. The poor girl was pale and trembling. She seemed as if she had been weeping all day.

"If you wish to come," she said, "follow me."

Thibault obeyed. But to his surprise she went right on towards the main entrance.

"Oh! oh!" said Thibault, "you are rather reckless to-day. Suppose we are seen?"

"There is no danger," she replied; "the eyes of all those who could look upon us are closed."

Thibault shuddered, and followed in silence. The solitude of the mansion terrified him. An evil spell seemed to be upon it.

Arrived at the door of the countess's chamber, the maid opened it, saying at the same time, "Walk in."

Thibault entered. It was the same charming room lighted up as before, perfumed as ever. The wehr-wolf looked round for the countess. He saw her not. Turning his eyes towards the bed, he thought she must be there. He approached quietly. A strange feeling that something had happened crept over him.

"Are you asleep, fair countess?" he said, stooping over the body now plainly discernible on the couch. But the countess neither moved nor answered. He brought a taper to the bedside. Her beautiful face was as white as ivory, with veins like marble on her temples. The countess was dead. In one hand was a phial, in the other a piece of paper, on which was inscribed, in a tremulous hand, "Fidèle au rendez-vous!"

Thibault wiped his forehead. Trained as he was to horrors, their accumulation tried him sorely. Going into the passage, he found Lisette on her knees, praying.

"The countess is dead, then?" he said.

"The countess is dead, and the count is dead," was the reply.

"What, of the wounds that he received in his combat with Baron Raoul?"

"No, he perished by the hand of the countess. She took upon herself the duty of revenging the baron's death."

"Oh! oh!" said Thibault, with a convulsive grin. "This is, indeed, a terrible drama."

Thibault felt that he had nothing more to do in the house of death. The master and the mistress were both gone; the servants had all fled. They thought that a curse had fallen upon the house. Thibault once more turned his steps slowly and sorrowfully towards the fatal breach. Arrived there, he heard a voice say, "It is he;" and a moment afterwards he felt himself seized by four gendarmes, who bound him with cords, and placed him between two horses. The other two gendarmes rode the one before the other behind.

Having secured their prisoner they began to taunt him. "How was it



that, being in league with Satan," they said, "he had allowed himself to be so easily captured?"

Thibault did not answer; he abided his time. Their way lay, as he knew, through the forest. Once in its depths, the horses began to neigh and show signs of impatience. The light of many wolves' eyes began to shine forth from the obscurity. Thibault now began to laugh in his turn.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the gendarmes, beginning to be irritated by the aspect of things.

"I am laughing to think that you yourselves have ceased laughing."

At the sound of the wehr-wolf's voice, the wolves that had been every moment increasing in numbers came closer up.

"Ah! ah! friends," said Thibault, "you have tasted a gamekeeper, perhaps you would like to try the flavour of a gendarme?"

The wolves howled their approval of the suggestion. They passed beneath the bellies of the horses and came to caress the prisoner. The horses snorted, reared, and plunged. The gendarmes drew their swords. One of them howled out at the same moment like a wolf: one of Thibault's four-footed friends had fixed his teeth in the calf of his leg. The gendarme struck with his sword. Then the whole pack threw themselves on the horses and their riders; there were two to every neck, two to every rear, and two to every rider. Unable to restrain their steeds, the gendarmes were obliged to let their prisoner go.

"Hurrah! brave wolves; on them!" shouted the wehr-wolf.

But the fierce animals did not require to be encouraged. Horses and wolves disappeared in various directions, and soon nought was heard save the shouts of agony of the men and the neighing of the horses in their pain, mingled with the triumphant howls of the wolves. Thibault remained alone, but bound. In vain he tried to untie his shackles. They resisted his utmost efforts. At length, worn out with pain and anger,

"Oh! black wolf, my friend," he exclaimed, "let these shackles fall from my hands and feet."

And at the same moment the steel locks gave way, and the shackles alike fell at his feet.

Thibault wended his way mechanically to the site of his hut. He knew it no longer existed, but he had nowhere else to go. The wolves had returned from their savage chase, and received him with their mournful howls. Thibault felt himself now to be without the law, a being whom every one would consider it to be his duty to hunt down to death, to shoot, or destroy wherever they met him, and he resolved to revenge himself upon mankind generally. He organised regular hunts, and as the Baron de Jé had been his chief enemy, he devastated his farms and his fields. He vowed the death of Engoulevent, and Engoulevent was slain by the very men who were set to watch for the wehr-wolf. The whole country was in arms against him; the priests excommunicated him; the baron tracked him far and wide. Once more he saw Agnès; he endeavoured to persuade her to quit the country with him, and to follow him to some home where he might enjoy peace and quiet. She spurned the man upon whom the whole world had fixed the brand of an evil spirit. In

his agony he appealed once more, and for the last time, to the black wolf. The latter offered him one more alternative : it was to take his form and have his power, immortality, and almost omnipotence ; but for twenty-four hours he must be a wolf and run a wolf's chances. Weary of the unprofitable and persecuted existence that he led, Thibault accepted. That very day the Baron Jean was with his hounds upon his traces. Thibault started, proud of the elasticity of his limbs, and confident in the sense of almost indefatigable endurance. A long and a weary chase did he lead the baron's dogs. He had twenty-four hours to struggle. But the baron had arranged his plans for a long time before. He had relays of horses and dogs at different parts of the forest and in the open country. The wehr-wolf itself grew weary of the chase in the evening, and at length he thought he would seek for a refuge near Agnelette. She was the only person, he fancied, who possessed the charm of averting evil luck. He therefore directed his steps towards the village of Pré-claumont. The church-bell was telling. He leapt the wall of the burial-ground and hid himself among the wooden crosses deeply imbedded in coarse grass and shrubbery. A funeral procession was at that moment coming out of the church. The body was lying in its coffin, according to a custom prevailing in some parts, only covered with a sheet. The sheet was uplifted, and Thibault recognised Agnelette. He, too, had been the cause of her death by destroying her husband. The grief of the man overcame the ferocious disposition of the wild beast at this sight.

"Just Heaven !" he exclaimed, "take my life ; I give it to you freely if the sacrifice can restore that of the one whom I have killed !"

At the sight of the dreaded black wolf, and at the fearful sound of a human voice coming forth from a wild beast, every one had run away as fast as his legs could carry him. The wehr-wolf remained alone with the body of his victim. But at the same moment the Baron Jean vaulted over the cemetery walls, followed by his pack of hounds. The baron shouted with a voice of thunder as he jumped down from his steed covered with foam and sweat. The dogs were already disputing with one another for the skin of a black wolf. The body had disappeared.

What became of the body ?

No one ever knew.

Only, from that time thenceforth, neither Thibault nor the black wolf were ever seen again in the country. The village priest, who had heard the wolf give its body to the Deity, to save the dead, declared that the gift had been accepted. All that was known was, that once every year a monk used to come forth from the monastery of Bourg-Fontaine and pray over the tomb of Agnelette. "Evil be to him who evil wishes !" he had been overheard to say, and many thought that the only being who could utter that was the once-dreaded wehr-wolf.

## BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

## "HISTORY OF AN UNREADABLE BOOK."

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's—that characteristic embodiment of Irish genius, at once its "*decus et dedecus*"—who graces and *dis*-graces a page in the literature of his day and country—who seemed to use at one time a pen flashing forth sparks of wit and humour at every stroke, at another a "*stylus*," dipped in such filth! that he might be supposed to have inherited it from Petronius or Martial!—this strange compound man, writing on one occasion to some congenial familiar, and accusing him of a propensity to "show his letters to others," added, "I'll take care that you do not hand round *this* at the tea-table;" and forthwith proceeded to retail an anecdote so thoroughly indecent, that no man having a particle of self-respect could look another in the face while repeating it.

An intimate, an admirer, and correspondent of Swift's, adopted this idea, and put it in practice on a larger scale. There is in existence a book brought out in all the quarto pomp of *line* engraving, vignettes, and large type, presenting what some one calls "A river of fair text meandering through a meadow of broad margin;" and yet *this* handsomely "got-up" volume is so "farced" with impurity and grossness, that a man seems to forfeit his own manliness and self-respect while looking through the contents of the unreadable production. Generally *unreadable* in two senses, for the grossness is mostly wrapped in the shroud of a dead language, and disgust would soon induce an ordinary reader to desist from unrolling the offensive mummy from its cerements. What adds to the wonder and peculiarity of this production is, that it proceeded from the pen, erudition, and taste! of a University magnate, the learned Head of one of Oxford's halls of learning. It is of this "unreadable book" that I now propose to trace as much as I can unravel of its secret history, and with only an allusion to the almost insane indecency of its contents, to lay bare some of the morbid anatomy of the strange mind from which it emanated.

It is to be presumed that these chapters may come to the hands of some readers more or less affected with the "bibliomania," that mysterious endemic disease which, sometimes raging, now abating, is never wholly eradicated, but always possesses some luckless victims with more or less violence; *these* will understand me, when I observe on the vulture-like sagacity with which the London bibliopole discerns the symptoms, and stimulates the force, of this malady. Let a bibliomaniac but *once*! only *once*! glance over those shelves where a "Thorpe," or a "Lilly," or other antiquarian magnate of "the trade" has piled "tier over tier, Alp on Alp ascending,"

The dark brown volumes rich with tarnish'd gold—

let him but betray his infirmity by a single question respecting "a tall copy," an "*editio princeps*," or any other rarity of the book-treasures round—let him only purchase to the amount of a few shillings and give,

as the polite bibliophile is sure with "*empressement*" to ask, his address in "town and country," and thenceforth, "*actum est*," his doom is sealed—no raven ever watched a "dying weakling of the flock" more pertinaciously than the bookseller thenceforward besets the bibliomaniac. Thanks to Rowland Hill, pennyworths of book-fever infection can now be dispensed over the country by post, and, regularly as his periodicals, the bibliomaniac receives his monthly catalogues of "rare and curious books," "illuminated MSS." and other "*irritamenta malorum*," calculated, as he sits in his humble library, to fill him with "envy and all uncharitableness;" for the very first result of gloating over these seductive catalogues is to engender these feelings—their "*notule*" of "volumes unknown to Lowndes!"—their casual hint of the fabulous prices a copy brought at the "Bindley" or "Heber" sales—their glowing *italicised* descriptions of "original old blue morocco," "tooled edges and joints," "neat old brown calf," "clean state," &c. &c.—the first and direct result of all this, I say, is to render the wretched bibliomaniac dissatisfied with his own copies of the very same works. Their sound condition at once becomes shabbiness to his diseased eye; their stains and dog-ears come out into disagreeable relief; they seem to grow daily "cropt," imperfect, and worthless in his eyes; dissatisfaction with the good possessed begets desire for that coveted—desire grows to daring—the tempter's bland request to be "favoured with an order" does its work—the victim who covets, "orders"—"buys." But why pursue the picture of seduction further? there is but one trait which could heighten the misery of the case which remains for notice. The bibliomaniac is not often a Benedict; there is something in the sobering, correcting, "*Caudle*"-ising influence of matrimony and curtain-lectures which generally counteracts the propensity to indulge in "rare and curious books," or indeed in books of any kind; but an exception will sometimes happen: cases are found in which, like another disorder to which married life is subject, neither chidings, nor "Caudle-lectures," nor all the "drowsy syrups of the world," can subdue the bibliomaniac tendency in a husband; such cases, when they arise, exhibit results on domestic happiness mournful to behold.

When the *sensible* wife sees her seduced husband cutting in feverish impatience (he never waits to untie) some square, suspicious-looking brown-paper parcel, and gloating in insane delight over volume after volume of ugly, *old*, brown, out-of-date purchases, who can wonder if even a Griselda's patience should wear thin, that womanhood should explode into objurgations and protests against "filling the house with trash!" these mingled with reckless wishes, conceived in the spirit of Caliph Omar, "that all books were burned"—these again subsiding into wild wailings and just complaints, that while a husband is revelling in books, the "wife of his bosom" "wants a new spring bonnet!" All this, however, is lost on the unhappy bibliomaniac; if he notices it even so far as to lift an eye from his *Dallahs*, it is only to glare on the legitimate sharer of his joys and sorrows with a look of self-satisfied contempt; perhaps to mutter, "What should women know of rare and curious books?" possibly to rise from his untasted breakfast to lock himself into the solitude of his study, there to gloat over his acquisitions uninterrupted; and the only result of such expostulations is, that with the cunning of in-

sanity he makes his next purchase *by stealth!* and takes especial care that on no occasion shall his outraged partner *ever see the bookseller's bill!*

I have drawn "this over-true picture from real life," of what, I fear, is not an isolated case, in order to explain how the "Unreadable Book," of which I am about to treat, came under my notice. Now and again, in London catalogues, I had lighted on the following:

"SCHEFFER (Frederick). 'THE TOAST:' an Heroic Poem, written originally in Latin, now done into English, with Notes by PEREGRINE O'DONALD, Esq.

"The celebrated Heroic Poem, the Toast, a most violent satire against the Countess of Newburgh, with a curious frontispiece by Gravelot, in which Lord George Granville is displaying her charms to Apollo, while a Satyr is tauntingly pointing to her coquettish airs and ghastly appearance in after life. In this copy is inserted a letter from Dr. Bullock, Dr. King's executor, stating that he had destroyed all the copies excepting 50. Also a MS. key to the names satirised in the Toast, 'What I have not ventured elsewhere,' in his handwriting. *Reed's copy of this volume sold for 10l. 10s.*"

I had often seen this announcement, but always with the addition of "Price two or more guineas!" and not even the inducement of "unprecedented bargain" conveyed in the hint that "*Reed's copy sold for 10l. 10s.*," could induce me to buy an obsolete satire of a bygone generation at such a price. "No, no," I always said, "not mad enough for that yet."

At length, at the end of a sale ('twas at Sotheby's, some years since), when the greater bibliomaniac chiefs had withdrawn, "tired but not satiated," from the strife, a copy of this book was offered for competition. As it passed from hand to hand of the few remaining loungers in the sale room, it obtained little notice, probably because it contained a large admixture of Latin verse and prose; so that the auctioneer had not had even a bid when it reached mine, and I became its purchaser for a few shillings—a price which, on inspection, I would pronounce beyond its intrinsic worth, if it were not that it affords a text whereon to enlarge somewhat in a further analysis of that fearful subject, the heart of man and its motives of action, as it lies exposed in the prostitution of ability and learning in the work before us.

Strange to say, the subject of this foul satire has also furnished a theme for a strain of poetic eulogy, perhaps just as little merited as the grosser calumnies now under consideration. Frances Countess of Newburgh (*née* Bradenell), was the "*Myra*" of those maudlin sentimentalities which constitute the chief claim of George Granville Earl of Lansdowne, to a very low place among the English poets. Johnson, in excuse for him, states that all these *Myra's* were dribbled forth before his twenty-third year. This excuse may serve for the love-sick puerility of the ideas, but the tiresome bad taste of the imitator of the style of "Surrey's Geraldine Sonnets" remains inexcusable, even though Mr. Pope flatters his Jacobite contemporary by instituting the comparison, and, with scarce a balance in favour of "the Granville of a former age," writes thus:

Here noble *Surrey* felt the sacred rage—  
*Surrey*, the *Granville* of a former age.

In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre  
 To the same notes of love and soft desire:  
 Fair *Geraldine*, bright object of his vow,  
 Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly *Myra* now.

POPE: *Windsor Forest*.

This lady, whatever may have been the original amount of "heavenly *Myra's*" charms, outlived them all, real or fancied, *both* her husbands (the satire gives her a *third*, but this seems the invention of malice), and ended her days in a network of embarrassment and litigation, in which she, too, probably involved others as well as herself, among the rest, the unhappy author of the book before us, who would appear to have had such misgivings as to the character of the work upon which he wasted so much erudition and labour, that he never circulated it, save among close intimates, and with the utmost caution; so that (*never published*) it only became known to the public when the library of one of his deceased intimates was offered for sale, and *that* copy was then reclaimed by its author with an earnestness which evinced his feeling that it could do little honour to his reputation.

In examining the subject, a singular difficulty in *identifying* the author has presented itself. And yet it should be easy, for on internal evidence we discover the writer to have been an *Englishman*—a *Doctor of Laws, resident in Ireland*—an intimate and correspondent of Swift's—who, in later life, returned to England and ended his days there. Here, surely, would seem to be varied marks peculiar and sufficient to prevent any mistake as to the individual, yet, on referring to the "Biographia," we find no less than *three* persons living about the same date to whom they might apply, as being all of the same name and surname, all doctors! all Englishmen located in Ireland, all intimates and correspondents of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, and two of them at least of character which offers no *prima facie* presumption against such a production being supposed to emanate from either; *the third*, the celebrated Doctor William King, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, although his studies and researches lay much in the region of human evil\* and misery, yet stands at once acquitted of the foul perversion of talent displayed in this production.

But between the other two lineal descendants of Horace's "*Rupilius Rex*" a very natural confusion might arise; and, in fact, did so far embarrass my inquiries, that I was for a time engaged in looking for the motives of this work among the antecedents of the wrong man, having found traces of a Doctor William King, a civilian, for a while Judge of the Court of Admiralty in Ireland in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., a reckless, light-minded man, whose "*Remains*" and acknowledged works offer no evidence to prevent our believing that "*The Toast*" might have been an unowned production of his. I had proceeded some way in this direction of inquiry before certain anachronisms and discrepancies led me to look elsewhere for a *third* Doctor William King, when the "*real Simon (im-)pure*" turned up in the person of the Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. We now proceed to examine the original subject of the book itself.

\* The author of the celebrated and profound treatise "*De Origine Mali*," also of "*The State of the Protestants of Ireland in the Reign of James II.*"

† "*Proscripti Regis Rupili pus atque venenum.*"—HOR. Lib. i. Sat. vii.

Lady Frances Brudenell, daughter of an Earl of Cardigan, married first to Livingston Earl of Newburgh, in Scotland, espoused, in the year 1699, as her second husband, Richard Lord Bellew, of the kingdom of Ireland, by whom she had one son, John, afterwards Lord Bellew. Her second husband died in the year 1714, and then the "heavenly Myra" of the poet found herself in the common-place every day position of a titled dowager, steeped to the chin in debt and pecuniary engagements, from which she sought extrication by the aid of friends, and by resort to those expedients for raising money which too often end in worse confusion and deeper embarrassment.

Among those friends who engaged themselves in her affairs was a certain "*Sir Thomas Smith*," knight and baronet, "Ranger of the Phoenix Park, Dublin," who is set down in the *extinct* baronetage as having died unmarried in the year 1732. His sister, by the half blood, had married "*Peregrine King, Esq., of London*," and was the mother of our author, who probably inherited a large moneyed fortune from his father, and would also seem to have had large expectations of inheritance from his bachelor uncle.

Voluminous and complicated bills in equity, from which I have had the courage and curiosity to remove the dust and cobwebs accumulated for a century and a half in the archives of the law courts in Dublin, inform us that Sir Thomas Smith was prevailed on by Lady Newburgh to undertake the guardianship of the young Lord Bellew, her son, and to become engaged for herself in large sums of money, taking as security certain claims for jointure and arrears on the Bellew estates. When the payment of these sums became pressing, Sir Thomas Smith would seem to have applied to his moneyed nephew for advances, transferring to him the claims on the countess's jointure for his security. These advances, in 1724, had amounted to many thousands of pounds, when lo! a misfortune occurred, to which, somehow, *Irish* investments seem to be peculiarly liable—the securities proved insecure if not worthless. John Lord Bellew came in, and (as the poor assignee suspected) with the connivance and aid of Lady Newburgh, her trustees and his own uncle "combining and confederating," defeated the claims of Dr. King, who, there is reason to believe, lost, in greater part, if not all, the money embarked in the transaction: a loss which would appear in the result to have "made a wise man and a scholar mad."

It may seem strange that a mere ordinary lawsuit should in any result, however adverse, so move a grave scholar from his propriety as to induce him to such a foul production as this; but there is nothing more certain or remarkable in the history of the human mind and its aberrations than that long continued and inveterate litigation frequently results in producing a state of the faculties more or less monomaniacal. "*Bleak House*" is not one of Mr. Dickens's best works, yet it has the merit of working out this conception with much power in the several cases of poor Miss Flight's harmless insanity, poor Richard Carstone's wasted youth and ruined prospects, and the wilder and fiercer bursts of violence from the beggared and infuriated Grindley. It would seem as if real or supposed *legalised* wrong, that is, wrong done in the form, and under sanction of that law, of which the theory is, that it is the ultimate resort of the *wronged* for redress, wrought with some peculiar effect upon the moral

nature of sufferers, impelling them to seek, each in the fashion dictated by his own peculiar temperament, some solace or satisfaction in what has been termed the "wild justice of revenge." Dickens's pictures are but little exaggerated above every-day realities. A man of gloomy and determined character lays all his misfortunes at the door of some bad enactment, some "*lex iniqua*," invented, as he thinks, for his own particular ruin, and he stabs his attorney as the *doer* of legal wrong, or shoots a prime minister as the framer or perpetuator of the iniquitous code. Another assaults the counsel who stated, or lampoons the Lord Chancellor who decided, the case against him; while a third, as in the instance before us, regardless of consequences to his own reputation, exercises his weapons of wit and learning, sharpened on the grindstone of malice, in libelling his successful opponent, and all and sundry who, as he imagines, have aided or abetted him. Under this last form of monomania we class Dr. King's book entitled "*The Ibast*." Nor can a greater proof of the blindness with which the spirit of revenge afflicts a sufferer be given, than that of a man of gravity, station, and erudition, applying all his powers to the composition of a foul, enigmatical, and absurd libel, containing, in fact, its own refutation in the very enormity and unnatural character of crimes and infamies which the author heaps upon the objects of his hate, and which, in fact, reduce the whole composition to the reverie of a disordered mind, for which the only excuse or explanation is, that it is the work of a man made as completely bankrupt in discretion, as in fortune, by his injuries and litigation.

In a strange mixture of old mythology and modern imagery, Dr. King introduces the objects of his wrath as the *dramatis personæ* of an absurd poem, supposed to be an English version of a Latin Fescennine text of ingenious and jingling rhyme, which is also given with a running commentary evincing the most amazing profusion of research, erudition, and malignity. The author adopts the name of *Schæffer*—a foreign writer of ability in his day. The heroes and heroines of this poem figure under mythologic titles; Lady Newburgh is still the *Myra* of George Granville's idolatry, but become a loathsome, immodest, and unnatural hag. The writer's own uncle, *Sir Thomas Smith*, figures as a beaten, disgraced, antiquated, and profligate *Mars*, whom the writer *will* have to be Lady Newburgh's *third* husband, inveigled into a marriage after he had been long her gallant, and ultimately induced to disinherit his own defrauded nephew and next of kin for the countess and her gang. *Myracides* (the son of *Myra*) is "John Lord Bellew," while a *Lady Allen*, wife of Joshua second Viscount Allen (the *Traulus* of one of Swift's satires), under the title of *Ali*, personates a subordinate imp and confederate of *Myra's* in all her impure and dishonest practices. A bishop, foully abused under the name of *Pam*, we find to be Bishop *Hort*, after Archbishop of Tuam, who is identified to us as "HORT-ator SCELEBRUM!" The luckless *trustee* of certain legal deeds between the parties, a Captain Pratt, is pilloried as *Vol*, or *Volcan*. Other personages are also introduced, playing their parts in the long drama through which the vindictive author's wrongs, real or supposed, are woven into a tissue of the most unmitigated abuse and ridicule of the offenders against him. Even with the key furnished by a perusal of those bills in the Irish Chancery referred to, the points and allusions of the poem are far-fetched



and obscure, and to general readers even the writers in our day could scarcely have been intelligible, while readers, without such clue to the meaning, as they turn the pages of this expensive quarto, can do little more than conjecture for what purpose such a waste of ability, engraving, paper, and letterpress could have been committed.

It is a remarkable thing that in this volume of two hundred and fifty quarto pages, I have found it most difficult to fix on a *single* passage fit to be presented to the reader as a specimen of style—in truth, I have found but *one*! in which, addressing some real or imaginary lady under the name of "*Clara*," the author betrays a passing consciousness that his work is discreditable to his position and abilities, and yet seems determined to assert not merely justification, but a "*pro bono publico*" motive for his production. After a passage of more than common impurity, he proceeds thus:

## (Text.)

Injurisæque nostræ gnara,  
 Parce vati, mea *Clara*,  
 Veri-dicos, si non tersos  
 Facit indignatio versus  
 Indignatio, sed, et ratio  
 Quippe vos commonefacio  
 Quâ solertiâ moli-minis  
 Si quis exeat patrios fines,  
 (Hyeme quem navigatur)  
 Scopulos præter-vehatur,  
 Ego olim queis illisus  
 Arti nostræ nauta sisus  
 Et nunc æquor iterare  
 Et incolamîs tramare  
 Queat, quasi levis cortex  
 Ubi vel exæstuat vortex  
 Crebro quo, et ipse tortus  
 Rapidoque sum absorptus  
 με ἀδοντα δ' εἰη φιλεῖν  
 καὶ τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς οὐμλεῖν.  
 Nec insulsos pili facio  
 Queis nec virtus neque ratio  
 Si quis nostras damnat artes  
 Transeat et in *Myra* partes  
 Triveneficæ; nigellæ,  
 Seu qui mœchus sit, matellæ,  
 Illi bellum jam denuncio  
 Sit *Milordus* seu homuncio.  
 Sit *Curculio*, seu *Hortensius*;  
 Seu qui improbus impensius.

## (Translation.)

Do thou, O my *Clara*, this freedom excuse,  
 Since a vengeance so just has created the muse,  
 Or a passion more noble. I hang out my lights  
 To direct foreign sailors in dreary long nights.  
 I expose to their ken (*and dear bought was my wif*)  
 Both the pools which engulph'd me, and rocks where I split,  
 When a pair of foul — I rudely unveil—  
 'Tis *Charybdis* I show you, 'tis *Scylla's* dog-tail—

Shall it, therefore, concern me, who blames or commends?  
 Friends to virtue, I know, will be ever my friends.  
 For the rest let me view them with equal regard,  
 Whether B——ps or Bravos, who threaten the bard.  
 Let the vicious and proud—whether statesmen or fools—  
 Whether *Myra's* old gallants, or *Al's* new tools, &c.—  
 Whether *Red-coats* or *Black-coats*, are all of one sort,  
 And we see in *Curculio* the image of ——.\*

(Note.)

"Here Mr. Schæffer makes an apology for his satire. First he intimates that the great injuries he had received from *Myra* and her associates had provoked him to this manner of writing, and ought to justify him in the opinion of all his friends. But immediately seeming to recollect himself, he declares that he had a more generous design in exposing the old sorceress—viz., that his example might warn others to avoid the rocks and quicksands where he himself had suffered shipwreck. *If this were his principal view!* I am of opinion that his personal satire is not only excusable, but ought to entitle him to public favour."

I have already indicated the writer as an intimate and correspondent of Swift's; and in a dedication, in choice Latin poetry, as also in various passages through the poem, he repeatedly expresses the high, almost hyperbolic, sense he entertained of the abilities, virtues, and influence! of the author of the "Draper's Letters." Of his influence he adduces one remarkable and characteristic illustration. Among the objects of that wrath, which seemed to have embraced all directly or indirectly connected with his luckless lawsuit, even to the *Registrar* of the Court of Chancery! he included two barristers employed against him, whom he designates as *Jocco* and *Bocca*; and he tells us that Dean Swift having attended the court one day while his cause was pleading, "to give a stranger his countenance and publicly to testify his friendship," "*it is a matter worthy of remark*," proceeds our author, "*that the presence of this gentleman restrained the licentiousness of the Irish pleaders, and averted them into such decency of behaviour, as the authority of the Lord Chancellor (!) could not before oblige them to observe.*" This is very probably true, and as curious as true, for it is quite in accordance with other anecdotes on record, of the influence exercised by the satiric and dreaded Dean of St. Patrick's on his contemporaries; we can well conceive even browbeating advocates at bar held in check by his presence, remembering the fearful and damaging castigation he had inflicted on a leading member of their body, Serjeant Betsworth.† That Swift was cognizant of, and an encourager of, this libel is certain; nor is it impossible that he might have furnished some of the "satiric touches" with which it abounds. We know that the fashion of "joint-stock brochures" was not strange to "The Swifteam Brotherhood." The paternity of "*Martinus Scriblerus*" is so doubtful that editors insert it in the works of Swift and

\* The blank here is evidently intended to be filled with the name of Archbishop Hort.

† The lawyers might well dread a censor, who, as his victim "Booby Betsworth" complained, had not only lacerated his feelings, and laughed at his resentment, but, unkindest cut of all! had injured him in his "Fee Book" to the extent of twelve hundred a year! We have heard of "rhyming rats to death;" of drawing tears from Pluto's "iron cheek," by Pathetic Poetry; but when rhymes could thus rob a lawyer of his "sweat's worth," it seems as if the force of satire could no further go.

Pope alike, and Arbuthnot and he shared more than one anonymous bantling between them; but whether the proud Dean would honour a *King* as he did a *Pope*, by being *co-laborateur* with him, may be a question; certain it is, that much of this strange satire is but an *echo* of some of Swift's own *lampoons*; while some of the persons libelled were equally the objects of Swift's as of King's dislike and contempt. *Traulus* is borrowed *by name* from one of the Dean's own severest libels. *Hort*, Bishop of Kilmore, after Archbishop of Tuam (whose name fills the blank, and completes the rhyme in the extract we have given), also came in for some of his blighting abuse. In short, either Swift helped King, or King made his court to Swift, by taking up his quarrels and adopting his enmities; while, in the opening dedication to "*Cadenus*," there lies buried beneath overlying filth the following compliment, perhaps as elegant in expression as any Swift ever received:

Semper culte mihi, semper CADENE colende,  
O decus et patriæ tutamen. Crimina curas  
Atque hominum mores, et quidquid pulpito damnent  
Seu nunc tu melius tractas irrisor acerbus,  
Seu Phœbi stimulis ignescens fundis lambos,  
Aut STELLÆ laudes recitas et amabile carmen  
Si locus est interpellandi, en barbarus audet  
In salutatum veniamque exposcere nugis.

Lest this delicate flattery should miss its mark, it is thus sent home by a neat note of explanation:

"CADENUS.—J. Swift, D.D. S.P.D., sui sæculi deliciæ, nec tam patriæ, quam humani genius decus. Si virtutes illius contemplemur nemini secundus; si divinum mentis ingenium omnibus major. Cujus humanitatem eloquentiam et eruditionem merito colebat *Schæferus* noster. . . . *Cadeni* Spiritum vim, et carminum suavitatem vel Flacci curiosa ambitio sibi adoptaret, sale facetiisque Attico lepore tinctis facile superabat omnes sed et in scriptis suis utile dulci semper permiscuit, nec placere magis instituit quam patriæ prodesse. Hanc *coloniam*! semel iterumque in libertatem vindicavit, in æternum vindicaturus, bona si sua norint coloni."

Looking through Swift's Correspondence, we find in Dr. King's *Letters* slight but intelligible allusions to this libel, which, though written and in print for some time, was never published at all, though with great caution he gave it a circulation among intimates, which finally produced notoriety and stimulated curiosity. From a letter to Mrs. Whiteway, Swift's most intimate and valued relative, in June, 1737, it appears that he had it by him ready for the booksellers, but was deterred from *publication* by what he calls "the reasoning, or rather *humours*, of some friends," who were willing to try their skill in "accommodating his Irish affairs." He then says to Mrs. Whiteway, "Since you seem so earnestly to desire a second view of this work, I will send you a book by Mr. Swift (Mr. *Deane* Swift, a cousin of the Dean's); you will be so good as to keep it in your hands *until publication*." This "*publication*," however, never took place; for in the March of the following year, 1738, we find a letter from the author to Mr. Deane Swift, in which he says: "I must beg the favour from you to leave behind you the copy of the '*Toast*'—at least,

*to show it to nobody in Ireland—for as I am on the point of accommodating my suit*, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture.” And in a subsequent letter, to the same person, he says: “I thank you for your promise concerning the ‘Toast.’” Dr. King lived to 1763; and twenty years after this, when “old age had tamed the Douglas blood” in the vindictive old man, died his friend, Martin Foulkes, president of the Royal Academy, whose library being put to sale, a copy of “The Toast” appeared in the catalogue. Unlimited commissions, showered on the auctioneer from parties desirous to possess this rare and mysterious volume at any price, proved the curiosity felt concerning it; but the grace of shame had, in the mean time, grown up in the aged author’s nature. He reclaimed from Mr. Foulkes’s executors a work which “he had bestowed, without intending it to be circulated,” and succeeded in obtaining *that* copy, which, with all the rest remaining in the author’s possession, his executors, at his own decease some years afterwards, sacrificed to decency and The Manes. Fifty or sixty copies, however, which had been distributed in different quarters, were not retrievable, and are now scattered through the libraries of the curious; and whenever a copy now offers in the book-selling world, it generally obtains a price which probably most purchasers regret to have paid as soon as they have turned over the pages of this foul production.

I now dismiss this “unreadable book” with a remark which may be called trite, inasmuch as it is constantly elicited by the contrast which the tone and manners of our day present to those of the last century. The author of “The Toast,” though he begs the excuse of *some ideal “Clara”* for the grossness of his imagery and sentiments, yet submits them, without the least hesitation or apology, to the perusal of Mrs. Martha Whiteway, a lady against whose propriety or decorum of mind and conduct no slander ever lay, and who “earnestly desired a second sight” of this mass of indecency. To this lady is presented a book to be “kept in her hands,” which, it may be affirmed, the most unblushing profligate of our time would shrink from offering to any woman of virtue; and yet a grave doctor sends it to his lady correspondent without scruple. But this, though it seems strange, is quite in keeping with the tone and standard of propriety in a day when “Clarissa Harlowe” was a book recommended to the study of young ladies with as much freedom as “Madame Chapone’s Letters” or “Hannah Moore’s Moral Strictures” would be at present.

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## ELLEN LEICESTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED-COURT FARM."

## I.

THE hot day had nearly passed, and the sun, approaching its setting, threw the tall shade of the trees across the garden of Mrs. Chavasse. The large window of a pleasant room opened on to it; and in this room stood a fair, graceful girl, with one of the loveliest faces ever seen in Ebury. Her dark blue eyes were bent on the ground; as well they might be: the rose of her cheek had deepened to crimson; as well it might do; for a gentleman's arm had fondly encircled her waist, and his lips had pushed aside the cluster of soft hair, and were rendering deeper that damask cheek. Alas that her whole attitude, as she stood there, should tell of such rapturous happiness!

Neither was an inhabitant of that house; both had come in to pay an evening visit, and the young lady had thrown off her bonnet and mantle. It may be, these visits were accidental; but, if so, they took place nearly every evening. It happened that Mrs. and Miss Chavasse on this occasion were out, but expected to enter every minute; so, being alone, they were improving on the time.

And this from Miss Leicester, the carefully brought-up daughter of the Rector of Ebury! That she should repose quietly in the embrace of that man without attempting to withdraw from it! Yes: and love has caused some of us to do as much. But oh, that the deep, ardent affection, of which Ellen Leicester was so eminently capable, had been directed into any other channel than the one it was irrevocably fixed in!

For he who stood beside her was Gervase Castonel. It was not that he had once been married, but it was that there were some who deemed him a bad man, a mysterious man, with his sinister expression of face, when he did not care to check it, and his covert ways. Why should he have cast his coils round Ellen Leicester? why have striven to gain her love, when there were so many others whose welcome to him would have carried with it no alloy? It would almost seem that Mr. Castonel went by the rules of contrary, as the children say in their play-games. The only persons into whose houses he had not been received, and who had both taken so strange and unconquerable a dislike to him, were the late Mr. Winninton and the Reverend Mr. Leicester. Yet he had chosen his first wife in the niece of the first, and it seemed likely (to us who are in the secret) that he was seeking a second in the daughter of the last. Strange that he should have been able to do his work so effectually: that Ellen Leicester, so good and dutiful, should have been won over to a passion for him, little short of infatuation, and that it should have been kept so secret from the whole world! Never was there a man who could go more mysteriously to work than Gervase Castonel.

"You speak of a second marriage, Ellen, my love," he was saying, "but how often have I told you that this scarcely applies to me. Were it that I had lived with her years of happiness, or that I had loved her,

then your objections might have reason. I repeat to you, however much you may despise me for it, that I married her, caring only for you. Before I was awake to my own sensations, I had gone too far to retract; I had asked for her of old Winington, and in honour I was obliged to keep to my hasty engagement. Even in our early marriage days, I knew that I loved but you: sleeping or waking, it was you who were present to me, and I would awake from sleep, from dreams of my real idol, to careen thanklessly my false one. Oh, Ellen! you may disbelieve and refuse to love me, but in mercy say it not."

There was great honey in the words of Mr. Castonel, there was greater honey in his tone, and Ellen Leicester's heart beat more rapidly within her. *She disbelieve aught asserted by him!*

"Ellen, you judge wrongly," was his reply, as she whispered something in his ear. "It is a duty sometimes to leave father and mother."

"But not disobediently, not wilfully. And I know that they would never consent. You know it also, Gervase."

"My darling Ellen, this is nonsense. Suppose I were to yield to your scruples, and marry another in my anger? What then, Ellen?"

"I think it would kill me," she murmured.

"And because Mr. and Mrs. Leicester have taken an unjust prejudice against me, both our lives are to be rendered miserable! Would that be justice? Suppose you were my wife; do suppose it, only for a moment, Ellen; suppose that we were irrevocably united, we should then not have consent to ask, but forgiveness."

She looked earnestly at him, and as his true meaning came across her, the mild expression of her deep blue eyes gave place to terror.

"Oh, Gervase," she implored, clasping his arm in agitation, "never say that again! As you value my peace here and hereafter, do not tempt me to disobedience. I mistook your meaning, did I not?" she continued, in a rapid tone of terror. "Gervase, I say, did I not mistake you?"

He felt that he had been too hasty: the right time was not come. But it would: for never did Gervase Castonel set his will upon a thing, that he left unfulfilled.

Miss Chavasse entered. Ellen Leicester was in the garden then: she had glided out on hearing her approach. And Mr. Castonel was seated back in an arm-chair, intent upon a newspaper.

"Oh," exclaimed Frances, "I am sorry we should have been out. I am sure we are obliged to you for waiting for us, Mr. Castonel."

"I have not waited long; but if I had waited the whole evening I should be amply repaid now." He spoke softly and impressively, as he detained her hand in his: and from his manner, then, it might well have been thought that he intended Frances Chavasse for his wife; at least, it never could have been believed he was so ardently pursuing another.

"And Ellen Leicester is here!" added Frances, "for that's her bonnet. Have you seen her?"

"Who? Miss Leicester? Yes, I believe I did see her. But I was so engaged with this paper. Here is some interesting medical evidence in it."

"Is there?" But at that moment Ellen Leicester came to the window. "How long have you been here?" asked Frances.

"About an hour," was Miss Leicester's answer.

"What an awful girl for truth that is!" was the angry mental comment of Mr. Castonel.

"I must say you have proved yourselves sociable companions," remarked Frances. "You mope in the garden, Ellen, and Mr. Castonel bores over an old newspaper! Let us have a song."

Now Mr. Castonel hated singing, but Frances sat down to the piano, and he was pleased to stand behind her and clasp the hand of Ellen Leicester. Yet Frances, had she been asked, would have said Mr. Castonel's attention was given to herself; ay, and gloried in saying it, for she liked the man, and would have had no objection to become his second wife. It may be, that she was scheming for it. Thus they remained till the night came on, and the moon was up. Frances, never tired of displaying her rich voice, and Ellen Leicester content to stand by his side had the standing lasted for ever. Moonlight singing-meetings are dangerous things.

A servant came for Ellen Leicester, and Mr. Castonel walked home with her. They went not the front way, but through the lane, which brought them to the back door of the rectory. Was it that Ellen shrank from going openly, lest her parents might see from the windows that Mr. Castonel was her companion? He lingered with her for a few moments at the gate, and when she entered she found her mother alone: the rector was out. To her it had been a delicious walk, and she felt that life would be indeed a blank, if not shared with Gervase Castonel.

Ellen had been invited to spend the next evening with Miss Chavasse, as was a frequent occurrence, and it was chiefly in these evening meetings that her love had grown up and ripened. Mr. Castonel was ever a welcome visitor to Mrs. Chavasse, and Frances had laughed, and talked, and flirted with him, till a warmer feeling had arisen in her heart. He had all the practice of Ebury, being the only resident medical man, so in a pecuniary point of view he was a desirable match for Frances. Little deemed they that Ellen Leicester was his attraction. A tacit sort of rivalry with Ellen existed in the mind of Frances: she thought of her as a rival in beauty, a rival in position, a rival in the favour of Ebury. But she was really fond of Ellen, always anxious to have her by her side, and it never once entered into her brain that Mr. Castonel, who was under cold displeasure at the rectory, should seek the favour of Ellen.

Again went Ellen that evening to the house of Mrs. Chavasse, and again went Mr. Castonel. They, the three, passed it in the garden, a large rambling place, nearly as full of weeds as of flowers. They roamed about the different walks, they sat on the benches; Mr. Castonel's attention being given chiefly to Frances, not to Ellen, his custom when with both. Frances possessed her mother's old talent for flirtation, and Mr. Castonel was nothing loth to exercise it. And so, the evening passed, and the summer moon rose in its course.

"Oh!" suddenly cried Frances, as they were returning to the house, "I have forgotten the bay leaves mamma told me to gather. Now I must go back all down to the end of the garden."

She probably thought Mr. Castonel would follow her. He did not. He turned to Ellen Leicester, and drawing her amongst the thick trees, clasped her to him.

"I shall wish you good night now, my darling," he murmured, "this moment is too precious to be lost. Oh, Ellen! are things to go on like this for ever? It is true these evening meetings are a consolation to us, for they are spent in the presence of each other, but the hours which ought to be yours, and yours only, are thrown away in idle nonsense with Frances Chavasse. Oh, that we had indeed a right to be together and alone! When is that time to come?—*for come it must, Ellen.* When two people love as we do, and no justifiable impediment exists to its being legally ratified, that ratification will take place sooner or later. Think of this," he murmured, reluctantly releasing her, as the steps of Miss Chavasse were heard drawing near.

"I expected you were in the house by this time," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "and you are only where I left you."

"We waited for you," said Mr. Castonel.

"Very considerate of you!" was the reply of Frances, spoken in a tone of pique. She *had* expected Mr. Castonel to follow her.

They walked on towards the house, Mr. Castonel giving his arm to Frances. Talking was heard in the drawing-room, and they recognised the voice of Mr. Leicester.

"I will go round here," said Mr. Castonel, indicating a path which led to a side gate of egress. "If I enter, they will keep me talking; and I have a patient to see."

He extended a hand to each, as he spoke, by way of farewell, but Frances turned along the path with him. Ellen sat down on a garden-chair and waited. The voices from the house came distinctly to her ear in the quiet night.

"They will be in directly," Mrs. Chavasse was saying. "Mr. Castonel is with them. He and Frances grow greater friends than ever."

"Beware of that friendship," interrupted Mr. Leicester. "It may lead to something more."

"And what if it should?" asked Mrs. Chavasse.

The rector paused, as if in surprise. "Do I understand you rightly, Mrs. Chavasse—that you would suffer Frances to become his wife?"

"Who is going to marry Frances?" inquired Mr. Chavasse, entering, and hearing the last words.

"Nobody," answered his wife. "We were speculating on Mr. Castonel's attention to her becoming more particular. I'm sure anybody might be proud to have him: he must be earning a large income."

"My objection to Mr. Castonel is to his character," returned the clergyman. "He is a bad man, living an irregular life. The world may call it gallantry: I call it sin."

"You allude to that mysterious girl who followed him down here," said Mrs. Chavasse. "You know what he told Mr. Winninton—that it was a relation, a lady of family and character. Of course it is singular, her living on, here, in the way she does, but it may be quite right, for all that."

"I saw him stealing off there last night, as I came home," observed the rector. "But I do not allude only to that. There are other things I could tell you of: some that happened during the lifetime of his wife."

"Then I tell you what," interrupted Mr. Chavasse, in his bluff,



hasty manner, "a man of that sort should never have a daughter of mine. So mind what you and Frances are about, Mrs. Chavasse."

"That's just like papa," whispered Frances, who had returned to Ellen Leicester. "Speaking fiercely one minute, eating his words the next. Mamma always turns him round her little finger."

"As you value your daughter's happiness, keep her from Mr. Castonel," resumed the minister. "I doubt him in more ways than one."

"Do listen to your papa, Ellen," again whispered Frances. "How prejudiced he is against Mr. Castonel."

"My dear father is prejudiced against him," was Ellen's thought. "He says he met him stealing off to her house last night—if he did, but know he was stealing back from bringing me home!"

Ellen was mistaken. It was later that the rector had met Mr. Castonel.

"Must I give him up!" she went on, in mental anguish. "It will cost me the greatest of all earthly misery; perhaps even my life. But I cannot have the cause of disobedience on my soul. I must, I will give him up."

Ah, Ellen Leicester! you little know how such good resolutions fail when one is present with you to combat them! However, nourish your intention for the present, if you will. It will come to the same.

"Ellen, I say," Frances continued to whisper, "what is it that prejudices your papa against Mr. Castonel? Caroline told me herself, after her marriage, that that person was a relative of his, one almost like a sister. You heard her say so."

Ellen Leicester did not answer, and Frances turned towards her. It may have been the effect of the moonlight; but her face looked cold and white as the snow in winter.

## II.

It was a fine evening in October. Mr. Castonel had dined, and the tiger lighted the lamp, and placed it, with the port wine, on the table before him. Mr. Castonel was particularly fond of a glass of good port; but he let it remain untouched on this day, for he was buried in thought. He was a slight-made man, neither handsome nor plain, and his unfathomable grey eyes never looked you in the face. He rang the bell, and the tiger answered it.

"Send Mrs. Muff to me. And, John, don't leave the house. I shall want you."

The housekeeper came in, closed the door, and came towards him. He was then pouring out his first glass of wine.

"Muff," he began, "there's a small, black portmanteau somewhere about the house. A hand portmanteau."

"Yes, sir. It is in the closet by John's room."

"Get it out, and put a week's change of linen into it. Did the tailor send home some new clothes to-day?"

"He did, sir, and I ordered Hannah to take them upstairs."

"They must be put in. And my shaving-tackle, and such things. I am going out for a few days."

Mrs. Muff was thunderstruck. She had never known Mr. Castonel

to leave Ebury since he had settled in it, except on the occasion of his marriage.

"You have given me a surprise, sir," she said, "but I'll see to the things. Do you want them for to-morrow?"

"For this evening."

Mrs. Muff thought her ears must have deceived her. The last coach for the distant railway station had left. Besides, she had heard Mr. Castonel make an appointment in Ebury for the following day at twelve. "This evening, sir?" she repeated. "The coaches have all gone. The last drove by as John was bringing out the dinner-tray."

"For this evening," repeated Mr. Castonel, without further comment. "In half an hour's time. And, Muff, you must get the house cleaned and put thoroughly in order while I am away. Let the dressing-room adjoining my bed-chamber be made ready for use, the scent-bottles and trumpery put on the dressing-table, as it was in—in the time of Mrs. Castonel."

This was the climax. Mrs. Muff's speech failed her.

"This is Tuesday. I intend to be home on Monday next. I shall probably bring a—a person—a companion home with me."

"A what, sir?" demanded Mrs. Muff.

"A friend will accompany me, I say."

"Very well, sir. Which room shall I get ready?"

"Room! What for?"

Mrs. Muff was growing bewildered. "I thought you said a gentleman was returning with you, sir. I asked which bed-chamber I should prepare for him."

"My own."

"Certainly, sir," answered the housekeeper, hesitatingly. "And, in that case, which room shall I prepare for you?"

Mr. Castonel laughed; such a strange laugh. "I will tell you then," he replied. "You must also send for the gardener, and get the garden done up. Send to-morrow morning, and let him begin. John can help him: he will not have much to do while I am away."

"Except mischief," added the housekeeper. "I'll keep him to it, sir."

"And, Muff, if anybody comes after me to-night, no matter who, or how late, say I am gone to an urgent case in the country, and send them to Mr. Rice. You remember, now, *no matter who*. You may tell the whole town to-morrow, and the devil besides, for all it can signify then."

"Tall what, sir?"

"That I am gone out for a week's holiday."

Mrs. Muff withdrew, utterly stupified. She thought that she was beside herself, or else that Mr. Castonel was.

That same evening, not very long after, Ellen Leicester, attended by a maid, left her home, for she had promised to take tea with Mrs. Chavasse. In passing a lonely part of the road, where the way branched off to the railroad, they came upon Mr. Castonel. He shook hands with Miss Leicester, and gave her his arm, saying that he was also bound for Mrs. Chavasse's. "I will take charge of you now," he added; "you need not trouble your maid to come any farther."

"Very true," murmured Ellen. "Martha," she said, turning to the servant, "if you would like two or three hours for yourself to-night, you may have them. Perhaps you would like to go home and see your mother."

The girl thanked her, and departed cheerfully towards the village. Could she have peered beyond a turning in the way, she might have seen a post-carriage drawn up, evidently waiting for travellers.

The time went on to nine. The rector and his wife sat over the fire, the former shivering, for he had caught a violent cold. "I suppose you have some nitre in the house?" he suddenly observed.

"Really—I fear not," answered Mrs. Leicester. "But I can send for some. Will you touch the bell?"

"Is Benjamin in?" demanded Mrs. Leicester of the maid who answered it.

"No, ma'am. Master said he was to go and see how Thomas Shipley was, and he is gone."

"Then tell Martha to put her bonnet on. She must fetch some nitre."

"Martha is not come in, ma'am, since she went out to take Miss Leicester."

"No!" uttered Mrs. Leicester, in surprise. "Why, that was at six o'clock. I wonder where she is stopping."

Benjamin came in, and was sent for the nitre, and soon Martha's voice was heard in the kitchen. Mrs. Leicester ordered her in.

"Martha, what do you mean by stopping out without leave?"

"Betsy has been on at me about it in the kitchen," was the girl's reply. "But it is Miss Ellen's fault. She told me I might have a few hours for myself."

"When did she tell you that?" demanded Mrs. Leicester, doubting if Ellen had said it.

"When we came to Piebald-corner. Mr. Castonel was standing there, and he said he would see Miss Ellen safe to Mrs. Chavasse's, and it was then she told me."

The rector looked up, anger on his face.

"Did you leave her with Mr. Castonel?"

"Yes sir, I did."

"Then understand, Martha, for the future. If you go out to attend Miss Leicester, *you are to attend her*. You have done wrong. It is not seemly for Miss Leicester to be abroad in the evening without one of her own attendants.

"Now this has finished it," he continued, to his wife, as the girl withdrew. "Ellen shall not go there again unless you are with her. Mr. Castonel! how dared he? I would rather Ellen made a companion of the poorest and lowest person in the village. And should there be any engagement growing up between him and Frances, I will not have Ellen there to countenance it with her presence."

"Poor Mr. Winninton prejudiced you against Mr. Castonel," observed Mrs. Leicester. "I do not admire or like him, but I think less ill of him than you do. Perhaps Frances might do worse."

The clergyman turned his head and looked at her. "I will ask you a home question, Susan. Would you like to see him marry Ellen?"

"Oh no, no!" and Mrs. Leicester almost shuddered as she spoke. "Not for worlds."

"Yet you would see him the husband of Frances Chavasse; your early friend's child!"

Mrs. Leicester hesitated before she spoke. "It is that I hope to see Ellen the wife of a religious man, a good man, and I fear Mrs. Chavasse does not heed that for Frances. She looks to social fitness, to position, to Mr. Castonel's being in favour with the world. But Ellen—no, no, I trust never to see her the wife of such a man as Mr. Castonel."

The minister covered his face with his hands. "I would rather read the burial service over her."

When Benjamin returned, he was despatched for Miss Leicester, and told to make haste. But he came back and said Miss Leicester was not there.

"Not there!" exclaimed the rector. "Why, where have you been for her? I told you to go to Mrs. Chavasse's."

"That's where I have been, sir."

"Then you have made some stupid blunder. She must be there."

"I don't think I made the blunder, sir," returned Benjamin, who was a simple-spoken man of forty. "When I told 'em I had come for Miss Ellen, one of their maids joked and said then I had come to the wrong house, but she took in the message, and Mrs. Chavasse came out to me. She said as they had expected Miss Ellen to tea, and waited for her, but she did not come."

Nothing could exceed the indignation of the rector. Where was Ellen? Where could she be gone? Was it possible that Mr. Castonel had persuaded her to go visiting anywhere else? In spite of his wife's remonstrances, who assured him he was too ill to go, and would catch his death, he turned out in search of her; and Mrs. Leicester, worried and angry, laid all the blame upon Martha, who immediately began to cry her eyes out.

Before noon the next day, Ebury was ringing with the elopement of Mr. Castonel and Ellen Leicester.

### III.

MR. and Mrs. Castonel returned to Ebury, and the whole place flocked to pay them the wedding visit. The disobedience of Ellen Leicester was no business of theirs, that they should mark their sense of it. And Ellen—had it not been for the recollection of her offended parents and the unjustifiable part she had acted—how supreme, how intense, would have been her happiness! Her whole existence lay in her husband; she could see no fault in him; and could they then have tasted of the Tree of Life, so that the present might be for ever, she might have given up all wish of a hereafter. Amongst the visitors, went Mrs. and Miss Chavasse; and, whatever mortification might have been in their hearts, it was not suffered to appear; that would never have done. So Mrs. Chavasse contented herself with abusing, elsewhere, the somewhat faded furniture, and thanking fate that *her* daughter had not been taken to a home so carelessly appointed.

Months went by, and how felt Ellen Castonel? Why, the fruits of her conduct were beginning to come home to her. She had received the forgiveness of her parents, for when she went to them in prayer and penitence, and knelt at her father's feet, the minister, though he strove hard to spurn her away, according to his resolution, yet he was enfeebled in health, enfeebled by sorrow, and it ended in his falling on her neck, with sobs of agony, and forgiving her. It had been well could he as easily have forgotten. In these few months, he had become a bowed, broken man. His hair had changed from brown to grey, and it was rumoured that he had never, since, enjoyed a whole night's rest. Could this fail to tell on Ellen? who, excepting that one strange and unaccountable act, had always been a gentle, loving, obedient daughter. She watched it all, and knew that it had been her work. Moreover, there were arising, within her, doubts of Mr. Castonel—whether he was the idol she had taken him to be. She was also in bad health, her situation causing her a never-ceasing sensation of illness. She looked worn, haggard, wretched; curious comments on which went about Ebury; and the people all agreed that Mrs. Castonel did not seem to repose on a bed of roses.

"There's a row up-stairs," exclaimed the tiger to Hannah, one day in April. "Missis is sobbing and crying buckets full, and master has been a blowing of her up."

"How do you know? Where are they?" said Hannah.

"In the drawing-room. I went up to ask what medicine was to go out, but they were too busy to see me. I heard master a roaring as I went up the stairs, like he roared at me one day, and nearly frightened my skin off me. It was something about missis going so much to the parsonage: she said it was her duty, and he said it wasn't. She was lying on the sofa, a-sobbing and moaning awful."

"I think you must have peeped in," cried Hannah. "For shame of you!"

"In course I did. Wouldn't you? Oh dear no, I dare say not! Master was kneeling down then, a kissing of her, and asking her to forget what he'd said in his passion, and to get herself calm, for that it would do her unknown harm. And he vowed, if she'd only stop crying, that he'd take her hisself to the parsonage this evening, and stop the whole of it with her——"

"What is that you are saying?" sharply demanded Mrs. Muff, putting her head into the kitchen.

"I was a telling Hannah she'd best sew that there button on my best livery trousers, what came off 'em last Sunday, or she'd get her neck pulled," answered the lad, vaulting away.

Whether the tiger's information was correct, and that excitement was likely to have an injurious effect upon Mrs. Castonel, certain it is, that the following day she was seized with illness. The nature of it was such as to destroy hopes of offspring, and precisely similar to that which had preceded the death of the first Mrs. Castonel.

"What an extraordinary thing!" cried Mrs. Chavasse, when the news reached her; "it looks like fatality. Caroline had been six months married when she fell ill; and now, in just the same period of time, Ellen falls ill! I hope she will not follow her fate out to the last, and die of it."

"For the matter of that, we never knew what the first Mrs. Castonel

did die of," returned Mrs. Major Acre, who was sitting there. "She was recovering from her sickness; indeed, it may be said that she had recovered from it; and she went off suddenly one evening, nobody knew with what."

"Mr. Castonel said it was perfectly satisfactory to medical men," said Mrs. Chavasse. "There are so many dangerous tricks and turns of maladies, you know, only clear to them."

For several days Ellen Castonel was very ill. Not perhaps in absolute danger, but sufficiently near it to excite apprehension. Then she began to get better. During this time nothing could exceed the affection and kindness of Mr. Castonel: his attention was a marvel of admiration, allowed to be so, even by Mrs. Leicester.

One afternoon, when she was dressed and in the drawing-room, Mrs. and Miss Chavasse called. They were the first visitors who had been admitted. Frances offered to remain the rest of the day, but Mrs. Chavasse overruled it: Ellen was not strong enough, she said, to bear so many hours' incessant gossiping.

Mr. Castonel came in while they sat there. He was in high spirits, laughed and talked, almost flirted with Frances, as in former days, when she had erroneously deemed he had a motive in it. When they left, he attended them to the door, gay and attractive as ever in the eyes of Frances; and she pondered how Ellen could ever appear sad with such a husband. Mr. Castonel then went into his laboratory, where he busied himself for half an hour. When he returned up-stairs, Ellen was in tears.

"Don't be angry with me, Gervase. This lowness of spirits will come on, and I cannot help it. I fear it is a bad omen."

Mr. Castonel turned away his head, and coughed.

"An omen of what, Ellen?"

"That I shall never recover."

"You have recovered. Come, come, Ellen, cheer up. I thought Mrs. Chavasse's visit had done you good."

"Last evening, when I sat by myself for so many hours, I could not help thinking of poor Caroline. I wondered what it could be she died of, and——"

"Ellen!" burst forth Mr. Castonel, "it is wrong and wicked to encourage such absurd thoughts. You asked me the other day, when you were lying ill, what it was she died of, and I explained it. It is not going to occur to you."

"No, no," she answered, "I am not really afraid. It is only in the dull evening hours, when I am alone, that I get these foolish fancies. If you could be always with me, they would not come. Try and stay with me to-night, Gervase."

"My darling, I have not left you one evening since you were ill, till the last, and then it was not by choice. I know of nothing to call me forth to-night. Should anything arise unexpectedly, I must go, as Rice is away. In that case, I should tell Muff to remain with you."

She still wept silently. It seemed that her spirits had sunk into a low state, and nothing, just then, could arouse them. Mr. Castonel stood and looked down at her, his elbow leaning on the mantelpiece.

"Would you like Mr. and Mrs. Leicester to come this evening?" he asked.

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands and half rising from her chair, the pallid hue giving place to crimson on her lovely face, and the light of excitement rising in her sweet blue eyes—"oh, Gervase, if you would but let me ask them? Papa has never been here to stay an evening with me: he would come now. It would do me more good than everything else. Indeed I should not have these fears then."

He went to a table and wrote a brief note, putting it into Ellen's hands to read. It was to the effect that his wife was in low spirits, and much wished them both to come to tea and spend the evening with her.

"Thank you, thank you, dearest Gervase," she exclaimed, "you have made me happy. Oh, papa!"

"Ellen," he said, gazing into her eyes, "confess. You love your father better than you do me."

"You know to the contrary, Gervase. I love him with a different love. I left him for you," she added, in a low, almost a reproachful tone, as she leaned forward and hid her face upon her husband's arm, "and people say that it is killing him."

The tiger was despatched with the note to the parsonage, and brought back a verbal answer that Mr. and Mrs. Leicester would soon follow him.

They both came. They sat with Ellen and her husband. Mrs. Leicester made tea; and for once Ellen was happy. There appeared to be more social feeling between her husband and father than she had ever hoped for, and a joyous vision flitted across her of time bringing about a thorough reconciliation, and of their all being happy together. She laughed, she talked, she almost sang; and Mr. and Mrs. Leicester inquired what had become of the lowness of spirits spoken of in Mr. Castonel's note. He answered pleasantly that their presence had scared it away, and that if they did not mind the trouble of coming out, it might be well to try the experiment again on the following evening; he could see it was the best medicine for his dearest Ellen. They promised to do so, even Mr. Leicester. Especially, he added, as he must now leave almost directly.

The glow on Ellen's face faded. "Why leave, papa?"

"My dear, there is a vestry meeting to-night, and I must attend it. Your mamma can stay."

"Will you not return when it is over?" resumed Ellen, anxiously.

"No. It will not be over till late. It is likely to be a stormy one."

"But you *will* come to-morrow? And remain longer?" she feverishly added.

"Child, I have said so."

"Upon one condition—that she does not excite herself over it," interposed Mr. Castonel, affectionately laying his hand upon his wife's. "Add that proviso, sir."

"Oh, if Ellen is to excite herself, of course that would stop it," returned the rector, with a smile. The first smile his countenance had worn since her disobedience.

Ellen saw it, and her heart rose up in thankfulness within her. "Dearest papa," she whispered, leaning towards him, "I will be quite calm. It will be right in time between us all: I see it will. I am so happy!"

At seven o'clock they heard the little bell tinkle out, calling together

the members of the select vestry, and Mr. Leicester took his departure. His wife remained with Ellen, Mr. Castonel also; nothing called him out; and they spent a happy, cordial evening. When she rose to leave, Mr. Castonel rang the bell for Mrs. Muff to attend her. He would not leave Ellen.

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Leicester. "As if any one would run away with me! I shall be at home in five minutes. I need not trouble Mrs. Muff."

"It will do Muff good," said Ellen. "She has never stirred out since my illness. And then, mamma, she can bring back the receipt you spoke of."

"Good night, my dear," said Mrs. Leicester, stooping to kiss her. "Do you feel yourself better for our visit?"

"I feel quite well, mamma," was Ellen's joyous answer. "Nothing whatever is the matter with me now. Only," she added, laughing, "that I am a little thirsty."

"That is soon remedied," said Mr. Castonel. "I will get you some wine and water, Ellen."

"How thankful I am to see your mistress so much better," exclaimed Mrs. Leicester, as she and Mrs. Muff walked along.

"Ma'am, you cannot be more thankful than I am. I have been upon thorns ever since she was taken ill. Poor Mrs. Castonel—I mean Miss Caroline—having been cut off suddenly by the same illness, was enough to make me fearful."

"Poor Caroline!" sighed Mrs. Leicester, with more truth than caution, "I wish she had lived."

"She is better off," was the reply of the housekeeper. "There is nothing but crosses and cares for us who are left. I hope, ma'am, you and Mr. Leicester will come in often now. You can have no conception of the effect it has had upon my mistress to-night: she is a thousand pounds nearer being well."

Mrs. Leicester turned to her. "Do you think Mr. Castonel makes her a good husband? You and I, Mrs. Muff," she added, in a tone which seemed to bespeak apology for herself, "knew each other years before this stranger ever came near the place, and I speak to you as I would not to others. He seems affectionate, kind, but—what do you think?"

"I cannot answer you, ma'am," replied Mrs. Muff, "I wish I could. Before us he is all kindness to her; and yet—I don't know why it should be, but I have my doubts of its being sincere. I force the feeling down, and say to myself that I was set against Mr. Castonel at the first, through the injury he did my old master. I had my doubts in the same way of his sincerity to his first wife. And yet, I don't notice it in his manners to other people."

"Does he go to see that—person now?" asked Mrs. Leicester, lowering her tone.

"Well, ma'am, I can't say. All I know is, that the other,—servant, or whatever she may be—who lives with her, was at our house lately."

"Indeed!"

"It was a night or two before my mistress was taken ill. There came a quiet knock at the door. John was out, and Hannah was up-stairs, turning down the beds, so I answered it myself. She asked for Mr.



Castonel. I did not know her in the dark, and was about to show her into the study, where master sees his patients, but it flashed over me who it was; and I said Mr. Castonel was not at liberty, and shut the door in her face."

"Was Mr. Castonel at home?"

"He was in the drawing-room with my mistress. And I believe must have seen her from the windows, for he came down stairs almost directly, and went out."

"Did Ellen—did Mrs. Castonel see her?" breathlessly inquired Mrs. Leicester.

"Ma'am, I have my doubts she did. No sooner was Mr. Castonel gone, than the drawing-room bell rang, and I went up. It was for the lamp. While I was lighting it, my mistress said, 'Muff, who was that at the door?'"

"That put me in a flutter, but I gathered my wits together, and answered that it was a person from the new pork-shop—for of course I would not tell her the truth."

"What did they want?" asked my mistress.

"'Brought the bill, ma'am,' said I. For luckily the new pork people had sent in their bill that day. And I took it out of my pocket, and laid it on the table by her."

"What could the person want, walking before the house afterwards, and looking up at the windows?" then questioned my mistress.

"'Quite impossible for me to tell, ma'am,' I said; and I won't deny that the question took me aback. 'Perhaps they wanted a little fresh air, as it's a warmish night, and the street is open just here?'"

"Was that all that passed?" demanded Mrs. Leicester.

"That was all. Mr. Castonel was not in for two hours afterwards, and I heard him tell my mistress he had been out to a most difficult case. I'll be whipped if I believed him."

"Is he out much in an evening?"

"Very often, he used to be, before my mistress was taken ill. He is always ready with an excuse—it's this patient, or it's that patient, that wants him and keeps him. But I never remember Mr. Winninton to have had these evening calls upon his time."

They reached the parsonage, and entered it. The housekeeper was to take back the receipt for some particularly nourishing jelly, which Mrs. Leicester had been recommending for Ellen. It was not immediately found, and Mrs. Muff sat with her in the parlour, talking still. The rector came in from the vestry meeting, and she rose to leave.

Conscious that she had remained longer than was absolutely needful, Mrs. Muff walked briskly home. She had gained the door, and was feeling in her pocket for the latch-key, she possessing one, and Mr. Castonel the other, when the door was flung violently open, and the tiger sprang out, for all the world like a tiger, very nearly upsetting Mrs. Muff, and sending her backwards down the steps.

"You audacious, good-for-nothing monkey!" she exclaimed, giving him a smart box on the ears. "You saw me standing there, I suppose, and did it for the purpose."

"Did I do it for the purpose?" retorted Jehn. "You just go in and see whether I did it for the purpose. I'm a-going to get the horse, and

tear off without saddle or bridle for the first doctor I can fetch. It's like as if Mr. Rice had took his two days' holiday just now, a purpose not to be in the town!"

He rushed round towards the stables, and Mrs. Muff entered. Hannah met her with a shriek, and a face as white as ashes. "Mrs. Castonel! — Oh! Mrs. Castonel!" was all she cried.

"What is it?" asked the terrified Mrs. Muff.

"It is spasms, or convulsions, or something of the sort," sobbed Hannah, "but I'm sure she's dying. She's writhing just as Miss Caroline did. I am sure she is dying."

Once more, as connected with this history, rang out the passing-bell of Ebury. And when the startled inhabitants, those who were late sitters up, opened their doors, and strove to learn who had gone to their reckoning, they shrank from the answer with horror and dismay.

"The young, the beautiful, the second Mrs. Castonel."

And again a funeral started from the house of the surgeon to take its way to the church. But this time it was a stranger who occupied the clergyman's chariot. Mr. Leicester's task was a more painful one: he followed as second mourner. Many people were in the churchyard, and their curiosity was intensely gratified at witnessing the violent grief of Mr. Castonel. The rector's emotion was less conspicuous, but his feeble form was bowed, his steps tottered, and his grey hair streamed in the wind. On the conclusion of the ceremony, Mr. Castonel stepped into the mourning coach, solemnly to be conveyed home again at a mourning pace; but the rector passed aside, and entered the parsonage. The sexton, a spare man in a brown wig, was shovelling in the earth upon the coffin and shedding tears. He had carried Ellen many a time over the same spot when she was a little child.

## THE HOMICIDE.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM JAYNE.

We quarrelled—('tis a tale oft told  
Of passion, selfishness, and pride,  
Of hands intemperance hath made bold)—  
I plunged my dagger in his side—  
And as in death he bowed his head,  
Cain-like before God's vengeance fled.

No human eye beheld the dead,  
No human tongue could witness he,  
None even knew we disagreed;  
Yet as in haste I turned to flee,  
A voice beside me seemed to say,  
"Vengeance is mine—I will repay."

Night's darkness closed around my heart,  
 And clutched my soul in its embrace ;  
 I was as from the world apart,  
 Yet 'twas no murderer's hiding-place ;  
 And hurrying onward to the East,  
 Hoped with the morning to find rest.

It rose—all eyes ! and every ray  
 Cried, "Deed of blood the night has known ;  
 Urge on the steeds of searching day,  
 Show where the guilty one has flown,  
 And set the bloodhounds on his track,  
 And bring him unto justice back."

"Ha ! ha !" I thought, "in solitude,  
 Will they expect to find me ? then  
 Back will I go where late I stood,  
 Amid the busy groups of men."  
 I went—but oh ! intense despair !—  
 For God and Vengeance both were there.

True, no one dared to raise his hand  
 To point and whisper, "That is he !"  
 But as if God had set a brand  
 Upon my brow, they shrank from me ;  
 And as they passed, with stealthy eye  
 They gazed on me suspiciously.

Frantic, I sought the rocky caves,  
 Hewn by the anchorites of old.  
 No rest—I roamed amid the graves,  
 Where man was rotting mute and cold ;  
 But though I turned me every way,  
 A voice cried, "Vengeance ! I repay."

Life torture, yet a dread of death ;  
 Hell's fiercest flames would be relief.  
 Impaled by every tiny breath,  
 Denied the privilege of grief.  
 Where shall I go ? where can I be,  
 To hide myself, great God, from Thee ?

The highest Alp but held me up  
 A spectacle of guilt and shame ;  
 The deepest valley seemed a cup,  
 Filled only with my odious name.  
 In every scene and every clime  
 I was alone—the man of crime.

The bustle of the tented field,  
 The charge, the shout of victory,  
 The desperate fight ere foemen yield,  
 Brought neither death nor hope to me ;  
 Accursed was I doomed to go,  
 And, Cain-like, wander to and fro.

No soothing charm could nature bring,  
 No witchery of art availed ;  
 In every pleasure lurked a sting,  
 E'en woman's fond caresses failed.  
 The world, where'er I dared to tread,  
 As with a pall was overspread.

And then my dreams—oh! gentle Sleep,  
 Whose gates both heaven and hell assail,  
 Whose richest fruits the wretched reap,  
 Why was my worship no avail,  
 And nought but demons came to prey  
 Upon me as thy slave I lay?

Poor, abject poor—with all my gold  
 I could not buy one hour of ease.  
 My hair grew grey, my body old,  
 And care for life began to cease.  
 Yet even there a trial arose,  
 Which scarcely madness could suppose.

Though never Pagan victim strode  
 So zealously to death as I,  
 And ne'er in human breast abode  
 Such an intense desire to die,  
 And the dark road before me lay,  
 I found I could not pass that way.

The weapons which in former times  
 Were always ready to my use  
 When in pursuit of selfish crimes,  
 Did sternly now their aid refuse.  
 And each, as in its turn I clutched,  
 Some thrilling chord of mem'ry touched.

The hempen rope reminded me  
 Of the green fields where hemp was grown;  
 The poisoned bowl, of jollity  
 Which happy, guiltless days had known;  
 The very dagger in my hand,  
 Of childhood's mimic hero band.

At length I rushed toward the sea,  
 Determined there to end my woe;  
 The sun was setting gloriously,  
 And thousands watched its dying glow;  
 And thus I heard them strangely say,  
 "How pleasant 'tis to watch and pray—

To watch that throbbing golden road,  
 Where angels seem to dance and glide!"  
 I faltered, "What an episode  
 To say, 'Therein a murderer died!'"  
 Yet had I done it: but there stood  
 The stern avenger of man's blood.

Robed in a myriad lustrous dyes,  
 His fiery sword dipped in the sea,  
 The sun its hilt—with burning eyes,  
 That spirit seemed to glare on me.  
 I uttered a terrific yell,  
 And senseless on the shore I fell.

I die to-morrow. Justice laid  
 Its grip at last upon my soul.  
 But God be praised, for He has made  
 Even for me a glorious goal;  
 And even I may be forgiven,  
 And hope, through Christ, to rest in heaven!

## GALLERY OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY T. F. GRINSTED.

He comes to tell us of the players.—SHAKESPEARE.

## VI.—MISS O'NEILL.

IRELAND, the excited but generous-hearted land, is almost as partial to theatricals as it is to "rows;" and Dublin—its own loyal, impulsive, and affectionate capital—has treasured in its thoughts many an histrionic gem. At no period of its history could the Dublin stage boast of such a combination of talent as when under the dissection of Spranger Barry, whose silver tones have preserved his memory. In addition to his great dramatic talent, this rival of Garrick possessed in an eminent degree the fascinating powers of polite address and persuasive insinuation. As manager of the Dublin Theatre, his receipts were frequently inadequate to his expenditure; and this, added to his expensive style of living, rendered him frequently embarrassed. He had a crowded levee of importunate claimants, but no man ever possessed more eminently the power of soothing them. Disappointments on their part were witchingly reconciled by him, and rude importunity silenced. Let us recount an instance. Barry's stage tailor had a lengthened bill against him, and was exposed to much embarrassment from his own creditors. Unwilling to offend so good a customer, the man had worn out all patience in the humilities of civil request and pressing remonstrances, and was at length determined to put on a bold face, and become quite gruff and sturdy in his demands. But the moment he came into the manager's presence his resolution failed him, for he was assailed by such powers of bows and smiles, and kind inquiries after his family—such pressing invitations to sit in the handsomest chair, take a glass of wine, partake of a family dinner, or spend a Sunday at the manager's villa—in fact, all that he intended to say, in urging his claim, was so completely anticipated by apologies and feasible excuses for nonpayment, that he could not find courage to pronounce the object of his visit. If he betrayed any symptoms of a disposition to reply or remonstrate, the discourse was so agreeably turned in an instant, that he could not venture to urge a disagreeable topic, and eventually retired under an escort of the manager in person to the stairs' head, descended to the hall under a shower of kind expressions, and was ushered to the door by a brace of liveried footmen, rung up for the very purpose.

Dublin at one time possessed a famous academy—quite a nursery for the stage—presided over by Mr. Samuel Whyte, distinguished as the "Irish Demosthenes," and considered the best reader of his time. Many of his pupils rose to the highest stations in society, whilst Sheridan and Thomas Moore were both scholars at that said school in Grafton-street. The poet early exhibited an imitative faculty, and was a "show actor" in the private theatricals in which his preceptor delighted; Sheridan, on

the contrary, had previously been pronounced by him "an incorrigible dunce," a verdict in which Richard Brinsley's mother at the time fully concurred. It was the custom of Mr. Whyte to unite at his house, once or twice a week, a society of the most eminent literary and professional characters of that period, and to these delightful soirées a portion of his pupils were regularly invited. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were often among the guests—reading, recitations, and literary conversation forming the chief amusements of the intellectual gatherings. Among the favoured pupils of this establishment was James Magan, subsequently known to the London stage by the name of Middleton. He was a youth of a romantic turn of mind, and was known in the school as the "Walking Shakespeare"—no incident occurring amongst the scholars to which he would not apply some apt quotation from the inexhaustible stores of his favourite poet. Magan quitted the academy of Samuel Whyte and passed a year or two at Trinity, and then, renouncing the commands of his parents and the entreaties of his friends, appeared upon the stage of his native city in the character of *Romeo*—the lads of Trinity, in their caps and gowns, attending in great force, and most melodiously exercising their sweet voices on his behalf. The young hero of that night continued to perform throughout the season; and as local attachment sobered down into mature judgment, Mr. Middleton (no longer James Magan) was pronounced on all sides a most accomplished actor. He came to London, and at Covent Garden played several first-rate characters, his sweetness of voice and graceful action securing him many admirers. Talent and position, however, were soon sacrificed to intemperance—the Juggernaut beneath whose fatal wheels so many have been crushed. Magan closed his career at an early age, finally dropping in the streets in a state of senseless misery. The last rites were attended to by Charles Kemble, who followed to this grave the remains of an excellent but erring companion.

We have prefaced our present sketch with a reminiscence or two of theatricals in Ireland, for with that country have so many of our best actors been associated. Erin, moreover, gave us the two actresses whose portraits have already appeared in our Gallery—Julia Glover and Dora Jordan—and likewise claims as one of her favoured offspring the lady whose name graces our present sketch, Miss O'Neill. The father of this once distinguished actress was at one time a member of the Dublin Theatre, though he became what is literally termed a strolling manager. He was an amusing person, and was deeply impressed with the idea that royal blood was circling with his own, having descended to him, we presume, from King O'Neill—though to have traced the degree of consanguinity would probably have puzzled the Herald's Office, clever Mr. Flanché included. When seated behind a long pipe and a short glass—which Campbell sublimely calls a

Calumet of peace and cup of joy—

John O'Neill would grandly dwell upon his royal descent, though his brethren were so unloyal as to hint that he derived his patent from occasionally appearing as the representative of *King Duncan*, in "*Macbeth*." He at one time presided over a little band of Thespians, who exhibited

their talents in a barn or brewhouse. It was a small "sharing scheme, the manager having no capital to incur the risk of salaries—a defect compensated for by the receipts arising from the performances being divided among the company. Occasionally there were no receipts to divide, but what of that? The players would seem to be a privileged class. Although not exempt from the common calls of necessity, they are sometimes enabled, "by their so potent art," to soar above them. As they make imaginary ills their own, so real ones become imaginary and sit light upon them. The various accidents of their lives are but the shifting scenes of a play. Tears and laughter—a mock dinner or a real one—a crown of jewels or of straw, are to them nearly the same. Happiness often goes with the young stroller, vanity and hope being the props of his existence: the gilding of his profession is then fresh, the dark alloy of the metal being concealed.

Mr. O'Neill would long since have been forgotten, with all his kingly notions, had not his loving spouse—herself a member of the little band of Thespians—presented her liege lord with a fair daughter, destined to win for herself considerable fame. Drogheda and Dundalk witnessed her earliest years—which commenced their course in 1791—and in the neighbourhood of the latter place she gambolled in the streets and fields in unrestrained freedom of attire, with feet and legs as bare as when first moulded by nature. Although comparative poverty marked her home, she was at this time as

Blithe as the bird that tries its wing  
The first time on the breath of spring.

To assist her father in his efforts to support his family in honest indigence, Miss O'Neill was early introduced to the stage, and soon evinced considerable talent. She was ultimately noticed by Talbot—designated the Irish Elliston—who managed several theatres in the Irish provinces. To the young actress he imparted much valuable instruction, at least he took credit to himself for the same when her star of popularity had risen. Miss O'Neill became the heroine of Talbot's company, and at the age of seventeen was known as an actress of promise, a beautiful and amiable girl. Her talents, at times, had scarcely preserved her from want; but amidst privations and vicissitudes, she had ever preserved an integrity of mind and a singleness of heart. Possessing these attributes, how many have risen above the tyranny of circumstances. The Siddons started in life in a very humble capacity, and Rachel once sold oranges on the Boulevards.

Andrew Cherry—the author of the "Soldier's Daughter," and a comedian of great merit—when in Ireland, heard of Miss O'Neill, and was anxious to secure her services for the Clonmel Theatre, then under his direction. Had she accepted his overtures, she would have played with Edmund Kean, who was then Cherry's tragedian. The lady, however, had other engagements, and Kean and Miss O'Neill never met in the provinces, before Fortune had exhibited to both the wildest shifting of her scene. Cherry was at Swansea when his forces were joined by Kean, who, to enter upon his engagement, had to travel nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and this for a stipend of twenty-five shillings per week! He was accompanied by his wife, who was daily expecting to become a

mother, and the pilgrimage was performed on foot. Being all but peniless, they endured many privations on the way. The odious Swansea—which for so many days had seemed perversely to recede from them—was ultimately reached; and the cold boiled leg of mutton and cider which they sat down to in an humble boat-house, lived long in their memories as a happy vision.

Miss O'Neill, whilst at Newry, played *Cowslip*, in O'Keefe's farce of the "Agreeable Surprise," to the *Lingo* of the late Charles Mathews, by whom she was recommended to Dublin, and subsequently to Covent Garden. The playgoers of Dublin were somewhat slow in discovering the beauty of the lady's acting. Their divinity, at that time, was Miss Walstein—designated the Hibernian Siddons—upon whom they lavished unbounded eulogium. Miss O'Neill first appeared in the Irish capital as the *Widow Cheerly*, in the "Soldier's Daughter;" but during her first season she was only acknowledged as a "tolerable substitute for Miss Walstein." That lady, who was then absent from Dublin, returned during the next season, and divided the business with her young rival, one of whose characters at this time was *Ellen*, in the "Lady of the Lake," which piece was most admirably enacted. Miss Walstein played the poor maniac *Blanche*; Conway, at that time in his zenith, the gallant *James*; whilst poor mad Sowerby acted *Roderick Dhu*. The last-named actor, though eccentric in his manner, possessed more talent than London gave him credit for. He came to the metropolis with an intent, doubtless, of setting the Thames on fire, though experience convinced him of the incombustibility of that river. Sowerby was the first *Othello* to whom Kean played *Iago* at Drury Lane. He is said to have attended a performance of the same play at Bath, and to have run out of the boxes and flung himself into the river, declaring that he would not continue to live among people who could applaud such an *Othello* as the one he had just witnessed.

Richard Lalor Sheil, prior to flinging himself into the arena of politics, sought to rescue himself from debt and difficulty by turning dramatist. His first play, "Adelaide; or, The Emigrants," was brought forward at Dublin on the 14th of February, 1814, the part of the heroine being sustained by Miss O'Neill. Sheil at this time expressed great interest in the welfare of that lady, and augured well of her future success. To her he likewise dedicated the play, when published, in the following laudatory terms: "I endeavoured to combine beauty, innocence, and feeling, as I knew that your representation of such a character would not be an effort of art, but the spontaneous effusion of nature."

We have now reached a point in the travel's history of Miss O'Neill when she was to gain the ultimatum of an actor's ambition—a successful appearance upon the metropolitan boards. Drury Lane, in 1814, turned up a lucky card in Edmund Kean, who was a great presence at that house, then newly risen from its ashes. The little tragedian of Andrew Cherry's company had boldly thrown down the glove, and was kicking the ball about at his pleasure. Covent Garden looked on and wondered, as the crowds rushed by its noble portico on their way to the rival establishment. Novelty was sought for on every side, and at length Miss O'Neill, at the age of three-and-twenty, crossed over from Dublin to Covent Garden, to dispute the palm with the hero of Drury. On the 6th



of October, 1814, she first sounded her perilous way in the character of *Juliet*, a performance which exhibited such rare and bewitching talents, such genuine touches of nature, that it placed her at once at the summit of her art.

'Twas the embodying of a lovely thought,  
A living picture exquisitely wrought.

When she first appeared before the audience, with her hair simply knotted up, she looked scarcely fifteen, and waited upon her mother's eye with the dutiful innocence of a child. Her laugh seemed to come from her heart—her step was buoyant; but when *Juliet* had beheld the arbiter of her destiny, a new principle became infused into her character. The earlier buoyancy now gave place to the thoughtfulness of a devoted being, whose love—the growth of an hour—was exquisitely and naturally told. An innate sense of delicacy gleamed through the fervour of her words, whilst the deep enthusiasm of her general manner was relieved and lightened by an occasional sportiveness. There were passages in the after scenes which took the ear and heart by surprise—passages which seemed to have had no rehearsal, but to have been produced by the feeling of the moment, so perfectly consonant were they to the situation and the scene. A more complete impersonation had never been witnessed upon the English stage, which hailed with enthusiasm the young actress it had received.

A busy time for London was that said year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fourteen. The dazzling brilliancy of Kean's acting at Drury Lane, and the meteor attraction of Miss O'Neill at Covent Garden, were not the only topics of that eventful period. Although no Waterloo had been fought, yet Peace had come amongst us, and right gladly was she welcomed, the metropolis assuming an appearance of singular festivity and splendour. For three days the town appeared in what Alfred Bunn would have termed a "blaze of triumph," and had for its guests the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other continental notabilities who figured in the records of the passing day. The Prince Regent and the allied sovereigns visited the two theatres, which presented upon the occasion a matchless glitter of diamonds and a waving sea of ostrich feathers, with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. The Hetman Platoff, Blucher, and a crowd of distinguished officers, visited the Covent Garden green-room; and the nightingale of that day, Katherine Stephens—she is a countess now!—received from the Hetman a very rich shawl, a compliment for the pleasure he had derived from her charming melody. The city of London, upon the occasion in question, maintained its character for sumptuous hospitality, in giving one of the most magnificent fêtes to be found recorded in its annals. It is said that at a special court held to consider the necessary ceremonies relating to the reception of the distinguished visitors, a doubt was started in what manner the Emperor Alexander should be received. There was no difficulty in deciding that our own national anthem should usher in the Prince Regent and his Majesty of Prussia, but what was to become of the Emperor? One of the City functionaries, of far brighter intellect than his compeers, immediately suggested that his imperial majesty ought to be received with the national air of his country, "Green grow

the rashes (Russias), O!" This was unanimously adopted, the enthusiasm of the moment causing the tittering of Gog and Magog to pass unheeded.

The attraction of Miss O'Neill was not an ephemera, a thing of the hour; it was unbounded, increasing with each new performance. Even the magic wand raised by Edmund Kean at the rival house appeared for a time to lose some of its potency. Lord Byron was one of that tragedian's earliest and greatest admirers; and to such lengths did he carry his idolatry, that he was not only a little jealous of Miss O'Neill's great reputation, as interfering with that of his favourite, but in order to guard himself against the risk of becoming a convert, refused to see her perform. Thomas Moore, justly proud of his young countrywoman, endeavoured to persuade his lordship to witness at least one of her performances; but his answer was (punning upon Shakespeare's word "unannealed"), "No, I am resolved to continue un-O'Neilled."

Miss O'Neill's first engagement at Covent Garden was for three years, at fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen pounds per week; ultimately her salary was advanced to thirty pounds, which at that period was considered a large sum. The appearance of a powerful female tragedian seemed a new era to the stage, and to the gifted young actress popularity adhered with great fidelity. Her first character of *Juliet* was repeated several times to nightly-increasing houses, and she then crowned the whole by her striking performance of *Belvidera*, in "*Venice Preserved*." Prominently among her succeeding characters were those of *Isabella* and *Mrs. Haller*. The latter part was one night played by her, at Covent Garden, to the *Stranger* of John Kemble, who at times suffered severely from gout. On this particular occasion, whilst in the green-room, he literally groaned with pain; and being called to the opposite side of the stage, solicited a friend to lead him to his station. On his way thither, Miss O'Neill, his dramatic consort, passed him, and, sustaining her character, observed, "I am very sorry to see my poor husband in such pain." Tortured as he was, Kemble replied, with equal preservation of character, "Yes, you are a dear creature, and deserve forgiveness."

Having secured her London triumph, Miss O'Neill, upon the earliest occasion, was invited to Edinburgh, and on the night previous to her first performance, the portico in front of the theatre was crowded by hired porters, who there established a regular bivouac, for the purpose of securing places the moment the box-office should be opened in the morning. During the three weeks which our popular actress spent in the Scotch metropolis, the theatre each night was crowded to suffocation, and the cautious Scot was mounted on the highest pinnacle of enthusiasm. Mr. Henry Siddons—son of the distinguished actress—was at that time the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, and but for a serious illness which terminated fatally would have sustained the leading characters with Miss O'Neill on her first visit to that city. The honour of that post was assigned to Mr. Abbott, of Covent Garden, who is favourably remembered for much histrionic ability, and universally respected for the undeviating urbanity of his manners. He was an accomplished master of the French language; and after numerous managerial speculations, finally closed his career in America. On first visiting Edinburgh with Miss O'Neill, William Abbott formed a most agreeable acquaintance with the two bre-

thers, John and James Ballantyne, the printers of the works of Sir Walter Scott, who exercised a considerable influence on matters theatrical. At the villa of Mr. John Ballantyne, every performer of eminence who visited Egina found a hearty welcome. John Kemble was there a frequent guest; and there, too, Kean revelled, Braham quavered, and Liston drolled his best.

In the earlier part of her metropolitan career, Miss O'Neill met upon the Covent Garden boards William Augustus Conway, who had previously been her hero upon the Dublin stage. This tragedian was gifted with a commanding person, and advantages peculiarly adapted to the stage. He was upwards of six feet in height, and had the reputation of being exceedingly handsome. So at least thought Mrs. Piozzi, who at fourscore was captivated by the young actor, and wrote to her "dear Mr. Conway" in the inspired language of a Sappho of five-and-twenty. During his first season in London, this actor played several first-rate characters, though the appearance of Kean, a few months subsequently, threw him into the shade. An unaccountable prejudice on the part of Theodore Hooke, then connected with a leading weekly journal, literally drove poor Conway from the stage, and ultimately from England. He visited the United States, where he became a favourite, but could not remove the canker from his breast. Quitting the profession, he prepared himself for the Church, but again experienced disappointment, his admission into holy orders being refused on account of his having been an actor. Conway then sailed for Savannah, Georgia, weighed down with misery, and at the moment of passing the bar of Charleston he threw himself overboard. Efforts were made to save him, and a settree was thrown into the water, to which he might have clung till further aid was given. His resolution, however, was too firmly fixed, and, waving his hand, he sank to rise no more.

A thousand men  
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,  
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them.

On the 16th of March, 1816, Miss O'Neill appeared as *Lady Teazle*, and this, her earliest trial in comedy upon the London boards, excited more interest than her first introduction. She continued occasionally to pay her devoirs to Thalia, and amongst other assumptions played the *Widow Cheerly*, in the "Soldier's Daughter," a performance which did not add to her celebrity. At this time she resided in Clarges-street, and nearly opposite to her house lived Edmund Kean. The latter felt some interest in her success, not unnaturally contrasting it with his own. Just previous to her appearance in the last-named character, Jonson's play of "Every Man in his Humour" had been revived at Drury Lane, to exhibit Kean in the part of *Kitely*, but the performance proved a failure. The sycophants of the popular actor, however, were lavish in their assurances that the want of attraction was in the play, as writ by "sturdy old Ben," and arose from the alteration of public taste; in fact, that Kean's performance of *Kitely* was the greatest thing in nature. This adulation on the part of his friends was one day exhibited in Clarges-street, when the great little man was in a humour to fling back the same with contempt. Rising from his seat, his eye quivering with a peculiar

nervous excitement, he patted the head of his child—the present manager of the Princess's Theatre—and muttered—

They flatter'd me like a dog ;  
They told me I was everything ;  
'Tis false : I am not *Kitely* proof.

Miss O'Neill passed down Clarges-street on the morning following her trial in the *Widow Cheerly*, and some one remarked to Kean that she appeared a little dejected. "Ay ; poor thing," said he, in the quaintest manner possible, "*she can't play Kitely.*"

Richard Lalor Sheil, who in Dublin had prophesied of the success of Miss O'Neill, plied for her his ready pen when that success was fairly won. His play of "Adelaide," which had gained her much applause in the Irish capital, was transplanted to Covent Garden, but did not thrive in its new locality. On the 3rd of May, 1817, he brought forward "The Apostate," supported by the talents of Young, Charles Kemble, Macready, and the subject of our portrait, whose impersonation of *Florinda* added to her own fame, and materially aided the success of the piece. Two years later she was favoured with another original character from the same source, that of *Evadne*, in the play of that name ; and nothing could be more exquisitely tender and purely feminine than her rendering of the part. To Henry Hart Milman—the present Dean of St. Paul's—was Miss O'Neill likewise indebted for a new character, that of *Bianca*, in the play of "Fazio." This piece was first offered to Covent Garden, but was rejected. It was then published, and brought forward at the Surrey Theatre, and likewise at Bath, ultimately finding its way back to Covent Garden. The Italian wife, after her journey from Surrey to Somersetshire, was welcomed by those who at first so rudely dismissed her, and found an able representative in the young star of Erin.

A theatre has been described as the very hotbed of envy and jealousy, of sycophancy and adulation ; and Miss O'Neill, we are sorry to say, exhibited upon one occasion a slight taint of professional failing. In October, 1817, James Grant, professionally known as Raymond, died suddenly. He was a respectable actor and amiable man, and for three years preceding his death had managed Drury Lane for the Committee. His situation was one of such incessant labour, that for many months he entirely lived in the theatre, sleeping on a sofa in the manager's room. He at length came to the determination of resigning his health-destroying post, and retired to his home and commenced a letter of remonstrance to the Committee. He had proceeded through several pages, when the extreme fatigue he had so long endured brought on a paralysis, and he was found extended on the floor, speechless and dying :

In the winter of his season,  
In the midnight of his day,  
'Mid his writing  
And inditing,  
Death had beckoned him away,  
Ere the sentence he had planned  
Found completion at his hand.

Mr. Raymond's funeral was attended by two hundred mourning coaches, his pall being borne by six theatrical managers. For the benefit of his

widow and children a performance was given at Drury Lane. "*Romeo and Juliet*" was to have been the first piece, but Miss O'Neill declined to play *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of Mr. Rae, and Edmund Kean would not play *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of Miss O'Neill, but offered to perform *Othello*, when the lady indignantly refused to appear as *Desdemona*. This cavilling upon such an occasion reflected but little credit upon those we have named. They had both come over a rugged way, but would seem, in this case, to have withheld assistance to others when they had themselves reached the sunny path. The play of "*Oroonoko*" was ultimately selected, James Wallack readily assenting to play the sable hero.

In November, 1818, Rowe's play of "*Jane Shore*" was brought forward and enjoyed an adventitious run. Miss O'Neill played the heroine, Mrs. Bunn (then Miss Somerville) *Alicia*, Booth *Gloster*, Charles Kemble *Hastings*, and Mackreedy *Dumont*—a cast which would have given the managers of the present day ample scope for the "puff theatrical."

The spring of 1819 saw Miss O'Neill completing her fifth metropolitan season, when Mr. William Wrixon Becher, who then represented Mallow in parliament, was attracted from his political duties by her magic influence, and sought to entice her from her allegiance to the public. That public loved her, but the honourable member, who must have been a downright monosculist, strove to win her for himself alone. With the arts used by him upon the occasion we are unacquainted. Probably he simply wooed the fascinating actress in a stanza of Shelley's—

Nothing in this world is single;  
All things, by decree divine,  
In each other's being mingle,  
Why not I in thine?

Unfortunately for the stage, the intentions of Mr. Becher were but too successful; though it was once asked by a dramatic censor, when that gentleman came bewitching the young actress, why the managers did not obtain an order for his being transported during his natural life; or, if that process were too tardy, why they did not appear at the altar and boldly forbid the banns? Miss O'Neill's last appearance upon the metropolitan stage was on the 13th of July, 1819, when she played *Mrs. Haller*. No formal leave was taken; but in the following December she became the wife of Mr. Becher, whose name, a few years later, was enrolled among the baronets of Great Britain.

How fortunate were some of the actresses who gladdened the theatre about that period of its history. Miss O'Neill, as we have related, became Lady Becher; Kitty Stephens, as she was familiarly called, was honoured with the coronet of the Countess of Essex; another coronet, that of the house of Harrington, was reserved for Miss Foote; whilst Maria Tree became the wife of James Bradshaw, a wealthy commoner. Time, since then, has dropped the curtain on younger, though not more favoured actresses; yet those we have here mentioned are still upon the stage of life, though the bright shifting of their scene has been shadowed by widowhood.

Our story is now at an end. We have shown how the chief character studied and triumphed; but the comedy of life is over—the heroine

is married. How much of poetical illusion vanishes at the altar! Look at Byron's "Maid of Athens," of whom the poet asked back his heart, of whom Moore and Hobhouse wrote so much and so passionately. By her marriage the sweet burden of the sweetest love-song was destroyed, nay, poetry itself became uncharmed—the beautiful Teresa had become the wife of a Scotchman, and gloried in the unromantic name of Black!

Miss O'Neill, like Edmund Kean, gained her reputation in the provincial schools of the humblest class, and in the course of her career witnessed many a scene of penury and distress; but those scenes served to ennoble, not to debase her. The silver lining of her cloud eventually exhibited itself, and a strong hold was gained by her upon public favour. Her doors were then beset by coroneted carriages, and cards of invitation poured in from those who were anxious to boast of her presence at their brilliant *soirées*; but these honours failed to influence her good sense and unaffected feeling. She would occasionally refer to the great change wrought in her position, contrasting the past with the present; but there was no affectation of concealment as to her previous position, but an open frankness of character, and a warm expression of gratitude for the blessings so unexpectedly showered upon her.

The face and person of Miss O'Neill were handsome, without being striking either as to feature or symmetry. Although surrounded by a family who in their conversation gave unequivocal proofs of their being true children of the sister kingdom, in this accomplished actress was detected no peculiarity of accent in speaking.

The name of Miss O'Neill has frequently appeared in companionship with that of Mrs. Siddons, though scarcely a parallel can be drawn between the two. She had one thing in common, at all events, with her great predecessor—she was cradled to the art which she professed, and was brought up at the wings. Miss O'Neill gained many laurels, but could not lay claim to the genius possessed by Mrs. Siddons. The grandeur and overwhelming dignity of the one, and the feminine tenderness and endearment of the other, exhibited two widely-different expressions. It was with feelings of deep awe, bordering upon reverence, that Mrs. Siddons was to be approached; with Miss O'Neill your hopes and fears were excited, and they were sure to meet with a response. It was not given the latter to astonish, but she never failed to delight.

Although the regal woes of tragedy were by her left unsustained, Miss O'Neill was an actress of well-directed sense and powerful feeling. She was not a maker of detached "points," or sought to dazzle by individual passages; but her excellence exhibited an unbroken and consistent character, exquisitely tender and impassioned. She did not strain after insulated graces, or surprising exhibitions of momentary power—neither was any portion of her part hurried over, nor even carelessly touched, as if it were insignificant. She did not appear to be husbanding her strength for some powerful effort; but a continuity of feeling was marvellously evident in the expression of her countenance—she was awakened by the same hopes, impelled by the same motives of action as might be supposed to influence the character she delineated. The principal fault in her acting was that of exuberance. What she wanted in strong expression she made up in exaggeration, when every nerve became strained, and her entire frame convulsed.

The English stage has scarcely ever possessed so perfect a representative of *Juliet* as Miss O'Neill. Mrs. Siddons, in the early part of her metropolitan career, played the character, but she was too dignified and thoughtful to assume the childish ardours of a first affection. As the serious interest grew upon the character she became impassioned, terrific, and sublime. Her genius brought much study to the part, but left upon it fewer marks than upon any other assumption of equal force. For her successor was it reserved completely to embody the beautiful conception of Shakespeare. She was at first all playfulness and girlish vivacity; her volatility of heart next became tinged with a shade of melancholy, as the subtle fever of love stole over her fine countenance. As the darker phases of character presented themselves, the timid, fearful maiden became the resolute, heroic woman, and here she almost approached the Siddons in her noblest moments of inspiration. The *Isabella* of our accomplished actress was likewise a matchless performance, exhibiting exquisite tenderness and luxurious softness; whilst her *Mrs. Haller* possessed the merit of an unbroken unity of design. Her performance of this part was distressingly beautiful.

The player by his tone can make us weep,  
When man's substantial sorrows cannot do it.

Miss O'Neill possessed this power in an eminent degree, and frequently herself, in her scenes of sorrow, would shed real tears. Visiting once the University at Cambridge, she played for a night or two at the Barnwell Theatre. A professor of the University met her in society, and asked her whether it was true that she really shed tears during her performance of affecting parts. She acknowledged that she did. "But you must not think," she continued, "that such tears are painful; they are rendered pleasing by the consciousness of fiction; they are such as one would shed in reading a pathetic story. Moreover, the strong state of excitement naturally brought on by performing—the applause—the tears of those around me—all conspire to elevate me, and to draw such tears from my eyes as all great emotions are calculated to produce. Were they such tears as guilt or agony really shed, I must have been dead long ago."

Such was Miss O'Neill as an actress, such her association with an art descended to us from the nations of antiquity. During her brief metropolitan career, the theatre enjoyed the reflux of a golden tide, and Melpomene sighed at the retirement of her young and gifted votary. Humble and unpromising were her birth and early prospects, but the clouded morn burst forth into a brilliant noon. "We know what we are," says *Ophelia*, "but we know not what we shall be." The little shoeless child of Dundalk became the favoured daughter of the tragic muse, by whom she was led to the ebon chair vacated by the Siddons, and finally returned to her native Ireland, accompanied by wealth and fame. The station to which she was advanced she has for many years adorned; and she can look back with pleasure upon the varied scenes of her life and find no sully breath of the world upon them. We have but briefly referred to the honours of the family to which she is allied. There may be many Lady Bechers, but—to borrow the words of William Macready—"there was only one Miss O'Neill."

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